

The Abbeville Messenger.

VOL. I.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1885.

NO. 48

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD

Passenger Department.—(On and after May 10th, 1885, passenger train service on the A. and C. Division will be as follows:

Northward.			No. 53†		
Leave Atlanta	8:00 p.m.	8:40 a.m.	Leave Atlanta	8:00 p.m.	8:40 a.m.
arrive Gainesville	10:32 a.m.	10:32 a.m.	arrive Gainesville	10:32 a.m.	10:32 a.m.
Lula	8:33 p.m.	10:55 a.m.	Lula	8:33 p.m.	10:55 a.m.
Babun Gap June	9:18 p.m.	11:25 a.m.	Babun Gap June	9:18 p.m.	11:25 a.m.
Toccoa	8:50 p.m.	11:55 a.m.	Toccoa	8:50 p.m.	11:55 a.m.
Seneca City	10:26 p.m.	12:21 p.m.	Seneca City	10:26 p.m.	12:21 p.m.
Greenville	12:57 a.m.	2:23 p.m.	Greenville	12:57 a.m.	2:23 p.m.
Spartanburg	1:42 a.m.	3:34 p.m.	Spartanburg	1:42 a.m.	3:34 p.m.
Gastonia	3:30 a.m.	5:25 p.m.	Gastonia	3:30 a.m.	5:25 p.m.
Charlotte	4:40 a.m.	6:10 p.m.	Charlotte	4:40 a.m.	6:10 p.m.
Southward.			No. 50* No. 52†		
Leave Charlotte	3:00 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	Leave Charlotte	3:00 a.m.	1:00 p.m.
arrive Gastonia	3:50 a.m.	1:41 p.m.	arrive Gastonia	3:50 a.m.	1:41 p.m.
Spartanburg	5:37 a.m.	3:34 p.m.	Spartanburg	5:37 a.m.	3:34 p.m.
Greenville	7:13 a.m.	5:10 p.m.	Greenville	7:13 a.m.	5:10 p.m.
Seneca City	8:54 a.m.	6:27 p.m.	Seneca City	8:54 a.m.	6:27 p.m.
Toccoa	9:55 a.m.	7:29 p.m.	Toccoa	9:55 a.m.	7:29 p.m.
Babun Gap June	10:37 a.m.	8:23 p.m.	Babun Gap June	10:37 a.m.	8:23 p.m.
Lula	11:03 a.m.	8:48 p.m.	Lula	11:03 a.m.	8:48 p.m.
Gainesville	11:37 a.m.	9:20 p.m.	Gainesville	11:37 a.m.	9:20 p.m.
Atlanta	1:40 p.m.	11:30 p.m.	Atlanta	1:40 p.m.	11:30 p.m.

*Fast train on this road all carry passengers; passenger trains run through to Danville and connect with Virginia Midland railway at eastern cities, and at Atlanta with all lines diverging. No. 50 leaves Richmond 3:25 p.m. and No. 51 arrives there 4:10 p.m.; 52 leaves Richmond at 2:00 a.m., 53 arrives there at 7:30 a.m. The local freight stop at above stations from 20 to 30 minutes.

Buffet Sleeping Cars without charge: On trains Nos. 50 and 51, New York and Atlanta, via Washington, Danville, Greensboro and Asheville; on trains Nos. 52 and 53, Richmond and Danville, Washington, Augusta and New Orleans. Through tickets on sale at Charleston, Greenville, Seneca, Spartanburg and Gainesville. Connections with N. E. railroad to and from Athens; with N. E. and from Tallahassee Falls; with E. Air Line to and from Elberton and Bowersville; with Blue Ridge to and from Wallula; with C. & G. to and from Greenwood, Newberry, Alston and Columbia; with A. & S. and S. U. & C. to and from Hendersonville, Alston, &c.; with Chester and Lenoir to and from Chester, Yorkville and Dallas; with N. C. Division and C. & G. A. to and from Greensboro, Raleigh, &c.

EDMUND BERKLEY, Sup.
M. Slaughter, Gen. Pass. Agt.
A. L. Rivers, 2d V. P. and Gen. Man.

CONDENSED TIME CARD

Magnolia Passenger Route.

In effect March 15, 1885.

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Leave Laurens	8:20 a.m.	8:20 p.m.	8:20 p.m.
" " " "	8:30 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.
Arrive Augustus	10:45 a.m.	7:45 p.m.	7:45 p.m.
Leave Augustus	10:50 a.m.	10:00 p.m.	10:00 p.m.
Arrive Atlanta	11:30 a.m.	6:40 p.m.	6:40 p.m.
Leave Atlanta	11:30 a.m.		
Arrive Beaufort	6:20 p.m.		
Leave Beaufort	6:35 p.m.		
Arrive Port Royal	6:50 p.m.		
Leave Port Royal	7:00 a.m.		
Arrive Charleston	7:00 a.m.		
Leave Charleston	7:35 a.m.		
Arrive Jacksonville	8:50 p.m.		
Leave Jacksonville	8:50 p.m.		
Arrive Savannah	9:50 p.m.		
Leave Savannah	10:00 p.m.		
Arrive Beaufort	7:47 a.m.		
Leave Beaufort	7:50 a.m.		
Arrive Augustus	1:50 p.m.		
Leave Augustus	2:00 p.m.		
Arrive Greenwood	6:10 p.m.	11:40 a.m.	11:40 a.m.
Leave Greenwood	6:20 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.
Arrive Laurens	7:50 p.m.	1:40 p.m.	1:40 p.m.

*Daily, except Sunday.
Tickets on sale at Greenwood to all points at through rates—baggage checked to destination. Connections made at Greenwood with C. & G. R. E. P. Charleston, G. P. A. Augusta, Ga.

WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND AUGUSTA RAILROAD.

Going South.			Going North.		
Leave Wilmington	9:30 p.m.	11:10 p.m.	Leave Wilmington	9:30 p.m.	11:10 p.m.
Arrive at Florence	1:50 a.m.	2:20 a.m.	Arrive at Florence	1:50 a.m.	2:20 a.m.
Leave Columbia	4:40 a.m.	4:40 a.m.	Leave Columbia	4:40 a.m.	4:40 a.m.
Arrive at Greenwood	4:50 p.m.	4:50 p.m.	Arrive at Greenwood	4:50 p.m.	4:50 p.m.
Leave Greenwood	7:40 p.m.	6:10 a.m.	Leave Greenwood	7:40 p.m.	6:10 a.m.
Arrive at Charleston	8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	Arrive at Charleston	8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Leave Charleston	8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	Leave Charleston	8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Arrive at Florence	11:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	Arrive at Florence	11:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Leave Florence	11:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	Leave Florence	11:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Arrive at Greenwood	1:40 p.m.	1:40 p.m.	Arrive at Greenwood	1:40 p.m.	1:40 p.m.
Leave Greenwood	1:40 p.m.	1:40 p.m.	Leave Greenwood	1:40 p.m.	1:40 p.m.
Arrive at Columbia	4:40 p.m.	4:40 p.m.	Arrive at Columbia	4:40 p.m.	4:40 p.m.
Leave Columbia	4:40 p.m.	4:40 p.m.	Leave Columbia	4:40 p.m.	4:40 p.m.
Arrive at Wilmington	7:40 p.m.	7:40 p.m.	Arrive at Wilmington	7:40 p.m.	7:40 p.m.
Leave Wilmington	7:40 p.m.	7:40 p.m.	Leave Wilmington	7:40 p.m.	7:40 p.m.

All trains run solid between Charleston and Wilmington.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, Wilmington, N. C., Aug. 2d, 1885.

FAST LINE between Charleston and Columbia and Upper South Carolina.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
7:30 a.m. Lv. Charleston.	Ar. 9:05 p.m. Columbia.
8:30 a.m. Lv. Columbia.	Ar. 10:35 p.m. Charleston.
9:30 a.m. Lv. Charleston.	Ar. 12:05 p.m. Columbia.
10:30 a.m. Lv. Columbia.	Ar. 1:35 p.m. Charleston.
11:30 a.m. Lv. Charleston.	Ar. 3:05 p.m. Columbia.
12:30 p.m. Lv. Columbia.	Ar. 4:35 p.m. Charleston.
1:30 p.m. Lv. Charleston.	Ar. 6:05 p.m. Columbia.
2:30 p.m. Lv. Columbia.	Ar. 7:35 p.m. Charleston.
3:30 p.m. Lv. Charleston.	Ar. 9:05 p.m. Columbia.
4:30 p.m. Lv. Columbia.	Ar. 10:35 p.m. Charleston.
5:30 p.m. Lv. Charleston.	Ar. 12:05 p.m. Columbia.
6:30 p.m. Lv. Columbia.	Ar. 1:35 p.m. Charleston.
7:30 p.m. Lv. Charleston.	Ar. 3:05 p.m. Columbia.
8:30 p.m. Lv. Columbia.	Ar. 4:35 p.m. Charleston.
9:30 p.m. Lv. Charleston.	Ar. 6:05 p.m. Columbia.
10:30 p.m. Lv. Columbia.	Ar. 7:35 p.m. Charleston.

Trains on this road run by Air-Line time. All trains make connections for Columbia and Charleston via Spartanburg, Union and Columbia, and Charleston via Air-Line. JAMES ANDERSON, Superintendent.

SPARTANBURG AND ASHEVILLE RAILROAD.

On and after Apr. 6th, 1885, passenger trains will be run daily, except Sunday, between Spartanburg and Hendersonville as follows:

UP TRAIN.

Leave R. & D. Depot at Spartanburg	4:00 p.m.
Leave Spartanburg, A. L. depot	6:10 p.m.
Leave Saluda	7:20 p.m.
Leave Flat Rock	8:30 p.m.
Arrive Hendersonville	7:15 p.m.

DOWN TRAIN.

Leave Hendersonville	7:00 a.m.
Leave Flat Rock	8:10 a.m.
Leave Saluda	9:20 a.m.
Leave Air Line Junction	10:35 a.m.
Arrive R. & D. Depot Spartanburg	10:20 a.m.

Trains on this road run by Air-Line time. All trains make connections for Columbia and Charleston via Spartanburg, Union and Columbia, and Charleston via Air-Line. JAMES ANDERSON, Superintendent.

T. F. THOMSON. J. W. THOMSON
Attorneys at Law.
ABBEVILLE, S. C.

Office in rear Mr. Lee's.
June 8th, 1885.-f. 100

CALHOUN & MABRY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
ABBEVILLE, C. H., S. C.

Office formerly occupied by Judge Thomson.
L. W. PERRIN. T. P. COTHRAN.
Attorneys at Law,
51 Abbeville S. C.

EUGENE B. GARY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
52 Abbeville, S. C.

JAMES S. PERRIN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
ABBEVILLE, C. H., S. C.
No. 1 O'Neill's Range.
Jan. 28, 1885.-f 53

ROBT. R. HEMPHILL. WM. F. CALHOUN.
Attorneys at Law,
ABBEVILLE, S. C.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. 54

CENTRAL HOTEL,
Mrs. M. W. Thomas, Proprietors.
Broad street, Aug. sta., Ga. 67

OUR SOUTH AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Maranhão, Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio Janeiro.

STEAMSHIP ADVANCE, IN FRONT OF RIO JANEIRO, July 17, 1885.

Dear Advertiser: A week ago I bade you an uncerimonious adieu at Para, on the Amazon, as the Consul, returning to the United States, was waiting to take charge of my letter. From Para we steamed down the river, and were soon alone more upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic, where we took an easterly course for several days, apparently sterile coast. Our nights were illumined by the bright Southern Cross to our right, now rising high in the heavens under the beautiful constellation of Sagittarius—the great Dipper balancing on the left—and the North Star sinking beneath the horizon. The equatorial atmosphere was tempered by balmy breeze, and at all times a light woolen dress was comfortable, often a shawl necessary, as the swift trade winds swept over the vessel. The great waters are wonderfully beautiful here, varying vividly from every shade of blue to every shade of green—and elvined often by high leaping porpoises and curious round jelly fish. But I grew weary of it, and though not seasick, I was sick of the sea. So much so that I joined the party going ashore at Maranhão. This city stands on an eminence 400 feet above the sea, and had once 30,000 people and an important commerce. The ravages of yellow fever and small pox, however, have materially reduced both population and trade. At Maranhão again we found the accommodating street cars, drawn by stunted mules. The better class of people here seemed to be a great improvement upon those of Para. As we traversed the streets of Maranhão, it was Sunday, but I noticed the stores, well stocked with varieties, were open, while most of the many churches were closed.

Proceeding through the town far into the suburbs, we found some very handsome residences—of glazed, variegated tiles. While peeping over the front of one of the finest, a pretty and graceful Senora appeared on a balcony and invited us to enter. After welcoming us with hospitable gestures, she disappeared, but returning quickly bringing her husband, who spoke both English and French—a very handsome and wealthy young man, educated in New York and Paris. On this occasion he wore a yellow blouse, like a fisherman in an opera scene. They conducted us through parterres of tropical plants, up through a broad balcony, into a large saloon, with brightly painted walls, tiled floors, and many fine engravings. Here wine and water were handed, in every quaint eastern goblet, by a fantastic young negro in a decollete pink cotton gown, short waisted a la Josephine, and many heads and earrings. The host then conducted us through his fruitery and bakery—a wilderness of coconuts, bananas, sapodillas, figs, grapes, pineapples, bread-fruit and India rubber trees. The hostess loaded us with fruit and rare flowers, and bade us a graceful adieu with a magnificent parrot perched on her shoulder. These are people of the very highest class; indeed the gentleman is a nobleman—a viscount. This little episode had the charms of decided novelty, and rested us, as it were, from the monotony of the sea.

We find real equatorial fruits insipid, lacking in flavor. The want of well marked seasons, I imagine, is the cause. Vegetation here never dies, and frost are unknown. The two seasons are wet and dry. It is dry now; but still, even in the country, with paling fences and many negroes, reminded me of our Carolina middle counties.

But again we "go down to the sea in ships," and again steer out easterly. The next salient event in our voyage is the rounding of Cape St. Roque, from which point the South American Atlantic coast slants rapidly into the South West. In a few hours after rounding Cape St. Roque, we find ourselves before Pernambuco, called by the natives, St. Yosef. On account of dangerous corals reefs in the bay, the Captain awaited a pilot. A remarkable coral reef, like a solid wall of masonry, rises above the surface of the waters, and extending a half mile out to sea. At the extremity there is a lighthouse and a fort. The harbor was full of ships from all parts of the world, indicating a large foreign trade. The city is one of the largest and most important on this coast, with a population of 125,000. Its soil, however, is low and unhealthy. In fact yellow fever prevails all the time. But nevertheless we went ashore, and saw Pernambuco in most of its prominent aspects. One of its principal churches—Magnifica to All the Saints—I found very interesting. It is rich in bas reliefs of saints and historic events of the Roman Catholic Church. It is almost too gaudy, however, with high colored pictures and images of the Virgin—and the greatest profusion of artificial flowers. A life-like image of the crucified Christ in the sepul-

chre, watched by Mary, was so realistic as to be absolutely appalling. I observed several negro men in priestly robes. We conversed with one of these in a sort of mixed Portuguese, Spanish and French, and found him quite intelligent. The private houses here are handsomer than in any city we have yet seen; and the gardens of bright Brazilian flowers are supremely charming. Imagine gigantic cacti 100 feet high! The best of burden are fine fat oxen and very small mules and horses. The oxen draw carts heavily laden, while the mules and horses bear their burdens saddle bag fashion—from huge baskets of fruits and vegetables to two bales of cotton, one on either side. The inhabitants evidently improve in appearance and intelligence as we travel further South. At Pernambuco we are joined by a pleasant gentleman, who is a deputy of the National Assembly now in session at Rio.

Adieu to Pernambuco! And again on the bosom of the deep sea. This time we steer out into waters of the darkest blue, indicative of great depth, and quite out of sight of land. A merciful Providence has brought us safely through this far, and realizing God's hand—great and good—more than at any period of my life, I lay me down in my narrow berth in peace and trust.

On the 4th of July, our national holiday, at 6 o'clock in the morning, while hundreds of church bells were chiming musically for early mass, Bahia, the second city of the great Brazilian empire, shone before our weary eyes in all its superb beauty. The lovely bay of All Saints, like a rippling lake, lay before us, thickly dotted with shipping of every clime. The greater part of this bay's semicircle is occupied by the old Portuguese city of San Salvador, called, in these present times, Bahia, which means bay. Viewed from the water, it is of magnificent proportions, and picturesque indeed. It is divided into two distinct parts. The upper part stands upon a well-marked elevation, reached from the lower half by steep crooked streets, and also by means of a gigantic modern elevator. Upon this elevator you pay four cents a lift. Here was another novel and pleasant episode. Going up from a dirty business city below, to an elegant and airy city above, in an elevator! The lower city is devoted to business and the lower classes. Its characteristics, are stores, wharves, immense warehouses, and a badly paved, dirty street, four miles long, extending the whole length. In the upper city are hundreds of elegant residences, government buildings, colleges, convents, churches and promenades. Bahia contains 220,000 inhabitants. Among other public works, we looked at a monument to Sobn VI, first royal governor of Brazil. The churches and convents are enormously costly. Here we got delicious seedless oranges—a specialty of the place. Another specialty is the use of the old-fashioned sedan chair—in lieu of the carriages, many of the streets being steep, crooked and almost impassable. I took a turn in a sedan chair, and tried to imagine myself a belle of the time of Queen Anne and George 1st. The Bahian negro is also picturesque. She wears a costume like a senator of ancient Rome—a toga.

At Bahia, the fear of yellow fever again hurried our movements; and again, as at Para, I looked with longing eyes at the great and handsome opera house, brilliantly illuminated on account of some extra performance. Not only French, but often first-class Italian troupes come here. But we must not spend a night in the midst of yellow fever. Consequently we again tread that monotonous gang plank, and are soon "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Between Bahia and Rio we draw a veil—because the monotony of sea life is uninteresting alike to narrator and reader.

On the 14th July we deary banks of beautiful blue and green mountains, which denote an early arrival at a haven of rest—Rio Janeiro, the capital of the great western empire where we need have no serious fear of yellow fever, and where, after a month on the ocean, we may sleep on a bed—and drink fresh milk, even though it be at 25 cents a pint. But we feel sincere regret at having to separate so soon from the pleasant passengers of various nationalities with whom we have been brought into such close fellowship of late. Our ship's commander, Captain Beer, his daughter, and her accomplished friend from Brooklyn, Miss Risk, have contributed vastly to the pleasure of a voyage which has seemed more like a pleasure trip than a journey of 6,000 miles. Our life on the Advance has been one of luxury and happiness.

But now we round the rocky promontory of Cape Frio, and will soon enter the Bay of Rio Janeiro. Here we rest several days before sailing southward to Montevideo. And do you not think that this magnificent imperial city deserves a separate and distinct letter? It cannot be doubted by men of liberal sentiments that this is a whole-

Merging the Military Academy into the University.

The opinion of our respected contemporary, the *Newberry Observer*, that it would be wise and proper to merge the Military Academy into the University, does not strike us with the same force which it seems to do the *Observer*.

It is true we want a great University in the State, beyond which it will not be necessary to go to complete any education needed. As we understand, those entrusted with this matter are steadily pursuing that end. Notwithstanding all the talk about the low standard of qualification on which students are admitted to the college, we take it, upon the best of authority, that all that was practical has been done in this direction. When the college was first opened, many youths applied for admission, who owing to the hard surroundings of our people, had not enjoyed such scholastic opportunities as could have been wished. Under the circumstances, to have sent these youths away, would have been to discourage them and to defeat the very object of reopening the State College. This was to put the opportunities of higher education alongside of every youth in the State who wanted it. To make requirements of these boys beyond their opportunities, and turn them away, was to forego the very purpose of the institution. To admit them where it was possible, and help them up the rugged path with the loving hand of a tender, watchful mother, we humbly submit, was the better and wiser course.

Nor did this policy in the beginning at all militate against building up a great institution, which would grow in usefulness and stretch out its educational roundups up to the highest standards. It was a beginning. The holy Scriptures itself tells us: "Despise not the day of small things." The child must creep before it can walk; and the University unless we have been willfully deceived has been steadily growing in usefulness, whilst it has steadily lifted its standards of scholarship from time to time as the opportunity presented itself.

This much for the University so far as its scholastic course is concerned. But the institution has attached to it the school of agriculture, where the opportunity should be afforded of educating our youths in the practice and science of agriculture. This is one of the fundamental propositions of the establishment, and it is one which will be looked after sharply by the great agricultural class of the State. We have heard it claimed that only three young men have been graduated in this course. If so, whose fault is it? The graduation of these three means the opportunity for all who should have sought the same course of instruction. If farmers and planters sending their sons here preferred that they should take a scholastic course, to the exclusion of the agricultural, what was to be done about it? If the young men themselves, with the permission of their parents, preferred the scholastic course, how could the Professors control it? You may lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink. Technological education is a new thing with us. It is a most desirable thing to establish such schools in connection with our University. We must bend every effort to bring the public mind up to a realization of this educational departure. Here we will find ample room for all the best efforts of our State University.

The State Military School, on the other hand, is a very different thing. If it were only its object to teach boys to be soldiers, it would be something, in a country relying on its citizen soldiery for defense; but as we all know, this is by no means the true object sought in this school. It is the discipline enforced in these schools and the practical course of instruction pursued which are chiefly sought. This school was originally intended to put that sort of education as largely alongside of young men without the means of obtaining a liberal education as possible, whilst it opened the full opportunity of such a course of instruction of young men of better means who needed or preferred it.

The institution was very properly located in Charleston, where, from the presence of a large city population, it would be put alongside of more poor youths needing such an education than anywhere else in the State. This is no the less the case to-day.

Not only this; it was best for the State not to put all its eggs in one basket. It was best, all things considered, not to have only one educational centre, where might grow up an illiberal ring sentiment that would discriminate against worthy men who had been educated elsewhere, or who had struggled up to the top by their own unassisted efforts. The presence of two sets of citizens, educated under distinct influences, would have a tendency to break up this sort of illiberality, which had manifested itself to no slight degree in the State. The denominational colleges also presented a solid front to this sort of feeling. It cannot be doubted by men of liberal sentiments that this is a whole-

some check on what might otherwise degenerate into the erection of a class in the bosom of the State to whom would be confined the honors and emoluments of office. We have had enough of this sort of thing in South Carolina any way; and it has had a steady tendency to dwarf us.

Looking at things from this standpoint, we would not touch a hair of the Military Academy's head. If it has fallen into some confusion, let us not make a howl over the matter nor turn half the State loose for the vacated office of Superintendent. Let us go to work as superintendents in our own best interests to store order in the institution and to select Superintendent upon a calm and deliberate view of the situation, of the best interests of the institution and of society, and with no sort of reference to any man's aspirations or ambitions. Full time should be taken to make a wise and proper selection of a Superintendent, not confining the choice to any locality or to any given group of men in sight.—*Columbia Register*.

Crime North and South.

We pick up a New York newspaper at random—the first one that presents itself—and we look over its columns to see if any goody-goody land human passion has any sway; if crime is committed; if the law is violated.

And what do we find in this single paper picked up at random, and bearing date August 13th? It is a daily paper, and therefore gives only one day's record.

1. A young man named Armstrong—20 years old, whose mother is away, secretes himself in his step-father's house, and when the step-father comes home at night shoots him with a pistol and kills him because he does not furnish the young man with as much money as he wants. The detectives trace the crime to him, and he confesses. And this does not occur in the slums, but a three story brown-stone house in a fashionable part of the city of New York.

2. Burton T. Beash, a New York lawyer, swindles a friend out of \$150, and his aunt out of \$49, and skips. Burton belonged to the *creme de la creme*.

3. Ex-City Librarian Barclay and a man named Lucky fight on the street with flats and sticks. When the fight begins Lucky has a lady on his arm.

4. We quote in full: Two girls named Cora Guild and Flora Shaid, aged respectively 11 and 12 years were playing under a shade tree at Bedford Park, in the Twenty-fourth ward, yesterday, when a tramp came along and sat down beside them. In a few minutes the girls ran home screaming, and the tramp walked down the road. When the children told their mothers about the conduct of the tramp an excited crowd of women was gathered, they started after the tramp. They chased him at the top of his speed across the fields to a wood lot, and there he eluded them. The police were afterward notified, but the tramp was not found.

5. We quote again: A policeman found an unconscious man on last Monday evening on the pavement in Sullivan street, near Canal. He was bleeding from a contusion on the forehead. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died on Tuesday night.

6. We quote again: Screams were heard early yesterday morning from the first floor of the rear tenement, 520 West Thirtieth street. A scuffling was heard, and then a pistol shot. A woman rushed from the room into the courtyard and across it into a narrow alley leading to the street. After the woman a man ran with a smoking pistol in his hand. The woman ran to the Thirty-seventh street police station and said she was Pauline Vanderbilt, and that her husband, Frederick Vanderbilt, had shot her. He was jealous without cause, she said. Mrs. Vanderbilt was taken in an ambulance to the Roosevelt Hospital.

7. We quote again in full: Mrs. E. Delamatre, residing on Tenth avenue, College Point, was awakened at 2 o'clock yesterday morning by a burglar near her bed. She caught him by the hair and screamed to her husband for help. Her husband fired a revolver at him, but the fellow released himself and ran out of the house. Blood spots were afterward found on the stoop. A few small articles were missed.

8. We quote again in full: Irma Balars, a sixteen-year old Hungarian girl, threw her baby into a vault at her home at 50 Clinton street yesterday. The child was found dead. The mother was put under arrest, and removed to Bellevue Hospital as a prisoner. This is one day's record in the city of New York, as reported by one newspaper. The whole record occupies less space than the *News and Courier* gave to the Irby row, and scarcely one-fifth the space occupied by the little fiasco with the emigrant agent at Waterloo.

There is material enough in the above record to furnish our esteemed contemporary with "lawlessness" articles for six months. With such a record in South Carolina it could just literally reveal in a "campaign of civilization."

But the point we wish to make is, that the newspapers of the North, where crime is many times more common and more revolting and more varied than at the South, assume the missionary work of exposing and checking crime at the South, and represent the Southern people as barbarians and out-laws. This is not surprising when the leading paper of the State seizes with avidity upon every offence happening in the State, magnifies it into something awful, and represents whole communities and counties in a state of lawlessness bordering on barbarism; while the *News and Courier* itself and one another of the rural newspapers are engaged in waging a "campaign of civilization."

And our esteemed contemporary has itself with delight when a Northern journal pats it encouragingly on the back, and poses before the country in the guise of little Jack Horner, who "sat in a corner, Eating his Christmas pie; He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

But perhaps it is all right. Maybe it is the proper thing in the "New South." We had been under the impression that courts—judges and juries—were the proper parties to punish crime; but may be not—this may be the business of newspapers. Or it may be that South Carolina judges and juries will not do their duty unless whipped into it by newspapers—perhaps they are in league with the criminal classes—one rural newspaper says they are "exceedingly kind" to them. Anyway we believe the criminal record of South Carolina will compare favorably with that of any State in the Union, and we believe that South Carolina judges and juries do their duty as strictly and impartially as any in the Union; and we further believe that the slanders put upon the people and the courts of the State by certain newspapers are an unmitigated wrong and outrage.—*Newberry Observer*.

The Revival of the Whipping Post.

An inexpensive mode of punishment for grand larceny, has been found out at the railroad works down on Tyger. Last week about \$25.00 in money was stolen, and about the same time one of the hands, whom we will call Tom,