

AN UNFAIR STATEMENT.

The infatuation of the Charleston *News and Courier* for the policy of co-operation with Gov. Chamberlain has betrayed that journal into palpable error and gross unfairness more than once recently, and in no instance has it evinced less sagacity than in commenting upon the recent difficulty at Hamburg. With undue haste and unwarranted severity, upon the merest shadow of trustworthy information, there was unstinted condemnation of the white men who were participants in that affair, and not a sentence of rebuke for the outrageous and threatening conduct of the negroes; implied censure and reprobation for a gallant and honored citizen of South Carolina, Gen. M. C. Butler, and not a word of reproof for the official who permitted this colored militia to retain its arms and recruit its ranks for active service in the pending political campaign. Its utterances are already quoted in Northern newspapers, and every word of unfriendly criticism upon the whites is paraded for the benefit of the disciples of the "bloody shirt." Such violent statements against the white citizens of South Carolina, made upon partial, incorrect and unreliable information, obtained in the confusion which followed the affair, have been grudgingly corrected from time to time in its columns, until there is scarcely anything left of the original account, and yet this does not and will not counteract the unfavorable and false impression created by the inflammatory denunciations at the outset. But the *News and Courier* has capped the climax in another direction, by seeking to connect the advocates of a "straight-out" policy with the work of intimidation and slaughter of the colored people in the pending campaign, and in the following paragraph is guilty of the most flagrant injustice and culpable unfairness towards the majority of Democrats in South Carolina.—We quote from an article in last Thursday's issue:

There is another point to be remembered, and that is, that when Democrats in South Carolina advise that a "straight-out" ticket be nominated, and that the State be carried on "the Mississippi plan," the popular understanding is that the Democracy shall elect their candidates by fraud and force. To the unthinking masses, in such a County as Edgefield, the Mississippi plan is the Hamburg plan. We presume that very few of the small number of excellent Democrats who believe that a "straight-out" ticket is the proper thing have any thought of using other influences than those which are common in every election, North and South; but the rank and file, who are told day after day, that they can carry the State, and that it must be done, fall naturally into the error of thinking that the easiest way of making a negro vote right is to knock him on the head. And the danger is, that with the Hamburg affair fresh in their recollection, the Northern people may be tempted to regard the nomination of a full "straight-out" ticket by the South Carolina Democrats as a public declaration of an intention to carry the State by intimidation and slaughter. There is no such intention, but it is easy to make the Northern people believe that there is, and if the Democrats persist in adopting a policy which, with a peaceful and quiet election, will have only the remotest possible chance of success, they must count on the North believing that we mean to repeat the Hamburg business in every colored county in the State. We do not see that this imminent peril to the National Democracy can be averted, save by sending to the rear the whole band of regulators and those who sympathize with them.

This paragraph arraigns a policy which is advocated by many of the best citizens of South Carolina from the mountains to the seaboard, and attempts to connect that policy with butchery and brutality for political purposes. The most malignant partisan of the "bloody shirt" stripe could hardly excel this stigmatization of the conduct and motives of Democrats. Its language is not founded upon the facts existing in South Carolina to-day, and there is only one interpretation to be given these unwarranted declarations. Having failed to accomplish by its elaborate arguments the subjugation of public opinion in favor of a "straight-out" nomination for Governor, the *News and Courier* now attempts to cast odium and reproach upon that policy by connecting its advocates with an intention to carry the next election by fraud and force.—This purpose is plainly evident, although it seeks at the same time to exonerate a "small number of excellent Democrats" from such an imputation. Moreover, the slander and misrepresentation does not fall upon the leaders of the "straight-out" movement alone, but is made to include the "unthinking masses" and the "rank and file." Now, we venture to assert that two-thirds of the white voters in this State strongly favor the nomination of a discreet and honest Democrat for the office of Governor, and they are to be included among those who will interpret such a nomination as the signal for "fraud and force, intimidation, and slaughter." Is this the true meaning of the *News and Courier*? Will that journal pretend that the mere advocacy of a certain policy endows a man with brutal instincts, and impels him to the commission of heinous crimes against the laws of his country? Are all men to be judged by this standard, when differing with the *News and Courier*?

We would remind the advocates of co-operation that impugning motives is a dangerous weapon for them to handle, and that it is just as easy for the "straight-out" Democrats to accuse them of being in league with Gov. Chamberlain to carry the State by "fraud and force." Is not the Governor at the head of the militia, which is armed with the most approved weapons? In the absence of this armed militia at Hamburg, is there the remotest probability that a collision between the whites and blacks would have occurred? According to the official report of the Attorney-General, the militia

company under Doc Adams has been a mere skeleton until two months ago, when it was recruited to eighty men—and by whose order and under whose direction? From the earliest days of the negro militia until the present time, the Governor has been deemed responsible for any outrages and excesses committed by them, for it is necessary to gain his consent before arms can be distributed or kept among the militia. Then, it is the logic of the *News and Courier* prevails, Gov. Chamberlain contemplates overawing and intimidating the white people of South Carolina by the presence of armed and excitable negroes, with the view of insuring his reelection, and the advocates of co-operation by the Democrats are necessarily involved in this plan. Is there anything more absurd than to connect the honest advocates of such cooperation with the ulterior plans of Gov. Chamberlain, unless it be the groundless charge against the "unthinking masses" who favor an opposite policy, made by the *News and Courier*?

On the score of frauds, the case is equally strong against those who advise cooperation with Gov. Chamberlain, for he has the appointment of the commissioners of election, who are charged with the election of managers to conduct the election, and upon their honesty and integrity will depend the result. If the Governor chooses to appoint partisans who will commit frauds in his behalf, are the misguided Democrats under the leadership of the *News and Courier*, in the event that co-operation prevails, to be charged with complicity in such frauds? Certainly, this would be the natural deduction, under the process of reasoning which connects the "rank and file" of the Democrats with a purpose to carry the election by "intimidation and slaughter."

Now, we are not disposed to employ harsh and denunciatory language towards the *News and Courier*, even when its statements are glaringly inconsistent and untrue. Time will correct much of its injurious and baneful work, and we are fully confident that the State Democratic Convention will inaugurate a campaign for the complete redemption of South Carolina by nominating candidates for Governor and all other offices, which will silence the clamor for co-operation so persistently made by the *News and Courier*. Yet, we would be derelict to the hundreds and thousands of brave and patriotic citizens, who believe that further tampering with the unclean and decaying carcass of Radicalism is madness and folly, were we to pass unnoticed this artful and unfounded charge against them; and we take occasion to declare that the paragraph already quoted, so long as it remains uncorrected, is an insulting and insupportable menace of every citizen who has had the goodness to utter his dissent from the teachings of the *News and Courier*, and as such it will be viewed throughout the State.—*Anderson Intelligencer*.

BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

CHICAGO, August 1.—J. D. Poland, Captain of the Sixth Infantry, writes from Headquarters, Military Station, at Standing Rock, D. T., under date of July 24th, to the Adjutant-General Department of Minnesota, St. Paul, giving an Indian account of the battle of the Little Big Horn on June 25. The account does not differ essentially from the reports already published. It says, however, that Sitting Bull was neither killed nor personally engaged in the fight. He remained in the council tent directing operations. Crazy Horse, with a large band, and Black Moon, were the principal leaders on the 25th of June. Kill Eagle, a chief of the Black Feet, at the head of some twenty lodges, was at this agency about the last of May. He was prominently engaged in the battle of June 25th, and afterwards upbraided Sitting Bull for not taking an active personal part in the engagement. Kill Eagle has sent word that he will return to the agency if he is killed for it. The report closes as follows: There is a great gathering in the hostile camp from each of the agencies on the Missouri River. Red Cloud's and Spotted Tail's, as also the Northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes. They report for the special benefit of their relations that in these fights they had with the whites, they captured more than four hundred stand of arms, carbines, rifles and revolvers not counted; ammunition without end, and some sugar, coffee, bacon and hard bread. They assert that they have captured from the whites this summer more than two hundred horses and mules. I suppose this includes operations against the soldiers, the Crow Indians and the Black Hills miners. The general outline of this Indian report concurs with the published report. The first attack of Reno began well on the day. The Indians report about three hundred whites killed, and do not say how many Indians were killed. A report from another source says the Indians obtained from Custer's command five hundred and sixty carbines and revolvers. The report adds: Since writing the above, I have heard the following from returned hostiles: They communicated as a secret to their particular friends here, information that a large party of Sioux and Cheyennes were to leave Rosebud Mountains, a hostile camp, for this agency, to intimidate and compel the Indians here to join Sitting Bull. If they refuse, they are ordered to "solder" them, and beat them and steal their ponies.

HAMBURG JUSTICE.—A cow belonging to a citizen of Augusta crossed the bridge and went into Hamburg a day or two ago. She was seized by a party of negroes and killed. The Augusta man hearing of this outrage, and learning the names of the parties, went over and had warrants issued for their arrest, which was made. The justice of the peace received his fees from the citizen, and afterwards dismissed the case and let the guilty parties go scot free.—*Constitutionalist*.

ONE OF CUSTER'S SCOUTS.

Daring Deeds of "Lonesome Charley" Reynolds, Who Perished With his General—His Romantic History.

I see in the list of the killed under Custer, says a *Graphic* correspondent, the name of Charley Reynolds—"Lonesome Charley" Reynolds. When Custer was at the base of Harney's peak in 1874 and our camp was ablaze with excitement over the gold discoveries, Custer sent for Boody Knif, the chief of his scouts, and asked for an Indian to carry dispatches to Fort Laramie, two hundred miles below us. Boody Knif shook his head solemnly and said in reply: "My warriors are brave, but they are wise. They will carry a bag of letters to Fort Lincoln, but I cannot ask them to go through the Sioux country to Fort Laramie."

Fort Lincoln was two hundred miles farther than Laramie, although the route to the latter place was beset with ten fold more dangers. It led directly through the Sioux hunting ground, and just at this particular time of the year the young men were all out in hunting parties so that the plains were full of them. Boody Knif's braves were Rees—a tribe which the Sioux has a hereditary enmity for, and he was too wise to ask one of them to undertake so suicidal a project. But mails must be sent somehow, and Custer was pondering what to do.—Charley Reynolds was sitting on the ground, with his legs crossed, cleaning a revolver, seemingly inattentive to the conversation. Custer had been thinking but a moment, when Reynolds looked up and said: "I'll carry the mails to Laramie, General."

Custer was familiar with courage in every form, but such a proposition surprised even him. "I wouldn't ask you to go, Reynolds," he said.

"I have no fear," responded the scout quietly. "When will you have the mail ready?"

"I was intending to send something to-morrow night," replied Custer.

"I'll go to-morrow night." And picking up his piece of buckskin and bottle of oil, Reynolds strode quickly away.

"There goes a man," said Custer, "who is a constant succession of surprises to me. I am getting so that I feel a humiliation in his presence. Scarcely a day passes—and I have known him three years—that does not develop some new and strong trait in his character. I would as soon have asked my brother Tom to carry a mail to Laramie as Reynolds."

The next day I saw Reynolds lead an old, ill-shaped, dun colored horse to the farrier's. I was somewhat curious to know if he was going to ride that animal to Laramie, and asked him.

"Yes," said he, in his quiet way. "The General lets me pick my own mount, and I've got one that suits me."

Noticing my surprise at his choice, he continued:

"I suppose I could have picked out a better looking one, but this is the sort for my trip." And scanning the beast over, he added: "He knows more than a man, if he is boy. Look in his eye."

The farrier took the horse's shoes off and pared his hoofs neatly. Reynolds then went to the saddler and had a set of leather shoes made to fit the horse's feet, so as to buckle around the fetlocks.

"What are those for?" I asked.

"A little dodge of mine to fool the Indians. They make no trail."

Then he packed three or four days' rations in a saddle pocket, prepared a supply of ammunition, and cleaned up a long, old fashioned rifle. Then after eating a hearty dinner, he lay down under a wagon for a nap.

About four o'clock that evening an engineering party started off in the direction Reynolds was to take, and saddling his horse and strapping on a canvas bag of letters, he accompanied them. We rode till about ten o'clock, and then into camp in a cluster of trees near a river.

A fire was lighted, a pot of coffee made, and after drinking a cupful, Reynolds mounted his saddle, and rode off into the dark.

His path lay through a trackless wilderness—two hundred miles of it—the constant haunts of hostile Indians, and not a foot of the ground had Reynolds ever seen before. He had never been at Laramie; he only knew the general direction in which it lay, and his only guideboard was the stars.

After four nights of riding and three days of sleeping, he reached his destination unharmed. I saw him afterward at Fort Lincoln on our return. He told me he got through nicely and mailed the letters I had intrusted to his care.

I had been told that under his gentle demeanor lay a romance as remarkable as any I ever wrote, and one day I asked him to tell me the story of his life. He blushed a little, laughed quietly, and replied he didn't think it worth while.

"But they tell me you have had a remarkable experience," I suggested.

"Not so very remarkable," he answered. "I guess you can find enough to fill your paper without publishing anything about me."

And that was all the romance I got from his lips. But from the lips of others I learned that he had not always been "Lonesome Charley" Reynolds. No one, however, knew his true name. He was called "Lonesome" because of an absent pensive way he had—a habit of seclusiveness. He came to Lincoln from Montana three years before, with his partner, where the two had been hunting and trapping together for several years. The story of his life that I partner told was this:

Reynolds was the son of a wealthy and aristocratic family in Tennessee, but was educated in the North, and when the war broke out he found himself in a painful dilemma. He had imbibed enough of Northern ideas to make him strongly hostile to the secession movement, while

his father, mother and uncles were all ardent sympathizers with the Confederate cause in the war. The son and fight against the father, and he stayed at home and nursed his mother, so he left away on the Pacific at the centre of hostilities was cut off he went back to

his home where his neighbors told him his father had been in one of the early battles, and his sister had been killed, and all trace of her had been lost. There was not a single trace of the past. He spent the rest of a weary life.

From 1872 he was in the mines in Colorado, and hunting and trapping along the streams of the great North.

He was employed occasionally by the government to do some work for which he was too cowardly or incompetent.

He was a short, stocky man with a little stoop to his shoulders, and had a way of bending forward with his face to the ground. He had a shrunken, old, and a very handsome mouth, and a forehead which one could trace blue veins in. He was full bearded, but neither the growth of hair nor the marks of exposure had effaced the lines of beauty from his face. His manner was unobtrusive and gentle, his voice was as soft and tender as a woman's. He was a man that horses and dogs loved instinctively at first acquaintance, and was respected, although he was never flattered by the wisest of his friends. He had fought a whole tribe of Indians single handed, people said, although no one ever learned of an exploit from his own lips. He never learned the necessity of swearing, never told a story, never smoked a pipe or cigar before a camp fire, and never drank liquor.

LOVE, LIKENESS AND LARCENY.—A strange love affair is pending in Atlanta. A young man, becoming enamored of a buxom widow, offered her hand and heart, and was accepted. Photographs were exchanged, and the course of true love ran smoothly for several months. But another character appeared on the scene. The young man's love for the widow was not so strong as his love for the money she had inherited from her husband. His affection were transferred to the rival Venus, and he determined to win her photograph. But times were hard, money was scarce, and the photographer exorbitant in his demands for cash. In this emergency a happy thought struck him. He visited the widow, and during her temporary absence from the parlor, abstracted her photograph, which in due time he presented to her rival. The bereft fair one discovered her loss, rage supplanted love; she pined for revenge, and obtained it by indicating the faithless lover for larceny. The case was tried. The widow, in her testimony, alluded to the photograph as "his photograph." This was the straw to which defendant's counsel clung. Being "his photograph," he could not be charged with larceny for taking his own. A learned discussion on grammar ensued. The audacious justice decided that in this connection the word "his" was objective, not subjective—was equivalent merely to the phrase "of him"—and did not imply possession. The accused was bound over for trial in a higher court.

A NEGRO LYNCHED.—St. Louis, Mo., July 31.—The *Globe Democrat* leaves word special says: "Raphael Williams, a colored man, ravished a white woman named Mrs. Davis, at her house, at Camden Point, Mo., last Thursday night. He was arrested the next day, and lodged in jail in Platte City. This morning, about 120 armed men entered Platte City, and posted pickets around the jail, to prevent interference by the citizens, while five members of the party roused the Sheriff, whom they seized and forced to deliver the keys of the cells. A deputy-sheriff unlocked the door of Williams' cell, a rope was placed around his neck, and he was dragged to a tree near the depot, where he was hanged, after which the mob quietly dispersed. When the body was cut down this morning by the coroner, a placard was found pinned to it, stating that, owing to the inefficiency of the laws of Missouri, providing for the punishment of such malefactors, the 'avengers' who number among them some of the oldest and most respectable citizens of Platte County, had deemed it advisable to take the law into their own hands, and administer justice to the one so richly deserved. Mrs. Davis was ill at the time of the outrage, and now lies at the point of death."

The last words of Charlotte Cushman are more authentic, but less heroic than last words usually are. Her nephew had just heard her and offered a stimulating drink, with the words, "Come, auntie, here is your milk punch." She smiled, and quoted the first line of the celebrated street song, "Punch, brothers, punch with care." Then she fell into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke.

An old lady, on hearing that a young friend had lost his place on account of misdeeds, exclaimed: "Miss Demeanor! Lost his place on account of Miss Demeanor? Well, well! I'm afraid it's too true that there's a woman at the bottom of a man's difficulties."

It is said they live longest who have moderate ambitions. The man who quits work and commences to whittle in front of a grocery store at the age of thirty is likely to whittle until he is fifty years.

It was Prentice who declined to discuss the question of woman suffrage, because he had considered woman, from the creation, as a man's issue.

On a stormy day, 1848, a remarkable event occurred. The preceding day had been unusually cold, and the ice from warm days of early spring this mass of ice was loosened around the shores of the lake and detached from them. During the forenoon of the day named, a stiff easterly wind moved it up the lake. A little before sunset, the wind chopped suddenly round and blew a gale from the west. This brought the vast field of ice back again with such tremendous force that it filled in the neck of the lake and its outlet, so as to form a very effective dam, that caused a remarkable diminution in the outflow of the water.—Of course, it needed but little time for the falls to drain off the water below this dam. The consequence was that on the morning of the following day the river was nearly half gone. The American channel had dwindled to a deep and narrow creek. The British channel seemed to have been smitten with quick consumption, and to be fast passing away. Far up from the head of Goat Island out beyond the old Tower to the deep channel of the Horseshoe fall, the water was gone. The rocks were bare, black and forbidding. The roar of Niagara had subsided to a moan. This extraordinary synopsis of the waters lasted all the day, and night closed over the strange scene. But during the night the dam gave way, and the next morning the deep river was restored in all its strength, beauty and majesty.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

SENTIMENT IN THE STATE.—There are fully forty-five secular papers regularly issued in this State, and they stand politically about as follows: Democratic or Conservative forty; Republican five. Of the Conservative sheets, there are only five or six which oppose a straight-out Democratic nomination. This is a pretty fair indication of the feeling of the white people—a large majority of them having become heartily sick of being the tail of another party's kite, and therefore favor straight-outism.—Go in and attempt to win the prize, at least, if you don't succeed, the fault, then, is not yours. Compromises are all very well in their way; we would like to know how many "compromise" candidates have adhered to their pledges; the fingers on one hand would be more than enough to count them twice over.—*Phoenix*.

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BRUTES IN BATTLE.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., July 20, 1876.—John Connolly, better known as "Butcher" Connolly, who was employed on the Monticello and Port Jervis Railway during its construction a few years since, and who obtained considerable notoriety about the country by matching himself to kill rats like a terrier, and to fight with dogs, recently died from injuries received in a fight with a bulldog in St. Clairsville, Pa., the details of which brutal affair are given in a private letter from that place to a gentleman in Port Jervis.

Connolly had been hostler at a tavern in St. Clairsville for some time previous to the affair mentioned above. On the 8th of July he got drunk and went into Way's saloon. Lying on the floor asleep was a large, bold, old and harmless, belonging to the proprietor of the saloon. Connolly walked deliberately up to the sleeping dog, and, stooping down, seized it with his teeth by the ear, and raising to his feet lifted the bound clear of the floor, and in spite of his piteous cries shook him a moment, and then bit off the portion of the ear that was in his mouth and let the dog fall to the floor, and it ran bleeding and howling from the saloon. Several men witnessed the sickening sight, but were afraid to interfere.—Connolly spat the piece of ear upon the floor, and offered to bet \$10 that he could whip any dog in the place in ten minutes.

No one paying any attention to him he finally went out and proceeded to a place kept by a man named Bryan Fogarty.—Fogarty owned a full-blooded English bulldog, which usually lounged about the saloon, and which, despite its savage appearance, never offered to interfere with any one. When Connolly entered the saloon this dog was lying under a small table in the room, with its eyes half closed. Connolly got on his hands and knees, and put his head in under the table. The dog looked lazily up into his face and wagged his tail good naturedly. The human brute, however, by a sudden movement, seized one of the dog's ears, which were half cropped, in his teeth, and, dragging him from under the table, commenced shaking him. The bulldog, true to his nature, did not utter a sound, although the blood streamed down from his ear over his face. After two or three shakes given by Connolly, his short hold on the dog's ear tore loose and the dog fell to the floor. He did not run away, as the hound had done, but, with a savage growl, rushed upon his inhuman assailant. Connolly dropped on his hands and knees and met the dog with a blow of his fist, which staggered him back; but he at once renewed the onslaught. At this juncture two men who were in the place offered to interfere, but Fogarty exclaimed, "Let 'em alone! And I hope to God the dog will kill him!" The second rush of the dog was more successful, and he seized Connolly in the forearm that was raised to knock him off. Connolly clutched the dog by the throat and choked him loose, and remained on his knees to receive his attack.

The dog made another rush, this time for the throat of Connolly, but was again foiled, and caught the man in the muscle of the left arm, biting it clear through, and tearing out a large piece of flesh. Still Connolly remained on the floor, apparently awaiting to seize the dog in some advantageous spot. The latter, in his fourth attempt, sank his teeth into the left shoulder of Connolly, and the man could not shake nor choke him off. The dog shook his head, and sank his teeth to their full length into Connolly's flesh, but the man seemed possessed of the very nature of the brute, and gave no sign that he was suffering or of surrender. By a peculiar movement, he seized the fore-shoulder of the dog—the most vulnerable point—in his mouth, and then the two brutes rolled about on the floor, tearing each other's flesh. The blood ran in streams from each, and mingling with the dust that rose from the floor, gave them both the appearance of demons. This lasted about five minutes, when the three spectators were sickened at the sight, and an attempt was made to separate the combatants. The dog was seized, but all the beating, twisting and burning that was inflicted upon him failed to loosen his hold a particle. Finally, Fogarty drew a pistol, and with the remark, "It's a shame that the best of the two has to die to save the worst," placed it to the dog's side and shot him through the heart. Even after he was dead his jaws had to be prized loose from Connolly's flesh.

Connolly attempted to get upon his feet, but he fell back, exhausted and weak from the loss of blood. He was given a glass of brandy, and a doctor was called in to see him. Half of the large muscle of his left arm was bitten away, and his forearm was torn frightfully, the bone being exposed in one place. His shoulder was literally a pulpy mass, both bones and flesh being ground together by the teeth of the dog.—There were other severe injuries on Connolly's person, and the doctor at once gave it as his opinion that the condition of the man was critical. Three days afterwards he was seized with most violent convulsions, in one of which he died in his bunk in the tavern barn. Although the fate of the man was fearful, the general opinion is that the disgraceful, inhuman affair was caused entirely by him, and there is no disguising the truth that more regret is expressed over the death of the dog than of his that brutal assailant.

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PORT JERVIS, N. Y., July 20, 1876.—John Connolly, better known as "Butcher" Connolly, who was employed on the Monticello and Port Jervis Railway during its construction a few years since, and who obtained considerable notoriety about the country by matching himself to kill rats like a terrier, and to fight with dogs, recently died from injuries received in a fight with a bulldog in St. Clairsville, Pa., the details of which brutal affair are given in a private letter from that place to a gentleman in Port Jervis.

Connolly had been hostler at a tavern in St. Clairsville for some time previous to the affair mentioned above. On the 8th of July he got drunk and went into Way's saloon. Lying on the floor asleep was a large, bold, old and harmless, belonging to the proprietor of the saloon. Connolly walked deliberately up to the sleeping dog, and, stooping down, seized it with his teeth by the ear, and raising to his feet lifted the bound clear of the floor, and in spite of his piteous cries shook him a moment, and then bit off the portion of the ear that was in his mouth and let the dog fall to the floor, and it ran bleeding and howling from the saloon. Several men witnessed the sickening sight, but were afraid to interfere.—Connolly spat the piece of ear upon the floor, and offered to bet \$10 that he could whip any dog in the place in ten minutes.

No one paying any attention to him he finally went out and proceeded to a place kept by a man named Bryan Fogarty.—Fogarty owned a full-blooded English bulldog, which usually lounged about the saloon, and which, despite its savage appearance, never offered to interfere with any one. When Connolly entered the saloon this dog was lying under a small table in the room, with its eyes half closed. Connolly got on his hands and knees, and put his head in under the table. The dog looked lazily up into his face and wagged his tail good naturedly. The human brute, however, by a sudden movement, seized one of the dog's ears, which were half cropped, in his teeth, and, dragging him from under the table, commenced shaking him. The bulldog, true to his nature, did not utter a sound, although the blood streamed down from his ear over his face. After two or three shakes given by Connolly, his short hold on the dog's ear tore loose and the dog fell to the floor. He did not run away, as the hound had done, but, with a savage growl, rushed upon his inhuman assailant. Connolly dropped on his hands and knees and met the dog with a blow of his fist, which staggered him back; but he at once renewed the onslaught. At this juncture two men who were in the place offered to interfere, but Fogarty exclaimed, "Let 'em alone! And I hope to God the dog will kill him!" The second rush of the dog was more successful, and he seized Connolly in the forearm that was raised to knock him off. Connolly clutched the dog by the throat and choked him loose, and remained on his knees to receive his attack.

The dog made another rush, this time for the throat of Connolly, but was again foiled, and caught the man in the muscle of the left arm, biting it clear through, and tearing out a large piece of flesh. Still Connolly remained on the floor, apparently awaiting to seize the dog in some advantageous spot. The latter, in his fourth attempt, sank his teeth into the left shoulder of Connolly, and the man could not shake nor choke him off. The dog shook his head, and sank his teeth to their full length into Connolly's flesh, but the man seemed possessed of the very nature of the brute, and gave no sign that he was suffering or of surrender. By a peculiar movement, he seized the fore-shoulder of the dog—the most vulnerable point—in his mouth, and then the two brutes rolled about on the floor, tearing each other's flesh. The blood ran in streams from each, and mingling with the dust that rose from the floor, gave them both the appearance of demons. This lasted about five minutes, when the three spectators were sickened at the sight, and an attempt was made to separate the combatants. The dog was seized, but all the beating, twisting and burning that was inflicted upon him failed to loosen his hold a particle. Finally, Fogarty drew a pistol, and with the remark, "It's a shame that the best of the two has to die to save the worst," placed it to the dog's side and shot him through the heart. Even after he was dead his jaws had to be prized loose from Connolly's flesh.

Connolly attempted to get upon his feet, but he fell back, exhausted and weak from the loss of blood. He was given a glass of brandy, and a doctor was called in to see him. Half of the large muscle of his left arm was bitten away, and his forearm was torn frightfully, the bone being exposed in one place. His shoulder was literally a pulpy mass, both bones and flesh being ground together by the teeth of the dog.—There were other severe injuries on Connolly's person, and the doctor at once gave it as his opinion that the condition of the man was critical. Three days afterwards he was seized with most violent convulsions, in one of which he died in his bunk in the tavern barn. Although the fate of the man was fearful, the general opinion is that the disgraceful, inhuman affair was caused entirely by him, and there is no disguising the truth that more regret is expressed over the death of the dog than of his that brutal assailant.

It is said they live longest who have moderate ambitions. The man who quits work and commences to whittle in front of a grocery store at the age of thirty is likely to whittle until he is fifty years.

It was Prentice who declined to discuss the question of woman suffrage, because he had considered woman, from the creation, as a man's issue.

On a stormy day, 1848, a remarkable event occurred. The preceding day had been unusually cold, and the ice from warm days of early spring this mass of ice was loosened around the shores of the lake and detached from them. During the forenoon of the day named, a stiff easterly wind moved it up the lake. A little before sunset, the wind chopped suddenly round and blew a gale from the west. This brought the vast field of ice back again with such tremendous force that it filled in the neck of the lake and its outlet, so as to form a very effective dam, that caused a remarkable diminution in the outflow of the water.—Of course, it needed but little time for the falls to drain off the water below this dam. The consequence was that on the morning of the following day the river was nearly half gone. The American channel had dwindled to a deep and narrow creek. The British channel seemed to have been smitten with quick consumption, and to be fast passing away. Far up from the head of Goat Island out beyond the old Tower to the deep channel of the Horseshoe fall, the water was gone. The rocks were bare, black and forbidding. The roar of Niagara had subsided to a moan. This extraordinary synopsis of the waters lasted all the day, and night closed over the strange scene. But during the night the dam gave way, and the next morning the deep river was restored in all its strength, beauty and majesty.—*Scribner's Monthly*.