

A Fair Hit

The New York Herald has engaged upon a discussion with the Anglo-African—the organ of the colored people of this city—upon the respective merits of the two papers. As it is an interesting question, we copy the reply of the African to the Scotchman:

The New York Herald and the Anglo-African.

In an article in the Herald, of April 1, entitled "The Negro in Town," that paper takes occasion to poke fun at the comparatively stringent pecuniary circumstances of our humble issues, monthly and weekly. A friend, on reading this fling, bids us not to be discouraged. He assures us that one of the largest newspapers in the city was

"Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred," that said paper, twenty odd years ago, emerged daily from a cellar down town, about half the size of The Weekly Anglo-African, and one day the editor made a most piteous appeal for some one to lend him three hundred dollars to save his paper from ruin. This friend—a colored mechanic at the time, a retired merchant now—had made up his mind to go, and lend the editor in question three hundred dollars, when, on opening the paper next day, he found a violent article against the negroes. This shut up that gentleman's pocket, but he understood that a colored brother (our namesake but no relation) had lent the editor of the said sheet the three hundred dollars, and thus saved the New York Herald from an early death. So the New York Herald at this moment actually owes its existence to a timely loan from a negro capitalist!—Both the Herald and the capitalist "still live," and the capitalist is said, on many subsequent occasions, to have contributed to the success and notoriety of the Herald and its proprietor, in every way in which both are or have been notorious.

Several interesting letters were found in the "deserted" houses at Malvern Hill, when it was retaken by our troops. One true woman, though strong secesh, describes the finding upon her farm of a dead Yankee who had died peacefully upon his blanket, spread in a retired spot. In his pocket were found letters from his mother advising him to be a good boy, and recommending him to put his trust in the God of battles. She states that she went and looked at him, and then came back to the house and had, as she expressed it, a "good old cry" about it.

Another lady, inquires all about the battle with a curious minuteness that only a woman could exhibit, and then finishes by saying, "Don't bury any dead Yankee on our farm, for I don't want to eat bread made from Yankee blood." Which of these two women does most honor to her sex?

"Boy," said a traveller on a strange road, "who lives in the house on my right?" "John Grass, sir." "Who lives on my left?" "Thomas Grass." "And who lives in the house on the hill?" "Old man Grass." "That'll do, sonny—all flesh is grass in this neighborhood, sure."

A Prison Incident.

Miss Martha Haines Butt, the authoress from Norfolk, Virginia, halted this afternoon opposite our quarters in a spacious coach. She was elegantly attired, and accompanied by a military officer. It was evident that she had come to see one of the prisoners, and it was quickly discovered that Capt. Rowell A. Fish, who had arrived only a day or two since, was the legitimate object of this compliment. He manifested a frenzy to get by the sentinels at the door to reach her carriage, but it was of no avail; he could not pass, even though she beckoned most dutifully for him. He seized a piece of paper, and scratched a few words and sent it to the carriage by a guard. It was amusing to watch the countenances of the military assemblage at the windows and doors, as they beheld with utter silence the avidity with which she opened the note; quick as thought she seized a pencil from the officer by her side, and began to write. By this time the corporal of the guard arrived and relieved the agony of the Captain by allowing him to pass from the sentinel to the carriage, when the parties very graciously saluted each other. It was an interview so very polite and attractive, that it was a relief to the dull and sober thoughts engendered by the monotony of an imprisonment, and carried back the heart of many a spectator to the blissful period of his own early attachments. But to the point, the dear Captain surrounded by an impudent guard, was compelled to close the interview, so intently watched by his prison associates, and he did this by a kiss of her hand, so bewitchingly bestowed that the young officer was greeted by one universal shout on his returning to his quarters. The young lady, as the officers say, responded by an instant application of the smitten hand to her heart.

I was amazed to learn in conversation with the gallant Captain this evening, that on this very day he was to have been married, that on the day of his capture the Colonel of his regiment had gone to Washington to obtain a furlough for him for that purpose. In view of the scene just witnessed, I inferred very naturally that the lady in question was the bride to be, but in reply to my inquiry he said, "No, oh, no!" She is merely a watering-place acquaintance formed at Saratoga, which has been continued by accidental meeting in Washington, and various acts of mutual good understanding and politeness ever since.—Hon. Alfred Ely.

Gov. Yates, of Illinois, made a speech at a war meeting in Chicago, a few days ago, in which he said, alluding to Northern rebels:

The day is fast approaching when they shall call upon the rocks and mountains to hide them, as they see the triumphal car of universal freedom marching, as John Brown's soul is marching on, and the whole country stands redeemed and disenthralled by the genius of universal emancipation.

It would be very imprudent of any railway company to allow a washer-woman to dry clothes upon their own line.

Lazarus at the Gate.

Lazarus has lain at the gate of all nations; Lazarus in one form or another—with one manner of speech or another.

At one gate he has lain in the person of the tortured slave, and his wounds, filthy and raw, are all *our* living. This nation bound him, branded him with many stripes, and rolled him in the filthy mire of oppression till his visage was more marred than any of the sons of men, and then made his unsightliness and uncleanness the reason and excuse for haughty contempt. Polite society held its nose. Tender-hearted society could not be shocked with hearing the disgusting details. Busy society had something else to go than attend to him. Refined society were willing those poor dogs of Abolitionists out there should howl round him if they would, only they must be allowed to shut the window and draw down the curtains.

Nay the windows of churches have been shut, and the blinds drawn, lest a groan from him should disturb the singing of devout anthems; and priests and Levites have passed delicately on the other side. Everything relating to Lazarus was tabooed, in good society. How could people want to disturb refine and elegant Christian life with such unsavory allusions? What God made such a creature for is a mystery, and what is to be done with him a delicate question, which they piously leave with God.

Well, God has accepted the question. Let us see for a year past an invisible hand has toed the black man up to our politicians, our generals, our statesmen, our soldiers; and a voice stern as late has said, Will you own this man—will you have him—yes or no?

Yes he is a contraband of war, is the first trembling response; but still the invisible pressure pushes him on—success follows the army only where he is received; defeat and confusion, sickness, come where he is rejected; till to-day thousands of voices, which a year ago knew not the man, are crying: Yes, let us have him; quick, or we are undone.

God is a great statesman, and if he has taken the patronage of Lazarus at the gate, it is better to be up and doing, while his wrath is kindled but a little.

With our best heart's blood we are paying the awful debt to God's justice. With the blood of victims, young, beautiful, innocent—themselves guiltless of the nation's great oppression—is the dreadful ransom of our guilt being exacted.

Stearns, Putman, Lowell—were they not all the martyrs of liberty, guiltless of conveying at our great wrong?

The innocent for the guilty! As He, the great Head of the human race, wrought out redemption by undeserved death-pangs, so by lives dearer than heart's blood must our nation's guilt be expiated!—Mrs. Stone, in The Independent.

An irrepressible Georgia scribbler says "the machinery of the Southern Government goes like clock-work." Exactly—running down all the time!

DRY GOODS, CARPETS.

1862. 1862.

H. A. FLETCHER & CO'S

TRADE PALACE,

26 and 28 West Washington St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

DRESS GOODS, Elegant Styles, All grades of PRINTS, MUSLINS, CHECKS, STRIPES, DRILLS, CASIMERS, SATINETS, COATINGS, COTTONADES, HOSIERY, GLOVES, SUSPENDERS, HANDBKERCHIEFS, THREADS, LACES, COLLARS, PARASOLS, STEEL SKIRTS, MANTILLAS, in Silk, CLOTH AND BERBERES, SHAWLS IN FULL LINE.

CARPETS.

All kinds and grades, Oil Cloths, Du-rum-ks, Hollands, Lace Curtains, and Shade Fixtures.

WALL PAPER.

The Largest and Cheapest Stock in the West. New and elegant styles at prices cheaper than ever sold in the city.

Give us a call, when you come to the Capital, and we will sell you goods at prices to suit the times. H. A. FLETCHER & CO. 25 Cm

BOOTS AND SHOES.

BOOT and SHOE MANUFACTORY,

Christ Kayser, Geo. Keller, PROPRIETORS.

We keep constantly on hand ready-made Boots and Shoes. We are also prepared to manufacture these articles to order in a neat, substantial manner. Try us. We will also pay the highest cash prices for hides green or dried. 219 1/2

RAIL ROAD NOTICE.

RAIL ROAD NOTICE!

Pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Lake Erie & Pacific Railway Company, notice is hereby given to the subscribers to the capital stock of said company, that each stockholder is requested within thirty days of the publication of this notice, to pay into the office of the Treasurer of said company at Cambridge City, Wayne County, Indiana, a first installment of ten (10) per cent. on the stock subscribed by him.

L. Q. RAWSON, Pres't Royal Jennings, Treas'r. June 16, 1862.

RAILROADS.

L. P. & C. RAIL ROAD

TIME TABLE

Train on this road pass Winchester as follows: GOING WEST: Mail Express, 7:30 A.M.; Night Express, 9:30 P.M.; Express, 11:30 A.M. GOING EAST: Mail Express, 7:30 A.M.; Night Express, 9:30 P.M.; Express, 11:30 A.M. J. W. WILLIAMSON, Agent.

LIVERY STABLE.

WHOA! WHOA! HOW GET OFF THE TRACK!



THE undersigned, having opened a Livery, Sale & Feed Stable

IN WINCHESTER,

take pleasure in announcing to their old friends and all the rest of mankind, that they have and intend to keep, a large number of HORSES, BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, &c., for the accommodation of the public. Every thing in connection with this establishment may at all times be found in the best order. Those wishing to sell or purchase good horses can be accommodated by giving us a call.

FARMERS, LOOK HERE!

When you come to town, bring your horses to our feed stable, where they will be well fed and cared for at little expense. We would also inform the public that we keep at the above named stable several of the BEST STALLIONS IN THE WEST and that they will be let to mares the present season at reasonable rates. Call and see them. Stable on Main St., Winchester, June 12. ROSS & PUCKETT.

MARBLE WORKS.

WINCHESTER

MARBLE WORKS.



"Who has not lost a friend?"

The undersigned have now a larger and better assortment of

American and Italian Marble

than has heretofore been offered in this vicinity.

Those who intend erecting Tombs, Monuments or Grave Stones,

temporary or otherwise, departed, would do well to GIVE US A CALL. Terms reasonable. Call and examine.

SLATE ROOFING!

We are also engaged in making and furnishing Slate Roofs, at reasonable prices. We are a priority of Slate over all other materials for roofing, as we well established to our reputation in its favor and have a constant building and a Slate Roof to be the Best and cheapest Roof now in use. For further particulars, information relative to the same, cheerfully given by addressing or calling on D. E. HOFFMAN & CO., nov 15 Winchester, Ind.

MEAT MARKET.

D. M. REISSOR

WOULD respectfully inform the public, especially the lovers of GOOD MEAT, that he is now selling

BEEF, VEAL & MUTTON

at from 4 to 6 Cents per Pound. Market on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings; meat always on hand and of the best quality.

To Borrowers of Sinking Fund.

ORDER OF SINKING FUND, Indianapolis, August 1, 1862. THE Delinquent list for 1862 of the bonds from the Sinking Fund will be ready for publication about the 15th day of September next. Payments of interest must be made before that date to save the bonds. The sale will take place on Thursday, the NINTH day of December, 1862. H. C. NEWCOMB, August 5, 1862 w3 Pres't.