

Machinery of the Election Laws.

In his attempt to speak the other evening in Charleston, Judge Mackey, finding lions in his way, turned into a side path and belabored Bowen. This secured him a little attention, and he went on long enough to characterize as an absurdity the idea of getting a fair count from such a Commissioner of Elections. This raised our curiosity, and induced us to look into the statutes to see the drift of the election laws. We find them to have been originally drawn so as to work out partisan results and to enable commissioners and managers to elect a man whether he had a majority of votes or not. But they are a little modified since those days.

The time of holding the general elections in this State was changed at the last session of the General Assembly from the third Wednesday in October to the first Tuesday following the first Monday in November, which will be on the 31 of that month. The qualification prescribed for voters is that, without distinction of race or color, they shall be of the age of twenty-one years, not labor under disabilities, and shall have resided in the State one year and in the County sixty days preceding the election. For each County there are to be appointed, by the Governor, three Commissioners of Election at least sixty days prior to the time of holding it. We understand that, at the request of the State Executive Committee of the Republican party, some appointments have been made within this time. How this is, however, we do not know certainly. These Commissioners of Election are authorized and empowered to appoint three Managers of Election for each election precinct. Both the commissioners and the managers take the oath of office prescribed by the Constitution. For each election precinct the Commissioners are to provide one box, to be labeled "Congress," "State," "County," &c., in which the ballots shall be deposited. At the close of the election, the managers and clerk, whom they are directed to appoint, shall proceed, publicly, to open the ballot box and count the ballots, and continue until completed, and make such statement of the result, and sign it, as the nature of the election shall require. Within three days thereafter, the chairman, or a member to be designated, shall deliver to the Commissioners of Election the poll-list, the boxes containing the ballots, and a written statement of the result of the election in his precinct. These commissioners meet at the County seat, and organize as a County Board of Canvassers, on the Tuesday following the election, just one week after the pending election has taken place. They may appoint a secretary, and they all take the constitutional oath. They shall then proceed, as the Act states, to count the votes of the County, and shall make such statements thereof as the nature of the election shall require, within ten days of the time of their first meeting as a Board of County Canvassers, and shall transmit to the Board of State Canvassers certified copies of any protest and of all papers relating to the election. This is a body composed of the Secretary of State, Comptroller General, Attorney-General, State Treasurer, Adjutant and Inspector-General, and Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the House of Representatives. They are to make a statement of the whole number of votes given at the elections for the various officers, and for each of them voted for in all the Counties, determine the result, and deliver a certificate to that effect to the Secretary of State. Finally, they determine and declare what persons have been, by the greatest number of votes, duly elected; and they have the power, and it is made their duty, to decide all cases under protest or contest that may arise. The Secretary of State must transmit a copy of such certified determination to each person declared to be elected and to the Governor. The County Canvassers also, after their final adjournment, and within ten days of the time of their first meeting as a board, shall forward by a messenger to the Governor and Secretary of State the returns, poll-list, and all papers appertaining to the election. The State constables (does that mean Hubbard and his constabulary?) and other peace officers are required to be present during the whole time the polls are kept open, and shall prevent interference with the managers and keep good order.

We have reproduced here the most important provisions of the election laws. They are cumbersome, complicated and expensive. As we interpret them, it will be seventeen days after the ballots are cast before the result is officially proclaimed. The managers of elections have three days within which to turn over the poll-list and boxes and their statement to the election commissioners. These commissioners meet as a Canvassing Board on the Tuesday next following the election to count the votes and get up their statements, &c., having had the returns in their hands four days. They have ten days more within which to do their work. We cannot comprehend the necessity for such long periods, making, as we have said, altogether seventeen days after the election has been held before it is declared who are elected, unless it be to afford the opportunity to manipulate the boxes by stuffing or otherwise, and falsify the returns. But under the Act of 1872, which requires the managers to open the boxes and count the ballots publicly, it will be difficult, if the people exercise a proper vigilance, materially to alter the results as thus arrived at. Previously to its passage, the managers delivered the lists and ballot-boxes to the commissioners without making a count at all. They thus had them in their hands, and the full liberty to elect any one they pleased. It seems to us that this cannot be done now so easily, if at all. At any rate, whoever are the managers or commissioners, and no matter how many constables may be in attendance, it will be advisable for the people, who mean to have both a fair election and a fair count, to be present by committee, and themselves see to it that they get them.

On last Saturday, Judge Cooke, at Chambers in Greenville, directed that Mr. E. F. Stokes should be brought before him. He announced to him that the Supreme Court had sustained his decision, but that he wished to give him an opportunity, by answer of such questions as he would propose concerning his property, to leave the prison where he has so long been confined. Great stillness followed this address of the Judge, and the prisoner, after some moments, made the following sad and peculiar statement in writing: To Judge T. H. Cook: May it please the Court—For many years I have been endeavoring to live with a conscience void of offence towards God and man—by obeying the laws of God and man. In the discharge of this duty comes my duty to the Judge as one of the "powers that be," as is described by the Bible. In the guidance of my conduct, I rely entirely upon the guidance of the Holy Spirit of God. My Bible tells me when brought before judges, that the Spirit of God will tell me what I shall speak, and for me not to premeditate. In every act of my life, and every word that I utter, I try to be guided by the Spirit of God. I have been now, by your Honor's order, in jail for nearly thirteen months, and come before you Honor by your order. From the time I left my sick bed till the present moment I have been praying to my Master, Jesus Christ, for words to speak to you as the Judge, as I have been promised by my Master to be given words when called before the judges and officers of the law. But with all my prayers, I am not given the words. The Holy Spirit of God has given me no words. I have nothing, by the Spirit of God, to say. I am as a lamb led to the slaughter. I am, by and through the influence of the Holy Spirit, dumb. I am dumb. Do with me as seemeth good to your Honor.

Judge Cook thereupon made an order that Mr. Stokes be examined by a board of five physicians—Drs. Marshall, Trescott, Hoke, Rutledge and Jones, touching his sanity. If the commission report him to be insane, he will follow up the present proceedings by an order to commit him to the State Asylum.

The tendency to bolt regular nominations is breaking out in the most unexpected quarters, and the wire-pullers and managers are filled with trepidation. Their sentiments on the subject correspond pretty well to those of the colored candidates for baptism, who, slipping out of the parson's hands just as he was being dipped, remarked: "Some gommens niggers gwine to be drowned by dis yer nonsense yit."

AMMUNITION TO THE MILITIA.—We learn that Frank Belcher, the militia captain at Beaufort, has been drawing ammunition at Abbeville—he says some two hundred rounds, but other parties say some three or four thousand. For what purpose is the ammunition given? Each citizen has the right to bear arms and have ammunition, but the State is not called upon to furnish them. We think it is time that this distribution of ammunition shall cease.

[Abbeville Press and Banner.]

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every one looked with straining eyes, momentarily expecting to see it swept away into the boiling waters. The crowd had by this time increased to nearly a thousand persons, and it will give an idea of the terrible interest that prevailed, when it is recollected that the waves were rolling knee deep over the battery walks. The rain driven by a perfect hurricane came down in torrents, raising the lands and face like hail-stones, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the strongest could stand up against the gale. Yet, in spite of all this, the crowd constantly grew larger, and men avowed themselves willing and ready to swim the seething chasm, but this risk was not thought expedient as yet. Another boat launch was proposed, and a boat belonging to Mr. Vanderhorst, just refitted and in thorough repair, was soon, by the aid of a large crowd of volunteers, floated across the garden to the point opposite the bathing house, from which the previous attempt had been made. The men who offered themselves for the risky voyage were Messrs. H. Nott Parker, John Roper, D. Todd, a colored policeman and a fisherman—name unknown. The boat was launched, and the brave men threw themselves into the seething waves to watch for a favorable moment to board. Two had succeeded in getting in, when a tremendous swell striking the boat on the broadside, immediately filled her with water, and the next moment she was seen bottom upward and half crushed, being borne swiftly to leeward on the crest of a wave. At first, not a sign could be seen of the crew, but in a moment more a head appeared, then another, and as the next wave, foaming angrily, came rushing along, it bore the two colored men and Mr. Todd within the reach of the hundreds of hands, umbrellas and sticks which were eagerly held forth for their rescue. In another moment these three were drawn dripping and half suffocated from the water. Mr. John Roper rose next, and appeared to be laboring to keep himself up. A stream of blood from his head soon explained that he was hurt and probably half stunned. The next wave fortunately bore him within reach of an umbrella handle, and, by the aid of this, he was soon dragged on shore. Mr. Parker was now the only remaining one, and all eyes were eagerly fixed upon the water, watching for his appearance. After what seemed an age of suspense, he rose, and, with a vigorous stroke, he too, managed to get close enough to catch a friendly hand. The crowd, who had hardly seemed to breathe during this period, were now relieved of one anxiety, and again turned their attention to the tottering house. James McManmon, the son of the proprietor of the bathing-house, came rushing to the scene, half frantic, and declaring that he would swim across to save his mother. He was prevented from doing this only by force. At this moment, however, another hero appeared upon the scene, a young man by the name of Harry Hausen, of the United States buoy tender. Without the least hesitation or fear of failure, he fastened a line to his waist and jumped over into the flood, and, braving the waves, he gallantly battled his way across, and safely reached the door of the bathing house. A rope was then pulled over, together with a number of life-preservers, and the brave fellow started on a return trip with one of the children in his arms. This trip was also made with success, and the little girl, barring the quantity of salt water she had swallowed, was none the worse for it. The wind now, as if by magic, lulled to almost a calm, and just at this suspicious moment two boats were launched, manned and successfully landed at the bathing house. All of the inmates were now safely brought over, amid the cheers of the multitude. With equal suddenness the wind started up again, brought down the left wing of the house, and a few moments later the right wing sank back and settled four or five feet under water.

Mr. Sebastian Zanoguera's shipyard was partly covered with water, and the sea did considerable damage to the property. Bennett's, Williams', Palmetto and Marsh's wharves were overflowed, but the injury appeared to be slight. The North pier of Union wharves was much washed, and planking forced out of position. The pier next to this, where the New York steam line discharges, is but little hurt, while that to the South was somewhat damaged. The planking on the Mt. Pleasant Ferry wharf was broken up. The steamer Sea Gull, lying at Union wharves, suffered no damage. The bark N. K. Clements, from Rotterdam, drifted into these wharves, but was blown out again to the stream when the wind changed to the West. Central wharves were considerably injured, particularly the North pier, which will require considerable expense. The head of the South pier was also injured. The schooner Sallie Coursey, which was at this wharf, was somewhat chafed, and was blown into the stream when the gale shifted to the West. The schooner Gattysburg, which was lying in the stream off Union wharves, dragged her anchor and sprang a leak, requiring the efforts of the powerful steam tug Republic, with her pumps, to keep her afloat. She was working at the Gattysburg up to dark, and there was still considerable water in the hold of the schooner. The schooners Carrie A. Bentley and Alfred Keen, which were at Central wharves, were not seriously injured. At Accommodation wharf, there was considerable damage; the planking was washed up, the tin was partly stripped from some of the roofing, and the fine ship Orpheus, having here forced her fasts and her

libboom came in contact with the brick wall of the offices on the wharf, and made a large hole in the North-east angle of the wall. Two small sailing craft which were moored nearby, one of which was the pilot boat H. E. Thompson and the yacht Anne, were broken up or much damaged. The Orpheus was somewhat scratched, but apparently not badly hurt. Brown's wharves having lately undergone thorough repairs, passed through the blow without damage of consequence. The new bark Sarah Ellen, at this point, rode out the gale in safety. Kerr's wharf had the head carried away, and was partly overflowed. North Atlantic wharf suffered some slight injury, the bark Belgium having broke from her moorings and drifted up the dock. The next pier had the uprights of the shed partly carried away, and was somewhat injured by the washing of the sea. The next South had the planking washed up, and the pits were injured, while the South pier had the shed partly knocked down. This valuable property will immediately be placed in thorough order. The ships I land Home and Arlington and the barks Guinea and Nueva Pastora, at these wharves, showed no signs of important damage. At Boyce & Co.'s wharves, the heads were both damaged and the planking washed. The Spanish steamer Puerto Rico and the British bark Polly, at these wharves, were not damaged. Adgor's wharves received but little damage, and the steamer Champlain, brig John H. Kennedy and schooner B. N. Hawkins, at these wharves, were not hurt. Vanderhorst's wharf, having just been repaired, passed through the gale without injury, as also did the British steamer Border Chieftain and brig C. F. Eator, lying there. Commercial wharves had the pier heads washed away, and received much other injury from the action of the sea. The bark Bessie Parker, lying here, fortunately had her stern anchor out, and was not injured. The bark Euclia, at the same wharves, was not damaged. Southern wharves were somewhat washed, but did not appear to be much hurt. There were some fifteen sail in the stream or at quai-rats, but they rode out the gale apparently without disaster. The pilot boat Alameda and the smack James Newton were sunk in Vanderhorst dock, a large phosphate pit coming against their hulls and parting them at the heaviest part of the blow.

The following vessels were in the stream, but sustained no damage so far as heard: British bark Jessa, German bark Libertas, Russian bark Jenny, bark Weymouth, bark Neverstak, brig Francisco, Sebastian, Carolina and Florence, schooners J. N. Gallowell, Lucy D., and others.

The portion of the city, lying on the Ashley River, felt the effects of the storm considerably, although no very serious damage was done. The tide overflowed the mill yards, lumber yards, private premises and the streets. The tide had reached its full height about nine o'clock, and up to and after that hour the water rushed into the city with great force, carrying every movable thing with it, and scattering debris in every direction. At Moreland's wharf, on South Bay, what remained of the pier heads there, with the shanties and boat houses thereon, were undermined, and the most of them fell in ruins. The fishermen's boats were driven from their moorings, West of the Battery, and left high and dry some distance in King street. The rear of the residences on South Battery were completely overflowed, and the fences and out-houses either overturned or damaged by the surging mass of water. Dougherty and Habicht's wharves and landings were badly damaged, and everything that could float moved out of position. At the West end of Tradd street, and also in Council, Limehouse and other streets in the vicinity, the small houses built over the river were more or less damaged, and some of them completely wrecked. All along this section of the city the tide swept over the land, flooding all the lots and injuring a number of handsome flower gardens, which presented a deplorable sight when "dry land appeared." The angry waves washed over Chisolm's causeway, and uniting with the water of the adjacent ponds, made one continuous sheet of water as far as the eye could reach, North, South and West. The store-house of Chisolm's Mill was damaged, and the tin carried off the roof. At the West end of Broad street nothing could be seen of the land. The private yards and vacant lots lying on the Rutledge street ponds, as well as the streets in the vicinity, were several feet deep with water, making it impossible for the residents to get out of their houses save with vehicles and small boats. The North-eastern portion of the roof of Mr. J. H. Steinmeyer's mill was blown off, and the sawed and hewed lumber in the yard, which was completely submerged, drifted at the will of the wind and water. It was with the greatest difficulty that the lumber was kept from getting astray. Stout ropes with which the lighters, &c., were tied, parted like thread, and four large lighters were carried into the river and probably out to sea. The tide also submerged Halsey's lumber yard, and set everything loose, probably causing him a loss of several hundred dollars. The wharf at West Point Mill was washed away, and a portion of the tin on the roof of the building torn off. The wharf at Bennett's Mill was also damaged, and engineer's quarters at Hudgin's Mill uplifted and displaced. A portion of the tin was torn off the roof of the Church of the Holy Communion, the Spring Street Methodist Church, and the Cathedral Chapel, Queen street. All along the Ashley River more or

less damage had been done. The water overflowed the City Railway in Rutledge street, and for several hours the trips of the cars were interrupted. The Ashley River was strewn with timber and fragments of wood which were carried along at a rapid pace by the current. Large trees were blown down in Broad, Wentworth, Rutledge and other streets, and numbers of fences dashed to the ground, and some broken into fragments. It was necessary to use small boats in the streets submerged, in order to communicate with the private residences in the South-western portion of the city. One of the most disastrous effects of the gale was the blowing down of the new Theatre, in course of erection in Meeting street. It is scarcely three months since the work was begun on the building, and the contractor had pushed it forward with an energy that deserved a better fate. In the severest gust of wind that occurred about 1 o'clock, after the wind had shifted around to the West, the Western wall was blown down, and it, of course, carried the others with it. The Southern wall fell on the work-shop of the contractor, Mr. Sullivan, and totally wrecked it; but fortunately none of the workmen were in the building at the time, and consequently no lives were lost. It was an accident that could scarcely be guarded against. The walls were very massive, being fully two feet thick, and were forty-eight feet high. The work had been pushed forward vigorously, however, and had scarcely had sufficient time to dry and settle. Besides this, the West wall presented a solid front to the wind, which struck it with tremendous force. There was an immense scaffold in the interior of the building, the lumber for which alone cost over \$2,700. This was, of course, completely wrecked and buried in the debris, as was also a new hoisting apparatus and steam engine, lately purchased by the contractor, at a cost of \$1,100. It will be seen by the correspondence below that neither Mr. Harley nor Mr. Sullivan are discouraged. They propose to clean away the ruins and begin the work at once. It's a ill wind that blows nobody any good, and, while the accident is to be deplored, there is a crumb of comfort to be derived from the fact that several hundred sturdy mechanics will at once find their services in demand. The following is the correspondence referred to:

Charleston, S. C., September 28, 1874.—MY DEAR MR. SULLIVAN: Our first performance was a great success, and, in the language of the evening paper, "brought down the house." I regret the result, more on your part than on my own, as your energy was telling on the brick daily, and I was in hope of seeing your labors crowned with success this season, and Charleston have the building of the South. I desire that you should start again at once and build it up, and we will soon have, within its walls, a performance that will commend itself to all good citizens of Charleston, who, in times past, (in that dear old spot to them,) brought down the house when merit came before them. We must expect Providence to do some things for the best, and to no other agency can we attribute this disaster. We will not stop to question its results, but go right ahead, and show the world that in this city there is as much energy and good faith as ever. I again say, go ahead, build it up; and, as in the past, I will in the future keep up my end of the plank. Yours truly, TIMOTHY HURLEY.

Charleston, S. C., September 28, 1874.—T. HURLEY, Esq.—Dear Sir: Yours of this date to hand, and in reply I would beg leave to say that, no matter what happens, my courage is never daunted. I shall redouble my energies to erect the building which has become a prey to the tempestuous winds of this day, and try to again build a prototype to the far-famed temple that once occupied the site which gladdened the hearts of our citizens. Yours, very respectfully, D. A. J. SULLIVAN, Builder and Contractor.

Things looked threatening on the island at daybreak. At 7 o'clock the tide became alarmingly high, and the waters at the cove seemed ambitiously striving to join with the roaring breakers which rolled in thundering fury upon the front beach. The St. Helena, under the command of Capt. Coste, left the island about 9 o'clock. The sea was very heavy, and the wind blowing a perfect gale from the East. Capt. Coste, who deserves the highest commendation for the ability he displayed in the management of his boat, soon saw that it would be impossible to land at any of the wharves on the Eastern portion of the city, and determined to run her up the Ashley. This was done, and the St. Helena was moored for some time to the Savannah and Charleston Railroad's steamer Fannie, but the wharf being inundated, the passengers were quarantined for nearly two hours. The wind lulled, and the St. Helena put out to try and effect a landing at her wharf. She had hardly started, however, when the wind veered around to the West, the squall struck her and carried away in an instant her entire hurricane deck. The captain saw that it was useless to attempt to go around into the Cooper, and he once more headed for the shore. She was but a short distance from shore when one of her passengers jumped overboard and came near losing his life. Capt. Habenicht gallantly jumped after and rescued him. The boat was then run up into Bird's old ship yard, and the passengers landed with safety, if not with ease. The damage done on the island is but slight as compared with what it was natural to anticipate. Two frame buildings on Ocean Park were prostrated, a portion of the steamer's land-

ing was washed away, and a number of fences and small out-houses were swept off. One casualty is reported. A young colored man named Isaac Truesdale, well known as a thorough boatman, and for a long time captain of a passenger sloop between the island and city, in endeavoring to save his boat, was swept out, and before assistance could be given, the boat was driven out into the harbor, where it was swamped, probably drowning the unfortunate owner. By 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the tide had left the island almost entirely dry, and, taking everything into consideration, the islanders have every reason to be grateful for their escape.

As has already been stated, the gale was over about two o'clock, although several spasmodic gusts of wind occurred after that hour. These, however, continued to grow feeble, and by four o'clock the storm had entirely died out, and occasional bursts of sunshine lit up the streets strewn with broken trees and fallen tiles and slate. By night, the weather had entirely cleared off. The moon shone brightly, the air was still, and the atmosphere cool and bracing. Those who profess to know all about the eccentricities of the elements say that the great gale has passed, and that Charleston may breathe freely for twenty years to come.

The damage sustained by the battery was fearful. At one o'clock the beautiful park and promenade, the pride of the city, was a scene of utter devastation. The central portion was some four or five feet under water; large ruts and gullies were cut in the shell walks, through which the water rushed like a mill-race. These disfigurements were sad enough, but when one turned to the high battery, that magnificent flagstone walk, probably the most enchanting promenade of the kind in the country, a sad scene met the eye. It was one mass of ruins from one end to the other; the flags crushed and overturned, the brick masonry all broken and strewn over the street, the railing swept away, and, in a word, the whole a perfect wreck.

In the course of the forenoon all the telegraph wires leading into the city were blown down, and telegraphic communication with all points was cut off. It is, therefore, impossible to state how far the storm extended or what damage, if any, was done at other points. The wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company were blown down at a distance of about four or five miles from the city. Both companies will doubtless have their lines open to day.

The Weather Bureau at this point received notice to display cautionary signals at 12 o'clock on Sunday night, and the red lamp was accordingly displayed. In the morning, however, when the storm flag was substituted for the red light, the wind was so terrific that both the flag and the hall-yards were blown from the staff, and it was impossible to replace them. The maximum velocity of the wind during the day was fifty-two miles an hour, the greatest velocity ever recorded at this place. The barometer fell to 29.06, the lowest range ever known here. From midnight until the cessation of the storm the total rainfall was 3.86 inches.

A beautiful elm tree in Legare street, near Tradd street, which had been the pride of the neighborhood, for these many years, succumbed to the gale. The chimneys of Mr. Vedder's house, in Church street, and of Mrs. Wilkins' house, next door, both the property of Mr. John Kinck, came down with a crash. Three large trees in Wentworth, between King and Smith streets, were blown across the City Railway track, stopping the running of the cars for a time. The Enterprise Railroad was compelled to cease running their cars until afternoon in consequence of the inundation of the track in Washington street. The trains of the South Carolina and North-eastern Railroads went out and came in as usual yesterday. Neither of the roads sustained any material loss by the storm. Everybody who ventured out had on stout coats to shield them from the driving rain, for it was impossible to carry umbrellas. The large signs of Messrs. Furbogott, Benedict & Co. and I. L. Falk & Co., King street, were blown down, and numbers of smaller signs elsewhere likewise. The fishermen and small colored boys drove a brisk business in ferrying persons across the streets at five cents a head. The tin roofs of West Point Mills, of the rear building of the South Carolina Loan and Trust Company, of Kussman's building, in Market street, of Kressel & Brandes, corner Market street and East Bay, of the South Carolina Railroad down freight depot, of Martin & Mood's building, corner of Market and Meeting streets, and a number of other buildings, were rolled up, and in some instances thrown several hundred feet into the streets. The records of Charleston, since the middle of the last century, afford but six instances of gales which can be compared in violence to that of yesterday. These occurred in the years 1752, 1783, 1804, 1811, 1822 and 1854. The great storm of 1804, as chronicled in "The Register and Historical Review," began on Friday night, September 7, and continued until 9 A. M. Sunday, the 9th. The greatest violence was manifested during a few hours on the 8th, when the second high tide set in. The greatest violence of the wind was against the encroachment of the water. Most of the wharves were greatly damaged by the water and wrecks and drifts from the shipping. New East Bay street, which had just been completed and improved since its destruction in the gale of September, 1800, was destroyed, causing an estimated public loss of \$10,000. Gen. Gadsden's losses in wharf property,