

The Fairfield Herald.

Desportes, Williams & Co., Proprietors.

A Family Paper, Devoted to Science, Art, Inquiry, Industry and Literature.

[Terms---\$3.00 per Annum, In Advance.]

VOL. VI.]

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1870.

[NO. 4]

THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
DESPORTES, WILLIAMS & CO
Terms.—The Herald is published Weekly in the Town of Winnsboro, at \$3.00 in advance. All transient advertisements to be paid in advance. Obituary Notices and Tributes \$1.00 per square.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

I was still a young man, scarcely more than a boy, in fact, when I left England to become the partner of my old schoolmate, Dick Merton, who had settled down as a sheep-farmer in South America. Our joint and rather modest capital was invested in a league of land near Santa Fe, on the Parana, bought "for a song," on account of some defect in the title; also in a few sheep, having the lathy appearance, and almost the speed, of greyhounds; and lastly, in the materials of our house, of which, as we had ourselves been the architects, builders, and clerks of the work, we were not a little proud. It was built of sun-baked bricks, and consisted of one tolerably large room, with a flat roof and parapet, accessible from the inside by means of a ladder. Around it at about thirty yards distance, we had dug a deep ditch, crossed by a drawbridge, and intended as a protection against surprise by our enterprising neighbors, the Indians. The latter dusky gentlemen had, hitherto, behaved themselves very much as such, and had confined their throat-cutting propensities to certain stray sheep, instead of gratifying them at the expense of the owners. But ugly tales were still told of their doings round about us—of white men taken while riding in sight of home, and tortured; of cattle driven off, and sheep speared in very wantonness of mischief—which were not reassuring, and which caused us to keep a particularly sharp lookout, especially when, as now, the Indian moon (their favorite time of attack) gave light enough to point the way to plunder, but not to guide the aim of the defenders.

Dick Merton, changed indeed since the days when his word was law among a select circle of Pall Mall dandies, longed up to where I was standing. His costume was simple in the extreme, and consisted merely of a sufficiently aged pair of leather unmentionables and a red flannel shirt—the whole being surmounted and relieved by a very long black beard, and a very short but equally black pipe; but through rough attire and surroundings, the indefinable *je ne sais quoi* of gentility was as clearly recognizable as when he was sowing his rather extensive crop of wild oats upon home soil, and before that memorable Dorby which induced him, after settling with duns of every description, to embark himself and the leavings of his property, and dwell among sheep and savages, until he could return with fresh grist to carry on the civilized mill.

"Can you see anything stirring in the camp?" said he, as he came up. "These horses are making a confounded row in the corral. I saw Johnson the Yankee this morning, and he said that Indians had crossed the river and he guessed we'd better keep our wits well wadded, that the dusky varmin didn't look in when we wasn't ready for visitors."

Now, horses were our surest safeguard against surprise. Dogs we had too, but they roused us up so frequently by barking at nothing more formidable than a stray deer or fox that—reminded of the gentleman whose amusement it was to cry "Wolf!"—we lost all faith in them; but our little half-wild Pampa horses had a truer instinct, and their warnings, given by stamping upon the ground, were not to be disregarded with safety.

"I can make out some objects moving about a half a mile to the southward," said I, after a long look out on the plains.

"They are mounted men by Jove!" exclaimed my companion; "and riding hard this way, too. Stand here with your rifle, Alfred, while I slip cartridges into the others. At that pace they will be here directly."

And so they were. Almost before Dick had reached my side again, two "Gauchos," their usually swarthy faces livid with fear, sprung from their horses, which, covered with blood, sweat, and foam, showed how a p had been the ride, and rushed over the draw-bridge. They told us as soon as terror would allow them, that three hundred Indians were in hot pursuit, and would soon be on the spot, and besought us, for the love of the Virgin, to give them shelter, as to ride out again into the camp upon their foundered horses would be certain death.

Dick, rather to my surprise—for I did not then know what distinguished the natives as a rule—are calmly lit his pipe, and then ordered our visitors, in a somewhat doubtful Spanish idiom, to "make themselves scarce." "Unless," he said, politely, "you

lies, vamos and adios."

Upon this we learned, after much cross-questioning, that they had been to buy horses ("To steal them, more likely," interjected Dick) at the station of a rich Spaniard, Don Ramon Garcia, who lived about four leagues from us; and that when they reached the top of a gentle rise in the ground, and had a view of the house, they had seen, to their horror and dismay, a large body of the dreaded Indians who were attacking—"to their heard shots—Don Ramon's estancia."

"Whereupon," said the spokesman, with teeth chattering, "we rode hard to your abode, well knowing that the brave Englishmen would not deliver us up. But let us mount your fleetest horses, snore, and ride for life. Soon they will be here, and who can withstand the fierce bravos?"

"If this be true," said Dick, turning to me—"and I believe it is, for those cowardly scoundrels' faces are proof that they have seen something—the sooner we prepare to fight the better. Of course they were not attacking Ramon's place; he has a fort strong enough to resist a thousand of them, and plenty of men and arms as well. Most likely they made a dash to carry off any one who might be strolling at a distance from the house, or to drive off the horses; and it's equally likely that we shall have them here soon, where there's a better chance for a night attack. In any event, we must be prepared for them. Naturally, we can't run away, and leave all we have in the world to be destroyed, as those valiant gentlemen proposed."

The natives—both the late arrivals and our own two men, who had often boasted of what they meant to do and had already done in the way of fighting Indians—suddenly disappeared. We afterwards learned that they took refuge in the corn-field in the rear of the house, where they lay concealed until the fight was over.

Our preparations were very simple—a box of cartridges was open (for we were provided with those inestimable peace and life preservers, breech-loading rifles) and placed ready to hand, together with a bottle of whiskey and a jar of water; the door and window, our weakest points, were secured as strongly as possible; and then, shading our bodies behind the parapet, we peered cautiously over, and strained our eyes to get the first glimpse of an enemy.

Nothing is so daunting as suspense to a young campaigner, and I felt my heart thumping against my ribs with excitement, and a sort of nervous dread that I should not play a man's part in the struggle we expected. But Dick's voice, calm, low, and with a slight drawl in it, reassured me.

"Now look here, Alfred, my boy," he said; "if we have to fight, keep cool, and do as I tell you. Reach your hand over here—that's right; I like to feel you gripe like that. Now remember to aid steadily, as though you were winning a cup in the rifle corps at home, and don't show yourself more than you can help; for, though these beggars have only a few muskets and pistols in the shape of fire-arms, they can shoot pretty straight if you stand still enough for a long while. Their great point will be to force the door; but we can soon stop that if you are steady with your shots; and they can't fire the bricks. Do you see anything?"

"There's something dark on the ground near the corral," I answered; "it seems nearer than it was."

"An Indian, sure enough, and the ball's going to commence." As he said this, Dick's rifle rang out in the silence of the night, and I saw splinter fly white in the moonlight, about a foot above the dark object, which thereupon started up with a cry, and fled. Then we heard the galloping of horses, and about one hundred Indians rode into view, and, breaking into two and three, circled round us within shot—waving spears and shouting as though the whole company of Philon angels had met to lament their change of circumstances chorally.

"Don't shoot! This is all a feint." And my superior's warning came just in time; for a dusky cloud of men sprang from the ditch, and rushed, lance in hand, against the door. Well for us that their fastenings were so secure, and that we had not been tempted to throw away shots by the first demonstration. Bang, bang! went our rifles and I saw with a feeling of pleasure that the man I had covered full back with a hoarse yell.

"Don't hurry, but in with your cartridges," I heard next; and both fired again together. This was too much for them; they halted, wavered one moment, and then disappeared as if by magic—our rapid system of firing having completely disconcerted them.

"Down with you!" and I felt myself pulled suddenly under the parapet, in time to head the bullets from the cavalry outside the ditch sing over our heads. "So far so good," was Dick's comment. "Take a drop of whiskey, and watch the next move." The moon was now nearly over; but that was not so much against us, the night being clear and starlight enough to see a man at ten paces. We could hear the trampling of horses' feet,

and guttural sounds of talking, and guessed that a council of war was being held. Suddenly a spark appeared about two hundred yards from the house—for they had fired our hay-stack—and grew rapidly into a flame. Brighter and brighter it became, and lit up the scene—which was one of those men do not easily forget—as with the glare of the moonday sun.

Grouped round the flame, and out of range, were our foes—their swarthy skins and snaky hair glistened in the fire-light; and they brandished lances, and screamed with delight at the destruction they had caused.

Dogs were barking, and horses in the corral neighing shrilly and roaring with terror—some fighting desperately to escape.

I looked at my companion's face; it was very pale, and the expression decidedly ugly.

"Look!" he said, hoarsely; "Here comes an ambassador. Good heaven! look!"

I turned with astonishment; but the sickening sight I saw fully accounted for Dick's excitement and rage.

A nearly naked Indian was boldly advancing toward us, and bearing before him a burden, which effectually secured, as he meant it to do, his immunity from our shots.

A beautiful white girl of about seventeen was lying helpless in his arms. Her hands were bound behind her back, and masses of coal-black hair encircled a face showing deadly terror and horror in every feature, and drooped nearly to the ground over the savage's arm. Her dress torn from one white shoulder, showed how hard had been the first ineffectual struggle against her captors.

As the Indian crossed the ditch (they had cut the rope which held up the draw-bridge in the first attack) with his burden, Dick, with a deep groan, recognized her. "It is Rosita, Don Ramon's daughter!" he broke out. "I love her, Alfred, and will save her or die with her. Listen!" he continued, hurriedly. "This racial has come to make some proposal to us. Keep your eye on him; and at the moment you get a fair chance, fire at him. If you kill her, it is the better fate. When I hear the shot I will throw open the window (which I can do more easily than the door), and try for a rescue. But, for heaven's sake, don't leave the roof. Our only hope is in your being able to keep off the others, who will rush from the ditch. Good-by."

And he was down the ladder before I could speak, leaving his hat cunningly adjusted above the parapet. Poor Dick! all coolness and *sang froid* had vanished now. I myself was not in a pleasant predicament. To carry off his half mad scheme involved my friend's sweet-heart, which at any other time would have appeared impossible; but when I read the agony and loathing in the poor girl's eyes I braced my nerves, set my teeth, laid my rifle ready, and inwardly swore that my trembling of my hand should mar her deliverance.

And now the savage, a truculent-looking brute, raised his voice, and demanded, in broken Spanish, a surrender. He threatened us with all the tortures his ingenious fraternity are so justly proud of having invented, in case of obstinacy, and bid us look upon his captive, for that she, too, should suffer for us. As he said this he grasped the girl's hair brutally, and raised her head. With a sudden spring of pain and fright she threw herself out of his arms, and fell to the ground. His time and mine had come. As he stooped my bullet had him dead by the side of his intended victim. Dick made his rush from the window, and the Indians, their from the ditch, as he had predicted; but, as Rosita was rather near to the house than the ditch, he managed to reach her first, and was retreating with her in his arms. And now all depended upon me. My first shot, aimed at the foremost of the assailants, missed him clean, and before I could seize the other rifle he had made a vicious thrust at Dick, who, enumbered as he was, was quite helpless. The lance passed through Rosita's dress, luckily without injury to the wearer; and as the savage drew back for a cooler and surer thrust, I had the inexpressible pleasure of lodging a bullet in his body, which effectually prevented any further lance exercise from him.

Then I heard a heavy fall in the room below. Dick had thrown his burden clean through the open window, at the risk of breaking a limb, and turning, found himself engaged hand to hand with a dozen Indians. He set his back against the wall, and drew his revolver with his right hand, receiving, as he did, a spear-thrust through his left arm; but his and my revolver, fortunately reserved, until now a man was dropped at every shot; so they drew off. Dick managed, with a great effort, to drag himself through the window, and then flung away from loss of blood and exhaustion; and when I ran down the ladder to make fast the window again, I found him comfortably reclining with his head in Rosita's lap, the latter having been stung by an unceremonious entry. But I could not stay to help her; my post was on the roof.

I hurried up the ladder, noticing for the first time that I had myself suffered in the scrimmage to the extent of a slight flesh wound from a bullet. The fight was over. Throughout the remainder of the night the Indians lingered about, and stole most of the horses and some sheep, but they had not pluck enough to encounter the deadly breech-loaders. Scarcely indeed, had such a severe lesson been taught them; and when the glorious sun rose (never sight more welcome) we saw them ride beaten off the field, bearing with them five of the slain; six other corpses were lying in front of the window, where the fiercest struggle had been, and two more were afterwards found, who had crawled into the ditch like wild animals and died.

We learned from the pretty Rosita, whose gratitude was most touching, that she had been captured while walking in the orange garden near her father's house, a short time before we were attacked.

"You, noble caballeros," said she, "have preserved me from death, and from that is far worse. God will reward you, for I can never."

I think Dick, however, was of a different opinion; at all events he was always seemed remarkably satisfied with the reward he persuaded her to make him.

Some years have passed since that eventful night. Dick and Rosita are living at Don Ramon's estancia, that worthy old gentleman having departed this life shortly after their marriage. I, too, am with them as a partner in the sand, flocks, and herds, of which we have a goodly quantity; and whenever the increasing stock of little Dicks and Rositas asked me, as they invariably do of an evening, to tell them a story, I know that nothing less will content them than a full, true, and particular account of the night attack.

HOW TO STAND HOT WEATHER.—There are many ways of enduring the hot weather. The most helpless victims of the dog days, says the *New York Mail*, are your gentlemen of leisure, who have nothing to do but burn the thermometer, seek cool places, and dwell, mentally or orally, on the tribulations of "the heated term."—These are the most pitiable of all the sufferers, outside of the reeking tenement house quarters, that we know anything about.

Men who have much to do, manage in some way to get through the day without lapsing into the utter and vacant despondency which settles over the unemployed and makes the day seem a week in its tedious duration. If a man's heart is really in his work—no matter what it may be—he will become at least partially forgetful of the intense bodily discomforts of hot weather. And, besides, he will not really suffer as much as idlers, for the perspiration that comes from healthy toil is the indication of the natural reaction against the effect of heat and of a vigorous throwing off of everything that impedes the free circulation through the skin.

We know a couple of gentlemen who get themselves into the best possible condition by playing a few games of ten-pins after their o'clock dinner has had time to adjust itself.—They get into a lively perspiration and into a condition of bodily vigor, and when a bountiful supply of cool water has cleansed the surface of their skins, and when they have enjoyed in quiet the refreshment of their cigars, they endure the warmth of the rest of the evening with a composure, good-nature and philosophy which are the envy of their less heroic companions.

A CURE FOR PARALYSIS.—We lately met a gentleman, who although he walked with apparent ease; said he had been almost a hopeless paralytic, but had been substantially cured by the use of an air pump. The theory of the cure and the application of the instrument were as follows: Paralysis is produced by the failure of some of the organs of life to perform their functions. They need reoperating. He applied a cup of receiver to the surface of the part affected, and by means of the pump removed the pressure of the external atmosphere. There was then a rush of air internally, as much as the clogged condition of the system would admit, towards the vacuum produced by the pump. The blood was carried along by the air, and by mere mechanical force made to circulate in the affected limb, which thus recovered its vigor and activity.—*Worcester Palladium.*

THIRTY TIMES AT THE NORTH.—A Washington special to the *New York Times*, of Tuesday, says: A T. Stewart does not return an income of even \$100,000 for the past year, while Olin, Mallon & Co., and many other large houses; show but small profits. Hundreds of other merchants swear to losses for the year, and a number of houses have failed. This year has been a terrible one upon the merchant princes as well as the small traders.

Cincinnati claims the palm of having the man who was first to deny the census-taker's conundrums, and he was fined.

Speeches by Judge Carpenter, General Butler, Congressman Hoge, Elliott, Dolanoy, and others.

We take the following report of the proceedings from the Charleston News. The meeting was called to order by Mr. P. A. Eichelberger, the Coroner of the county.

Mr. Hoge, after congratulating the audience that they were assembled not as white or black men, but as American citizens, urged his hearers not to forget those who, from 1861 to 1865 had stood by the "old flag." He likewise expressed his satisfaction with the earnest words of the preceding speaker, who, once a Democrat, now acknowledged the fifteenth amendment as the law of the land. Speaking of carpetbaggers, he said he was one of those who came into the State with his uniform of blue, and congratulated the Union Reform party (which he persistently styled Democratic) upon the choice of a man for their leader who, like himself, had served in the Federal army. It was a sign of progress and improvement. His idea of reform was to get the thieves out of his own party by the employment of the machinery of the party itself and not to employ another organization for the purpose. Honest men could be found, and it was the duty of the Republicans to elect them to fill the places of the rogues. It was all important that the Republicans should continue to stand by those who had fought the battles of freedom, and not seek aid for the reformers. He denied that the offices had not been fairly distributed, and cited the fact that two-thirds of the Legislature were colored men; three of the principal postmasters in his Congressional District were colored, and one of his appointees to West Point was a colored boy. He then proceeded to open a book upon General Butler, and discuss sundry events in his career.

In reply, General Butler said he was present not as a Democrat, not as a Radical, but as a citizen of South Carolina, standing upon a broad platform which challenged the scrutiny of every lover of his country. And he thanked God that an opportunity had at last been afforded him of paying his respects to Mr. Congressional Hoge. He applied the scalpel skillfully, laying off the epidemics of the gentleman's forehead, until he stood bare and exposed to the good-natured crowd. He wanted to know what he was doing away from his post of duty, drawing his salary from a people he did not serve, while Congress was in session. He charged him with having appointed a blind colored boy to the academy at West Point, because he knew he would be rejected. Finally, he arranged Mr. Hoge on the charge of having said, in 1865, that he wished he had all the niggers in South Carolina in a ten acre lot, and a couple of howitzers with which to blow them into a very wicked place.

It is needless to say that this announcement produced a singular expression upon the faces of the multitude, or that there was an enlargement of eyes, and a solemn dropping of sundry lower jaws.

In conclusion, General Butler said he rejoiced that the colored man had been set free, and in taking the position upon the platform adopted by the Columbia convention, he did so because he believed the fifteenth amendment to be the climax of reconstruction—a measure calculated to set at rest forever the question of suffrage. And if the Republican party would exclude from its councils such freebrands and fire-eaters as the gentleman who had just spoken, peace and harmony would prevail everywhere. Let him go home to his own State of Ohio and there administer his rebukes because the people refuse to do justice to the colored race. He would find sufficient employment for his energy in such a purpose, and we could then judge of his faith by his works. As regards the present political movement, it could not be complained of by any right thinking man. It meant an honest administration of justice. It meant obedience to the law of the land, and that the dead should bury its dead.

Mr. Hoge denied the allegations made concerning the ten acre lot business.

Mr. R. B. Elliott, Assistant Adjutant General of the State, followed, and made a calm, dignified and excellent speech, in which he announced himself as a candidate for nomination as a member of Congress from this Congressional District. His remarks were long but listened to with attention, and frequently interrupted with applause, especially when in his strong, peculiar way, the speaker emphasized the idea that there must be reform in the administration of the affairs of the government, and a general turning out of those who have plundered the State. He deprecated strife in the approaching political contest, and hoped that the spirit manifested on the present occasion would be exhibited elsewhere. In conclusion, while conceding the honesty and purity of the motives and character of the leaders of the Reform party, he urged his friends, and his race especially, to stand by the cause of the Republicans as they had known it in the past. Hon. R. B. Carpenter was then introduced by Mr. Eichelberger as a Democrat, and the candidate of the Union Reform party. Judge C. said he did not come here

to discuss political questions, but rather to join in the celebration of that event which had legally secured to the colored race the blessing of civil and political liberty—the fifteenth amendment.

He then briefly "let out" on "Captain Eichelberger, late of the Confederate army," for calling him a Democrat, whereas the captain turned very red, very white, and perspired copiously at being made to appear so ridiculous in the eyes of his heretofore faithful constituents, that they absolutely laughed and jeered at him. The colored people say they never had an idea that he was such a mean man before, while the captain says that he intended to name his next baby after the Judge, so that he won't forget him in a hurry. The general impression produced on the opposition-speakers, judging from the guarded and courteous way in which they alluded to the candidate, evidently is that they would rather be chased by a wild Cananche than cross swords with him in anything but legitimate argument.

After finishing this side play the Judge remarked that he regarded the fifteenth amendment as the grand culmination of the war, the statutory pacification of the country. But with universal suffrage there ought to be universal amnesty. [Colonel Dolanoy, interrupting: We agree on that point perfectly.] The fifteenth amendment secured for all time the right of citizens to vote, without regard to race, color or condition, and without fear that the privilege would be abridged by any State. It conferred political freedom upon the colored man, but it was not freedom when his heart and conscience are controlled by those who seek to use his vote for their own aggrandizement and ambition. Do you ask me (said the speaker) what will put you on the platform to vote? I answer, a determination to vote as you please! For there is no freedom in being dragged by a chain to the polls, to have tickets thrust into your hand, which your own consciences tell you will elevate bad men to power. Who has authorized this man or that to administer an oath that puts a fetter upon your hands and your hearts and make you the slaves of a tyranny that debases your manhood, by compelling you to vote for A, B or C because your party says so? Nobody! And the first duty you owe to yourselves as men, and as citizens, is to cut loose these shackles and stand forth unrestrained in that true liberty which is, thank God, now the birthright of every American! [Cheers.]

Your freedom, your citizenship, is a fixed and accomplished fact, and cannot be disturbed. Talk about the Republican party protecting it, or the Democratic party, as it has been called, destroying it. Why you might as well talk of compressing the ocean into a drop, or eternity into an hour-glass. It is the keystone of our immortal constitutional arch, and 40,000,000 of people are pledged to sustain it. [Cheers.]

One point more, for this is not a speech; it is only a brief talk. Is it not true that a certain class of persons, who mingle in the politics of the State, have tried to keep you apart from the white people of the country—have tried to induce you to prevent our speaking, to shut your ears to truth and fact—ever since the meeting of the convention in Columbia? I leave your consciences to answer the question. Let me say to you, then that it is your prime duty to harmonize promptly with the white race. There are but 4,000,000 of colored people in the United States, and if, from one disturbing cause or another, you permit yourselves to be used for the partisan purposes of those who seek to array you in opposition to what is just and right, and you will find a weight of 35,000,000 of white people upon you. Such a result, however, only can follow from yielding blind obedience to those who, taking advantage of your ignorance, are even now trapping you with their oaths, putting chains upon your consciences, and instead of true men, making of you mere machines. [Cheers.]

Colonel Delaney, a colored officer of the Governor's staff, made the next speech. He said he was one of those who never denied his principles. He would say, therefore, for himself, not for his party, that he was in favor of universal amnesty—the removal of disabilities from every Southerner in the land. But he wanted something in turn. He wanted a concession from every Southerner of the rights of his race.

General Butler—We are all in favor of that. Then, said Colonel D., the great point is gained, and I welcome you into this great temple—the door is wide open. A bystander—Put a new pastor in your church first. [Laughter.] Colonel Delaney.—Then I pledge myself that when the old pastor has served out the time for which he may be chosen, we will put one in suited to all our wants. My principle is to bring in new members. Just as we welcomed General Moses and his father, the Chief Justice, and other Republicans, we will welcome others, for I wish it to be understood that we have no prejudice against Southerners, and don't go back upon our friends. The speaker continued his remarks for twenty or thirty minutes, and was followed by General Worthington, an ex-member of Congress from Nevada,

and late a minister to the Argentine Republic. He is the law partner of Hon. S. L. Hoge.

This gentleman closed the discussion. He has a clear, ringing voice, admirably adapted to public speaking in the open air, and is withal a pleasing orator. He reviewed the situation, endeavored to impress the lessons of the hour upon his hearers, and furnished some excellent advice on the subject of moral and political duties, from a Republican standpoint.

The speeches of Judge Carpenter, General Butler and Judge Bacon have unquestionably been of immense service in tearing down the old barriers of prejudice which kept the colored people aloof; and if the example is followed elsewhere, and attended with the same exhibition of kind spirit, it will not be difficult to foretell results.

Fire in Columbia.

The fire which occurred at 3 o'clock Sunday morning was the most disastrous one—except, perhaps, the burnings of Gregg's building in December, 1868—with which our city has been visited since the wholesale destruction made by the firebrands of Sherman in February, 1865. The cause is unknown, but is supposed to have been the bursting of a lamp in the store of Messrs. Cooper & Taylor, on Assembly street, opposite the market, where the fire originated. Mr. Cooper, who was sleeping in the store, came near being burned to death before the discovery of the fire was made, being aroused to a sense of his peril by the crash of falling timbers and the sufficing smoke. Commencing with the store of Cooper & Taylor, the fire extended up street to the grocery store of J. A. Hendricks & Bro., entirely consuming the same, and down to the clothing store of Mr. M. Davis, the roof of which was considerably damaged. The three fire companies, the Palmetto, Independent and Vigilant, gave prompt response to the alarm, and through their energetic and admirably directed efforts, the further extension of the burning was prevented. The estimated loss is as follows: Joseph T. Z. only, \$1,000; Reckling and Height \$1,500; H. Hoffman, \$1,400; Cooper & Taylor, \$15,000—insured for \$5,000; D. McGinnis, \$1,000; Hendricks & Bro., \$3,000—covered by insurance; Mrs. J. C. Walker, \$2,000—insured for \$2,500; Wm. McGinnis, \$2,000—insured for \$1,200.

CLAY AND PRENTICE.—John Russel Young, of the *New York Standard*, who attended the Associated Press Convention in Louisville, thus writes of two Kentucky celebrities:

We saw much of Louisville, which is an interesting city, with its substance and shadows. Shadows of Clay and Crittenden and Tom Marshall and the men of '98, all that race of fine gentlemen who once stalked these streets and made Kentucky a power in politics. Here Clay lived his noisy, bubbling, rapturous career—the name Henry Clay about whom we so loudly sang—actually dead, and never a song to his memory—his work over and forgotten—poor foolish day dreaming work as much of it was—and he, drifted far into silence and night, the gaudiest sen-bubble that ever caught the sunshine;—so long on the crest, ever gaudy and shining, only to break into foam. No party, no policy, no one living speech, no one hearty deed, only his bright, cheery Kentucky smile—a bubble once and only foam!—We stood in the room where Prentice worked and slept—a kind of journalistic monk; where he croaked his stork on a rained until it was half done, and baked potatoes in the coals. We saw the cupboard where he kept fresh bread and raisins and nuts; where day and night he lived and labored, in the aroma of ink and dampened paper. We stood by his grave on Cave Hill, the greenest and sunniest spot in Kentucky, sweet and quiet and peaceful, but a grave quite forgotten, for no stone marks his tomb. A simple, sodden mound, with June roses straggling over it, and only known to the eyes of affection and friendship as the resting place of George D. Prentice.

LOOK OUT SAMBO!—The practical effect of the enforcement law will be most seriously felt in the South by the negroes themselves. A terrible spirit of animosity has heretofore ruled among them against any member of their race who dared to vote the anti radical ticket, and mobs, beatings, stonings, etc., etc., have been quite common all over the South. This thing has now to be stopped. It is a crime to interfere with any man in the free exercise of the elective franchise. Even to threaten with punishment, a discharge from employment of other penalty, for voting just as one pleases, is now a crime in law and punishable with fine and imprisonment. The ranting radical negroes would do well to bear this in mind.

A Corporal, who had murdered a private soldier under his command, was sentenced to death by a court martial, at Nimes, in Southern France, and shot in the presence of a large crowd, twenty-four hours afterwards. He himself complained that he was not

What is the difference between the entrance of a barn and a loafer in a printing office? One is a barn door and the other is a darn bore.