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THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

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A Dutch Grocer's Soliloquy.

BY MAO.

"O vot is all this wordly bliss
Den vot is man's success;
Den vot is various other things
Den vot is Happiness.

I sells my goods at one per cent
Because I buy 'em on time.
Den I goes to pay my note
I doesn't find a dime.

You trust de man on Con gress street
Next day dat man is broke.
You falls and nocks your outside in
Who you a ten-strike make.

You hear de Rail Road steamer blow
Den you goes to see de news
Da tell you "dear de track."

I never see a world like dis
De peopel eat no fagee.
Da takes a dinner all de time
Den eat a good breakfast.

You smell de phosphat all tru town
De peopel eat no fagee.
Da takes a dinner all de time
Den eat a good breakfast.

I stumps my head on de paving stone
Inside de "New Saloons."
Den boys da find, vot I cant see
A hole in my trousers.

I think I will "git up an git"
Back up my deas and take de train.
I never see dis town no more
Whenever I come back again.

Den vat is all dis wordly bliss
Dis a stomach-ache distress
And so 't is with order things
You call de Happiness.

Ma's Old Beau.

BY CARL BRENT.

The recent relations concerning dead forgeries, at a criminal trial in Chicago, have reminded me of an incident that occurred a few years ago in the vicinity of St. Louis, which seems to be worth relating.

Clara and Mary Morwin, sisters and orphans, were in the sitting-room of their pleasant home on the edge of a village near the Missouri. Their mother had been dead several years; their father had lately died, leaving them an estate, as they supposed, of the value of some forty thousand dollars. But they had learned quite recently that the property was encumbered to such an extent that they were likely to be deprived of it all.

This discovery, as may be supposed, filled them with sadness and anxiety, and they were seated in silence, unable to read, to converse, to work, to do anything but brood over their great misfortune.

While they were thus occupied with sombre thought, a buggy drove up in front of the house, and a man alighted, and the buggy drove away. This man must have been a little on the shady side of fifty, to judge from his gray hairs, although his face was fresh and unwrinkled. He was dressed with remarkable neatness, and his manner indicated briskness as well as precision. In one hand he carried a small valise, and in the other an umbrella, and he stepped quickly to the door and rang the bell. In a few minutes he was ushered into the presence of the young ladies.

"I'm obliged to introduce myself," he said smiling and bowing in a courtly manner—"Abner Pierce." Here is my card—professional card. You will perceive that I am a lawyer in St. Louis, and presumably a respectable man. Don't be afraid; I am not here to hurt you but to help you. I have the honor to call myself a friend of your family; that is to say, although it is many years since I have seen any member of said family, I always had the highest possible regard for your now situated mother, and nothing could please me better than to be of some service to her children."

"We are happy to meet you," murmured Clara.
"Thank you. I happened to hear—no matter how—that you were in trouble, and have come up here in the belief that I can assist you. I hope you will feel that you can trust me. I am, actually, an honest man,

although a lawyer, and I mean well, although I may express myself clumsily.
"I am free to admit," said Clara, "that we need assistance and advice, and that we have no known to whom to look for it."
"Very well. It is a good thing no doubt that I have come. Now, sit down and tell me about it."

Clara Morwin, who was the elder of the orphans, and the leader in everything, told how she and her sister had taken out letters of administration upon their father's estate, when a man of whom they had never before heard put in an appearance, and presented a mortgage, with bond included, executed by the late Mr. Morwin, upon all his real estate, for the sum of forty thousand dollars. Not content with prohibiting them from attempting to sell anything, he had tied up their money in the bank, leaving them absolutely penniless. They had used their credit, but tradesmen were becoming impatient, and some had refused to supply them any further without pay.

"That is a bad case," said Mr. Pierce. "You need money, that is the first thing to be attended to. You must let me act as your banker until I get you out of this scrape and that won't be long, I hope. How much do you owe?"
"More than one thousand dollars," answered Clara.

The old gentleman counted out two hundred dollars from a well-filled pocket book, and handed it to her.
"For your mother's sake," he said when she refused to receive it, and he forced it upon her in such a way that she could not help taking it. He then accepted the young ladies' invitation to make their house his home during his stay, and went to dinner with them.

"Is there any place where I can smoke?" he asked, when they had returned to the sitting room.
"You can smoke here," said the impulsive Mary. "Pa always smoked here, and we are used to it."
So he took a meerschaum and some tobacco from his valise, and was soon puffing away with an air of great contentment.

"I can think better when I smoke," he said. "Did you have any legal advice in the matter of that mortgage, Miss Morwin?"
"Yes, sir," replied Clara. "Our lawyer said that it was a plain case against us, although it was strange that we had never heard of the mortgage before."

"Very strange. What is the name of the man who holds it?"
"William Campbell."

"Hum. A good name, but a bad man, I am afraid. When and where can I see him?"
"He will be here this afternoon," answered Clara. "He proposes, if we will make him a deed of the real estate, to give up the bond and mortgage, leaving our money in the bank and the rest of the personal property."

"Very liberal. Introduce me to him when you come, as an old friend of the family, and not as a lawyer."
Mr. Campbell called in the course of the afternoon, and was made acquainted with Abner Pierce, at whom he looked suspiciously; but his eyes fell when he met the old gentleman's intent and piercing gaze. Mr. Pierce glanced but slightly at the deed that was offered for the consideration of the ladies, being occupied in studying the countenance of the man in whose favor it was drawn.

"I can't decide upon it, just now," he said at last. "As the friend of these young ladies—standing, as I may, in loco parentis—I must make a few inquiries concerning the value of this property. Suppose you come up after supper, Mr. Campbell and bring that mortgage with you. I have no doubt it is all correct, but would like to see it."

Mr. Campbell assented to this, and withdrew. Abner Pierce filled his pipe with nervous haste, but also with tobacco, and Mary brought him a light.
"I know that you have some good news for us," she said. "I can see it in your face."
"Not bad, my child. I hope and trust that it is very good. A good name, but a bad man, I said, and that is true. I think I see my way out of this difficulty, and the money I lent you is safe. But you must interfere with me, young ladies or be surprised at anything I may say or do or object to it. You must trust me, and let me work in my own way."

After supper, when Abner Pierce had enjoyed another comfortable smoke, and had conversed with the girls concerning their mother as he had known her in her youth—a subject upon which he grew very eloquent, William Campbell came in, bringing the deed and the mortgage, both of which he handed to Mr. Pierce for examination.

"I have made inquiries concerning the property," said the old gentleman, "and am satisfied that it is not worth more than the amount of the mortgage, and it would probably bring much less if sold at foreclosure."

Your offer is a liberal one; but I must first look at the mortgage. This appears to be correct," he continued, when he examined the instrument. "It is properly acknowledged and the signature is undoubtedly that of Philip Morwin. I suppose the young ladies will have to go to the county seat to execute the deed."

The girls' countenances fell at this sudden surrender on the part of their champion.
"This reminds me," said the old lawyer, picking up the mortgage again, "of an occurrence that fell under my observation in Tennessee. Not that the two cases are alike, as the Tennessee case was undoubtedly a fraudulent affair, but there was a similarity in the circumstances. Don't look so downhearted, young ladies. What will be must be, and it is useless to cry about what cannot be helped. As I was about to say, a man died in Tennessee, leaving a widow and one daughter. The widow was about to administer upon his estate, when a man who was unknown came forward, and presented a mortgage similar to this, and for exactly the same amount. It was examined by lawyers who were familiar with the signature of the deceased, and pronounced correct. Although there was something strange about the affair, they could find no flaw in the instrument. It was particularly puzzling to one of them, who thought that he had transacted all the law business of the deceased. He got hold of the mortgage and brought it to me when I was in Nashville. I happened to have in my possession a very powerful magnifying glass that had been presented to me—the most powerful single lens I have ever seen. With this I examined the mortgage, and soon discovered that 'forty' had been raised from 'four.' There was no mistake about it. I could easily see the marks of chemical erasure, and the difference, in pen and ink, between the 'raised' and the rest of the instrument. How the rasool got into the Register's Office, I don't know; but the record there had been altered in the same manner. He ran away and it was not considered worth while to follow him. Strange circumstance, wasn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

Mr. Campbell was fidgeting uneasily in his chair, and made no reply.
"Here is the glass," continued the old gentleman, taking it from his pocket, "and you can see for yourself how it magnifies. Now, as I look at this 'forty'—why, bless me! the same signs are visible that I saw in my Tennessee mortgage! I think you will be obliged to drop this, Mr. Campbell. My Tennessee man's name was William Bell, and he has added a Camp to it since he came to Missouri."

Campbell's face red as flame, reached out his hand for the document.
"I believe I will keep this, Mr. Campbell, for fear of accidents. What do you think you could do by force? Here is something that shoots five times. Going, are you? Very well; I don't think you will be wretched, if you leave this part of the country and never return to it. It is barely possible that the estate of Philip Morwin may really owe you four thousand dollars. If so, I advise you not to try to collect the debt, as such an attempt would land you in the penitentiary. Good night, Mr. Campbell, and farewell."

"What is it? What does this mean?" asked Clara, as Mr. Pierce, rubbing his hands and smiling, bustled around to fill his pipe.
"Are you so dull, my child? Why, the fellow is a swindler, and has been found out. I guessed as much when I first heard of the affair, and was sure of it when you told me his name. You will soon be able to pay me my \$200, and then we will straighten up our affairs. Thank you, Mary, you are very kind to give me a light."

"Do you mean to punish him, asked Mary.
"It would hardly pay. We could put him in the penitentiary, but you might lose four thousand dollars by the job. By trying for forty thousand, he has lost the four that may have been justly his due. He will be far from here by morning. I have no doubt, a good riddance to him! Ah, this is comfortable. I know that I feel better, and hope that you do."

The girls were sure that a great weight had been lifted from their minds and hearts. William Campbell, alias Bell, despatched, and Abner Pierce stayed a week with the orphans, during which time he arranged all their affairs satisfactorily, and won their lasting gratitude and love.

"How can we ever thank you for all you have done for us?" said Clara when she was about to leave.
"It was for your mother's sake, my child, and for her sake, if I can help you, all I have is at your service."

Abner Pierce has visited the orphans frequently since the event above narrated, and they have always had a cordial welcome for "ma's old beau."

Robberies and burglaries are nightly occurrences in Charleston.

The Venerable Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy and His Companions ordered out of a colored Car.

On the upward bound train on the Macon and Western division of the Central Rail Road from Griffin yesterday, were the Hon. A. H. Stephens, Col. Clisby, of the Macon Telegraph, and that fine old gentleman, Col. Cincinnati Peoples, of this city. As usual with Mr. Stephens, he took what he thought the second class car, so that he could indulge in his pipe and conversation without offense to any one. Everything went pleasantly enough, because nobody thought anything was wrong. Pretty soon an old blind negro man and his wife entered the car and seated themselves. Nothing was thought of this proceeding, and the Vice-President, editor and lawyer were making themselves as comfortable as the condition of the road would permit. It was noticed that the car in question was of a new finish, handsomely upholstered, and very neat. The surprise of the whole party may be imagined when the conductor came along and very plainly told these distinguished gentlemen that they must get out, as that car was provided for colored people, and white folks were not permitted to ride in there.

Then the "Great Commoner" and Mr. Clisby and Col. Peoples looked at each other and then at the conductor. Mr. Clisby undertook to smile, and Col. Peoples looked confused. Mr. Stephens, always equal to any emergency, looked monstrous wise at Mr. Clisby; and Col. Peoples, scratching his head, said: "Well, Mr. Clisby, I have lived a long time; I have always endeavored to tote fair with my fellow man; I pay my honest debts and I love my country; but I never expected to witness this scene."

Mr. Clisby replied that God in His inscrutable wisdom and kindness had permitted him to live out the time allotted to most men; that he had successfully conducted one of the best daily papers in Georgia for years; that his conscience was clear and his health good. He had by uniform good conduct and urbanity of manners won the respect and esteem of the entire southwest portion of the State; yet, now at this late date, he was forced to leave a car because he was not considered as good as a blind nigger.

Mr. Stephens, who had at that intimation grabbed his crutches, and was making an abortive attempt to rise, remarked to Col. Peoples in his peculiar and feminine voice: "Gentlemen, you know me. The world knows me. I have been a successful school teacher, and have attained some notoriety at the bar. I have served my State in the councils of the nation. I have been Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, the most brilliant galaxy of Confederate stars that ever shone in the firmament of nations. I have successfully stood twice for Congress in my district, and am now on an errand of mercy, having been to Griffin to address the State Association of Teachers. I have already paid my railroad fare, and paid no attention to the franking or mileage privileges offered by Congress; but this is the first time I was ever called upon to vacate a car because I am not considered as good as a negro."

"Come, come," said the conductor. "I have no time to listen to speeches; you ought to throw in and hire a hall for that purpose. This car has been set apart for the colored folks, and white people are not permitted to ride in here. Get out!" And the poor crippled ex-President, the Macon editor and Atlanta lawyer were inconspicuously hustled to the rear car.

But after due reflection, Mr. Stephens and Mr. Clisby, and Col. Peoples, each and all decided that it was right. The law, in the first place, prescribes certain rules, and the negroes pay full fare, and the rail road authorities provide a first class car especially for their accommodation, and white people have no more right there than the negro has to take a car set apart for the white people.—Atlanta Herald.

Sacrifices

The New York Sun has elphered out the exact amount that Grant has "sacrificed" by giving up his position of General for that of President. It finds that eight years' salary in the former office would have given him \$108,000, while eight years salary as President, exclusive of perquisites, will come to \$300,000, so that it would have taken him till 1891 to draw as much money on the army pay-roll as he has drawn on the civil list. When we add about \$70,000 for household expenses and such, not to mention the railroad passes and presents, it seems as though we had it up to the General.

A derby called at Owensboro, Ky., the other day, and wanted to know, "Does dis postoffice keep stamped antelopes?"

Something About the Traffic in Ready Made Sermons.

As next Sunday nearly 300 men will take holy orders, it seems a suitable time to ask attention to the existence of an branch of industry seriously affecting their usefulness and respectability. I mean the sermon trade, of recent but rapid growth, arising in a great measure from the following causes. Our public schools and universities, while providing admirably for a liberal education in classics and mathematics, do not, as a rule, sufficiently train their pupils in English composition. The theological colleges, with rare exceptions, imperfectly supply the defect, even in that special part of their work, the preparation of sermons. The result is that very few candidates for holy orders have ever written a sermon, and generally make the first attempt the day after their ordination. Then the effort is so great, the ability so small, the time so limited, the parish war so urgent, that many an unhappy curate utterly breaks down and is driven to adopt very unquestionably expedients to meet the emergency. Borrowing from friends, copying from books, buying old manuscripts are tried in turn; till at last, in sheer despair, he yields to the tempting proposal in a sermon-purveyor's circular of "a regular supply of original sermons at 13s. 6d. a quarter, in strict confidence." He lulled conscience to sleep, preaches another man's discourse as his own, and deceives any lynx-eyed members of his congregation whose seats command the pulpit by placing on his velvet cushion a lithographed imitation of hand writing, instead of plain, honest print. "In some cases, the fatal step once taken, the indulgence goes on for years, even in case of some good men whose feeble health or overworked frame may palliate the fault, if not justify the practice. Little or no study is required; a quarterly payment secures all that is necessary, and both parties are satisfied with the compact. But if the compunctions of conscience are felt, and the victim desires to be free, this aspect of affairs soon alters. The purveyor insists on the subscriber's continuing in chains; sends packet after packet in spite of the remonstrances, and charges a guinea instead of 13s. 6d., if in arrears, and threatens legal proceedings and exposure by letter or postal-card to churchwardens if payment is refused. Nor are these threats vain. One of the fraternity recently summoned fifteen oligergymen from all parts of England to a country court, seven of whom paid into court, five appeared and three cases were withdrawn. Now, sir, I venture to solicit your powerful aid. What are the clergy to do in such circumstances? I do not speak of those who systematically encourage this trade, for they deserve their fate; but I allude to such as have lithograph sermons thrust upon them, and who, dreading publicity, are terrified into paying the extortioner's demands."—London Times.

The Darion Canal.

A letter to the New York Tribune gives the following account of the proposed canal across the isthmus of Darien:

The proposed Atrato-Napipi line has for its harbor upon the Atlantic side the Gulf of Darien, which has ample room for the anchorage of a thousand ships, and is sheltered from every gale. From this, as an initial point, it is proposed to ascend the Atrato (the mean breadth of which for over 150 miles is 2,000 feet, while the minimum depth is six fathoms), a distance of 140 miles. Here the excavation begins. This portion of the canal runs through low ground, and for nearly 12 miles no hills are encountered. For the next 9 miles hills are met with occasionally, but the cutting is much reduced by curved with large radii skirting the higher points. No less radius than 2,500 feet has been used in the projection of curves, and this only in a few cases. At this point, 21 miles from the Atrato, the canal crosses the Napipi river by means of a basin formed by a retaining dam 30 feet in height. An excellent place for such a dam has been found, with bed rock for foundation and bluffs for abutments. Here is the summit level of the canal, at a height of 141.2 feet above the mean tide. To ascend to this, 12 locks will have to be introduced upon the Atlantic slope of an average lift of about ten feet. Here also the canal draws its water supply from the river itself, and if needful the whole volume of the Uria River, only five miles distant, can easily be brought hither by means of a feeder. As to water there is no question, as the two rivers can furnish any quantity desired.

Leaving this basin the canal line enters at once into the mountainous region. The distance from the crossing to the Pacific is only 8 miles, and of this 5 are by tunnel. In estimating where the tunnel should begin, a cutting of 200 feet in depth has been fixed as the extreme of open cuts. The western portal of the tunnel is situated within a mile of the Pacific, and at this point 15 locks in succession will be required to reach the level of the Pacific. The previous estimates for the line, including the cleaning of the bar of the Atrato, hospital arrangements, etc., were \$56,000,000. The increased length of the tunnel and the greater length of the line will add to these estimates. The total length of the line is 29 miles. The surveys this year have not developed as favorable country as was hoped for, but its shortness still renders it a formidable rival to the other routes. Were it not for the great length of tunnel the line would be without question the most favorable yet found, and even with this drawback it would be premature to pronounce against it.

The work this year has been done with the smallest force yet put upon such a difficult task, and it has only been by the constant labor of the few officers engaged that the work has been completed. Great praise is due to Lieut. Collins, under whose command the expedition was placed, for the manner in which every detail of the expedition has been carried out, and it may be said without prejudice to others that no similar expedition has more thoroughly fulfilled the purpose for which it was organized than the Darien Expedition of 1875.

The Southern Staple.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 15.—The department of agriculture, in its cotton report for June, states that the threatened reduction in area has not taken place, nor has the reduced area of the last year been much enlarged. The report shows an increase between one and two per cent. The comparison with last year is as follows: North Carolina, 102; South Carolina, 106; Georgia, 96; Florida, 99; Alabama, 104; Mississippi, 102; Louisiana, 181; Texas, 108; Arkansas, 102; Tennessee, 92.

The report of the condition is the most favorable in the past five seasons with the exception of 1872. The order of procedure in this respect is 1872, 1875, 1873, 1871, 1874. Though the planting was late and the soil generally too wet and cold for rapid germination, the stand is comparatively good, and the recent weather has been more favorable to a rapid growth. The crop is unusually clean. The comparison with a crop of full vitality and normal growth in all respects is for the present month as follows: North Carolina 92; South Carolina, 97; Georgia, 91; Florida, 94; Alabama, 101; Mississippi 100; Louisiana 95; Texas, 96; Arkansas 90; Tennessee 89.—News & Courier.

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the condurium of the eighteenth century; woman is the condurium of the nineteenth." We can't guess how, but we'll never give her up—no never.

An artesian well has just been completed in Milwaukee, Wis., which proves a success. It is 1,049 feet deep, 170 feet of which was bored through the earth, 685 through magnesian lime rock, and 194 through gneiss. The water flows at the rate of 6,000 gallons a day.

State News.

The W. J. I. had a fine time at their embarkation on Saturday for Banker Hill.

The Catholic church of Aiken, which was destroyed by the March tornado, is shortly to be rebuilt.

The total population of the town of Timmonsville is 696—324 whites and 372 colored.

J. Wells Simpson, of Laurens, an ex-clerk of the court, died at his residence in that county on the 10th instant.

The Georgetown doctors propose in the future to conduct their business on a cash basis, according to a published file bill.

The Steamer Louisa, formerly owned by Mr. A. Morgan, at Georgetown, was sold the other day to Ravenel, Holmes & Co., of Charleston, for the sum of \$35,000.

Howard DuPre, colored, was found dead in his bed on Saturday morning at Hardeeville, S. C. The cause of the death is unknown.

The Port Royal and the Savannah and Charleston railroad over Beaufort county \$8,881.34 for taxes for the past and present fiscal year.

Capt. G. H. Moffatt, a respectable citizen of Charleston, fell from the piazza of his house on Saturday morning last. The unfortunate gentleman is fatally injured.

The Barnwell, Blackville war still rages. The clerk of court and county commissioners have moved to Blackwell. The sheriff and county treasurer still remain at Barnwell.

A rattlesnake, measuring five feet nine inches, and having on its tail eight rattles and two buttons, was killed near Shaw's creek, about four miles north of Aiken, one day last week.

A child three years of age, a son of Patrick Porter, residing on Deary swamp, about four miles from Aiken, was killed on Saturday last by eating concentrated lye the previous evening.

W. W. Ward, ex-sheriff of Williamsburg county, was tried last week for official misconduct. The jury failed to agree upon a verdict—the first in a trial that has ever occurred in Williamsburg county.

The Greenville News publishes the affidavits of two colored men, who charge Joseph Crews and his son Adam with being accessories to the murder of Dr. Shell, who was killed about seven years ago.

A chap kissed his girl about forty times right along, and when he stopped, the tears came into her eyes and she said: "Ah! John, I fant you have ceased to love me." "No I haven't," replied John, "but I've got to breathe."

When a Vietsburg negro woman informed the other day by a reporter of the Herald of that city that the price of sea-fish had increased 15 per cent. during the present month, she elevated her hands and exclaimed: "De Lord only knows what is to become of poor folks! Seems sif de more we worked de oftener do white folks go and riz de price on de necessities of life."

A thoughtless young man from Massachusetts went out into Potawatamie county not long ago to start a paper, and in order to tickle the fancy of the inhabitants, of whose temper he was ignorant, he published the following in his first issue: "The fighting editor is at home all hours of the day and night, ready, willing and anxious to receive all visitors who have grievances. He carries two revolvers, and a slung-shot, a pair of brass-knuckles, a bowie knife as long as a cross cut saw, a razor in each boot, and col-skin, a bludgeon, and a bottle of poison." Every man in Potawatamie thought it was a challenge, and all day long they dropped in singly, in pairs, by threes and in squads and platoons. Every soul of them whipped the editor, and the last man, who came in about 7 P. M., had to sweep him up in the middle of the floor and paste him together with putty, in order to get a kick at him. The paper only issued the initial number.

Joseph Curry, who says he is Chris, and not long ago was driven out of Georgia for forming a free-love colony, has started a new religious society in Springfield, Mass. A negro is worshipped by him and his followers as Queen of Earth and Heaven. He and this woman now represent themselves as fasting forty nights, and they have nearly starved themselves in a vigorous observance of the rite. They are terribly emaciated, and so weak that they can hardly walk. Curry says that at the end of the forty days they will be transported to heaven in a chariot of fire.

A handsome confederate monument, completed by the efforts of the ladies of Savannah, was unveiled ten days ago, with imposing ceremonies. All the military were out, and several societies were strongly represented, the whole being under the management of the old war hero, Gen. Joe Johnston, as marshal of the day. Hon. Julian Hartridge delivered the oration, which was short, eloquent and suggestive. "The monument," he said, "is not simply to the dead in the glorious camp of night, but to the living, who have the same battles to fight, the same victories to win, and the same graves to fill."