

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILA., November 16, 1878. EDITOR HERALD.—I wish to com- plement this letter by complimenting you regarding your paper for the honest and upright manner in which you have treated the subject of the late election. I have rarely read any other paper that has been so candid and un- biased in its treatment of the subject. I have rarely read any other paper that has been so candid and un- biased in its treatment of the subject. I have rarely read any other paper that has been so candid and un- biased in its treatment of the subject.

here, and found her more charming and lovely in home life than on the stage, and her manners are perfectly free from mannerisms or pride, and from all the affectations of a professional actress. I have rarely read any other paper that has been so candid and un- biased in its treatment of the subject. I have rarely read any other paper that has been so candid and un- biased in its treatment of the subject.

THAT TEN DOLLARS. It was odd, very odd, reckon it up this way or that way, or whatever way I might, the result was always the same, ten dollars more than I could account for. I went over the whole quarter's receipts again to see if something had not been omitted, but everything was quite right. "What's this?" It looks like a scribble of ink, and yet it can't be, for I never use a penknife. So I held the leaf up to the light and scanned it closely, and then, turning it over, scrutinized it again. "It certainly does look very much like an erasure; but so, it is only a little roughness on the surface of the paper." I was completely puzzled. It was quite possible for me to have too much ink, but to have ten dollars too much—I could not understand that at all.

ping sheet, he turned to Mr. Elliott and cried: "These are not my figures, sir." "Then whose are they?" "I don't know, sir, they are not mine; look, sir, something has been scratched out of my ledger, after counting the ballots and ascertaining the excess, returned them to the ballot-box, but were to leave them unaltered, and proceeded to draw out the number of ballots in excess. They were careful, however, after counting out one of these small tickets, but in every instance the large Republican ballots were drawn out and destroyed. "At the Mt. Pleasant poll 482 Republican ballots were thus drawn out and destroyed, and this poll, where the Republicans had voted five to one against the Democrats, was made to give a democratic majority of 327. "The most outrageous cases of ballot-box stuffing were at the polls in Ward Three of this city. At the poll known as the Palmetto Engine House, one of the managers, W. L. Daggett, the foreman of the News and Courier job printing office, stuffed 3,500 of these little tickets in the box after the poll was closed. The managers, finding that there were 3,569 ballots in the box, declined to throw out any, but counted them all, and returned the vote of that poll as 461 for Mackey and 3,108 for O'Connor. At the poll in this ward the same act was performed, and the managers returned 121 for Mackey, and 1,866 for O'Connor, so that one ward out of the eight in the city was made to give a majority of 4,392 votes for O'Connor. The latter, after voting for a majority of 3,569 persons on one poll in the space of twelve hours, had hardly been urged. As the managers swore each voter separately, and in many cases consumed three or four minutes questioning each voter, it is not surprising that the time consumed in voting each man was one minute, which would allow 120 votes to be polled, provided there was a continuous stream of voters during the twelve hours the polls were open. Yet at this poll the managers made the time consumed by 3,569 persons voted in the space of twelve hours. By this method Charleson City is made to give O'Connor a majority of 6,537, or a majority larger than the entire Democratic vote of the county and the entire district the boxes were stuffed in the same way, not only in Charleston but in Clarendon. Not satisfied with stuffing the ballot boxes, the Democrats finding it impossible to get the vote of the county, resorted to the vigilance of the United States Marshal, put out the lights and stole the box and destroyed it because I had a majority of about 600. On Edisto Island where the Republicans voted 1,000 against the Democrats had only 40 to 50 votes, the Democratic Commissioners failed to open the polls, thus actually disfranchising these voters. "It is useless writing any more of these disgusting details. I see no prospect of their return until they are compelled to submit. The publication of them is an affair which I do little good; but still publish them far and wide, so that the world may know to what crimes the respectable Democrats of South Carolina are capable of. They have been doing so since the first of the year, and will publish the facts in every paper you can. "In the first place, in the appointment of managers of elections, the Democratic Commissioners of Election refused to accept of a Republican district absolutely refused to appoint a single Republican manager through the district, so that we were compelled to vote without a single election to represent us in the district. It is true we had a United States Marshal appointed at each poll; and though the Democratic managers at most of the polls admitted them into the polling places, yet they threw every obstacle they could in their way, and in no instance did they exercise any authority save to stand by and witness the voting. In some instances the authority of the supervisors was entirely ignored. In one case the managers ordered the supervisor out of the polling place, and upon the refusal of the supervisor to do so, the State constables to eject him, which they did. This was at the Mt. Pleasant poll in this county. At the Palmetto engine house in Ward Three of this city, the supervisor was ordered to leave the polling place, and voters and driven away from the polls. The authority of the United States Marshal was treated with utter contempt, and to save themselves from arrest by the city and State authorities they were compelled to refrain from exercising any authority. "In this city the Democratic managers of elections arbitrarily refused to allow at least 2,000 colored voters the right to vote. Unless a colored man was known to the managers of an election he was refused the right to vote unless he could bring witnesses to prove where he resided. Many were turned out under the pretext that they were not 21 years of age, or that the managers were doubtful of his residence. "At the last session of the Legislature, the two voting precincts in St. Andrew's Parish were abolished, and the 900 colored voters of that section of the county left without a polling place. The parish is only separated from the city by the Atchafalaya River, and used to be connected with Charleston by a bridge, which you will probably recollect was burned at the evacuation of the city by the rebels. The people crossed over to the polls by the bridge, and were not allowed to vote. The Democratic managers would not receive their votes, though the city and State authorities were compelled to refrain from exercising any authority. "The race was heading, the mad (Mrs. Gen. Forsyth and O'Keefe) and the secret of 20 years ago was out, and yet old Kintzies was as well as at first, certainly showed more spirit and 'bottom' than any of the animals. "After that the horse retired on his lair, and I rode in the advance, in the spring of 1864, from Winchester to Petersburg, including the battle of Waynesboro, where the remnant of Gen. Jubal Early's army was captured, then, after fighting before Petersburg, I rode in the last campaign up to the surrender of Lee, including the battle of Dinwiddie Court House, Five Forks, Jetersville, Sailor's Creek, Appomattox Station and Court House, where Lee surrendered; then in numerous other engage-

ments, amounting, probably, to between 85 and 90. I took him to New Orleans after the war, and from there to Leavenworth, when I came in command of the Western company, and so to Chicago, where he died. "He didn't die of his wounds?" "No, though he was hit three times. Once at the battle of Chickamauga, there was a shot passed under his belly between his legs, and he straddled himself out and would not move, and I had to get off and get on another horse. I was reported killed on account of his being riderless. Everybody knew him in the army, he carried himself so handsomely and walked so fast. He walked, as his ordinary gait, about five and a half miles an hour, keeping everything about him trotting. "What was his breed?" "He was foaled up in Michigan, near Grand Rapids, and was a full-blooded Blackhawk, 16 1/2 hands high. He was 20 years old, my old black horse when he died. "It was old age, I suppose?" "Yes; but when I took him to New Orleans I used to let one of the staff officers ride him, and he always got covered with white foam, and we had great people in the stable, and when he came back they turned the hose on him. That gave him the rheumatism and neuralgia, but it did not affect him until later. "He had good treatment: did he not?" "He was always kept in the Government stables until he was cut off from forage last winter. "Without a pension, such an old veteran?" "No pension—be depended on me, and a good horse was in him. The hostler gave him the tenderest attention, and he died peacefully. The horse was sent to-day to be prepared by Prof. Ward, of Rochester. I mean to give the product of the taxidermist's art to a museum—some place where it will be cared for along with my sketch of him. The rest of Old Winchester was prepared and buried with honors." A Vandal Job. A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young man whom it was his office to instruct. While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who had nearly finished his day's work. The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick. We will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch him as he goes by. My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a more agreeable pleasure by yourself, and your own pocket, if you have them, in such shoes, and then we will hide ourselves." The student, luckily having two crown-pieces, did so, and then placed himself with the professor, behind the bushes, and waited until they could easily catch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might experience. The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the place where he hid his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat he slipped one foot into one of his shoes. Feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the crown. Astonishment and wonder were upon his countenance. He gazed upon the crown, and then he gazed at the professor, and again, and then he looked round on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but what was his astonishment when he found the other crown. His feelings were overcome, he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered a loud and fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children who by some unknown hand would be saved from perishing. The young man and the professor, deeply affected and with tears in his eyes, "Now," said the professor, "are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" "Oh, dear sir," answered the youth, "I will never forget! I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." No Encouragement. A brisk fight between two boys at the foot of Grindwood street yesterday was interrupted by a citizen, after releasing one of them, made the other sit down on a salt barrel and be talked to. "Now, then," he began, "it is a terrible thing for a boy like you to be conducting yourself in this manner." "I'd a ticked him if you hadn't come!" wailed the boy as he carefully wiped his scratched nose. "Suppose you had? Why did you try and get a good boy and send him to school?" "Suppose you had rolled off the wharf and been drowned?" "Sposen! I hadn't no! It's the good boys that get drowned!" "What?" "Well, so, and I can prove it! I'll bet a dollar and a cent that more Sunday school boys have been drowned this year than had 'uns!" The man reflected and did not dispute the assertion. "And more ran over by the ears," continued the boy. "No answer either." "And more of 'em got sick and died, and I'll bet I've got more money and have more fun and pleasure than any good boy in Detroit!" "But the good boys are rewarded!" quipped the man. "So are the bad," replied the boy. "I'll bet I'll make fifty cents before dark!" "But the good are respected!" "So am I. I'll go up to the post-office and borrow three dollars 'bout any security, and I'll bet to five you can't! Come, now—put up the lure!" "My boy," sadly observed the man, "you must think of the future. Don't you want to be looked up to and respected when you get to be a man?" "That's too far ahead," was the jocosely reply. "If anybody thinks I'm to be called a clothes-pin and a wheelbarrow and a hair brush by all the boys and men to go looking up to the stake of looking like an angel when I get to be a man, they're mistaken in the house, and you don't bet they ain't!" "And he hasn't!" Detroit Free Press.

PHILADELPHIA COFFEE. We have recently made a special selection of the finest coffee, and now offer to the public a choice of the best coffee, at a price that will compare favorably with the best coffee elsewhere. We have a large stock of the finest coffee, and we are prepared to supply you with the best coffee at the lowest price. We have a large stock of the finest coffee, and we are prepared to supply you with the best coffee at the lowest price. We have a large stock of the finest coffee, and we are prepared to supply you with the best coffee at the lowest price.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG CO. 161 State Street, Chicago. FREE A VALUABLE INVENTION THE WORLD RENOWNED WILSON SEWING MACHINE. Agents Wanted in City and Country. WHEELER & WILSON MFG CO. 161 State Street, Chicago. FREE A VALUABLE INVENTION THE WORLD RENOWNED WILSON SEWING MACHINE. Agents Wanted in City and Country. WHEELER & WILSON MFG CO. 161 State Street, Chicago.