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# SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION

## How the Spirit of Liberty Was Kept Alive By an Unconquerable People.

By REV. ROBERT LATHAN, D. D.

From the Yorkville Enquirer of 1876.

INSTALLMENT IV.

### The War With the Cherokees and Tories.

From what has been already said, it is evident that a very undesirable state of things existed in the up-country of South Carolina, at the commencement of the Revolutionary war. It has been recorded as a historic fact that the Whigs of South Carolina and Georgia, had more difficulties to overcome than the Whigs in any of the thirteen colonies. There were in the region between the Broad and Saluda rivers, more Tories and loyalsists than in any other region of the country embraced in the thirteen colonies, in proportion to the number of the inhabitants. It was more honorable to be a patriot in South Carolina than it was in Massachusetts. The two colonies were situated totally different in their relations to the mother country. Self interest moved Massachusetts to rebel; but self-interest prompted South Carolina to cling to England. In 1719 she had voluntarily given up the proprietary charter and placed herself under the government of England. In this relation she was happy and prosperous. A South Carolina Whig was a Whig from pure principle. If he had been asked why he threw off his allegiance to the crown of England, he would have exclaimed with emphasis—Liberty.

A well concerted plan had been arranged by which to attack the patriots of South Carolina and Georgia, both on the sea-board and in the interior, at the same time. The loyalists, Tories and Indians were to make an attack upon the Whigs living in the interior, whilst the British fleet was to besiege and capture the seaport towns. John Stuart was the principal agent in devising and in attempting to carry out this plan. The colleagues of Stuart were the loyal Governors Wright of Georgia; Campbell of South Carolina; Martin of North Carolina; Dunmore of Virginia; and Tonyn of Florida.

When we consider all the circumstances, we will be enabled to see that the plot was well conceived, and the men chosen to put in execution eminently fitted. John Stuart was a Scotchman. According to some authorities, he was born in Charleston, South Carolina. This we are disposed to think is incorrect. It is probable that John Stuart came to Georgia with Oglethorpe. It will be remembered that amongst the first settlers of Georgia, was a company of Highlanders under the father of General Lachlin McIntosh. John Stuart and his brother were in all probability, in the Highland colony that settled on the Altamaha. Stuart was a man of talent, and besides there was something in the dress and general appearance of the Highlanders which made them great favorites with the Indians.

We have already met John Stuart in 1761, a prisoner in Fort Loudon. After his release by the old chief, Allakullakulla, he became very popular in the colony, and was appointed Indian agent in the south. His territory embraced all of North America south of Pennsylvania. He had by virtue of his office, a seat in the King's council of the provinces of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. His residence was in Charleston, South Carolina, in the house now owned by William Carson. He married a Miss Fembrick, and thus was brought into close relationship with the oldest and most honorable inhabitants of Charleston.

In order that the work of crushing the rebellion in the colonies might be successful, Stuart concerted with Dr. John Connolly who resided at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Connolly was commissioned by Governor Dunmore of Virginia, to raise a regiment in Canada and the adjoining region and with the aid of the Indians, overrun and destroy the country. Had the plans of Stuart and Connolly succeeded, it is doubtful what would have been the results to the cause of the patriots. Allen Cameron, John Smythe and Connolly, set out for Ohio. In the neighborhood of Hagerstown, Maryland, they were taken up as suspicious characters and taken to Fredericktown. Here they were examined. Connolly's papers were found in the tree of his saddle. The whole plan was revealed and Connolly was sent first to Philadelphia and then to Baltimore and kept a prisoner until the end of the war. In Charleston, Stuart became an object of suspicion, and that he might act free and without trammel, he went to Florida.

In an interview with Colonel Habersham of Georgia, Stuart intimated his intention of uniting the various Indian tribes against the enemies of the King. This declaration admitted of but one interpretation. The King had no enemies at that time in America but the Whigs. This was a most unfortunate disclosure for the cause of Stuart, but fortunate for the people of South Carolina and Georgia. Habersham communicated what he had learned from Stuart to the Council of Safety at Charleston, and Stuart becoming alarmed, fixed his quarters at St. Augustine out of the reach of the patriots of South Carolina and Georgia.

Arrangements had been made by the English government to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition. Part of the powder was to be shipped to St. Augustine and part to Savannah. All this powder was captured by the patriots and used in defence of the country against those who sent it. Part was used at Fort Moultrie and part sent to General Washington and by him used at Boston.

We cannot refrain from remarking that it seems that a divine providence favored the plans of the patriots, and disconcerted the best laid schemes of their enemies. Had Stuart, Connolly and Dunmore succeeded in carrying out their plan, the cause of the patriots would have been crushed in the bud. Had they concerted no plans, no powder would have been shipped to St. Augustine and Savannah, and Moultrie might have failed at Sullivan's Island, and Washington at Boston, for the want of powder. Providentially, we will say, the plans of Stuart were frustrated. Humanly speaking they were wise in their vastness and minute and particular in their details. They were however, not so far frustrated as to prevent all attempts to put them into execution. The Indian tribes from Florida to Canada, had been tampered with and preparations had been made to violate all treaties they had entered into with the whites. All the western sections of both Virginia and North Carolina, as well as the north-western portion of South Carolina, were in the greatest alarm. They had unmistakable evidence that unless checked, the wild savages would visit the inhabitants with the tomahawk and the scalping knife.

These fears were not imaginary. But two days after the British fleet commenced to bombard Fort Sullivan, the Cherokees raised the war whoop and commenced the work of carnage in the north-western portion of the state. Scovillites, loyalists, and plundering Tories united with the infuriated savages in their attack upon the Whigs of that region. White men painted like savage Indians and clad in the habiliments of these wild children of the forest, entered their ranks that under the appearance of savages, they might perpetrate deeds at which even savages blush. The Whigs had but few arms and but little ammunition. For safety they fled to the forts. The crops were committed to the mercy of wild beasts. Desolation hovered over the land and hunger, lank and lean, stared the inhabitants in the face. "Unless," said one who wrote from the scene of these massacres at the time, "we get some relief, famine will overspread our bountiful country."

To oppose the progress of the Indians, and Tories, Col. Andrew Williamson was sent to the scene of their operation. His own home was in this region and consequently the love of his own fireplace inspired him with energy. He found the people panic struck. Each one was disposed to secure a place of safety for his own family, before he engaged in pursuing the maddened foe. More than two weeks were required to raise an army of five hundred men.

On the 14th of July, a party of ninety Indians and one hundred white men made an attack upon Major Downs, in Fort Lindlay. Downs defeated them, taking thirteen prisoners, ten of whom proved to be white men painted so as to resemble Indians. The loyalists had expected the Indians to spare the families of those white men who were not in sympathy with the patriots. In this they were mistaken. The savages used the tomahawk and scalping knife on Whigs and loyalists indiscriminately and the property of both was recklessly destroyed by the savages. This cooled the ardor of the loyalists and aroused the slumbering energies of the patriots. Another thing greatly changed the state of things in the Ninety-six region.

About the 22nd of July, the news of the successful defence of Charleston, on the 28th of June, reached the up-country. The Tories and loyalists were not prepared for such news. They confidently expected to hear of Charleston being in the hands of the British, so soon as the fleet under Parker arrived. The result of this news was great depression to the loyalists and prompted resistance on the part of the Whigs The loyalists under Cameron, began to desert and straggle, and the patriots to rush by the hundreds to the camp of Williamson. When the news reached Colonel Williamson's camp on Baker's creek, that the formidable British fleet, under Sir Peter Parker, had been driven away from the coast of South Carolina by Colonel Moultrie's battery on Sullivan's Island, Colonel Williamson had only seven hundred men. It was but a few days until he had eleven hundred effective men and was in full pursuit of the Cherokees and Tories. Their camp was on Oconee creek. To this point, Williamson with more than eleven hundred infantry and three hundred cavalry, set out. His men were in good spirits and although but poorly equipped, they were anxious for the contest. Some were burning with revenge and longing for an opportunity to chastise those who had scalped their children, wives and neighbors, and put the torch to their dwellings. Others were anxious to strike a blow in defense of American liberty.

The savages were aware of the approach of the patriots and laid in ambuscade for them. When Williamson and his men least expected it, they were attacked in front, and on the flanks, by a concealed foe. The war whoop was heard all around them. Williamson's horse was shot, and the whole army in an instant was thrown into the utmost confusion. Francis Salvador, a brave and accomplished Jew, fell at the first fire and was instantly scalped by the savages. For a time a shameful rout seemed to threaten the forces of the patriots. In the midst of this disorder, Colonel LeRoy Hammond of Edgefield, with twenty men, charged upon the savages as they lay behind a fence. On the approach of the bayonets of Col. Hammond and his twenty determined followers, the Indians fled.

The main body, under Williamson, rallied and rushed to the conflict. Williamson determined to make a clean work as he advanced. Every Indian wigwam and town was burned down and every corn field was destroyed. Neither man, woman nor child was spared. It is no figure to say it was a bloody war. The Whigs flocked to his standard, and he crossed the mountains and swept with the besom of destruction, everything in his way.

On the 13th day of September, Williamson, with his army numbering more than two thousand, fell into another ambuscade. In the mountainous region, near the site of the present town of Franklin, North Carolina, the Indians had posted themselves. On the rugged crags which fringe a narrow pass, the twelve hundred Indians and Tories had placed themselves. From behind rocks and trees, they poured in a destructive fire upon the Whigs. Experience had taught Williamson's men an important lesson. They were not as before thrown into confusion; but in detachments, filed off and flanked the foe. Again the Indians fled and Williamson and his men continued to burn.

About the same time Colonel McBury and Major Jack of Georgia, entered the Indian settlements on the Tugaloo and on the north their settlements were entered by Col. Christie of Virginia, and General Rutherford of North Carolina. Thus by the concerted action of the states of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia the Indians were ruined. There is nothing in the annals of American war that equals Williamson's march through the Indian country.

Of the remaining Indians, those that could left the country and went to Florida and were fed during the war in part, at least, by the English government; and those that could not leave the country, remained and suffered, in many instances, all the horrors of starvation. This campaign of 1776 annihilated the power of the Cherokees and their confederates and almost exterminated the tribe.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## GIFTS IN ABYSSINIA.

### Officials Will Take Them If They Are Presented In the Right Way.

An agent of the British government who visited Abyssinia some years ago wished to return the favor of a native official by some suitable present. The bestowal of this was, however, a matter quite beyond the knowledge of one brought up in the court circles of western civilization. His experience was instructive.

"The arrangement was badly handled," he says, "and when I arrived several persons besides the high official were present. After a few light topics had been discussed I mentioned my object in making the visit, and as no offer was made to dismiss the bystanders I exhibited my donation.

"In an instant I was aware that I had made a false step. A frown of mingled surprise and indignation clouded the hitherto serene brow, and tones of fathomless integrity declined the proffered gift, while strong inward feeling found vent in a rocking motion of his body.

"'You have utterly misunderstood me," said he. 'The friendliness which I have shown you has been extended solely with pure motives of kindness to the stranger in the land. Devotion to my sovereign and country is amply repaid by the internal consciousness of rectitude. Your intentions are doubtless good, but greater happiness will await me from the knowledge that you will now recognize how disinterested my conduct has been.'

"My offering was firmly waved away, and for some period his frame continued shaken by inward emotion, to the great edification of the bystanders, whose eyes remained fixed on the ground.

"It was undoubtedly very discomfiting, and my apologies for so great a mistake were profuse. I declared that I could not quit this abode until restored calmness had given me the assurance that his feelings had recovered their usual serene tone. As, fortunately, this soon happened, I left, properly enraged at the miserable management which had occasioned the awkwardness.

"Naturally, I consulted a native authority, who had witnessed the transaction and the mistake which I had committed, but he was so tickled by the circumstances that I extracted from him for some time little but laughter. His eventual view of matters was confided in a few words:

"'Try again; but take more, and have no witnesses.'

"On the next occasion I found the governor alone, and when I opened the subject on which my visit was founded his eyes twinkled, and he said:

"'From the first moment when I saw you I had a presentiment that we were ordained to be great friends. I do not know if Europeans have these superstitions, but with us they are general and we do not find them deceptive. You may have heard—and I am aware it is generally stated of us by foreigners—that we are deceitful and avaricious. Do not believe this; all countries contain bad men, and your experience has perhaps been unfortunate. But we shall remain always friends—and what are presents, after all, but external emblems of esteem?'

"There were no difficulties on this occasion. He was obviously much pleased, and finally said that the blessing of Providence would be sure to attend the exertions of a man who was thoughtful of the saddened circumstances of others; and he was 'poor, very poor.'"—Youth's Companion.

A BOOK AND A WAR.—Copyright questions are grave enough nowadays, but they no longer threaten to end in war, as in the case of St. Columba, the Irishman who settled in Iona converted north Britain and is commemorated on June 9. He had a passion for fine manuscripts and copies of them and among others copied a certain Latin psalter belonging to an Irish abbot whereupon King Diarmaid condemned Columba at Tara ruling that "to every book belongs its copy, as to every cow its calf." Columba appealed against the verdict in the practical form of inciting his kinsman to revolt, and they defeated Diarmaid in the battle of the Psalter. The book is claimed to be the one which in a silver cover was carried into battle by the O'Donnells during more than a thousand years and may be seen at the Royal Irish academy today.—London Chronicle.

## AARON BURR

(BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.)

Ay, come to the grave where they laid him to sleep,
And left him in shame's mocking silence so long;
The hard and the haughty may now pause to weep,
To pity his errors and call back the wrong.

The world's bitter scorn hath so heavily lain,
And cast down its night on his desolate tomb—
At least let the broad-visioned Present refrain,
Nor scatter the ashes that lie in the gloom.

The spirit of vengeance hath followed the dead,
And deepened the shadows that slander hath cast;
Ah! sweep back the mists which have shrouded his bed;
That the starlight may fall on his bosom at last.

Remember the anguish, the sorrow, the grief,
The long years of exile, of darkness and woe;
The swift-fading sunlight, the glory so brief,
And weep o'er the grandeur forsaken and low.

The genius that dazzled—the eagle-like mind,
The passionate heart which still led them astray,—
The greatest of earth in its mists wand'ring blind,
The spirit of fire shackled down by the clay.

Oh, think of the age that came on in its night,
And flung down its snow on his greatness o'erthrown;
Wrecked, wrecked on the ocean—no haven in sight,
His bark going down in the tempest alone.

Ah, leave him to slumber nor, blind in your rage,
Still desecrate ashes which lie in repose;
But stamp a new record on history's page,
That tells of his virtues and numbers his woes.

Let the mosses that cling o'er the waste of his grave,
Be types of the tribute which soften his name;
Like the fragrance of blossoms that over him wave,
The thought of his sorrows shall brighten his fame.

The debt should be sacred!—Oh, leave him to rest,
Nor trample in scorn on the prayer-hallowed sod;
The green turf is holy that covers his breast—
Give his faults to the Past—leave his soul to his God.

# Miscellaneous Reading.

## UNCLE SAM'S ONE BUSINESS.

### Postoffice the Biggest Employer In the Country.

The only business operated by the United States government today—and that by explicit provision of the national constitution—is the postoffice. In the number of persons employed, moreover, this is the largest business concern in the company.

Just how vast are its operations may be seen in the development of the New York postoffice since the first year of Washington's presidency. The average receipts of the New York office for just a little more than half a day during 1905 exceeded the entire receipts of the national postoffice during the year 1789.

The gross revenue of this metropolitan office for the fiscal year ending June 30 last exceeded by a good margin the combined receipts of Alabama, Mississippi, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Indian Territory, Maine, Louisiana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington and Wyoming. It exceeded by more than one and a half million dollars the combined postal revenues of Boston, San Francisco, St. Louis, Buffalo, Milwaukee and Cincinnati.

New York did a larger postal business in that year than the whole state of Illinois, including Chicago; than Pennsylvania, including Philadelphia and Pittsburg; than Massachusetts, including Boston.

The territory covered by the New York postoffice embraces only the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. The postal needs of other parts of the greater city are served by independent postoffices, ranging in importance from Brooklyn, with its annual revenue of two millions, to Bayside, N. Y., with a revenue of a little more than two thousand. The gross revenues of the postoffices in the greater city aggregated $18,537,776.98.

The New York postoffice not only collects and distributes mail matter written by or addressed to its own citizens; it is also the gateway through which foreign mail enters the country and the funnel through which almost all letters, papers and packages must pass to the rest of the world.

During last year, the New York city delivery department collected and delivered, in round numbers, a billion and a half pieces of mail matter. More than nine million dollars worth of stamps and post cards were sold. The entire revenue of the office was $16,000,000. Four and a half million letters and post cards were handled daily.

The New York postoffice has 5,800 employees. It has thirty-seven branch stations for which mail is bagged on incoming ships and trains as if each was a separate town.

In addition there are 210 sub-stations—chiefly in drug stores, where stamp and money order business is done. Thirty-five per cent of the matter mailed in New York is for local delivery.

In one very important phase of its work the metropolitan postoffice excels the services in any other city of the world. In the inquiry and dead letter department at the general office a most interesting and varied task is accomplished.

All the undirected, misdirected, insufficiently stamped, unclaimed and unmailable pieces of mail pass through this department. Last year there were received more than 72,000 inquiries for missing mail. Fifty-five per cent of these were recovered or accounted for. Nearly 3,000,000 pieces were sent to the dead letter office at Washington.

More than a million and a quarter of letters misdirected by the senders were forwarded, the correct addresses having been secured by the alert, experienced clerks in this department. Often considerable ingenuity, as well as linguistic and geographical knowledge, is required to guess what the sender meant to write.

Another interesting phase of this department's work is the locating of owners or consignees of money found loose in the mails. Last year more than 6,500 different sums were found, in amounts ranging from a cent to $2,000.

New York is the main gateway of the United States, and the New York postoffice is the national mail funnel. The bulk of the Canadian foreign mail—incoming and outgoing—passes through New York and is handled—in bags—by the New York office.

When Europeans write to Australasian points almost all their letters pass, in bulk, through New York, and are dispatched, via our transcontinental railroads through San Francisco to their destination. Much of the European mail for the Far East, for Mexico and for South America finds that the American metropolis marks one stage of its journey.

A careful examination of the equipment and operation in the three great capitals of the Old World—London, Paris and Berlin—is encouraging to the New Yorker in many respects, and somewhat discouraging in others. By the development of the pneumatic tube in the two Continental cities, it is possible to send a card (known as petite bleue in Paris and as a postkarte in Berlin) from almost any portion of the city to any other portion in less than an hour. That this is not possible in New York does not need statement.

Of course, the London postman has duties which are unknown to his American brother. The postoffice of the British capital, in addition to its purely postal functions does a telegraph, parcels post, savings bank and insurance business. The London collector and carrier also has his salary graded more scientifically than that of the New York carrier, and when everything is considered, he is better paid.

The London postoffice is, all things considered, probably the most admirably managed and efficient postal institution in the world. The London postal district, which takes in all the territory within a circle extending in all directions eight or nine miles from St. Martins Le Grand (the general postoffice at Cheapside near Ludgate Hill,) is inhabited by nearly 7,000,000 people.

This area is divided first into postal districts and then again into sub-districts. Of these sub-districts, which correspond nearly to our branch postoffices, there are 100. In these the collections and deliveries range (according to the density of population) from five collections and three deliveries a day to twenty-one collections and twelve deliveries every twenty-four hours.

In the business districts of New York there are now nine deliveries a day and from fifteen to thirty-two collections because of the immense congestion of matter, both for local and foreign distribution. In delivery, however, we are behind London.

In our business districts the last delivery is made at 4.30, and in the residence sections at 6. From that time onward, all through the night until 8 the next morning, the mail is pouring into the branch stations in such quantities that when the carrier starts out in the morning he is overwhelmed with the frequent result that letters which arrived the night before are not even delivered in the first mail next morning.

To remedy this Mr. Wilcox has asked the department for assistance in securing another delivery at night. Really, another delivery in the evening for the residence districts is what New York needs. A delivery starting from the branch stations at, say, 8.30 in the evening would make it possible to distribute, the same evening, all the mail signed, stamped and deposited in the last business hours. It would also facilitate the delivery of the first mail the next morning, which would not then be clogged up with matter posted at 6 or 6.30 the night before.

His plans for the improvement of postal administration in New York may be considered under four heads: First, the extension of the pneumatic tube service; second, the use of the subway for carrying the heavy mails; third, more branch stations and, fourth, better wagon service, where used, and the introduction of the automobile as an aid in making collections.

The office is a business concern that returns a handsome annual profit, while the national postoffice shows a deficit. Last year the receipts of the New York office were more than $16,000,000, which is more than one-tenth of the receipts from the entire nation. Twelve million dollars of this was surplus.

And yet it is a curious comment on the lack of business methods so often manifest in our public departments, that during the past decade the government has spent more money in developing the rural free delivery, (a most excellent thing in itself, and which, of course, is not being criticised here), upon which there has been a loss of millions since 1897, than in developing the city free delivery, which makes immense returns to the government.

On the showing of its present profits the New York postoffice deserves better facilities and more funds to carry on its work. With greater facilities and larger funds it will return even a greater profit than it does at present.—New York Sun.

## THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

### Able Summary of Work As Seen by an Able Newspaper.

Here and there the questions are asked: What has the dispensary investigation committee done? Why have not prominent men among its managers, as well as the "small fry" in the counties been exposed? We shall endeavor to answer them.

The committee has gone into nine or ten counties, and in each and all of them found the system honeycombed with corrupt practices, in which many subdispensers, beer dispensers and county boards of control have been engaged. The committee has not had time to investigate all the counties, but it has nowhere found the law obeyed and the business free of fraud. The committtee has proved that the state dispensary is enveloped in corruption. Is there any intelligent and candid man in South Carolina who will deny this? If a similarly authorized committee should in the same number of counties unearth similar loose and dishonest practices in the banks, would it not destroy confidence in the banks generally throughout the state? Would you deal with a South Carolina bank if it were run as a South Carolina dispensary is run? Yet the banks are not managed by public officials.

As to members of the state boards of control, we are not prepared to say as much as Senator Tillman, who has in general terms charged them with rascality, but we think we can explain the attitude of the committee. If these men have been corrupt it has been chiefly in their relations with great whisky houses outside of South Carolina—in states over which the authority of the South Carolina legislature does not extend. Does any sane person imagine that a wholesale whisky house, worth a million dollars, is going to unbosom itself to a committee about criminal dealings, in which it was itself a guilty party. Would it show its books to a committee? What would the books disclose? Not necessarily that a representative of the house went to Columbia with ten one-hundred-dollar bills in his pocket and secured a fat order for case goods. Whisky houses which bribe do not enter the transactions on their books. Neither do they write cheques. Neither do persons who accept bribes accept them in the forms of checques. Greenbacks talk, but they leave no echo.

The dispensary board of control is responsible for the management of the system. It is proved that corruption pervades the ranks of the underlings. It is proved that higher prices were paid for whisky by the state dispensary than were paid for the same or inferior whisky by retail dealers in other states. It is proved by the state chemist himself that whisky was sold generally with his certificate of analysis without his authority—in other words, that forgery was a habit of the state dispensary. Meantime, the names of various members of boards of control have been brought into the testimony in one way or another. Besides all this, a question is being asked all over South Carolina as to various men by thousands and thousands of persons which has been asked wherever in this country political graft has been common: "Where did he get it?"

The men under suspicion are fully aware of it. They know that while men are presumed innocent until proved guilty, they are looked upon as guilty and that the only penalties they have escaped are stripes and imprisonment. They very well understand how they are looked upon by their fellow citizens and that if they remain silent their names are smirched for all time.

An innocent man suspected of being a thief—does he rest under it satisfied? Or does he invite examination? Does he not account for the possession of his stocks and bonds and cash and lands and houses and beg that nothing be concealed from the public? An honorable and sensitive man suspected of having been bribed by a Louisville or Cincinnati house would go with the committee, demand that the house reveal all that it knew and if innocent he would be able to convince Mr. Lyon or Mr. Christensen!

We, therefore, submit that the committee has pressed the investigation to the point that will force persons under suspicion to defend themselves or accept the verdict of guilty that public opinion is rendering. Public opinion will not send them to jail, but there is little difference between the convict who is at large and the convict who is not.

To our mind, it is not primarily important that anybody be sent to jail. One man, more or less, guilty and unpunished, is no matter. The institution, the state dispensary, the breeder of thieves, has been on trial and the committee has convicted it.

There is not a man in South Carolina who enjoys public respect who will dare assert that the institution has not been shown a corrupt and a thieving institution by this committee.—News and Courier.

## SUPERSTITION OF TRAINMEN.

### Locomotives With Fatal Numbers—Birds In Cab Window—Foreign Lanterns.

"After all," said an old switchman at the Union depot yesterday, to a Kansas City Star man, "there ain't no bigger fool than a railroad fool. There ain't no fool who'll stand to his foolishness longer than a railroad fool. But maybe he's got a right to his funny ways. He's got a hard game to battle.

"Some folks laugh when you talk of a trainman's superstition about No. 13 but 'tain't no laughing matter. You can call him a fool if you want to, and he'll not fight back when you do. He knows what 13 means. Why, look down in the depot now; there's the Missouri, Kansas and Texas fast mail, the Katy flyer. See that number on that engine? 'Tain't 13, is it? Well, No. 13 pulled that runnin' train in and out of Kansas City for months. Now, she's suddenly disappeared. Where is she? I'll bet somethin's happened to her—bet she's in the shops for repairs, or else they can't get no one to pull her throttle. Now over on the Belt line there's a 13 engine, but she's harmless. There's a horseshoe hung from her number-place by a rusty nail."

"Back in the winter of 1899," said Campbell Bateman, train dispatcher at the Union depot, "I gave an order to a Missouri Pacific train bound for Omaha. It was the thirteenth order issued that evening. Someway or other I didn't feel right when the conductor came in and signed up. But I gave him order No. 13 and went to work. About half an hour later there came over the wire 'Pullman car on No. 9, robbed by bandit. Notify detectives.' The train was between Kansas City, Kan., and Nearman when the robber with a pistol had forced the conductor to go through the Pullman car and rouse the passengers. The first thing I thought of was that order 13."

The robber that night secured $150 in cash and five watches. He shot once at a passenger who refused to be robbed, but the bullet did no harm.

E. K. Carnes, superintendent of Missouri Pacific terminals in Kansas City, worked on the Ohio and Missouri railroad in 1876. He was conductor on a train to which engine No. 13 was assigned for service. Henry Fowler was the engineer, a very religious man. Elijah Morris was the fireman, and about as profane a railroader as ever shovelled coal into a firebox.

"Morris hated that '13' as bad as he hated short pay," said Mr. Carnes. "'Why, she's nothing but an old thrasher, and some day she'll pile us all in the ditch,' Morris used to complain. On the other hand, Fowler, the engineer, was proud of her, and gave his '13' as much care as he gave his wife. Day by day, Morris's hatred of No. 13 grew. We used to accuse him of being afraid, but he denied it. One day after an unusually tough lot of work, we pulled into Vincennes, Ind., and ran the engine to the roadhouse. Fowler got off and looked his 13 over with care. He rubbed a little grease off here, a little dirt there. He felt of the boxes and the wedges. Morris stood at one side and watched. He got hold of a bottle of whisky, too, and took several drinks. Then he went back to the engine, slipped into the cab, and yelled to Fowler:

"'Look out, Henry! Here goes the last of 13!'

"He pulled the throttle wide open and leaped from the engine. The machine gave a backward bound, and landed upside down in the pit, at the rear of the turntable. Her smokestack was crushed, her cab torn loose, one side rod was broken, and she was truly wrecked. Morris's hatred had got the better of him. The little machine was given a different number when it was ready to leave the repair shops. And Morris? Well, Morris hunted another job. The superintendent suggested it."

"There's a hoodoo engine and a hoodoo caboose on every road," says E. J. Sanford, president of the Union Depot company. "You may think it a fool belief of trainmen, but it's not. There are engines which seem perfectly made, which work as smoothly as an engine on the government mail, but which are as treacherous as an Idaho broncho. And you'll hear the trainmen cuss in long, deep, sincere cuss words when they get this hoodoo engine on their run. She'll run along as smooth as a top for miles, and then she'll climb the rails and sail into the ditch. She doesn't hurt anything seriously, but there she is—the road tied up on her account. Put her back on the track and she'll dig into the ditch again perhaps inside of a mile. And cabooses act the same way. You can hardly drag a trainman into a caboose that's numbered 13."

J. E. Snedeker of Sedalia, trainmaster of the Missouri Pacific railway, recently told of a "hoodoo engine." "She's as nice a machine as we have," he said to a friend, "but she's a hoodoo. She'll climb the rails on a piece of level track, and she'll climb 'em on a curve. "We've examined her time and again. There's nothing wrong with her, but she simply won't work."

The engine was finally taken into the shops and given an entire new set of wheels. It broke the hoodoo, and it is now in regular service. The old wheels and the rest of the engine simply couldn't get along together.

Enginemen are superstitious about birds flying into their cab windows. If more than one darts in while the train is in its flight, the enginemen watch more closely for fear of an accident.

A little incident showing some of the humor in a switchman's foolish ways happened in the office of W. M. Corbett, superintendent of the western division of the Alton railway. A few weeks ago some switchmen employed in the Missouri Pacific yards in the East bottoms struck. The matter was discussed one afternoon, and it was "laid on the shelf," to be fully decided the next evening. One of the other switchmen, who wished to avoid a strike, went to Mr. Corbett and asked for a position.

"If they go out," he said, "I want to work for the Alton. Tomorrow evening they're going to swing a lantern against the side of a box car. If it sticks they won't strike. If it don't stick they'll walk out. How can you beat a game like that?"

Evidently the lantern did not stick, because they walked out.

"Trainmen have some queer ideas," continued Mr. Corbett. "Go down in any of the railroad yards and you'll find the employees carrying foreign lanterns. If they work for the Alton you'll find Burlington, Wabash, Missouri Pacific and Rock Island lanterns, as well as lanterns from a dozen other roads. I don't know why it is, but they don't like to carry a lantern issued by the road they work for. It's 'good luck' they say to change. A switchman will take a brand new, nicely polished lantern and trade it for a dirty, greasy, battered 'lamp,' just because it's one from a foreign line. But 'it brings good luck,' they say."

Business based upon friendship threatens both; friendship based upon business strengthens both.

The supreme court has not yet decided which is the weaker man—he who is not able to see his own business or he who has no faith in himself.

From an intellectual point of view that time of one's life is most wasted when he tries, in a spirit of dumb loyalty to admire all those things that are popularly considered admirable.

## ARRESTING WRONG MAN.

### Experience Teaches Necessity of Extreme Caution.

United States marshals have their troubles that sometimes make them wish they were not officers of the law. Edwin R. Durham, chief of the marshal's force in this district, says the Kansas City Star, told the other day of some of the difficulties incident to the search for men "wanted" for one reason or another by the government.

"This office is the original starting point of wild goose chases," he declared, "and some of the complications that arise from day to day are baffling, not to say ridiculous. Clews unravel into nothingness, circumstantial evidence proves a delusion and a snare, and the most truthworthy information evaporates in groundless rumors. Recent efforts to identify persons being sought by government officers have proved particularly confusing, and in some instances have led to embarrassing mistakes.

"A case in point was the arrest, a short time ago, of a man in a central Missouri town, wanted for violating the cattle quarantine laws. For the sake of giving him a name we will call him John C. Sharp.

"A deputy went to the town and inquired for Sharp. He was directed to a man of that name who had lived for twenty years in the country, fourteen miles from the town. The deputy made the long trip over hilly, rutty roads and found the old settler, who acknowledged that his name was John C. Sharp.

"'I have a warrant for your arrest,' said the officer, 'for breaking the cattle quarantine laws.'

"'I haven't broken any laws that I know of,' said Sharp, 'though it is a fact that I have lost a number of cattle recently under rather peculiar circumstances.'

"The old farmer was taken on a train more than 100 miles to the Federal court. There a little investigation developed the fact that the crime for which he was arrested had been committed in Texas a short time before, and that he could not possibly have been guilty of the offense. Subsequently another John C. Sharp, the man sought, was found four miles from the same town, where he had recently moved. Besides bearing the same name, he had also lost cattle, but under circumstances that made him liable to prosecution. I managed to make a settlement with the old settler before he could create any serious disturbance.

"A few months ago I was sued for $20,000 by a man who had been wrongfully arrested under the most peculiar circumstances. I was fortunate to win in the trial, though the injured person had spent some time in jail before it was discovered that he was not the man wanted.

"A man, whom we may call T. W. Carter, because that is not his name, robbed a postoffice in Ohio. He was captured, but escaped from the officers. The only clew to the probable hiding place of the escaped robber was a receipt left behind at the time of his flight, showing that he had sent a money order to his father in Texas. The receipt showed that the order had been purchased at a postoffice named Belton, but the name of the state was missing.

"There are four towns named Belton in this country; one in Colorado, one in Indian Territory, the third in Missouri and a fourth in South Carolina. The department wrote the postmasters at the three western towns of Belton. From Missouri was received word that a T. W. Carter lived near there and that he had sent a money order through that office to his father in Texas.

"The United States attorney in Kansas City issued a warrant for Carter and we arrested him at Belton. As he was supposed to have escaped from the officers on a previous occasion, he was handcuffed and closely guarded until he could be locked in jail here. He vigorously protested his innocence, but we thought we could not be mistaken.

"Well, developments proved that this man on the day the Ohio postoffice was robbed was busy on a farm at Belton. The right T. W. Carter was afterward found near Belton, S. C. Both men not only had the same name, initials and all, but both lived near a town of Belton, both had a father in Texas and both had dutifully sent their parents a money order at about the same date.

"How is that for coincidence? Isn't that enough to throw an officer into a trance? The Belton (Mo.) Mr. Carter was naturally highly indignant by the time he had regained his liberty, and attempted to recover damages from me on account of false arrest and imprisonment. I proved, however, that the arrest was made without malice and that I had not, from my standpoint, arrested the wrong man, as he was the individual the district attorney had in mind when the warrant was issued."

## LAZY, PEACEABLE LION.

### Young Englishman's Unexpected Meeting With the King of Beasts.

That the lion is not always the roaring, tearing beast of legendary description may be seen in the following extract from the diary of a young Englishman who is at present serving his country in northern Nigeria.

"I had just topped a long incline and was walking my pony, when, on coming around a corner of the road, hidden by some trees, I saw, seventy yards in front of me, basking in the sun on an open patch of burned grass a magnificent full grown lion. The sun was not strong, and he was very, very lazily flicking his tail from side to side. He had a short mane, and his eyes were a lovely amber red in the weak sunlight.

"My first sensation was one of astonishment, profound amazement and delight at seeing such a fine beast. He was a beauty, and it seemed impossible to realize that he was really wild as he lay on his side, looking at me with his head raised as a dog does when he hears his master's footstep. He was fat as butter, sleek coated and glossy.

"My pony, as the breeze was coming from the other direction, did not wind him, and went steadily on without as much as pricking up his ears. My dog was walking on in front, about ten yards, and, luckily, did not notice him. It was not until I was actually passing him, which I did within twenty yards, that I realized that if the lion took it into his head to fancy a bit of white man I should be unable to dispute his right.

"After I had proceeded some 150 yards the lion got up leisurely and followed along the road behind me, but after going about 100 yards, he turned into the bush at the side of the road."—London Field.