

# The Fairfield Herald.

VOL. 1] WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1866. [NO. 5

**THE FAIRFIELD HERALD,**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**Gaillard Desportes & 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.

## Still Faithful.

BY CLARA V. DARJAN.

That night Judith Dare sent for me. As I went up the dim stair-way to the little chamber where we used to sleep away—oh, so many happy years ago! to build castles, and "make out" blissful futures—I felt a strange throbbing thrill in my heart. Mrs. Dare softly opened the door, and then crept away.

Judith was sitting by the table. There was a package of old letters on it, several open—a little book of brown hair nestled beside a bunch of faded violets; but I saw first by the flickering lamp-light my darling's face, pale and sad as it was always now, yet once long sparkling and beautiful with youth, hope and love. She was resting her brow upon her hand, but as I came in she raised it.

"Come here, Annie. I have been looking at John's picture, it is fading—don't you think so?"

"So quietly she said it as I knelt down at her side! But oh, I knew a every change of that dear voice too well to be deceived.

"Oh, Judith!"

I gazed for a moment upon the face portrayed in the miniature—a face so strong, so noble, his clear outlines that seemed the very type of perfect manhood. One look at the proud yet tender mouth—the deep earnest eyes, and I had my face on Judith's shoulder. There was a silence, only through the open window came the sad cry of the whip-poor-will, and a faint breeze laden with the breath of jasmine, filled the room. I heard our hearts beating as I bent down closer in the agony of voiceless grief. Presently Judith moved—a passionate kiss pressed with her cold lips upon my forehead, and calmly raised my face to hers.

"Look at me, Annie, you are not weaker than I am, and I have sent for you to tell me what is best. I am afraid I have not been doing exactly right in reading these letters—passing her hand wearily across her brow, "but I only wanted to—oh, Annie, you know!"

"Yes, I know. Were not her thoughts as my thoughts? Had there not been one mind and one heart between us for almost a score of years? I knew she had unbound those letters to drink one more draught from that sweet spring of love which had so long been her daily sustenance—that she had pressed that soft curl once more to her lips, of which every silver strand was as dear as a drop of life-blood—that she had opened that miniature to gaze for the last time upon a face she had no longer any right to call hers. I knew all this, and Judith saw it when I raised my eyes to hers.

"God bless you, Annie!" she murmured, "you have never deceived me. Let me tell you all about it."

"No, no," I whispered, "not to-night, Judith!"—but she hushed me with a strange, quiet smile and went on: "I might have known it; it has been coming for months, Annie. His letters were not so long as they used to be, and yet they were so kind and full of tenderness. In one it was the last: here it is—he called me 'Petite Mignon.' She smiled again, but it was sadder than tears. "This was in January; I never had another. Day after day I used to sit here and watch for little Tom as he came across the fields from the office. When he had a letter he would wave it at me as he reached the stile; but all these three long months he came home slowly, cracking his whip, and whistling 'The Blue Bells of Scotland.' You know that was John's favorite, Annie—and last night I dreamt I heard him humming it. Yes, he would come slowly, as if he felt what new disappointment he was bringing; and just as he reached the gate he would say, 'Sister, there is no letter to-day but I know there will be one to-morrow'—and poor little Tom would creep away, to his rabbit pen and cry. Annie—Annie! am I born to make every body miserable?" She put her arms round my neck, and leant her head on mine. I dared not speak.

"It was this evening, I sat here by my window, as usual, waiting for him, yet knowing no letter would come—As he crossed the stile he waved his hand, and my heart beat thick. It was only a newspaper—the same one that mother sent you; it contained his marriage—John's marriage, Annie!"

I thought she would pat me here—but she only gazed a few minutes at the miniature lying open beside her, and went on with unaltered calmness: "I wonder if this Eleanor Randolph loved him as I did. I wonder if she is good and noble—if she is beautiful—John admired beauty so much, and I had none, you know. He said once, I was lovelier to him than any other woman ever was; but I am old and ugly, worn with grief and watching—so it was best John married this Eleanor, only daughter of Henry Randolph, of Randolph Hall, Halifax," it said. "She is an heiress and a belle, I suppose; tall and elegant and proud of her noble name and descent. Do you wonder that he forgot me, Annie? It was quite natural for him to love beauty and grace. And she—I know she was not loth to be won; John was very handsome and stately. I remember how he looked that last evening when we rode out together, just before he went away. We went down through the meadow across the bridge, and just as we reached Lebanon Church, the sun was setting. He said, 'Wait a moment, Judith, and draw in his horse. I see him yet, Annie! There was a far away look in his eyes, as if he saw beyond the present into the blissful future. Oh, I see him yet! So graceful and erect—the wind lifting his brown hair, tinged with the gold of the setting sun, and a faint flush on his cheek, as he looked down upon me, half smiling, and said: 'One day, Judith, we shall have a house just on this hill. It will be a beautiful site for our home! Our home! To think John and I will never have the same home, Annie!'"

It was after midnight. Judith and I leaned out of the upper window, and watched the moon setting pale and calm as my darling's face over the tops of the tall Lombardy poplars. The whip-poor-will was still crying sadly in the wood near by; and from the garden below the night breeze came laden with the same oppressive fragrance of jasmine and honey suckle. We had tied up the letters and sealed them all in a package with the slender golden hoop which he had given her, the miniature and the tiny curl of soft brown hair. There it lay on the table directed to "Miss John Holmes—Legion, Winchester Va." It would probably reach the bride room just after he had pressed the farewell kiss upon the lips of his beautiful wife. Would he sigh as he recognized the steady delicate characters which had so often conveyed to him messages of enduring faith and love? Would one pang of regret mingle with the tide of happiness flowing around his new life as he remembered the sweet face which was once his guiding star, and had looked forth so vainly for his return, looking paler and paler with "hopes deferred," as he came not and now, alas! would never return?

Judith's heart and mine had both asked these questions, but neither could answer—only I opened the well worn Bible marked here and there with happy cries, and earnest prayers and thanksgivings; and there I read softly the blessed words, "Now no chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but rather grievous. Nevertheless it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness." I was still holding the little book in my hand, and loquacious—oh, loquacious!—to see one tear from those mournful eyes, or a treacherous gleam around those strangely quiet steady lips. "Anything, oh, God!" I cried, "anything, be it never so wild and passionate rather than this cruel calm!"

She looked across the fields to the stile where she and John used to sit and talk in the gloaming, and where little Tom used to wave the letters which came so often after he left; then she glanced down the road—the way he went at parting, so handsome and graceful on his feet footed steed; then, lastly at the dark patch of shade where a marble shaft glistened in the fading moonlight and her best-loved—her own, and only brother save little Tom, lay sleeping under the cedar with the death wound in his noble breast. She turned to me—my darling did, and said slowly:

lovelier to him than any other woman ever was; but I am old and ugly, worn with grief and watching—so it was best John married this Eleanor, only daughter of Henry Randolph, of Randolph Hall, Halifax," it said. "She is an heiress and a belle, I suppose; tall and elegant and proud of her noble name and descent. Do you wonder that he forgot me, Annie? It was quite natural for him to love beauty and grace. And she—I know she was not loth to be won; John was very handsome and stately. I remember how he looked that last evening when we rode out together, just before he went away. We went down through the meadow across the bridge, and just as we reached Lebanon Church, the sun was setting. He said, 'Wait a moment, Judith, and draw in his horse. I see him yet, Annie! There was a far away look in his eyes, as if he saw beyond the present into the blissful future. Oh, I see him yet! So graceful and erect—the wind lifting his brown hair, tinged with the gold of the setting sun, and a faint flush on his cheek, as he looked down upon me, half smiling, and said: 'One day, Judith, we shall have a house just on this hill. It will be a beautiful site for our home! Our home! To think John and I will never have the same home, Annie!'"

It was after midnight. Judith and I leaned out of the upper window, and watched the moon setting pale and calm as my darling's face over the tops of the tall Lombardy poplars. The whip-poor-will was still crying sadly in the wood near by; and from the garden below the night breeze came laden with the same oppressive fragrance of jasmine and honey suckle. We had tied up the letters and sealed them all in a package with the slender golden hoop which he had given her, the miniature and the tiny curl of soft brown hair. There it lay on the table directed to "Miss John Holmes—Legion, Winchester Va." It would probably reach the bride room just after he had pressed the farewell kiss upon the lips of his beautiful wife. Would he sigh as he recognized the steady delicate characters which had so often conveyed to him messages of enduring faith and love? Would one pang of regret mingle with the tide of happiness flowing around his new life as he remembered the sweet face which was once his guiding star, and had looked forth so vainly for his return, looking paler and paler with "hopes deferred," as he came not and now, alas! would never return?

Judith's heart and mine had both asked these questions, but neither could answer—only I opened the well worn Bible marked here and there with happy cries, and earnest prayers and thanksgivings; and there I read softly the blessed words, "Now no chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but rather grievous. Nevertheless it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness." I was still holding the little book in my hand, and loquacious—oh, loquacious!—to see one tear from those mournful eyes, or a treacherous gleam around those strangely quiet steady lips. "Anything, oh, God!" I cried, "anything, be it never so wild and passionate rather than this cruel calm!"

She looked across the fields to the stile where she and John used to sit and talk in the gloaming, and where little Tom used to wave the letters which came so often after he left; then she glanced down the road—the way he went at parting, so handsome and graceful on his feet footed steed; then, lastly at the dark patch of shade where a marble shaft glistened in the fading moonlight and her best-loved—her own, and only brother save little Tom, lay sleeping under the cedar with the death wound in his noble breast. She turned to me—my darling did, and said slowly:

"How would it be if we were lying beside poor Harry, Annie, and when I watered the flowers on his grave I should feel 'twas mine still."

A month passed, and daily I went my way down the meadow to meet Judith. There we were wont to sit and talk, not of what had been—oh, no, that was forbidden now!—but of what was to come; of Heaven and eternity. Of late Judith had grown weaker, a slight cold Mrs. Dare said, and we must not sit so late out on the hay when the dew was falling. So now we always came home at sun-down, and Judith would lie quietly on the lounge while I made her tea. Little Tom would put by his top and whip in the corner, and creep softly to "Sister's" side, never daring to speak for fear of one of those painful coughing spells would come on; but once he whispered to me that he thought he would never go to the office any more, or he didn't like to pass the stile and see sister at the window, "and she never sits there to watch for letters now Miss Annie."

It was the first of June, a glorious summer-day. Judith had not been so well, the head seemed to oppress her; but as evening drew on, and a light wind played with the lilac boughs by the window, she grew better and there was something more natural in her quiet smile as little Tom brought his rabbits to show her, and a great bunch of monthly roses tied with an old piece of ribbon. The couch was drawn up by the open window, and from where she lay, with her head on the high-piled pillows, she could see the marble shaft

among the cedars, and far down the road. She had been lying quite still for a long time, looking at the winding white line as it led away to the meadow and the bridge; and presently she turned her hazel eyes upon me.

"I dreamed of John last night, Annie," she said—I started, for the name never passed her lips now.

"Yes," she went on half-whispering, "I dreamed I was lying here just so, and I saw him coming up the road. He wore a grey hat with a ribbon round it, and was riding Mazzeppa. I wonder if he will ever come back, Annie."

A horseman was just turning into the lane, and I answered quickly that she might not notice him, "I do not think he will, Judith; you know he is married now."

A slight shade crossed her face, but it vanished, and she took up the roses and looked earnestly at them. "Fruit flowers!" she murmured; "but there is one who chaungeth not."

The horseman came nearer and my heart leaped as the tramp sounded sharply on the still evening air. Judith turned her face suddenly. There was a familiar music in the echoing hoofs which had long been silent; and a soft glow stole into her pale cheek. "Annie, it sounds like Mazzeppa's step, when John used to come every evening at this time. It is like a dream of those old times, never to return, Annie—never to return!" and with a low, heavy sigh she closed her eyes as if to dream those "old times" were come again, poor child!

But I rose softly and watched. The horseman came nearer, he stopped at the gate, and in the lingering twilight I saw him dismount quickly. As the hoofs ceased, Judith opened her eyes and looked vacantly at me.

"What does it mean?" she gasped, and rose to look out.

We heard a voice—how strange it seemed when we never expected to hear it again!—a low, mellow, decided voice, saying, "Wilson, Mazzeppa!"—then a step cooing up the garden walk, the heavy spurs jangling against the stones, and a figure stood in the doorway with a grey hat and a ribbon tied around it. I gazed past in the shadow, and only heard my darling murmur as a strong arm enfolded her—

"Faithful still, John?"

And he—as he bent down and gazed into the pale face of his child, answered: "Still faithful, Judith. There is Annie, like John Holmes, besides your own."

## Short Sketches of Billiardists.

**JOSEPH DION, CHAMPION OF AMERICA.**  
The playing of Mr. Dion is exceedingly graceful, vigorous, and effective. He is a young man, and his head and features give evidence of intelligence; and as he moves about the table with an elastic step, one is pleasantly impressed with the harmonies of his physical development. When he prepares to play, he plants his hands firmly on the table, with a slight movement of the fingers, braces his right foot well back as if preparing to "guard against infamy," takes in, as it were, in a moment, the complex problem of the situation before him, and with a slight curl of the lip, and a smile of triumph playing about his features, he delivers the stroke and complacently awaits the result. Mr. Dion is of French descent a native of Montreal and speaks French fluently.

**PHILIP TIEMAN.**  
The President of the American Billiard Congress is a tall, good-looking man, a little inclined to corpulency, making him rather a portly gentleman whilst. He has long been known to the billiard world as an accomplished player, and has contributed much to the popularity and scientific progress of the game in this country. Though his execution may lack a little of the precision of Mr. Dion, and a little of the delicacy of Mr. McDevit, perhaps no man in America, if we except Carme, has studied the game more closely, or has a more thorough theoretic knowledge of its artistic beauties. His genial and gentlemanly qualities have gained for him a host of warm friends in Cinsinnati, where he resided for many years' who are very envious of his talents, and proud to do him honor in the position he sustains in the "billiard world" of America. Mr. Tieman leaves this morning for Louisville, in company with Mr. Joseph Dion and John McDevit.

**JOHN McDEVIT.**  
This is a young man not only in years, but in the heralded exploits of the cue. A few years ago he had but a local reputation, and was known as the "Indianapolis Boy," where he resided until quite recently. He is below medium height, slender in stature and unassuming in manner. The most formidable feature of his game is "muzzing"—his dexterity in keeping the balls together—it is his power behind the throne. This accomplishment, involving judgment of force, accuracy and delicacy of touch, is possessed by Mr. McDevit in a degree unequalled perhaps by any man in America. Should a ball be found straying from the others, and departing from its orbit, he sends it, spinning about the table, when it returns again with great precision to complete the cluster, and the eloquent music of the balls again begins as no waits them from side to side along the edge of the table.

**From Washington.**  
WASHINGTON, July 9.—The President is much indisposed to-day, and was compelled to decline receiving visitors. The hot weather is too exhausting even for a vigorous constitution.

A Marine Guard has been sent to Portland by order of the Secretary of the Navy to aid in protecting the city from thieves that have gathered there. They were sent at the citizens request.

The S. note today passed the Army Bill reported by Wilson. The House passed Schenck's Army bill, which will necessitate a Conference Committee.

The memorial of the New York Chamber of Commerce, protesting against the passage of the Tariff bill, was presented to the House and referred.

The Tariff Bill, was again considered and various sections adopted by the House. One amendment adopted was to suspend the collection of so much direct tax imposed by the Act of 1857, as is uncollected, until January, 1867.

Mr. Morrill said he considered this one of the best measures of reconstruction. The Tariff Bill was reported from the Committee to the House with many amendments. A motion was made to recommend to the Committee of Ways and Means, and another motion was made to postpone the consideration of the bill until the next session, pending which the House adjourned. In the House today Mr. McClung from the Committee on Elections, in the case of Kowitz, who contests the seat of Griffith of Pa., reported C. Griffith not entitled to a seat, and Kowitz was laid over for consideration.

Gen. Sickles will be instructed by the President to obey the writ of habeas corpus, which he had refused to comply with in the case of Stowers and others, confined at Castle Pinckney, Charleston harbor, charged with murder.

Gov. Hamilton and others, of Texas, have issued an address to those styled Southern loyalists to meet here in September. The projectors of this scheme are in the interests of the radicals.

Republican Senators and Representatives meet in caucus to-morrow night, looking after their party interests, as well as legislative matters.

There is scarcely a doubt the President will veto the Freedmen's Bureau bill.

## Important from Cuba.

BALTIMORE, July 9.—By the arrival of the steamship Cuba from Havana on the 4th, important news, if true, is reported through private sources. A revolt occurred near Porto Principe, the insurgents declaring for independence. Troops were sent against them and a skirmish took place. Several companies of troops went over to the insurgents who afterwards proceeded to the mountains. It is further rumored that four steamers bearing the Cuban flag, landed upwards of 2,000 troops on the Island and effected a junction with the revolutionists. The Cuban authorities had not made such news public, and it seems to require corroboration.

NEW YORK, July 9.—The steamship New York from Aspinwall, brings later South American advices. Chili, Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador are said to have formed a league to wrest Cuba from Spain, and invited Venezuela and Columbia to join the alliance. The first three named furnish the money, the other men, and hopes are entertained of the aid of Southern emigrants to embark from the coast of Florida.

The intelligence has been received from Bogota of the installation of Mosquera as President. He vetoed the act of Congress giving annuities to the mine for property confiscated. The Senate insisted on the adoption of the measure, when an armed mob forced them to sanction the veto of the President. It is believed Mosquera will declare himself permanent dictator.

NEW YORK, July 9.—The weather was fearfully hot here yesterday. Thirty-three cases of sun stroke occurred and twenty seven deaths.

The British Ministry have tendered their resignation, which the Queen accepted. It is supposed Lord Derby will form a new Ministry.

The Italians under the King were repulsed in attacking the Austrians near Verona, on the 24th June. The battle lasted until night. Both sides fought bravely, but ended in the defeat of the Italians. The Austrians took 2,000 prisoners. The Italian army retreated across the Mincio.

It is positively asserted that the Hanoverian army is surrounded and nearly capitulated to the Prussians. This needs confirmation.

Nothing is known of Bonede's movements.

A revolt occurred in Madrid in which 1,000 persons were killed. The revolt was suppressed.

**From Washington.**  
WASHINGTON, July 9.—The President is much indisposed to-day, and was compelled to decline receiving visitors. The hot weather is too exhausting even for a vigorous constitution.

A Marine Guard has been sent to Portland by order of the Secretary of the Navy to aid in protecting the city from thieves that have gathered there. They were sent at the citizens request.

The S. note today passed the Army Bill reported by Wilson. The House passed Schenck's Army bill, which will necessitate a Conference Committee.

The memorial of the New York Chamber of Commerce, protesting against the passage of the Tariff bill, was presented to the House and referred.

The Tariff Bill, was again considered and various sections adopted by the House. One amendment adopted was to suspend the collection of so much direct tax imposed by the Act of 1857, as is uncollected, until January, 1867.

Mr. Morrill said he considered this one of the best measures of reconstruction. The Tariff Bill was reported from the Committee to the House with many amendments. A motion was made to recommend to the Committee of Ways and Means, and another motion was made to postpone the consideration of the bill until the next session, pending which the House adjourned. In the House today Mr. McClung from the Committee on Elections, in the case of Kowitz, who contests the seat of Griffith of Pa., reported C. Griffith not entitled to a seat, and Kowitz was laid over for consideration.

Gen. Sickles will be instructed by the President to obey the writ of habeas corpus, which he had refused to comply with in the case of Stowers and others, confined at Castle Pinckney, Charleston harbor, charged with murder.

Gov. Hamilton and others, of Texas, have issued an address to those styled Southern loyalists to meet here in September. The projectors of this scheme are in the interests of the radicals.

Republican Senators and Representatives meet in caucus to-morrow night, looking after their party interests, as well as legislative matters.

There is scarcely a doubt the President will veto the Freedmen's Bureau bill.

## Important from Cuba.

BALTIMORE, July 9.—By the arrival of the steamship Cuba from Havana on the 4th, important news, if true, is reported through private sources. A revolt occurred near Porto Principe, the insurgents declaring for independence. Troops were sent against them and a skirmish took place. Several companies of troops went over to the insurgents who afterwards proceeded to the mountains. It is further rumored that four steamers bearing the Cuban flag, landed upwards of 2,000 troops on the Island and effected a junction with the revolutionists. The Cuban authorities had not made such news public, and it seems to require corroboration.

NEW YORK, July 9.—The steamship New York from Aspinwall, brings later South American advices. Chili, Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador are said to have formed a league to wrest Cuba from Spain, and invited Venezuela and Columbia to join the alliance. The first three named furnish the money, the other men, and hopes are entertained of the aid of Southern emigrants to embark from the coast of Florida.

The intelligence has been received from Bogota of the installation of Mosquera as President. He vetoed the act of Congress giving annuities to the mine for property confiscated. The Senate insisted on the adoption of the measure, when an armed mob forced them to sanction the veto of the President. It is believed Mosquera will declare himself permanent dictator.

NEW YORK, July 9.—The weather was fearfully hot here yesterday. Thirty-three cases of sun stroke occurred and twenty seven deaths.

The British Ministry have tendered their resignation, which the Queen accepted. It is supposed Lord Derby will form a new Ministry.

The Italians under the King were repulsed in attacking the Austrians near Verona, on the 24th June. The battle lasted until night. Both sides fought bravely, but ended in the defeat of the Italians. The Austrians took 2,000 prisoners. The Italian army retreated across the Mincio.

It is positively asserted that the Hanoverian army is surrounded and nearly capitulated to the Prussians. This needs confirmation.

Nothing is known of Bonede's movements.

A revolt occurred in Madrid in which 1,000 persons were killed. The revolt was suppressed.

**Barkets.**  
NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Cotton quiet with sales of 240 bales at 27 1/2. Gold 145. Sterling 110. Exchange 110.

**NOBLE REVENGE.**—The petty meanness to which radicalism can descend cannot be properly characterized by any words to be found in the English language. We thought the removal of the portraits of Governor Seymour and Hon. Isaac Toucey from the senate chamber of Connecticut was about as contemptible a thing as could be done in that line; but we were mistaken. In the gallery of the West Point Academy were portraits of America's statesmen—the jewels in her crown of fame—among them a fine painting by Jarvis of John C. Calhoun. A correspondent of the New York Times says that this portrait has been removed. Jefferson's portrait was there, so was Washington's, but the correspondent does not say whether they have been removed or not. As they were both Southern men, and their teachings were both adverse to the radical doctrines of today, it may be presumed they have, being unworthy to remain in the company of the martyred Lincoln and the ditto John Brown. The East India heathen mutilate the bodies of their dead enemies, and spit upon them; the heathens of the United States, (usually called radicals,) cannot revenge themselves in this manner upon John Calhoun, as he has been dead too long—so they are forced to content themselves with outraging his picture!

**Yonkers (N. Y.) Gazette.**

**How to Grow Large Raspberries.**—Raspberries must be fattened, just as we fatten our mutton or pork. If we half-feed our swine, we have a hulk skeleton and thin, flabby meat. Fat them well, and we work like a roll of June butter. So it is with raspberries. If we desire large, melting, delicious berries, they must be fattened. And the sooner the job is commenced, the more complete will be the success. Raspberry bushes cannot bear large plump fruit when standing in a grass-plot. Hoe up the grass, and fork over the ground, all around the bushes. If they stand in rows so that a horse-shoe can be worked between the rows, scurfy all the ground making the surface as clean as neat onion-bed. Then, if the soil is not sufficiently rich, haul back the dirt from the bushes, and manure liberally, and cover the manure again with melon soil. Soapstone is excellent for raspberry bushes. A barrel of soap, after it has been through the wash-tub, in an excellent condition to feed starving raspberries.

**TAN BARK FOR POTATOES.**—A gardener at Troyes, (France) observed that every body living in the quarter of the town occupied by tanners escaped the cholera demanding to try the virtue of tan when planted potatoes. For this purpose he placed a shovelful of tan in the trench under the seed in a part of the field, and planted the remainder in the ordinary way. On digging out the potatoes he found that those which were planted near the tan were perfectly sound, while the others were diseased. He found further, that potatoes were preserved in winter by spreading tan on the floor of the store-house.

**A communication in a late number of the London Lancet gives a process to remove gunpowder marks from the flesh. The scorched surface should be smeared with glycerine by means of a feather; cotton wadding should then be applied and it covered with oil silk. In one case where the discoloration was very great, the person looking more like a mummy than a human being, it was entirely removed in about a month by this course of treatment.**

**PLEASANT READING FOR THE HEATED TERM.**—A gentleman who is engaged in the telegraphic expedition in Siberia relates the following incident in a letter to a friend in Cincinnati:

I met with a Korak woman, of about twenty-two years of age, on the great Tundra, (marked Keran on the map,) who drove a team of reindeers with a loaded sled fifty versts in one day, and at night slept out in the snow, and with no covering whatever except the clothes she had worn during the day, and in a temperature 43 degrees below zero, or 75 degrees below freezing point. Think of that, ye effeminate ladies of America. That I saw myself, although even to me it seems incredible now I thought it an extraordinary thing to sleep in a reindeer skin tent in such weather, and I should have frozen to death in two hours had I attempted to sleep without it. She traveled with us driving her own reindeer, and sleeping on the snow every night.

Among the mourners in the procession which followed the late Col. Seaton to the grave, at Washington on the 18th inst., were a number of composers who had been setting type in the office of the National Intelligencer for fifty consecutive years.

The cartoon of the last "Kladdera-catchor" "German Punch," represents a big spider, adorned with the Emperor Napoleon's head, writing quizzily in its large web, while all kinds of insects, representing the other European States, are flying and caught in it, to be devoured in time by the Imperial glutton. Beneath are Kouher's words in the Corps Legislatif: "Honest neutrality and liberty of action."

**POSTMASTER-GENERAL DENNISON RESIGNED.**—Postmaster-General Dennison has resigned. He writes to the President that the call of the Philadelphia Convention is antagonistic to the policy of the party that nominated and elected Mr. Lincoln, and of the convention over which he presided. He therefore withdraws from the Cabinet. Rumors are credited of other resignations to follow.