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ADVERTISING RATES.
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OFFICIAL.

Acts and Joint Resolutions Passed by the General Assembly of South Carolina, Regular Session, 1871 and 1872.

AN ACT TO ESTABLISH THE CHARLESTON LAND AND JOINT STOCK COMPANY.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

That Charles Simons, Thomas Mathews, L. F. Campbell, Samuel Porcher, James Porcher, Z. Paton, W. Fields, J. Proctor, J. Simmons, S. Porcher, A. Campbell and G. Hines, and other persons who are, or hereafter may be, associated with them, be, and they are hereby, declared a body politic and corporate, for the purpose of making loans of money, secured by mortgage on real estate or personal property, or by conveyance of the same to their members and stockholders, by the name and style of the Charleston Land and Joint Stock Company, the capital stock of which shall consist of one thousand shares, to be paid in by successive monthly instalments of one dollar on each share, so long as the corporation shall continue; the said shares to be held, transferred, assigned and pledged, and the holders thereof, to be subject to such fines and forfeitures, for defaults in their payments, according to such regulations as may be prescribed by the Constitution and by-laws of said corporation; and moreover, the said shares shall be disposed of, at the death, resignation or removal from the State of any shareholder, in such manner as may be prescribed by the said Constitution, rules and by-laws.

SEC. 2. That the said corporation shall have power and authority to make any such rules and by-laws for its government as are not repugnant to the Constitution and laws of the land; shall have such members and succession of members and officers as shall be ordained, and chosen, according to their said rules and by-laws, made or to be made by them; shall sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, in any Court of Law or Equity in this State; and shall have and enjoy all and every right and privilege incident and belonging to corporate bodies, according to the laws of the land.

SEC. 3. That the funds of said corporation may be invested in such property, real or personal, and securities, public or private, loaned to shareholders and members, or other persons or corporations, on such securities, in such mode, on such terms, under such conditions, and subject to such regulations as may be, from time to time, prescribed by the constitution, rules and by-laws of the said corporation; and that it shall and may be lawful for said corporation to take and hold such lands, tenements, hereditaments and personal property, bonds, stocks, public and private, and choses in action as they shall require by purchase, devise, bequeath, gift, assignment or otherwise, to take and hold such lands, tenements, hereditament, and personal property, and such stocks and bonds, public or private, or choses in action as shall be mortgaged, conveyed, assigned or pledged to it, by way of security upon its loans or advances, or purchased at sales thereof; and to sell, alien, transfer or otherwise dispose of the same, as from time to time, the said corporation may deem expedient: *Provided*, That the real estate held by said corporation shall not at any time exceed the value of two hundred thousand dollars; that the real and personal property of each stockholder and assigns shall be liable for the debts of said corporation in any amount not exceeding the par value of the stock held by him.

SEC. 4. That semi-annually, on the first days of January and July, there shall be divided, amongst the stockholders of the said corporation, the profits accruing from the investment.

SEC. 5. That this Act shall be taken and deemed a public Act, and that the same may be given in evidence without being specially pleaded.

Approved March 13, 1872.

AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE TRACTION STEAM ENGINE COMPANY, OF THE CITY OF COLUMBIA.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

That Richard Tozer, John Bratton, Edward Hope, George Symmers, T. W. Woodward, George [illegible], J. McKenzie, S. H. Spencer, Wm. Simons, A. Goodson, W. B. Nash, F. J. Moses, Jr., Wm. Green, Jas. Davis, S. B. Thompson and R. Tarleton, together with such other persons who now are, or hereafter may be, associated with them, be, and are hereby, incorporated and declared a body politic and corporate, under the name and style of the Traction Steam Fire Engine Company, of the city of Columbia, for the purpose of manufacturing, selling and using the same, and also for the transaction of all such business as may be connected with the same. The capital stock shall consist of twenty thousand ($20,000) dollars, in shares of fifty ($50) dollars each, with the privilege to increase it to any extent not exceeding fifty thousand ($50,000) dollars, with the consent of a majority of the stockholders being first had and obtained.

SEC. 2. That the said corporation shall have such number and succession of officers and members as shall be ordained and chosen according to the constitution, rules and by-laws, made, or to be made, by the said corporation, for its government, and shall have power and authority to make any such constitution, rules or by-laws as are not repugnant to the Constitution and laws of the land; shall have and keep a common seal, and alter the same at will; shall sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, in any Court of law in this State, and shall have and enjoy all and every right and privilege incident and belonging to corporate bodies.

SEC. 3. That the said company shall be empowered to purchase, retain and enjoy all such property, real and personal, as it may possess, be entitled to, or which shall hereafter be given, bequeathed to, or in any manner be acquired by it, and to sell, alien or transfer the same.

SEC. 4. That the said company shall have the power to erect machine shops, and other buildings necessary to carry on the said business. That they shall have the power to use such engines in any part of the State of South Carolina, for the purpose of drayage, carrying passengers, or cultivating land, and may use the same in any incorporated city: *Provided*, No danger to life or property ensues: *Provided*, That said corporation shall be liable for the payment of any and all damages to life and property.

SEC. 5. That said company may open books for subscriptions to the capital stock in the city of Columbia, or elsewhere, at their discretion.

SEC. 6. That the private, as well as the corporate property of the corporators, shall be liable for all debts contracted for the corporation by its authorized agents.

SEC. 7. That the said corporation shall a legal existence from the time of the passage of this Act, and this Act shall continue in force until repealed.

Approved March 12, 1872.

AN ACT TO CHARTER THE SPARTANBURG AND PORT ROYAL RAIL ROAD COMPANY.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

That, for the purpose of establishing a Rail Road from Spartanburg to Port Royal, a charter, with all the rights and privileges incidental to the same, be, and is hereby, granted to W. J. Whipper, R. Smalls, N. B. Myers, James M. Baxter, J. J. Patterson, James N. Hayne, H. C. Corwin, H. G. Worthington, G. Cannon, B. A. Bosemon, W. H. Jones, James Miller, H. W. Duncan, J. S. Mobley, J. A. Bowley, D. R. Duncan, Timothy Hurley, Wm. Munro, R. M. Smith, S. J. Lee, J. H. Evans, J. T. B. Jeter, L. Wofford, F. S. Jacobs, R. J. Donaldson, Hardy Solomon, D. A. Childs, S. A. Swails, T. J. Mooro, J. C. Bonsall, S. L. Hoge, C. D. Melton, J. M. Allen, Thomas Steers and W. J. Wilkins, and their associates and successors, who are hereby constituted a body politic and corporate, by the name and style of the Spartanburg and Port Royal Rail Road Company.

SEC. 2. That the said company is hereby authorized to construct a rail road from Spartanburg to Port Royal, by such route as shall be found most suitable and advantageous.

SEC. 3. That the capital stock of said company shall be one and a half million dollars, with the privilege of increasing it to two and a half millions of dollars, if found necessary, to be divided into shares of fifty dollars each; and, for the purpose of raising such capital stock, it shall be lawful to open books of subscription, at such times and places, and to keep them open for such periods of time, and under the direction of such persons, as may be determined on by a majority of said company. That subscriptions to the capital stock may be made in land, at a rate, per acre, to be agreed upon at the time of subscription; and that each and every person subscribing land shall execute a deed to the said company; and that all amounts subscribed in land or money shall constitute the joint stock capital for the purpose of constructing and carrying into operation the Rail Road provided for by this Act; and the said Rail Road shall have power to mortgage its property and franchises, and issue bonds, on such terms and conditions, and for such uses and purposes of said corporation, as the Board of Directors thereof may deem expedient.

SEC. 4. That the said Rail Road shall be subject to the provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of South Carolina, passed September 22, 1868, entitled "An Act to declare the manner by which lands, or right of way over the lands of persons or corporations, may be taken for the construction or use of railways and other works of internal improvement:" *Provided, however*, That nothing herein contained shall be construed as to exempt the said company from the payment of taxes: *Provided, further*, That nothing herein contained shall be construed so as to exempt said company from the provisions of Section 1, chapter 63, of the General Statutes.

Approved March 13, 1872.

AN ACT TO AMEND AN ACT ENTITLED "AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE TOWN OF PICKENS."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

That an Act entitled "An Act to incorporate the town of Pickens," approved in the year 1869, be amended as follows: That the said Town Council shall have power to establish a guard house and to prescribe, by ordinance, suitable rules and regulations for keeping and governing the same, and confine therein any or all persons who may be subject to be committed for violation of any ordinance of the town, passed in conformity to the Act hereby amended. And the said Town Council may, by ordinance, or the said Intendant and Wardens in person, any one or more of them, authorize and require any Marshal of the town, or any Constable specially appointed for that purpose, to arrest or commit to said guard house, for a term not exceeding twenty-four hours, any person or persons who within the corporate limits of said town, may be engaged in a breach of the peace, any riotous or disorderly conduct, open obscenity, public drunkenness, or in any conduct grossly indecent or dangerous to the citizens of the said town, or any of them; and it shall be the duty of the Marshall and Constables to arrest any commit any such offenders, when required to do so, who shall have power to call to their assistance the *posse comitattus*, if need be, to aid in making such arrests; and upon failure of the Town Marshall to perform such duty, if required, they shall, severally, be subject to such fine and penalities as the Town Council may establish; and all persons so imprisoned shall pay the costs and expenses incident to their imprisonment, which said costs and expenses shall be collected in the same manner as provided by this Act for the collection of fines imposed for violation of ordinances: *Provided*, That such imprisonment shall not exempt the party from the payment of any fine the Council may impose for the offence for which he may have been committed.

SEC. 2. That all the fines which shall hereafter be collected for retailing, without license, within the corporate limits of the said town, shall be paid one-half to the informer and the other half to the Council, for the use of the said town.

SEC. 3. All Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent hereto, be, and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved March 9, 1872.

AN ACT TO AMEND AN ACT, ENTITLED AN ACT TO GRANT, RENEW AND AMEND THE CHARTER OF CERTAIN TOWNS AND VILLAGES THEREIN MENTIONED.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

That Section 12 of an Act, entitled An Act to grant, renew and amend the charter of certain towns and villages therein mentioned, be amended by inserting between the words "officers" on the ninth line, and "the" on the tenth line, the following: And the said Intendant and Wardens shall have power to bring before them, when sitting in Council, all offenders against the by-laws and ordinances of the said town, and to punish, by fine, the same, and in the case such person so fined shall fail to pay the same, the said Intendant and Wardens shall have the power to compel the offender to work upon the public roads or streets, allowing a fair valuation for such work, until the fine be cancelled.

SEC. 2. That All Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent with the provisions of the above Act, be, and the same are hereby, repealed.

Approved March 13, 1872.

Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, June, 1872.

Some one has put on record the remark that "New York is not by any means an American city." To a certain degree, it is true. Like Paris and New Orleans it has its *quartiers*, where you may find respectively classed the Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian, German and Chinaman. And yet all of these national elements you will find cosmopolised in one locality—the Bowery.

What Broadway is to the West side of the town, the Bowery is to the East. It is the shilling promenade. The poor live there; and you see the peculiar characteristics of poverty written in blurred and nasty emblems all over the neighborhood. Starting from City Hall, within two hundred rods of Broadway, you strike little old cloth-shops, intermingled with cheap corner groceries and subterranian saloons. You are on the old colonial stage road to Boston—Chatham street. The procession that passes you is composed of the working classes—during the day—but at night, look out for thieves. There are dens notorious to the police as receptacles for stolen goods, "cribs" where congregate the robbers of the town, and houses in which every window for six or seven stories upwards is a picture of squalid half-dressed women and children. The street terminates in an irregular open space, on what was once a steep hill side, and is known as Chatham square, but a mockery, by the way, on that shape, for it is anything but square.

This is the beginning of the Bowery proper—the vestibule of the social catacombs, in which lie burried all around you every species of humanity that is obliged to plod for an existence.

See it at night. In spite of the street lamps there is nothing brilliant about it. The shadows seem to float out from the overcrowded tenement houses that loom in the darkness on either side. In the dingy beer shops and dirtier cellars, lurk some of the worst specimens of our population, uncanny forms of varied evil staring at you from every corner, or diving down dimly-lighted stairways to shrink from sight. Here are to be found the little street Arabs, the boys and girls preposterously old, who will soon fill the penitentiaries; here the once innocent country girl who has dropped into the great maelstrom, and is reeling round and round in her dance towards death—a red, bloated fearful burlesque upon woman. Here is the city "rough" black and white hiding perhaps from justice, or awaiting some new opportunity to go forth with brass knuckles, knife or burglar's "jimmy."

The beer gardens are also a feature of this locality. Step into the "Atlantic," and you may almost fancy yourself in the Faderland. The hall is immense, and thronged by hundreds who gather around the little tables where, with pipes, lager, and Rhein wine, they while away the hours. A fine band furnishes the music and the science is bewildering. Further on is the Bowery Theatre—the grand play house of the *gamins*, where the audience may eat peanuts and shout their criticisms at the top of their voices. The deities of the true blood-and-thunder drama preside here, and curious phases of life are visible on all sides.

The worst—by far the worst feature of this neighborhood is its tenement houses. Or rather they ought to be called Seven Story Coffins, for probably nowhere also in America is there such a congregation of people literally packed in death-tainted dens and dying by inches. Windows broken; lodgers dirty; clothes' lines extending across the tunnel like street, whereon are flying in the wind the ghosts of ragged garments; children playing around the filth that lines the curb stone; gutters reeking with pollution, fumes of liquor from the cellar dram shop; screams, jeers, oaths—these are a part of the rude surroundings of a New York tenement house, with its wild untamed population of hundreds.

We leave this disgusting locality with a sense of relief, and re-enter the Bowery to continue our journey up town until it merges into the clearer and more sightly neighborhood of the Cooper Institute and Union Square.

All of the "breathing spots" of the Metropolis, by the way, have now put on their summer dress, and you will find no spectacle more animated than that which is presented on a summer evening, and especially on Sundays by the thousands who flock thither to enjoy fresh air.

In this connection I may remark that all of the public squares have undergone marked improvements—the iron railings being removed, the paths widened and the birds encouraged to build their nests. Union Square just at the bend of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, is destined to become a beautiful spot. Twenty years ago the houses around it were the residences of the most aristocratic citizens, and there was an air of dignified seclusion about the place peculiary West English. Now, these old homes are giving place to magnificent business establishments, and in a little while you will see an array of architectural beauty unequalled in any city of the United States.

Among the ancient land marks thus yielding to the march of progress is the Roosevelt mansion on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway, and fronting Union Square. The property has been purchased by the Domestic Sewing Machine Company, and they are now erecting a superb edifice in the Renaissance style which in its elegance will overshawow every building in the neighborhood. It is but a little while since this Company commenced operations in New York—being of western orgin—but their machines have become so suddenly popular with the masses, because of their superior utility, convenience and economy, that wealth and success have crowned the enterprise, and the proprietors are enabled to vie with the older corporations who have so long held the market.

We have recently enjoyed a sensation in the shape of a city tornado that uprooted trees, unroofed houses, and played all sorts of pranks with window glass, shutters, awnings and perambulating Dolly Vardens. Our other "Sensation" is the "Strike." The movement has become comprehensive and systematic. Twenty thousands mechanics refuse to work more than eight hours a day, and many of the employers are equally obstinate in declining to accede to their demands.

Some terrible murders and suicides have been committed, during the last week, and justice seems to be among the things that were. In one instance when an irate Frenchman shot his wife dead in the street, the people came very near hanging him to a lamp-post, and it looks very much as if they were getting up to that point of indignation which sometimes calls on Judge Lynch to produce his rope. The weather has become excessively warm and there is an exodus to watering places.

The *Aldine* makes its usual artistic appearance this month. No periodical in New York is watched by the public with more interest, or treasured in the household so long. Its illustrations constitute a superb picture gallery.

FIGHT BETWEEN A MAN AND A HYENA.—The Indian papers publish the following account: "A party of six natives coming toward Deyra through the Mohun pass were attacked by a hyena; it made straight at one of them, and flew at his throat. The poor fellow stretched out his hands to keep off his assailant, on which the hyena bit them severely; his companions, instead of coming to his aid took refuge in some adjoining trees. The man finding himself thus deserted, and his hands in a mutilated state, pluckily turned on his enemy, and seized his nose with his teeth, roaring out in the best way he could for assistance. By this means he secured the animal, and his friends taking courage; came down from their secure position and belabored the brute to death with sticks. I saw the unfortunate man at the dispensary, where he had gone to have his wounds dressed, and was shown the head of his enemy, having his teeth marks on the nose. I believe this is almost an unprecedented instance in the annals of natural history, as the hyena is well known as a most cowardly brute, never venturing so attack man, but preying chiefly on dogs, carrion and young children."

During a recent trial at Rockport, Illinoi, Judge Laird interrupted the testimony of a lady witness, remarking that it was not relevant. The lady raised her head, and with a look made all of injured innocence, inquired: "Well, sir, am I telling this story, or are you?" The Judge allowed her to talk as long as she wanted to.

Cousin Sally Dillard.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

[Cousin Sally Dillard is a story that must not die, and as it has been some time since the public have been called upon to laugh over its exquisite ridiculousness, we will give it a start again.]

SCENE.—A court of justice in South Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises and thus addresses the court: "May it please your worship and you gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say), to exercise myself in legal disquisition, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direfully marked an assault. A more wilful, violent and dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it seldom has been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county; but you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed: One said that he heard the noise but did not see the fight; another that he saw the row, but did not know who struck first, and another that he was very drunk and couldn't say much about the skrimmage.

Lawyer Chops—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from a misapprehension on my part. Had I known as I do, that I had a witness who was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood to the court and jury, I should not have trespassed so long on your patience. Come forward Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Adzakly, (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat) Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she comes over to our house and axed me if my wife she mount go? I told cousin Sally Dillard my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up in the road there having been a great deal of rain lately, but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he mouth't go? I told Cousin Sally Dillard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go.

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmorole?

Witness—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to my house and asked me if my wife she mouth't go? and I told cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear about your Sally Dillard or your wife; tell us about the fight at Rice's

Witness—Well, I will sir, if you will let me.

Chops—Well, sir, go on.

Witness—Well, sir, Captain Rice, he gin a treat and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to my house and asked me if my wife she mouth't go.

Chops—Here it is again. Witness please to stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Well, go on then, and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness—Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat,—

Chops—This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that the prisoner be committed for a contempt. He seems to be trifling with the court.

Court—Witness, you are before the court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell me what you know about the fight at Rice's

Witness—Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard—

Court—(after deliberating), Mr Attorney, the court is of an opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way, Proceed. Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes, gentlemen, Well, Capt. Rice. he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard come over to our house and axed me if my wife she mouth't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in her hip, and the big swamp was up; howsoever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he mouth't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife and cousin Sally Dillard, and they comes to the big swamp, and it was up as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log, but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through.

Chops Heaven and earth, this is too bad; but go on.

Witness— *Well, that's all I know about the fight.*

Poking Fun at a Railroad.

Mr. Derrick Dodd writes as follows to the Washington Capital about the branch railroad between Baltimore and the Capital:

But about this railroad. Of course I want it abolished, as every one does. The reckless velocity with which the trains are run between here and Baltimore is absolutely frightful. I was delighted years ago when this road was established because I thought we had got rid of the old rickety and dangerously fast stage coaches, but the speed they are beginning to run the trains at now on this road is worse yet. Now, every one knows that Baltimore is forty miles from Washington if it is an inch, and three days and a half is plenty quick enough for the trip, but the managers have already reduced the schedule time to three days and four hours, and what with making the engine fires too hot, and racing with cows along the road, and all that the conductors are even cutting that time down.

Why, it was only the other day on the down trip we happened to spy Sims' old mule about two miles out of town. What should the reckless wretch of an engineer do but clap on full steam and race every foot of the way into the district? We didn't exactly pass the mule, but we caught up with him twice, and came into the depot neck and neck—and which was puffing the most, the mule or the engine, you couldn't have told to save your life. Now, it was all very exciting, and all that, I know, but I hadn't purchased an accident ticket, and I don't believe the other four passengers had either. This is all wrong, Mr. Editor, all wrong.

And then on another occasion, I remember, we came within a hair's breadth of having a very serious accident. The engineer had gotten off to snowball a chipmunk, and the conductor was minding a young widow's baby for her—the result was that the train happened to get on a down grade and we started off at a terrific rate, every bit of four miles an hour, I should think. We were just half a mile above the Annapolis junction, and the first thing we knew there being no one to whistle and wake up the switch-tender, we were turned off into the Annapolis road and went down the wrong track at full speed. Imagine our consternation when just at this moment we heard the whistle, not half a mile ahead of us, of the Annapolis up train. We were paralyzed with terror. Here were two trains on the same track approaching each other at the dizzy speed just mentioned. Evidently our time had come! In a few short hours the engines would meet, and then — destruction! With great presence of mind a minister on board organized a prayer-meeting. Pale but calm the doomed band of passengers sat, and though with the very shadow of death upon them, raised their voices in a parting hymn.

"Send for the baggage-master," said a young man with a sad smile.

"Why?" was aked.

"Because we are all about to pass in our checks.

Everybody wept. From the rear platform we could see the miserable engineer straining every nerve to catch up, but he had tight boots on and didn't gain anything to speak of.

At this moment a ray of hope dawned upon us. I had just finished writing my will on the back of a visiting card when I observed a young lady in the act of detaching her bustle. Placing the article—which was composed of 800 Capitals and a half mattress—under her arm, the heroine marched through the car. We followed her anxiously.

She climbed upon the tender and then over the engine. It was very interesting and thrilling to see her climbing over the wheels and brass things on the way to the cowcatcher. It reminded me of a country girl getting over a wire fence. But never mind about that now. Let me see where I was. Oh! yes—on the cow-catcher. Holding on by the cross-bars with one hand, the noble maiden tied the bustle on the sharp prow with the other.

You can guess the result. In the course of the afternoon the collision came on.—Protected by the bustle the engine received a gentle bump, and we were saved!

I took up a collection for the woman on the spot. I always take up collection on such occasions, always. And what's more, I never forgot to give the object interested something nice out of it, never. There is nothing mean about me. I suppose you have noticed my clothes?

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Views of the Hon. Ellison S. Keitt.

The following is a private letter on the political situation, from the Hon. Ellison S. Keitt, of South Carolina to a gentleman in this city:

MY DEAR SIR: We have just held our county meeting, accepted the Liberal Republican platform, endorsed Greeley and Brown as our standard-bearers in the approaching Presidential contest, and instructed our delegates to the State and National Convention to stand firmly to these colors and no others. To some in the North with whom we have heretofore acted it may appear strange that we should cast the past behind us, as though it were rubbish, and move up promptly to the support of Mr. Greeley, who has made war upon us for near 40 years. History gives no instance where a people have been hunted down and persecuted as we have been. If you wished to constitute a Legislature for your great State, you could not go into the Five Points and scrape up a viler crowd than those, with a few exceptions, who constitute the Legislature of this State. Its infamy is as wide as civilization. It consumed during the last session $1,200,000 for legislative expenses alone—three times as much as was formerly appropriated to administer the whole State Government. The State debt, which was less than $6,000,000 four years ago, is now, according to the best information we can get, $29,000,000 or more. The annual taxation now is over $4,000,000, while it was scarcely $400,000 when our assessed property was three times as great as it now is. But what is all this to the loss of the last vestige of liberty? Here the Constitution has been rolled up and laid away, and the writ of habeas corpus is no more. Some of our best citizens have been arrested without a warrant, handcuffed, marched through the streets of our towns, and immured in the dungeons of the common jails—crowded in like beasts of the slaughter. It is sickening to think of it, much less to see and endure it. The Tariff and all other questions pale into insignificance before the appalling issue—are we to be slaves or free men? Shall the liberties of the people be maintained, and the life of the Republic be saved, or shall everything and all be swallowed up and swept over by a grand controlling military despotism? The issue is upon us; there is no avoiding it. Let the people be roused to the appalling fact and avert it.

Grant has applied to Congress to give him the power to suspend the writ of habeas corpus until after his election. If necessary, the dark scenes enacted here will be repeated in the North. Let the people take warning in time.—Greeley is admitted by friend and foe to be honest and just, and we feel that, if he and Brown are elected, not only will the liberties of the people be saved and the life of the Republic be preserved, but that he will inaugurate his administration by calling to his counsel the truest and ablest men in the entire country—men who understand the needs of the country and the working of our governmental system, and will make the Union still "more perfect." Let it be done, and the grandeur that awaits us in the future no human mind can conceive and no tongue can tell.

I am, my dear sir,
Your sincere friend,
ELLISON S. KEITT.

Enoree Plantation, S. C., June 5.

Mother Goose was not an imaginary person. She was the mother-in-law of a printer in Boston, and her real name was Elizabeth Goose. The first edition of her well-known rhymes was sold for two coppers in Devonshire street.