The Fairfield Herald.

WILLIAMS & DAVIS, Proprietors.] A Family Paper, Devoted to Science, Art, Inquiy, Industry and Literature. [TERMS---$3.00 Per Annum in Advance.

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An Irish Story.

It was a little after midnight that a knock came to the door of our cabin. I heard it first, for I used to sleep in a little snug basket near the fire; but I didn't speak for I was frightened. It was repeated still louder, and then came a cry:

"Con Cregan! Con, I say, open the door! I want you."

I knew the voice well; it was Peter McCabe's; but I pretended to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last my father unbolted the door, and I heard him say:

"O, Mr. Peter, what's the matter? Is the ould man worse?"

"Faix that's what he is, for he's dead," replied Peter.

"Glory be his bed!" When did it happen?"

"About an hour ago," said Peter, in a voice that even I, from my corner, could perceive greatly agitated. "He died like an ould heathen, Con and never made a will."

"That's bad," says my father, for he was always a polite man, and said whatever was pleasing to the company.

"It is bad," said Peter; but it would be worse if he could'nt help it. Listen to me now, Corney; I want ye to help me in this business; and there are five guineas in gold if ye do what I bid ye. You know that ye were always reckoned the very image of my father, and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week."

"Anan!" said my father, for he was getting frightened at the notion, without well knowing why.

"Well, what I want is for ye to come over into the house, and get into the bed."

"Not beside the corpse?" said my father trembling.

"By no means, but by yourself; and you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make yer will before ye die; and then I'll send for the naighbors, and Billy Scanlan, the schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him what to write, leaving all the farm and everything to me, ye understand. And as the neighbors will see ye and hear yer voice, it will never be believed but it was himself that did it."

"The room must be very dark," says my father.

"To be sure it will; but have no fear! Nobody will dare to come nigh the bed; and ye'll only have to make a cross with yer pen under the name."

"And the priest?" said my father.

"My father quarreled with him last week about the Easter dues; and Father Tom said he'd not give him the rites; and that's lucky now! Come along, now, quick, for we've no time to lose; it must be all finished before the day breaks."

"All right," was the reply.

My father did not lose much time at his toilet, for he just wrapped his big coat round him, and slipping on the brogues, left the house. I sat up in the basket, and listened till they were gone some minutes; and then, in a costume as light as my parent's, set out after them to watch the course of the adventure. I thought to take a short cut, and be there before them; but by bad luck I fell into a bog hole, and only escaped drowning by a chance. As it was, when I reached the house, the performance had already begun.

I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little window with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the proceeding. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed, and beside it was a table with physic bottles, and spoons, and teacups; a little further off was another table, at which sat Billy Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him. The country people sat two and sometimes three deep round the walls, all intently eager and anxious for the coming event; Peter himself went from place to place, trying to smother his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whiskey; which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of the deceit and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain solemnity. The misty distance of the half-lighted room; the highly wrought expression of the country people's faces, never more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind; the low, deep-drawn breathings, unbroken save by a sigh or a sob; the tribute of affectionate sorrow to some lost friend, whose memory was thus forcibly brought back—these were all so real, that, as I looked, a thrilling sense of awe stole over me, and I actually shook with fear.

A low, faint cough from the dark corner where the bed stood seemed to cause even a deeper stillness; and then, in a silence, where the buzzing of a fly would have been heard, my father said:

"Where's Billy Scanlan! I want to make my will!"

"He's here, father," said Peter, taking Billy by the hand, and leading him to the bedside.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick; for I haven't a long time afore me here. I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the rites!"

A general chorus of muttered, "Oh! musha, musha!" was now heard through the room; but, whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I die in pace with all my neighbors and all mankind."

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

I bequeath unto my son, Peter—and there never was a better son or a decenter boy!—I bequeath unto my son Peter the whole of my two farms of Killimundoonery and Knocksheboora, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house; the forge and right of turf on the Dooran bog. I give him—and much good may it do him—Lanty Cassarn's acre, and the Leary field with the lime kiln; and that reminds me that my mouth is just a leetle dry. Let me taste what ye have in the jug."

Here the dying man took a very hearty pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it.

"Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he; "oh, I remember; at the lime-kiln. I leave him — that's Peter I mean — the two potato gardens at Noonan's Well, and it is the elegant, fine crops grows there."

"Ain't you getting wake, father, darlin'?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of my father's loquaciousness; for to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk.

"I am, Peter my son," says; I am getting wake; just touch my lips again with jug. Ah!" Peter, Peter, you watered the drink."

"No, indeed, father, but, it's the taste is lavin' you," said Peter, and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murdered throu h the wide cabin."

"Well, I'm nearly done now," says my father. "There's only one little spot of ground remaining, and I put it on you, Peter—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart as I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening?" Are the neighbors listening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?"

"Yes, sir; yes, father, we're all minding," chorused the audience.

"Well then, it's my last will and testament, and may—give me over the jug"—here he took a long drink—"and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager about this as every other part of the will; I say, then I bequeath the little plot at the cross roads to poor Con Cregan, for he has a heavy charge, and is as honest and as hard working a man as ever I knew. Be a friend to him, Peter, dear; never let him want while ye have it yourself—think of me on my death-bed whenever he asks ye for any trifle. Is it down Billy Scanlan?" the two acres at the cross to Con Cregan and his heirs forever. Ah, blessed be the saints!" But I feel my heart grows lighter after that," says he, "a good work makes an easy conscience. And now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns—"

What he was going to add, there's no saying; but Peter, now terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people the another room to let his father die in peace.

When they were all gone, Peter slipped back to my father putting on his brogues in a corner.

"Con," says he "ye did it all well; but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross."

"Of course it was, Peter?" says he; "sure it was all a joke, for the matter for that; won't I make the neighbors laugh hearty to-morrow when I tell them all about it?"

"What!" exclaimed Peter, in amazement. "Tell 'em all about it?"

"Faith, and why shouldn't I?" returned my father dryly.

"You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me?" says Peter, trembling with fright.

"Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against your father's dying words!" says my father; the last sentence ever he spoke;" and here he gave a low, wicked laugh that made myself shake with fear.

"Very well, Con!" says Peter, holding out his hand; "a bargain's a bargain; yer a deep fellow that's all."

Father only chuckeled a little at this; but said nothing. And so it ended, and my father slipped quietly away over the bog, mightily well satisfied with the legacy he left himself.

And thus we became the owners of the little spot known to this day as Con's Acre.

Cotton.

ITS HISTORY IN GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

From the "Chronological and Statistical History of Cotton," recently published, we glean some interesting items in regard to the great staple.

We find that in 1791 the cotton crop of the United States was 2,000,000 pounds, of which three-fourths was grown in South Carolina and one fourth in Georgia. Exports, 189,500 pounds, with twenty-six cents average.

In 1795 Georgia cotton of good quality was offered in New York at 1s. 6d. per pound.

In 1800 the ravages of the cotton worm were first noticed.

In 1801 the cotton crop of the United States was 48,000,000 pounds, of which South Carolina contributed 20,000,000 pounds and Georgia 10,000,000. Exports, 20,000,000 pounds.

In 1804 remarkable ravages by the cotton worm occurred.

In 1805 the cotton raised at Hilton Head, South Carolina, by Wm. Elliott, brought higher prices than any other kinds, with one exception. Kinsey Burden, of St. John's, Colleton district, South Carolina, made a most careful selection of seed and with rigid care in cultivation produced cotton worth 25 cents per pound more than that of any of his competitors.

1810. Consumed in home manufactures in the United States, this year, 10,000 bales of 300 pounds each. Number of cotton mills in America, 102. Not one in Georgia. Tennessee had four.

1816. This year South Carolina Sea Island cotton sold for 47 cents per pound when other kinds brought 27.

1821. United States cotton crop, 539,033 bales of 300 pounds each.

1825. Consumption reduced.—Cotton costing twenty-five cents in the United States was sold in Liverpool, after a long holding, so as to return but six cents per pound. Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, died this year, on the eighth of January. Total amount of cotton on hand October 1st, in Georgia, 138,000 bales.

1826. On hand in Georgia October 1st, 190,592 bales.

1827. Kinsey Burden, of South Carolina, got $1 15 per pound for his crop. Amount of cotton on hand in Georgia, October 1st, 223,920 bales.

1828. Kinsey Burden sold two bags of cotton at two dollars per pound, the highest price touched, so far as is known, in the market.

1830. Total number of slaves in the United States 2,009,000, of whom 983,000 were in the cotton States. Imports of cotton into Great Britain, from foreign countries, 248,018,963 pounds, of which 210,885,358 were from the United States.

1831. Stock of sotton on hand in Augusta, October 1st, 10,000 bales.

1832. Number of cotton mills in the United States, 795, with 1,246,593 spindles. Stock on hand in Augusta, October 1st, 1,500 bales.

Total crop of 1824-5	560,000	bales.
" " " 1825-6	710,000	bales.
" " " 1826-7	927,000	bales.
" " " 1827-8	712,000	bales.
" " " 1828-9	857,744	bales.
" " " 1829-30	976,845	bales.
" " " 1830-1	1,039 848	bales.
" " " 1831-2	987,477	bales.
" " " 1832-3	1,070,488	bales.
" " " 1833-4	1,205,395	bales.

A Mr. Macdonald, of London, has invented a new type-setting machine which he is now engaged in perfecting He sets up several columns of the Times daily. The difficulty as in all these machines is in the distributing, and Mr. Macdonald gets over this by not distributing at all. In the Times office, which is a little world in itself, there is a type foundry, and every morning after the type set up by these machines has been used, it is thrown into the melting pot and recast, and is all ready to be used again at night."

A New York telegram of Friday says: "Col. M. R. Delany lately of the United States colored volunteers, and a candidate for Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina, lectured this evening in Irving Hall to a large audience, among whom were many colored men. He gave a graphic description of the social, moral and political relations of the races in the Southern States."

The Boston Sunday Courier say: "The tenor and soprano in a South End choir are to be married soon. They met by chants, the usual way." Perhaps if they were to in-choir of some married man they might not duet.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

Senator Randolph, of New Jersey, has invented a stitching-machine and one of the best plows in use. Sew-sow is his motto, too.

Advice to Lady Pedestrians.

A Sacramento paper gives this common sense hint to a lady pedestrians:

"If ladies who see a team approaching as they cross a street, will glance to see whether the driver observes them, and finding that he does, will walk along as if there was no danger whatever, they would be much more safe than they are under such circumstances. Many ladies get frightened on seeing a team near them, go ahead a little, dodge back glance about them, and make a grand rush, as likely as not going in the wrong direction, the driver of the team in the meantime reining his horses to the right and the left, to avoid injury, but unable to guess where the lady will jump next.

A Hundred Bushels from one Potato.

Mr. D. Branning, of Jacksonville, Fla., made last fall before the Duval County Agricultural Society, a statement which suggests wonderful possibilities for the sweet potato in the congenial climate of the South. In 1871, having a specimen which he desired to multiply to the largest possible extent, he first cut it into pieces each with about two inches square of skin. These he planted February 10th, in a rich warm spot, which had been occupied as a hog pen. They grew finely, and on May 18th, he took from them two hundred and two vine cuttings, which he planted, and he continued this cutting and planting till August 10th, planting in all something over ten thousand cuttings. The crop was not measured, but experienced farmers, who saw the whole in heaps, as put up for banking, estimated that there was at least one hundred bushels. That will do for poor sandy, barren Florida!

Mineva's Bird.

A singular incident is related by the local press of Washington city, thus: "As if Providence had doubts of the assembled wisdom of the Supreme Court, the other day one of these meditative birds suddenly appeared in their midst. It came down the chimney and perched itself at the right-hand of the Chief Justice without saying a word, and there it sat all day, blinking, winking, and gravely listening to stupid pleas, nodding comfortably between times, and altogether performing the duties of the bench with due decorum. No one disturbed the new associate, but when the other owls walked up at evening, and went home, he, too, shook off the dust of ages and went up the chimney. An attendant immediately stopped up the fire-place, and put up a notice, "No outside owls hereafter permitted in the Supreme Court chambers."

Louisville Courier-Journalisms.

Grant has gotten everything so thoroughly arranged for a third term that he is now seriously thinking of beginning his preparations for a fourth.

"Vice-President Wilson," says an exchange, "is having boils." This, then, is the reason he doesn't take his seat as President of the Senate.

Massachusetts claims to have recently discovered a silver mine. It won't surprise us much if it should turn out that Massachusetts, in digging around promiscuously, has accidentally stumbled upon Butler's Crescent City spoils.

A careful reveiw of the New York markets that, while the degree of recovery varies in the different branches of trade, yet all are fairly on the way towards a healthful condition of business. The dry-goods and grocery trades are most hopeful, and all the others show signs of improvement, except possibly the iron interest the machine trade and the balding trades. Every other branch of business looks better in New York.

A prominent merchant of Rome, says the Courier estimates the loss by the flood in the valleys of the Coosa and its tributaries at half a million dollars. This great loss consists in the injury to the growing wheat, loss of time in farm preparations, and in the destruction of fences, buildings, etc. The business men of Rome, and even of more distant Atlanta, will in directly feel the losses inflicted by the February rain.

The Spartanburg Spartan learns that Capt. Fred Latham will enter enthusiastically into the laudable enterprise of stocking Broad river with shad. He proposes to place a "fish way" in the Cherokee dam.

Ex-Gov. Bradford, of Baltimore, has declined a federal appointment on the ground that he does not know anything about the details of the office.

"The rich," said a Dutchman, 'eat venson because it ish deer. I eat mutton because it ish sheep.'

Personal and General.

"Max Adeler" is organist of St. Martin's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.

The oldest member of the Jewish community in London, a Mr. Barnet Hime, died recently in his 101st year.

The man who predicted a mild and open winter, because the hair on squirrels' tails was not as long as usual, had his ears frozen four inches deep the other morning.

The Bracken (Ky.) Chronicle tells of a man in Robinson county who has married his fifth wife. One woman he married twice, and the last one is his first wife's daughter.

Dr. Skinner's suit against Mr. Beecher is for four set of teeth—three for his wife and one for his father. Mr. Beecher objects to paying because they were not furnished for his own mouth, but for the mouths of others.

A Memphis doctor treated a man for asthma when the disease was kidney complaint, and a jury made him fork over three thousand dollars, which soothes the kidneys wonderfully.

Samuel Sinclair, formerly the wealthy publisher of the Tribune, is a one thousand five hundred dollar clerk in the New York Custom House. An extravagant country mansion ruined him.

Roscoe Conkling is said to have grown broader and stouter with years, but worst of all, the gracefully meandering ringlet that whilom divided his forehead, is characterized as a stubby exclamation point!

Revolutionary—He lives in Rhinebeck now—108 years of age, threads a needle at arm's length, slept with Noah when a boy, played marbles with Pharoah, and turned the grindstone for G. W. to sharpen his little cherry-cutter.

The Spaniards believe that Jack the Giant-Killer was a real personage, and that he lived in Canada.

A little girl on the train was asked what motive was taking her to the city. "I believe they call it the locomotive," said the little innocent.

The newly elected Judge—Archibald J. Shaw—visited Sumter on Thursday last, and took the oath of office from Chief Justice Moses.

Marie Christine, the new abbess of the Theresian Convent at Prague, is an archduchess, and is sweet sixteen.

The Lowell Courier says that Gen. Schenck's poker was intended only for a country fireside, but whether in this world or the next is not stated.

There are no "official" newspapers in the State. Public officers and private citizens can publish every notice required by law to be made public in any newspaper they may select.

The English propose to move street cars by clock work. The cars are to be of the lightest possible contruction, and are to be fitted with Sheffield springs, having a force of 900 pounds each, and wound up by stationary engines.

Some newspapers accuse General Tracy, of counsel for defense in the Beecher case, with being unready for battle during the war. The Graphic defends him against the insinuation, declaring that he has charged at the head of his column on many bloody fields, and, after the battle has often been seen sitting under a tree, combing the cannon balls out of his hair. The certificate is thought to be sufficient.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN.

DRY GOODS HOUSE,

Furchgott, Benedict & Co.

275 King Street Charleston, S. C.
THE CHEAPEST
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
OIL CLOTHS,
CARPETS,
MATTINGS,
RUGS, &c.
THIS SIDE OF NEW YORK.
For prices, see Local.
ep8

NOTICE

IS hereby given that from this date the "Carroll House" at Blackstock will not be open as a Hotel. A few private boarders will be taken on reasonable terms.
JOHN CARROLL, Proprietor.
mar 2-4t

Domestic Intelligence.

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTEREST.

TRUTH will prevail—Facts are stubborn things and will not bear denial—To see must be to believe—In these days of progress, steam has become the great motive and labor saving power of the age, in all industrial and manufacturing pursuits and departments—Why should not every family have a Steam Washer.

The "Eclipse Steam Washer," is the best. It does not occupy the space of one square foot and is adaptable to any stove boiler or round pot, in which water can be boiled; and with it one woman can do what is ordinarily regarded a day's wash in from two to three hours. A child, twelve years old, may use it and do the work of a grown woman in one half the time, and regard the labor of using it only a pastime With it, washing has ceased to be tedious or laborious, and "Blue Monday" has ceased to be a day of confusion and horror, because with little or no labor two or three hours suffice to do a day's wash without scrubbing, wearing or tearing the clothes, breaking buttons &c.

Time, labor, money, and material all are precious—economy is wisdom and its fruit health, wealth and happiness—Look then to economy in washing, and save your clothes to wear four times as long as when washed by the hand and board, by buying and using the Eclipse Steam Washer," which combined with that very attractive and unsurpassed "Eureka Wringer" constitutes a complete and perfect washer—every family and washer-woman should and can have it; and no sensible washer-woman who has at heart the interest of her patrons will oppose its use.

The "Eclipse" is simple in construction scientific in principle, effective in work and will wash the finest or coarsest fabrics more satisfactorily than by hand, in from fifteen to twenty minutes. Price but four dollars—Will be for sale for a few days onger at R. M. DUNLEVY'S.
june 6

PIERRE BACOT,

AGENT FOR

STANDARD FERTILIZERS,

OFFERS for sale the following very Popular brands, viz:

Bradley's Sea Fowl Guano.

C. C. Coe's Superphosphate.

Bradley's Ammoniated Dissolved Bone.

Royal Guano Compound.

Bradley's Acid Phosphate.

Parties wishing Guanos by the car-load can have them ordered to Doko, Ridgeway, Lyles' Ford and Strother's Stations, as I am agent for the entire County of Fairfield. Time sales due November 1st. For arrangements on time and price with cotton option apply to
PIERRE BACOT.
feb 13

GOODS

FOR

CHRISTMAS

In store and to arrive, fresh goods for every day use, and for the holidays. Colored and Black Kid Gloves, Ladies' Dress Goods, Shawls, Boulevard Skirts, Cassimeres, Jeans, Domestic Goods, Blankets, Ladies, Gents and Children's Shoes.

We would call the attention of the ladies to our beautiful Black Silks a

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

Remnants of Carpets at reduced prices, Nails, Iron, Tin, Hardware, Wooden Ware, Tin-Ware, Crockery, Oils, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Soaps, Extracts, Tooth Brushes, Nail Brushes, Hair Brushes, Fancy Articles for Gifts, &c.

Photograph Albums, Novels, Bibles, Hymn Books, Prayer Books, Gift Books, Pens, Ink, Paper, &c., &c.

CALL AND GET GOOD ARTICLES AT LOW PRICES!

McMaster & Brice.
dec 12

T. T. T.

WE are agents for a large New York TEA HOUSE, and have now on hand Gunpowder and Young Hyson Teas put up in one lb. and ½ lb. tin canisters, warranted full weight and to give satisfaction or the purchase

Money Refunded!

Prices low. Give them a trial.
BEATY ARO, & SON.
mar 9

R. W. Phillips

DEALER IN FURNITURE

OF THE very best qualities, for Parlors, Chambers and Dining Rooms. For design and workmanship, UNEQUALLED! I offer at prices that defy competition!

Bedsteads

MADE of hard wood, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. I keep no inferior quality. Use economy and buy the best, and buy where you can buy the cheapest.

Sleep Comfortable

AND BUY the People's SPRING BED. It is the best in the market without exception. They are cheap.

Kentucky

RATTAN and Split Seat Chairs a specialty. Our prices are beyond competition!

Mattresses

OF my own manufacture, Window Shades, Wall Brackets, Packets and Mirrors.

Repairing.

FURNITURE neatly repaired at moderate Prices. Picture frames made to order.

Special Attention

GIVEN to the Undertaker's Department. I keep on hand a full supply of Metallic Cases and Wood Coffins of the finest finish. All calls promptly attended to. My terms are cash. I act upon the theory that short settlements make long friends.
oct 3

FRESH ARRIVALS

AT

J. O. BOAG'S.

Spring Calicoes, new styles, good brands, 10 cents. per yard.
"Call and see."
Garden Seeds, Onion Setts, and a choice variety of planting and eating Potatoes.
Flour, Meal, Grist, Bacon, Sugar, Coffee, and Lard, Several varieties fresh Cakes and Crackers, Cheese, Soaps, Soda and Candies. Large Red Onions, Cocoanuts, Northern Apples, Oranges all at lowest market prices.
The following Goods at and below cost to clear out stock,
Furs, Shawls, Blankets, Comforts, and other Winter Goods, also Millinery Goods,
at greatly reduced prices.
feb 23 J. O. BOAG.

BUTTER! BUTTER

JUST Received 100 lbs. fine Goshen Butter. Also a choice lot of Fresh Groceries, consisting of 3 bbls. No. 1 Mackerel, 3 bbls. No. 2 Mackerel, 12 Kits No. 1 Mackerel, 24 Kits No. 2 High Family, 1 bbl. Pigs feet, 1 bbl. Pickled Tongues, 100 lbs. Dried Tongues, 100 lbs Bologna Sausages. Also a choice lot of Sugars and Coffees, Syrups and Molasses of all grades. Also a fine lot of Fresh Canned Goods, consisting of Canned Salmon, Lobsters, Mock Turtle, Corn and Desiccated Cocoanut, Potted Ham, Turkey and Sardines. Also a fresh lot of Crackers and Cakes, 1 Dozen Boxes of Herkimer Co. Cheese—the finest in town. Also constantly on hand Fresh Flour and Meal, Bacon and Lard, and a choice lot of McEwans Scotch Ale, Liquors and Segars of the finest Grades, Powder, Shot and Caps.

John D. McCarley.
sept 24

MARTIN & THOMPSON
SUCCESSOR TO O. R. THOMPSON.
Tanners, Curriers and Leather Manufacturers.

THE above named firm would call especial attention to Boot and Shoe Manufacturers and Harness Maker. We will sell pure oak tanned finished stock for light and heavy purposes, as low as any house in the trade at wholesale or retail.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES.
an28

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the undersigned are requested to settle their accounts at once, or they will be given out for collection.
jan 14-1m J. R. GILBERT.