DAILY SENTINEL

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 30.

A Sad Complaint.

[From the Augusta (Georgia) Transcript.]

The system of plunder inaugurated in some of our Southern cities will, unless speedily arrested, bring the whole people to starvation. We recently mentioned the sad condition of the people of Camden, whose houses were subject to visitation by an armed mob, and who were allowed to have nothing save by the sufferance of abandoned and lawless men. Now we learn that the people of Columbia have been subjected to the like visitation. The description is most piteous, reminding one of that most plaintive appeal entitled "The Groans of the Britons," which the unhappy people addressed to the Roman General when the barbarians were driving them into the sea. It appears that the mob began with attacks upon the public stores; then private stables were sacked; then the supplies gathered at the depot for the suffering and starving poor of the city were carried off; then the wagons which conveyed there the charities of other cities were emptied. Even the mules attached to those wagons, and the cows upon which the poor widows and orphans depended for their support, were not spared. The Phœnix declares that there is no other prospect before the people but absolute famine and starvation. It says:

"There are no less than ten thousand people here daily receiving rations, who have no other means of getting bread for themselves and children. See these unhappy destitutes at the ration house daily, clinging to its porches, eagerly waiting for the doors to open and give them that daily bread for which they are authorized and required to pray. What must be the thoughts of that conscience which behold, without remorse, the sufferings of this people while rending from the poor that pittance which they have hitherto received from the hands of charity? What sort of a soul must the wretch possess who rends from the destitute the small bounty of food which has just been given him by the good Samaritan—who steals from the starving and famishing his cup of water and his crust of bread? Language fails in any attempt to describe the horrid greed of lust and selfishness which thus remorselessly preys on the sufferings of the distressed. The result of this horrid system of plundering has been reached, and the executive committee of relief has given notice that their resources are nearly at an end; that they will in a short time be compelled to close their doors—all supplies exhausted and no means left them to supply the citizens with food. What remains? The prospect before us is too terrible for contemplation. We shall all have need to make away from a community which, thus plundered by man, may be fairly assumed to be abandoned by God."

Comedy in Parisian Life.

One of the Paris journals relates an incident which, if not true, deserves to be so; and, at any rate, reads more like a dramatic invention than the fact which it probably may be. It is said that a Parisian gentleman—who may be called M. Zero, in the absence of his real name—received, one fine morning, a delicate rose scented billetdoux, informing him that if his heart was free, and he had as much sentiment as wit, he should enter a carriage which would be in waiting for him at 9 o'clock the next evening close to his house. To the driver he must say "Fortune," and the reply, "Mystery," would assure him that he was right. It concluded with the observation that if he did not keep this appointment it would be because there existed a more fortunate woman who had won his affection. "I shall envy her," the fair writer said, "but hate neither her nor you." This epistle was signed "Gabrielle." M. Zero, who is a married man, read it and smiled—men usually smile when they have assurance of having made a conquest. He finally finished his breakfast, and proceeded to the head of police, with whom he had an interview.

Nine o'clock on the evening arrived, and M. Zero left his house as the clock struck. Near the door stood a handsome private carriage. The driver challenged him: "Who goes there?" "Fortune." "And the countersign?" "Mystery." "All right," was the word, and M. Zero entered the vehicle, in which a veiled lady sat. He desired Jehu to drive to the nearest "poste," or police station, and when he arrived there the lady was handed out by a polite policeman, who transferred her, for the remainer of the night, to the custody of the person who has charge of female prisoners. She slept soundly and was liberated next morning, because no one appeared to make a charge against her, and returned home in excellent spirits. There is a key to the enigma: Madame Zero was a jealous wife, who ingeniously had contrived a little plot to try her husband's fidelity. He recognized the billet-doux as having been written by her, resolved to pay her off in her own coin, had her taken up, under special arrangement with his friend of the police office, for an attempt to disturb his conjugal happiness, and thus delighted his wife and quietly avenged himself at the same time. Scribe would have turned this little incident into a charming vaudeville, and Alexander Dumas might have spun it out into one of his eternal romances. It could have happened, if it ever did happen, scarcely anywhere but in Paris.

[From the New York Tribune.]

A Little Boy Cuts off his Arm to keep out of School.

Last Monday morning George Smith, a boy only seven years old, residing at Pleasantville, thirty miles from this city, told his parents, if they insisted upon sending him to school, that he would throw himself on the Harlem Railroad track, which was near his father's land, and receive such injuries as would compel them to keep him at home. They thought nothing of the threat, and having ordered him to school forthwith, supposed he had gone until they learned he had executed his menace. When the 10 o'clock up mail train passed the village, George laid his left arm upon the track, and the cars passed over it, severing nearly the whole of his hand from the limb. The engineer perceiving him then for the first time, stopped the train, when the child ran off, and was found with his shattered and bleeding arm behind his back sitting in a fence whistling "Yankee Doodle," and pretending nothing had happened. Before he could be taken home, George fainted from pain and loss of blood; but when restored, and a surgeon was summoned, he refused most obstinately to take any anæthetic agent, but told the medical gentleman to cut away. The scalpel was used on the mangled limb, but the little fellow never whimpered or complained. Not a nerve trembled during the operation, which must have been very painful; indeed the boy did not speak until it was over, when he remarked, with great satisfaction and an air of triumph: "Well, I am glad I did it. I can't be sent to school for a while any how." The child acted with wonderful coolness, saving he first put his right arm on the track, but, reflecting that when he grew up he would not be able to write well with the loss of that limb, he substituted his left. His parents are much distressed at the occurrence, and apprehend, if he is sent to school again, that he will destroy himself. The boy's conduct is almost inexplicable, and his fortitude and determination extraordinary for one of his tender years. We have known a great many little people who dislike the routine and confinement of school, but we never before heard of one who preferred to part with his arm rather than submit to their disagreeableness, however great.

A New Phase of Human Depravity.

As a class, the Southern negroes have always commanded a certain degree of respect on account of their general deportment, well cared for and sleek-looking bodies, and the simplicity but earnestness of their religious character. Poorhouses and hospitals were unknown among them, and cases of intemperance very rare. When under the care of masters, excessive indulgence was impossible. Now, however, they are invested with the principles of freemen, and forthwith base white men, having no interest in preserving their life or morals, begin to hover around the unprotected victim, plying him with all the alluring devices which pertain to a higher civilization (?) with the object of making filthy lucre. Take, as an example, the following from the New Orleans Picayune:

"Will it be easily believed that there are those among us who are in the practice of peddling out poisonous whisky and other vile compounds to the vagabond negroes who are to be found on the line of the railroad, in Mississippi, and in the purlieux of the parishes and villages, taking therefor their little hoards of silver, and making of these poor creatures the pests and nuisances of the neighborhood?

Unless strong preventive measures are employed, there is reason to fear that the lot of the unfortunate Indian race will in course of time fall to the descendants of the African in this country, and that instead of having occasion, as now, to marvel at the fecundity of the Southern negro, we shall see him wasting away from the inroads of disease, and vicious propensities. This is the fate of the Sandwich Islander and of all the inferior races when brought into competition with the pure-blooded white man. Let our philanthropic societies take notice, and seek to devise a remedy. Good sumptuary laws may accomplish something. Negroes heretofore have increased rapidly at the South. It would be a sad story if liberty should debase and decrease them.

A Singular Animal.—In the summer of 1863, while General Ashboth was in command at Columbus, Ky., some of his friends presented him with a horse. The Hungarian was highly elated, and replied to the presentation speech as follows:

"Fell' Solshirs and Shentlemans—I tanks you for this hoss! De hoss, shentlemans, is de noblest animal of mankind. Again, I says, I tanks you for this fine hoss!"