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THE ROTTEN CROSS.

It has been many a long day since then, yet I remember it all, just as though it had occurred but yesterday.

I was a carpenter, the foreman of a large establishment, and as such possessed the entire confidence of my employer, who, by the way, had been a schoolmate of mine.

One day he called me into his office to look at some rare coins he had just purchased.

"Here," said he, placing in my hand a heavy gold piece, "is one which is worth more than all the rest put together. It is a great curiosity. I paid £200 for it, and considered it cheap at that. I could easily double my money in selling; and so you see, Harvey, it is really a good investment."

"No doubt it is," said I, "though it seems a large sum to have in his idle."

I breathed an involuntary sigh as I laid the coin down on the desk, for £200 would have seemed a fortune to me just then.

The severe illness of my wife and one of my children, and the death of another, made serious inroads on my purse, and it had required the exercise of the utmost economy to keep myself from debt; nay, I had been obliged to withdraw from the bank the small sum, which, beside my salary, was all I possessed of worldly treasures. Thinking of this, I laid the coin down with a sigh, and turned away to attend to my duties.

The next morning I was again summoned into the office, but this time I met with no friendly greeting, as usual.

"Harry," said my employer, abruptly, "that coin we were looking at has disappeared. I have made a thorough search, but it is not to be found. It has been carried away by some one. You alone saw or knew of it, and—"

He paused and looked significantly into my face. I finished the sentence for him, the hot blood dying my cheeks and brow as I spoke: "You mean to say, therefore, that I took it—"

"What else can I think? The coin was here; you alone saw it. I cannot recall having seen it since it was in your hands. You are in need of money; you have told me that yourself. It was a great temptation, and I forgive you because of our old friendship, but I cannot retain you in my employ. Here is the salary due you."

"Very well," said I, with forced calmness, "so be it. Since you have so poor an opinion of me after years of faithful service, I shall not stoop to defend myself."

Then I took the money he had laid upon the desk, and went out from his presence a well-nigh broken-hearted man.

But for the tender love of my wife, I doubt not that I would have buried my sorrows in the grave of a suicide.

Supported by that love, however, and the consciousness of my own innocence, I took fresh courage, and set resolutely to work to find a new employer.

But powerful is a breath of slander; turn which way I might, I ever found that the story of my dismissal for theft had preceded me, and my application for employment uniformly met with a refusal.

Time went on; piece by piece our furniture, and every spare article of clothing found its way to the pawn-brokers, until at length even this poor resource failed us, and my children cried in vain for food.

Yet I did not sit down in idle despair; I could not afford to do so; the life or death of all I loved on earth depended on my exertion—and so turning away from them with a heavy heart, I once more set out on the weary search for work.

All in vain! refusal after refusal met my entreaties for employment, and I was turning homeward with a listless step, when passing an immense church I was attracted by a group of men at its base.

Impelled by some strange impulse, I approached and mingled with them.

A workman was standing near by, looking up at the great steeple, which towered aloft some 250 feet above them, while a gentleman, evidently an architect, was addressing him in earnest language, at the same time pointing toward the golden cross at the summit of the spire.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, as I drew near, "it must and can be done. The cross must be taken down, or the first heavy gale will send it down into the street, and lives will be lost. Coward! is this the way you back out of a job after engaging to do it?"

"I didn't know the spire was so high up there. Do it yourself, if you want it done!"

"If you were able," said the architect, "but go if you will; let it be! My honor is pledged to have it done at any price—and I can find a braver man than you to do it."

The carpenter walked away with a dogged, slouching step, and the gentleman was about to move away also, when I stepped forward, and asked:

"What is it you want done, sir? I am a carpenter, perhaps I can do it."

He turned eagerly towards me.

"I will make it worth your while. Take down that cross and I will pay you a hundred dollars. You will have to ascend those ornamental blocks, and I tell you candidly they are not to be depended on; they must be very weak and rotten, for they have been there for years."

I looked up at the spire; it was square at the base and tapered to a sharp point, while along each angle were nailed small gilded blocks of wood.

"It's a dangerous place to work," I said, "and there will be even more peril in descending than ascending. Suppose I succeed in moving the stone, and then—"

"If any accident happens to you, my brave fellow, the money shall be paid to your family. I promise you that. Give me your address."

"Here it is," I said, "and as you value your soul, keep your word with me. My wife and children are starving, or I would not attempt this work. If I die, they can live on the hundred dollars for a while until my sick wife recovers her strength."

"I'll make it a hundred and fifty!" exclaimed the architect, "and may God protect you! If I had the skill necessary to ascend that steeple, I would ask no man to risk his life there. But come, and keep a steady hand and eye."

I followed him into the church, then up into the spire, until we paused before a narrow window. This was the point from which I must start on the perilous feat which I had undertaken.

Casting a single glance at the people in the street below—mere specks in the distance—I reached out from the window, and grasping one of the ornamental blocks, swung myself out upon the spire.

For an instant my courage faltered, but the remembrance of my starving family came to my aid, and with a silent prayer for protection and success, I placed my hand on the next block above my head and clambered up.

From block to block I went steadily and cautiously, trying each one ere I trusted my weight upon it.

Two-thirds of the space had been passed, when suddenly the block that supported me moved—gave way. Oh, heavens! never, though I should live to see a hundred years, shall I cease to shudder at the recollection of that terrible moment.

Yet, even in the midst of my agony, as I felt myself slipping backward, I did not for one second lose my presence of mind.

It seemed to me that never before had my senses been so preternaturally acute as then, when a horrible death seemed inevitable.

Down, down I slipped, grasping at each block as I passed by it, until, at length, my fearful course was arrested, and then, while my head reeled with the sudden reaction, a great shout came up from the people below.

"Come down, come down!" called the architect from the window; "half the sum shall be yours for the risk you have run. Don't try again! Come down."

But no more than ever now I was determined to succeed. I was not one to give up, after having undertaken a difficult task.

Coolly, but cautiously, commenced the ascent once more, first seeking in vain to reach across to the next row of blocks, for I did not care to trust myself again on that which had proved so treacherous. This I was compelled to do, however, until the space between the angles became sufficiently small to allow me to swing across. Accomplishing my purpose at length, I went up more rapidly, carefully testing each block as I proceeded.

Ere long I reached the cross, and there I paused to rest, looking down from the dizzy height with a coolness that even then astonished me.

A few strokes with a light hatchet that the architect had hung at my back, and piece by piece the rotten cross fell to the ground.

My work was done, and as the last fragment disappeared, I found a sad pleasure in the thought that should I never reach the ground alive, my dear ones would have ample means to supply their wants until my wife could obtain employment.

Sad and cautiously I lowered myself from block to block, and at length reached the spire window, amidst the cheers of those assembled in the street.

Inside the steeple the architect placed a roll of bank notes in my hand.

"You have well earned the money," he said. "It does me good to see a man with so much nerve—but bless me, what is the matter with your hair? It was black before you made the ascent, now it is gray!"

And so it was! That moment of intense agony, while slipping helplessly downward, had blanched my hair until it appeared like that of an old man. The work of years had been done in an instant!

Entering the bare, cheerless room, which was now all I called a home, I found a visitor waiting for me, my late employer.

"Harvey," said he, extending his hand, "I have done a great wrong. It cost me a terrible pang to bring you to your trial, but circumstances were so strongly against you, that I was forced to believe it. I have found the coin, Harvey, it slipped under the secret drawer in my desk. Can you forgive me, my dear old friend?"

"My heart was too full to speak, I silently pressed his hand.

"I will undo the wrong I have done. All the world shall know I accused you unjustly, not through my words only, but through my actions, too. You must be my partner, Harvey. If you refuse I shall feel that you have not forgiven me."

I did not refuse. Instead, I thankfully accepted the offer which my friend so generously made, knowing that no surer method could have been devised to silence forever the tongue of slander, and free my name from the unmerited reproach which had of late rested upon it.

Unmerited prosperity has attended my steps ever since that eventful day, but neither prosperity nor wealth can efface its memory from my heart, nor restore my withered locks to their own raven hue.

BALLOON ASCENSIONS.—Some of the papers think the rate of La Mountain, who ascended from Ionia in a balloon, is not calculated to inspire confidence in the enterprise of Prof. Wise. Still, it is admitted that the ropes attaching the car to the balloon were irregularly adjusted, and consequently the accident tells against the skill and discretion of the manager, and not against the balloon as a means of transportation. The accidents from balloon ascensions amount to only about one in a thousand. Experiment shows that it is the safest as well as the quickest and easiest method of traveling. Once demonstrate the existence of the gulf stream of air, so to speak, flowing steadily from west to east, and develop an ability to navigate it with safety, which can never be longer a matter of conjecture, and the air navigation is in its infancy. No one who has carefully studied the subject in a practical or scientific way has discovered any insurmountable difficulties, nor any reason for thinking that, in less than twenty-five years, the air will be traversed as frequently and safely as the ocean is to-day. Aerial navigation has fewer obstacles to overcome than ocean navigation has already surmounted, and no man can turn his eye from a canoe to a steamship without feeling that an air-ship is something more than a possibility.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.—It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider what is pleasing and prosperous, that by the representation of the better the worse may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet my house is left me still and my land; or I have a virtuous wife, or hopeful children, or kind friends, or good hopes. If I have lost one child, it may be I have two or three still left me. Enjoy the present, whatsoever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to the morrow.

TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—If the finger is pressed firmly upon the little artery which supplies blood to the side of the face affected, the result is accomplished. Two small arteries, branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jaw-bone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw until the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it, and the bleeding will cease. Continue the pressure five minutes, until the ruptured vessels in the nose have time to contract.

Correspondence of the Abbeville Medium.

Commencement Exercises of Carolina High School.

Knowing the unfeigned interest always manifested by the *Medium* concerning the general progress of the up-country, and especially with regard to its educational departments, I feel assured that you will enjoy something relating to the commencement of the Carolina High School.

The festivities began on Wednesday night. Wending our way toward the University building, we were surprised to see the large number of people pressing in the same direction. The exercises were held in the chapel, a hall capable of seating fifteen hundred persons, and, on entering, one could not help being struck with the brilliancy of the scene. The hall was elegantly lighted, and the pictures around the walls were gracefully festooned with ivy and cedar, adding greatly to the general appearance. The crowd was immense, and the many bright faces, beaming with happiness, showed that much pleasure was anticipated from the efforts of the professors and pupils of the institution.

The exercises were opened by a beautiful duet by Misses Reed and Borstel. Then came several declamations by the smaller boys, and an original speech by Master Arthur Ligon, on the subject of "The necessity and advantages of a steady aim in life," which was handled with ease and grace, and manifested remarkable ability. The young ladies followed with the reading of essays, most of which were well written, and the subjects aptly chosen. The essay of Miss Nina Harrison on "The value of time," and of Miss Cora Reed on "The paths of glory lead to the grave," were excellent specimens of what can be accomplished by ability and application, and proved that women are fitted for a higher sphere than that of simply cooking dinners and aping fashion, which some men think their only calling. After the essays, the audience was entertained with some excellent vocal and instrumental music by the scholars, and with several choruses.

The evening's entertainment closed with the very laughable play called "Box and Cox," in which the characters were well represented by Messrs. Sam Orr and James Sullivan, and Miss Wanmaker. The participants were vociferously cheered, and every one seemed delighted.

SECOND NIGHT.

The hall was again crowded on Thursday night. The exercises began with a beautiful quartet, which, had it been accompanied by a full orchestra instead of a piano, would have more strongly resembled an operatic performance than the production of a high school. The charade of "Choosing a Wife," was well rendered. Several essays were then read by the young ladies, which elicited hearty applause. Among them was one by Miss Alice Borstel on "Woman's Rights," which evinced great care and research, and was not only one of the best essays read on the occasion, but is a strong argument in favor of the true rights of women, and brings out clearly where they are oppressed by the stronger sex. Miss Josie Blackley's "Leaves from the scrap book of a school girl of 1874," met with more general applause than any other. It contained many pungent witticisms and shrewd cuts, and ably maintained the co-education of the sexes; brought out the ludicrous misgiving of grand-ma as to the "He and She School," and pa's fears that boys instead of books would occupy the pupils' minds; and ended by a happy compliment to Mr. Ligon, the principal, and a fond though short adieu to the scholars. After several very fine choruses, the scenes were closed by that pretty piece, rendered in the song, "The Gypsy Countess."

After the exercises of the school, Mr. Caughman, delivered a very stirring appeal in favor of the Orphan Home, which should, and I think will bear good fruit in the community.

On Friday, a large assembly was collected at the University to hear addresses. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. D. E. Frierson. Then a most beautiful and elegant address on "Faith" was delivered by General Ayer, one of the professors of the school. Mr. Laughlin, the young and highly educated professor of Modern Languages, also made an eloquent and able address.

THE LAST NIGHT'S EXERCISES opened with the beautiful German song, "Die Paderland," sung by the German class. The choruses were very good indeed, and some of the compositions were again very commendable. Mr. James Sullivan then made a very fine original speech. His subject was "Judge Orr," and he paid a handsome tribute to the memory of our lamented statesman and townsman. His speech was quite a success, and won fresh laurels for the young orator, whose manly and honest style, lofty flights of eloquence, and logical conclusions bespeak for him a bright as well as useful future. The temperance dialogue was very well represented, and made a deep impression on the audience. "The girl of the period" and "All is not gold that glitters" were very well received. The Valedictory Oration was rendered in handsome style by Master James Scudgery.

And thus closed the Commencement of the Carolina High School, who attended, and giving satisfaction to those who having, and giving evidence of its being what its founders wished to make it, one of the very best schools in the State. It now numbers nearly two hundred scholars, and maintains a faculty of eight accomplished and experienced teachers.

ORELGA.

THE NEGRO AND THE MULE.—The following anecdote is finely illustrative of the characteristic of two denizens of the South, we find in the editor's drawer of Harper's Magazine:

"The negro and mule, writes a friend in Clinton, La., are inseparable companions in the Southern cotton fields, and like the Hiawatha string and bow, useless each without the other. The lazy indifference and careless cruelty of one, and wonderful powers of endurance of severe labor, bad treatment, and neglect of the other, complete the compatibility of the two races necessary for the production of 4,000,000 of bales. A characteristic anecdote may be related by those who have had experience of the two. The spectator had taken refuge from the sun's perpendicular rays under the shades of a spreading beech, *sub tepidine fagi*, and lay recumbent, enjoying the fitful breezes and the somber freshness of a country newspaper. Along the dirty road which passed on a mule, both apparently fast asleep, as the somnolent pair approached the spot, some wicked spirit of the place gave the paper a flit, which was no sooner seen and heard than the mule, as mules only know how, instantly 'swapped ends,' and leaving the negro sprawling in the dirt, took his departure under full sail. The negro, half arising himself, and wiping the dust from his eyes and mouth, watched the retreating mule for some time in silence, but at length, unconscious of an auditor, gave expression to this philosophic soliloquy: 'Dat's what makes me 'spise a mule.'"

—There is nothing so effective in bringing a man up to the scratch as a healthy, high-spirited flea.

Fatal Result of a Balloon Ascension.

A reporter of the *Eagle* having visited Ionia yesterday and witnessed the entire celebration there, we are able to give our readers a 4th of July narrative of a different kind from that which transpired in our city. It was marked by a horrible event, the like of which, in its peculiar thrilling character, has never before occurred in any city in our country on the 4th of July or any other day. Men have lost their lives before by means of balloon ascensions, but never in this awful manner. A regular celebration having been arranged, with procession, oration, music and balloon ascension, the streets of Ionia were alive with people at an early hour in the forenoon, having come by wagons and on each of the railroads crossing at that place, on which fares were at excursion rates. The D. & M. Railroad brought the last great addition of people from the west on the regular train, arriving about noon. The general observance of the national holiday had been gone through with in an enjoyable manner, no accident of any kind occurring to mar the enjoyments, when, as the appointed time for the balloon ascension drew near, 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a crowd of many thousands of men, women and children, people of Ionia and their visitors, flocked to the Court House square, besides a great number who had remained there from the oration.

The aeronaut on this occasion was La Mountain, of worldwide reputation in that daring profession. There is another man of that name who has arisen to some eminence in the same line of achievements—a brother of the great La Mountain, we believe; but from the description of the man and all else we are able to learn, we conclude that this was the La Mountain whose name will long be remembered throughout the world in fame somewhat similar to that of Sam Patch. The latter leaped the entire steep and depth of Genesee Falls, prepared for it, and never was seen again. He of yesterday leaped the blue vault of heaven, an indefinite distance, from no will of his own, and bounded into eternity. Each made the most terrific leap, one into the water and the other upon the land, ever recorded.

This was one of the hot air balloons intended to rise by the well known upward pressure of the heated air confined, until, cooling in the upper rarefied atmosphere, it gradually descends. It is thought by some that the renowned La Mountain would not, after all his great experience, have been likely to use this inferior means of ascension. But as there is no gas at Ionia, it was impracticable for him or any one to use any other than a hot air balloon. At fifteen minutes before 4 the sack was supposed to be properly inflated, and at that moment the tether was cut, and up it flew, with a shout from the assembled multitude.

FORM OF THE BALLOON.

The sack of this fatal air vessel was about one third or one fourth larger than the one of the same kind which recently made two ascensions in this city. It probably held about 12,000 feet of air. Its form was, as usual, oval, except where it closes to a point underneath. The swell of the oval was capped by a wooden hub, supposed to be firmly fixed there, and perforated by three holes, through which ran the three suspension cords of the basket, crossing each other and coming down around and beneath the sack, forming six ends. To these the basket containing the aeronaut was suspended. There was no netting, such as always covers and incloses the accident resulting thus horribly could not probably have occurred. There was but little wind at the time, and the balloon arose directly upward, remaining right over the Court House Square, whence it started, appearing, of course, to diminish in size, till it was judged, by that appearance and the rate of its upward movement, to be 3,000 feet high.

THE ACCIDENT.

The shouts had ceased, and ten thousand up-turned faces watched the diminishing object intently, when the basket was seen to separate from the sack, which hung and wavered about in one spot for half a moment or so, while the basket and man were shooting downward with the velocity of a cannon shot. As the vast throng of witnesses comprehended the frightful tragic spectacle, a thrill of intense horror spread through them, as from among them issued one widespread suppressed groan of agony, for all seemed too terror-stricken to shriek. Of course there was no such length of time in the downward flying of the devoted man as the reader has occupied in reading these last few lines describing it. From the instant of the disaster to the balloon till he struck the ground, the time was not probably more than fifteen seconds, as measured off on the watch dial by the second hand.

At the height of five or six hundred feet from the earth, the unfortunate man got separated from the sack—in fact it sprang as if he leaped from it intentionally. This certainly made no difference as to the fatality of the fall. The concussion must have killed him just as quickly as he struck the earth with the basket on his head. Wonderful as it may seem, from the time he sprang from the basket, his position in the air remained erect, feet down, till he struck, notwithstanding the great weight of the head and body, which presses most human bodies to turn and fall head first. It is possible he had acquired a faculty of controlling his position in the air by athletic force. Perhaps, in the hurried thoughts of despair, he fancied he might, by striking feet down, be spared from death. But the indescribable swiftness of his descent must have knocked the breath out of him, even had he struck on a newly made hay-stack.

Many people declare that they saw such movements of his limbs and even expressions in his face as showed him to be alive until he struck. But this is considered by the greater number to have been entirely improbable. His shooting through space with such lightning like swiftness deprived him of all breath and sense of life, undoubtedly, while part way down. Indeed, it is hardly possible that he intentionally jumped from the basket. It is more likely he fell from it when he had no longer any power to hold on to it. With terrific violence he crashed upon the earth, feet down, his legs driven up into his body, and all down, his head being instantly mashed into a sickening, quivering mass of spouting blood, protruding bones, and dropping flesh. His feet stuck into the earth several inches. He struck a few feet from the jail wall, only about eight rods from the very spot where he went up. Down came the basket right after him, and a few minutes after his hat came wavered down. What became of the sack of the balloon is not known. La Mountain resided in Brooklyn, in this State, where he leaves a wife and child. He was apparently forty years of age.—*Grand Rapids Eagle*, July 5.

—The quantity of sleep needful for the preservation of health varies with different individuals and with different conditions of the body. To some persons six hours' sleep are sufficient for all healthful purposes, but others require seven or eight hours' sleep. More than this, however, may be considered enervating and injurious to the health of the body.

Cholera and Limestone Water.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal says:

If it be true that the remote cause of cholera is atmospheric, then comes the vital, all-important question, what is the most general exciting or proximate cause of the cholera? We assert, and feel prepared by facts to sustain the position, that it is limestone and organic water used as a beverage or drink. This disease that defies climate and season, seems to shrink from granite countries, or from localities where cistern water is exclusively drunk. Upon this proposition we invite the closest scrutiny of all; for if this proposition be acknowledged, as it must be eventually, then this terrible scourge is at once robbed of its terrors, and the lives of millions will be saved.

Trace the cholera from the banks of the Ganges to the Equator, and you find it has never prevailed as an epidemic in a granite country, but in calcareous or limestone districts, or where the water contains organic matter.

I will mention a few facts which show clearly that cholera is developed by the character of the water used as a drink. In 1833 the beautiful city of Lexington, situated in the Bluegrass region—the most fertile portion of Kentucky—was first visited by Asiatic cholera. It swept through that city as a whirlwind. The Angel of Death seemed to hover over the doomed city for days and weeks, claiming all as its victims. But two families escaped the disease—Dr. Benjamin Dudley and Dr. James Bush's. These were the only families in the city who used cistern water as a drink. Cisterns were then almost unknown. The quick perception of Dr. Dudley had detected the fact that persons using freestone or cistern water were exempted from calcareous affections, viz: stone and acuit. It was to protect themselves and families from these terrible sequels of limestone water that their cisterns were constructed—not against cholera, for none knew of its coming.

Now, if this be merely a coincidence, that but two families of a population of some twelve thousand should escape, and those two only using cistern water, then it is a coincidence strongly resembling a fact on fixed principles.

Again, there has never been epidemic cholera on a single plantation upon the Mississippi river from Cairo to its mouth, where cistern water was not used, that the disease has not existed as an epidemic.

Again, every case of cholera which has occurred in Natchez, prior to and since 1855, could be traced directly to the use of water obtained from springs gushing out through corneal pebbles as clear as crystal and cold as ice, at the base of the bluff or river bank. In 1855 the cisterns became exhausted by the drought, the citizens were forced to use river or spring water and the cholera broke out in a most malignant form again. The town of Thibouville, situated on the Bayou Plaquemine, in Louisiana, is divided nearly equally by a small bayou. One portion of the town is occupied by Americans, who use exclusively cistern water, the other portion by a French population who have no cisterns, but rely on wells for water to drink. In 1849 the French portion of the town was nearly destroyed by cholera, and not a dozen cases occurred on the American side of the bayou.

We now quote from Dr. Watson, of London, perhaps the most able and reliable physician living. He says: "Some striking facts have been collected by Dr. Snow, which warrant the presumption that a most fearful outbreak of cholera in Joho was attributed to the water of a certain pump contaminated from a neighboring sewer. A remarkable converse fact has been reported by Mr. Lawrence, Bethlehem Hospital and an asylum for children called the House of Occupation stand near each other on an open space of ground containing fourteen acres; lying in the parish of St. George, Southwark. The Governors of these institutions being dissatisfied with the water then supplied, sank, thirty years ago, artesian wells on the premises. Water from these wells is exclusively used in these institutions, which number between them about seven hundred inmates. There has not been a single case of cholera in the hospital or house of occupation in any of the three epidemics, although the disease has prevailed extensively in the parish, and in the streets in their immediate vicinity." It might continue to multiply facts without number but we think it unnecessary.

SAVED THROUGH MASONRY.—We clip the following from the Portland Argus: "A young Maine man, who is engaged in the 'contingent traveling' business for a Chicago house, was traveling out in the far West, when he was taken possession of on the train by two men, who simply informed him that they were officers and wanted him. He expostulated, explained, demanded explanations, &c., but all in vain. No one on the train knew him, and there were those who did know the officers. All that he could get out of them was that he was the man they wanted. In this way he was taken some ninety miles into the interior. Upon arrival he had no longer to remain in ignorance of his supposed offense, the whole village being out to welcome him with such cries as 'Here's the d—n horse thief, caught at last. Let's string him up!'"

The officers made some show of resistance, but the excited mob took possession of their victim and marched him into town, near the centre of which a tree was already strung over the limb of a noose. Our friend thought it was all up with him sure. Expostulation was received with derision. Everybody recognized him as a notorious horse-thief, whose depredations had been continued and extensive. A horse-thief in that section is looked upon as something worse than an average murderer. There was not a pitying eye in the crowd, and the universal howl was, "Lynch him!" He tried to pray, but the commercial traveling business had ruined him for praying! While waiting under the noose a happy thought struck him! His Masonry! He is a Royal Arch Mason!

In all that crowd there must be Masons. He gave the grand hailing signal of distress. We are not at liberty to explain how it was given, for several reasons, the chief of which is, we don't know. But he gave it, and in an instant one of the foremost citizens of the town sprang to his side and gave some more Masonic greetings, and the prisoner was quickly surrounded by twenty or thirty determined men, who held the crowd at bay with drawn pistols. Our friend explained to the leading man who he was. They organized a committee of investigation, telegraphed to Cairo and verified all his statements, and the brutal mob slunk away heartily ashamed. Our friend was made as comfortable as possible by his Masonic friends, but he says he never experienced such intense anxiety as he did when he stood under the noose.

—There are eight kinds of kisses mentioned in the Scripture. The kiss of salutation (I. Sam. xv. 41.) of valediction (Ruth i. 9.) of reconciliation (Pa. ii. 12.) of approbation (Prov. xxiv. 26.) of treachery (Matt. xxiv. 49.) of affection (Gen. xxix. 12.) of holy charity (I. Thess. v. 26.)

Letter from Gen. M. C. Butler.

Editors *Chronicle and Sentinel*, Augusta, Ga.:

In an editorial in your issue of the 13th inst., headed "Beauregard and Unification," you refer to a canvass made in this State in 1870, and say: "We have pretty much the same opinion of the present movement in Louisiana as we had of the Reform movement in South Carolina, a few years since. While we could not and did not approve of their platform, which was of the pepper-and-salt complexion, we determined that if the people of Carolina could stand it, we could." And furthermore: "Why should we people of Georgia repudiate and denounce Hampton and Butler and Kershaw for making a square, manly effort to redeem their State from Radical misrule?"

You will pardon me for excepting to the tone of the above extracts, and suggesting that you should have informed yourself more thoroughly of the "Reform movement in South Carolina," before making this sweeping comparison, and have understood the status of all the gentlemen referred to touching said "Reform movement," before committing them all to its support.

General Kershaw and I did endorse and support, and in fact, prepare the platform of the "Reform movement" of 1870. General Hampton had not only nothing to do with the preparation of that platform, but disapproved of it, and his support of it was due entirely to his personal regard and relations to General K. and myself. This much is due to General Hampton. Herewith I enclose the platform of the "Reform movement" of 1870, and I beg that you will either publish it side by side with the "Unification Address" of Louisiana, or point out to your readers the analogy between the two. If you will do this, I shall be content; but I have no idea of permitting you, in this cursory manner, to pass judgment upon two movements, which I regard as essentially different, without a hearing of both sides.

Do not understand me as repudiating the "Reform movement" of 1870. I went into it advisedly. I thought it wise, proper and judicious then, I think so now, and in support of this opinion, and in the light of subsequent events, I refer your readers to the action of the Democratic party in the last Presidential election, and, if stronger proof were necessary, I refer them to the action of "we, the people of Georgia," in said election, and, in fact, I may refer them to the staunch, uncompromising advocacy of the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, of "the pepper-and-salt complexion" of the Greeley movement.

I held the opinion in 1870, and so hold now, that the only hope of the South is a "unification" of the whites not against the negro, but for the protection of themselves, and by a candid recognition of the rights of the negro as secured to him by the Constitution and laws, to recover his confidence and secure his aid in restoring order and prosperity to the country.

I may be permitted in this connection to commend the spirit with which you have alluded to Gen. Beauregard's recent position. Greater tolerance towards those who differ with us in opinion, and less personal vilification and aspersion of motives of those whose services to the country entitle them to some consideration, would accomplish better results. Gen. Beauregard undoubtedly lays himself open to criticism when he assumes to suggest a policy for the public, but he is a gentleman whose character and public services should protect him against illiberal comment and misrepresentation. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

M. C. BUTLER.

Columbia, S. C., July 16, 1873.

The Ethics of Swindling.

Cotton or stock gambling, growing out of the desire to become rapidly rich, is at the bottom of most of the cases of swindling by public officers, which from time to time, in the popular phrase, create "a sensation in financial circles." The unfortunate defaulter is pitied and sympathized with, in proportion to the smugness of his face and the sobriety of his mien, by one class, and to his open handedness and good fellowship by another. Between the two stools the defaulter's sins slip out of the penitentiary. There was