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Brothers and Sisters.

Little children, love each other,
'Tis the blessed Saviour's rule;
If a sister or a brother,
If at home, or if at school,
We're all children of one Father,
One great God who reigns above;
Shall we quarrel? No, much rather
Would we dwell like Him, in love.

He has placed us here together,
That we may be good and kind,
He is ever watching whether
We are one in heart and mind.

All we have we share with others,
With kind looks and gentle words;
Thus we live as sisters, brothers,
Seeking still to be the Lord's.

The New Vapor.

A PHILADELPHIA VIEW OF THE KEENEY MOTOR.

If all, or even if one-half, of what is reported of the Keeneey motor be true, the world is on the eve of the most tremendous revolution it has had since it began to revolve at all. The observations made by one of the most recent inventors of the motor, which we printed yesterday, show that the latter hints at effects to be produced that have heretofore been unimagined. We have all heard of the trains of cars to be run across the continent with a gallon of water and at an incredible speed, and of other little performances in the future, with the new motor, the repetition of which is getting monotonous. But the heretofore occult powers of the mysterious agent, which Mr. Keeneey can produce at *libitum*, and which he proposes to bottle up for use, are so tremendous, according to these latest exhibits, that they make us tremble for the existence of the earth itself to say nothing of the planetary system of which it is a humble member.

This new agent or vapor needs to be harnessed and tamed, and that is what Mr. Keeneey must do with it before he introduces it to the inhabitants of this planet. When he does get it under control, he may render the signal service superfluous, for we can have anywhere such weather as is desired. If a thimbleful of the vapor let loose in a room creates a little snow storm, a bucketful let loose out of doors must produce a big snow storm, and snow storms are sometimes desirable things to have at command, especially in hot terms such as we have lately gone through. If at another time an accidental explosion of a small quantity in a room produced astonishing results, drawing the atmosphere toward the place of explosion as if it were a vacuum, and almost taking Mr. Keeneey's breath away, why may he not arrange for letting loose large quantities wherever needed, and producing storms or calms, cloud or sunshine, just as they may be ordered in different localities? This atmosphere of our earth only extends to a few miles higher than the highest mountains, and it must be put within the control of the new agent, and then General Myer and his corps will find their occupation gone. The probabilities of the Weather Bureau will be liable to continual derangement or destruction by the possibilities of the Keeneey power.

For warlike purposes the new agent bids fair to be so transcendently powerful that all ordinary explosives, such as gunpowder and gun cotton, will be rendered useless. Except for the destruction of little boys' hands and eyes in the form of pistols, quibs, and fire-crackers on the Fourth of July there need be no more manufacture of gunpowder. In time of war all that would be needed to shoot off balls from a gun incessantly, and with a destructive force heretofore undreamed of, would be, according to the words of the report, "a small iron receiver, about the size of an orange, attached to the gun." The power contained in it "would last through the longest battle." Thus the ordinance service may dispense with the purchase of anything but guns, balls, and receivers about the size of an orange. They will put an end to all fraudulent contracts for gunpowder. All that is needed to take its place is air, and that is called a "chartered libertine," and is not within the control of contractors. Such being the force of the new agent, the United States Government ought to buy it and keep a monopoly of it, if it costs much as Alaska, or the war of the rebellion. With such a possession the country could defy the assembled powers of the earth.

The danger is to the earth itself. An accidental explosion might de-

stroy our very republican institutions, while our republican Keeneey arms were trying to resist or destroy the "monarchies of the old world, dependent on gunpowder. And if an extraordinary quantity, stored away in a Government arsenal, should accidentally get loose, it might shatter

"The great globe itself,
Yea all which it labors;"

and then what might happen in other spheres? Does not Mr. Keeneey say a "bucket of water has enough of this vapor to produce a power sufficient to move the world out of its course?" Think what would be the power in a great many buckets stored away for military purposes. Scientists men have always been glad that Archimedes was foiled in his aspirations to move the world by having nothing to stand on whereby to make his lever and fulcrum available. Any extraordinary motion of the earth would be disagreeable to its inhabitants, and would be protested against by those of Venice, Mars, Mercury and the rest of the planets. But Mr. Keeneey is much more dangerous than was Archimedes.

There is one thing that may save us—the one thing that seems to have thus far delayed the practical use of the new power; it is so subtle that no vessel of any kind of material will contain it. The vapor from a pint of water penetrated through the pores of an iron receiver three and a half inches thick, forming a damp circle of three feet radius on the floor around. But, then, it is producible in unlimited quantities, at all times, and at no cost worth speaking of. So the danger remains, not only to us and our friends on this planet, but to our foreign relations on the others. What is to be done about it?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

An Ungallant Joke.

[From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

She came from Detroit, Michigan and her great pride was being an invalid. She lost no opportunity in stating that she came to Minnesota to recuperate. She did not hesitate to enter into conversation with any person she came in contact with, giving advice, climatological or physiological, to invalids, and seeking the same from stout or robust constitution. Her conversation was always professed with the introductory inquiry, so common to visitors, "Did you come here for your health?" She thus addressed a stalwart, ruddy-visaged young man at the dinner table of the Metropolitan a few days since, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Yes, madam, I came here probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had no use of my limbs; in fact, my bones were but little tougher than cartilages. I had no intelligent control of a single muscle, nor the use of a single faculty."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the astonished auditor, "and you lived?"

"I did, Miss, although I was devoid of sight, was absolutely toothless, unable to articulate a single word, and dependent on others for everything, being completely deprived of all power to help myself. I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and have scarcely experienced a sick day since, hence I can conscientiously recommend the climate."

"A wonderful case," said the lady, "do you think your lungs were affected?"

"They were probably sound, but possessed of so little vitality that, but for the most careful nursing, they must have ceased their functions."

"I hope you found kind friends, sir?"

"Indeed I did, madam; it is to them and the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but, unfortunately, my mother was prostrated by severe illness during the time of my greatest prostration."

Niagara Celebrities.

THE "HERMIT" AND OTHER CHARACTERS IDENTIFIED WITH THE FALLS.

[N. Y. Times, Niagara Letter, 6th.]

Several interesting celebrities, who were once locally identified with Niagara have passed away, and their names are only casually heard by the visitor of the present generation. The most remarkable of them was Francis Abbott, the "Hermit of Niagara," who secluded himself here for some years prior to his death, maintaining the habits and the reserve of a genuine hermit. Very little was actually known of his previous history, but a great deal was surmised, and quite a romantic account of him was current, which I remember to have seen twenty-five years ago amplified into a florid fiction of 100 pages. He was known to receive regular remittances from England, and was evidently a person of culture and education. The story went that he was the son of wealthy parents, whom some agonizing affair of the heart had made a wanderer from home. He first established himself in a hut on Goat Island, near the beautiful little fall between that and the innermost of the "Three Sisters," which has ever since passed by the name of the "Hermit's Cascade."

Here he lived for some time in absolute seclusion, except the few and brief visits which he was compelled to pay to the village for the purchase of necessities. He was known to have books, musical instruments, and stationery, which occupied some of his time, it is to be presumed; but a larger part was passed in his characteristic solitary rambles about the island, during which he would gaze at the falls from some eligible point for an hour at a time. As might be expected in the Yankee land, the pertinacious curiosity of visitors to Goat Island soon made him at the cascade undesirable to him, and he changed his quarters to the vicinity of Prospect Park, then known as Point View. Here he led much the same kind of life for a time longer, and was finally drowned while bathing at the foot of the American Fall. In his day Niagara was much less visited than now, and money-making had not been reduced to a science. I fancy that if any professional hermit were to set up here for himself in these latter times he would speedily be overrun with curiosity-hunters, and hackmen would probably announce an additional inducement to patronize them: "Only twenty-five cents extra to see the hermit!"

Joe Robinson, the "Navigator of the Niagara Rapids," who died some years since, was in many respects a remarkable man. Of stout frame and muscular make, he was retiring in his manners, and never courted the publicity into which his astonishing achievements brought him. He was at first a "guide," and then a policeman at Niagara, and had become skillful by handling a boat by trips to the fishing-grounds about Navy island, above the falls. One day a man was discovered clinging to a small projection of rock in the very midst of the rapids, apparently inaccessible from the shore. A large crowd quickly gathered, Robinson among the rest. He studied the situation for a moment, then brought his boat to the spot, and putting right out into the headlong current gained the rock, took off the man, whose life had twenty minutes before seemed not worth a penny's purchase, and safely landed with him a few rods above the brink of the fall. A great concourse had by this time gathered on the bank, and Robinson's heroic exploit, witnessed with fear and amazement, was greeted with rounds of cheers. The boat with the two men in it was taken on the shoulders of several and carried about among the crowd and contributions of money were willingly thrown into it. For several years after this Robinson exerted his peculiar skill in navigating the rapids, and swathed as many as half a dozen castaways from the jaws of the catastrophe. He was personally a most estimable man; lever, I believe, starting on his perilous journeys with the promise of reward, although very properly accepting the small tokens of admiration for his daring which were offered him. How he managed to guide his stiff in that seething uproar of waters from point to point was always a mystery to every one but himself. The mere task of keeping it cool downward and bow with the current is more than my reader or I would wish to undertake, to say nothing of calculating the course and the run of the rapids with such nicety as to land at a small inlet. Such cool heads and steady iron hands as those of Joel Robinson are rarely given to human kind. Gallant fellow!—the world has few such as you were; a real hero, in humble life though your lot was cast. No man ever better deserved the medals of the Humane Society, which was never offered him. I well remember the modest and characteristic reply he

made me in the spring of 1861, after he had piloted the Maid of the Mist down through the whirlpool and the frightful rapids between Suspension bridge and Lewiston, whose steamboat, of indeed any boat whatever, had never passed before and probably never will again. This fearful journey of a little less than six miles was made in seventeen minutes, it being the only possible way of taking the little steambot to Lake Ontario, where it was to be employed. I asked Robinson to tell me something about his novel and terrible trip.

"I can only say," he replied, "that I hung to the wheel, another man attended to the engine. Sometimes the boat was on her bottom and sometimes on her side. Sometimes I had control of her and sometimes she had control of me. I hung on, and never let go the wheel."

"Wasn't you frightened?"

"Well, I declare I was so busy with the wheel, and the whole thing was over so quick, that I didn't think about being frightened. I suppose I should have been if I had had the time, for it was a pretty ugly place, now, I tell you."

Monsieur Blondin was a considerable local celebrity in his day, but I have already noticed him sufficiently. A young man named Courroy gained some fame last summer by his rescue of a castaway in the Canadian Rapids, by means of a rope with which he was let down to the imperiled one, and which he fastened about his body, when both were hauled to the bank by dozens of willing hands. Courroy is still at Niagara, and something more of this kind may be heard of him if occasion serve. Amid all the pottiness, fraud and extortion that have been charged upon Niagara and its hucksters, it is pleasant and refreshing to read of such unselfish and brave acts as these.

Played With a Knife.

The London Standard prints a terrible review of Gen. Sherman's "Memoirs," which has been published in England, in the course of which it says: "The writers who in this country have espoused the Federal cause have labored to keep out of sight the Northern 'collisions'—systematic and deliberate—of all the laws of war; the wholesale pillage of private property, without a shadow of a pretense of military need; the wanton ravage of vast and fertile regions; the destruction of public archives, of libraries, of colleges, and of thousands of defenseless dwellings; a return, in fact, to the methods of war (ill usage of women excepted) practised by Tilly. We know of none who would venture to defend these acts of legitimate warfare, and among the chiefs of the Federal armies, few were more guilty in this respect than Gen. W. T. Sherman. We cannot say that our perusal of the work has raised our estimate of the writer. There is a display of personal vanity, of anxiety to claim the utmost possible credit, and to throw the blame of all failure on others, a petulant spirit of animosity against rivals and opponents, a controversial tone in regard to passages creditable neither to the General nor to his superiors, and a childish impatience of popular clamor which appear to us little constant with the simple self-respect of the soldier. No one could imagine the Duke of Wellington or General Lee writes—no one has anything of the kind from the point of officers who have real grounds of complaint—from McClellan, who first created an army out of the mob of United States volunteers, or Halleck, who maintained, recruited, and enlarged that army till it became the irresistible weapon which won for Grant and Sherman triumphs as easy as those of Achilles in his impetuous armor, or of the heroes of fairy legend with charmed swords and shoes of swiftness."

A Nevada journalist who is on a tour of inspection in the Eastern States, writes home a glowing account of the sights of Long Branch. "I have found," he writes "the government quite well established in the summer capital. Secretary Robeson had the navy out in the offing catching fish, and Secretary Belknap had the army drawn up on the bench shooting at a target. The various Cabinet officers live in snug style, and most usually are met loafing around the Department of the Interior, where the Secretary, by way of a necessary adjunct in this hot season, keeps a little cellar open for the refreshment of the inner man. The president appeared as usual, tough and grim, full of cigars and ice-water, and seemed to fancy presiding over the Cabinet councils, which are always held in the little cellar aforesaid, owing the scorching rays which now strike the surface of the beach."

We trust that Mr. Beecher will pardon us, but our advice to him is to get into a scrape with another woman as soon as possible. In the language of Sellers: "There's millions in it."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Our English Cousins.

WHAT AN AMERICAN SPORTING REPORTER THINKS OF THE PEOPLE, CLIMATE AND HORSES.

Mr. Joseph Elliott, the veteran sporting reporter of the New York Herald, who has recently been on a visit to England, has been interviewed by a Graphic reporter, and expressed, in very plain plain terms, his opinion of the English climate and racing stock, as well as of the mass of spectators of English racing. We give so much of the interview as bears on these points:

"Well, Elliott, what did you think of England?"

"I think it is an infernal climate, inhabited by a race of heathen barbarians. I had a letter to Tattersall, and I delivered it just before I came away. I had been there many days, looking at the sales; but I didn't want to be coached, and I delayed presenting the letter. Said Tattersall: 'Mr. Elliott, how long do you stay in London?' Said I, 'If my watch is correct I shall be out of this town in about two hours.' 'How do you like the country?' 'Well, I haven't seen anything in it to like. It appears to me to be only partly civilized, and how in the name of God you are going to civilize such material you have got here passes my comprehension.'"

"But at any rate the horses exceed yours in style, speed and strength?"

"No, they don't. There are more 'weeds' running in England than I had any idea of. I saw four hundred race horses on Newmarket Heath; that is more than we have in all America, for we have little above three hundred. I said to M. the Dawson, who has the best stable there: 'You won't pretend to race some of those scrubs?' 'Oh, well,' he said, 'we'll work 'em all in during the season. There's so much running in England that every one of the weeds can win something.'"

"How many race horses have they in all England?"

"About three thousand. Their system of handicapping is vicious. I don't believe their horses get food, climate or growth equal to ours. They put their winners into the stud too early, and fail to give them the time and experience our horses get. Besides way the racing is conducted in England is in the highest degree corrupting to man and horse. Every little public house-keeper has his 'book.' 'Bookmaking' is the vice of the nobleman and the roue about. The money gets into the hands of the rumseller at last, the people are cheated, and still they game from St. Giles to St. James."

"And you don't think the climate of England the best for the horse?"

"I think it's about the worst; humid, foggy, wheezy, breeding open-suspension and affection of the throat and nostrils. I was ordered by my doctor to go out of the country finally."

"Did you find France any better?"

"Altogether better, both in climate and manners. They have taken to racing there in recent years, but their horses are sounder than the English and they carry off their own purses. I went to Vincennes, Longchamps, Grand Prix, and Chantilly courses. The horses of the Duc d'Anguleme at Chantilly were magnificent animals. I told the editor of a London sporting paper when I returned that the best race horse in the world was the American, and next the French. He said I was the most prejudiced man he had ever seen. But I told him then that no English horse would win anything at all, and I marked the winner—French."

"Why don't our turfmen challenge on the other side if our horses are up to English standards?"

"Sanford is going over this year with a large part of his stable, particularly yearlings. He was preceded by Ten Broeck and Harlan. Ten Broeck was frequently a winner."

"Which are the favorite sires of England now?"

"If I suppose they call old Cathedral, Macaroni, and Blair-Athol the best. The first has to be lifted up, he is so old and broken. I attribute the decline of English stock, as I have said, partly to the malign influence of racing, as conducted in England, on the stud. A Derby winner at two years old is magnified into a sire."

"Whose stable did you find the best in England?"

"Oh, the Newmarket stables. Newmarket seems to be the immortal homes of the British horse and jockey. The three brothers Dawson have each about sixty horses. Matthew Dawson's stable is probably the best in England; it is lighted with gas and kept open until 10 o'clock at night, when the gas is turned out and the horses and trainers go to sleep. All day the horse is kept amused by people conversing near him. He is interested, his mind helped, and his habits cleaner. We shut the stable doors, the horse remains in solitude, his habits grow vicious, and his strength often subsides."

"Still you do not like England?"

"No. The spectators of the races

there are the lowest canaille of the earth. Such an audience as you see at Jerome Park, or the Branch, or at Lexington, is unknown in England. At the new track near London there was a tariff for admission. 'We won't have it you know,' cried the mob. And they cleared away that fence like so many pioneers, inundated the field, and laughed at authority. At the Durham race the colliers came in, noisy, fighting, heathenish. I saw one fellow, who held the stakes for two others, seized, and they began to gnaw at his fist with their teeth to make him drop the money. At the mob swept the field, knocked me down and ran over me, and lastly, a man on horseback galloped over me. At the heat of Newmarket I took a horse, afraid to go on foot longer, and being pretty fat and mangled, I soon felt very sore; so I saw a number of press vans on the track with reporters inside, driving over the course and pausing as they proceeded. I handed in my card to one of the gentry, 'Joseph Elliott, sporting editor of the New York Herald,' and said: 'Will you permit me, sir, to ride with your driver?' 'No, I'll be damned if I do!'

Why, sir, in the House of Lords I saw a great pack of 'Beware of pickpockets.' Sporting houses like Jim Shaw's are almost inaccessible from the thieves and ruffians around them. Women are unable to attend the greater part of the races with respect. I went to the tower of London in a cab; it happened to be free day; a policeman said to me: 'You are a stranger ain't you? Well, don't go in there to-day; they'll pick everything off your body; they'll strip you. Come back on a shilling day.' I held up my hands and said: 'My God! is there any place on this island where a man is safe?'

"Perhaps you might find that wickedness in the sporting classes chiefly."

"I don't know. The whole nation seemed to me to be brutal. At the hotel where I stopped a well dressed man would enter and say, loud enough to be heard by all: 'Waiter, who's that old beggar?' 'That's an American, sir.' 'Oh, a Yankee!' I was a witness to four respectable looking English women, opposite the Lord Mayor's residence, drinking successively four mints of strong porter each in public house. It seemed to me that the English women didn't wash."

Reign of our Presidents.

Washington was a vestryman in the Episcopal Church.

Adams was a member of the parish in Braintree. His attendance at worship was not very constant.

Jefferson was an avowed skeptic, and a devout follower of Dr. Priestley.

Madison and Monroe were moderate churchmen.

John Quincy Adams was a Unitarian.

Jackson joined the Presbyterian church after he left office. He paid close attention to the sermon, and made a profound bow to the pulpit as he retired.

Van Buren was trained in the Reformed Dutch school, attended the Episcopal church when he attended any.

Harrison cared very little for religious matters.

Tyler was loose in regard to Sunday and worship.

Polk, though not a professed Christian, was a regular attendant at public worship in the Presbyterian church. He occupied the pew opposite the one Jackson sat in.

General Taylor seldom went to church.

Pillmore, more than any other of the Presidents, was an open and decided Unitarian. He gave his influence and support to that sect.

Pierce attended the Presbyterian church every Sunday morning.

Buchanan was a Presbyterian. He walked to church; went up the aisle in a shuffling gait; dodged into his pew, and seated in the corner, seemed wrapped in his own thoughts, paying no attention apparently to the services.

Lincoln attended the Presbyterian church once a day.

Grant is a trustee in the Methodist church.

Public horror of the heaviest variety was recently stimulated in an Indiana small town by an announcement of the appearance of the *Micropus Leucopterus*, belonging to the family of *Kypanidae* of the true bugs; suborder of *Heteroptera*. Women wailed; children howled; men armed themselves with swords and great revolving pistols to encounter the monster. Seeing the mischief which his science had made the able editor as soon as possible issued an extra explaining that the *Micropus Leucopterus* *Kypanidae* Heteroptera was only a chinch bug. Then joy returned, and they breathed beautifully once more.—*New York Tribune.*

Over a month since they had rain in Beaufort or Port Royal. Scorching hot, dry weather.

Gen. Preston—Some Interesting Reminiscences.

The New Orleans Times gives some interesting reminiscences of Gen. John S. Preston. He is a brother-in-law of Gen. Wade Hampton. His estate in Mississippi and Louisiana were vast and valuable, one tract of land, the Houmas property, having been sold to Mr. John Barrow for \$1,000,000 cash. This plantation contained 15,000 acres, 8,000 of which are now under the highest cultivation. The Times says:

"General Preston was reared up to believe that South Carolina could not be wrong. He is now a very old man. His estates are gone from him and the home where his people had lived for three generations was destroyed by the torch of Sherman's army.

"The Fifteenth Corps did its work right well, and the old man is homeless. His sons died in battle. The gentle, manly soul of one went up to Heaven through the smoke which wreathed the battling legions at Shiloh. Sadly did a few grandsons lay him down after that ill-starred field which brought mourning sobe into so many homes. A soldier and gentleman died when young Preston bit the dust. He sleeps on the banks of the Tennessee, and the breeze moaning through the pines chants forever his funeral dirge: The old man is alone. By reason of circumstances well understood by his friends, he ought not to be so bitterly condemned.

Georgia News.

Deacon County has 20,988 acres in corn and 15,235 in cotton.

Corn in Sumter and adjoining counties is suffering for rain; and so is cotton.

The crop prospect in Deacon County is gloomy indeed. The whole county is famishing for want of rain.

Crop prospects in Wilkes County are above the average, notwithstanding the long continued drought.

Col. Logan E. Bleckley, of Atlanta, has declined to accept a position on the Supreme bench of the State.

The farmers in the neighborhood of Hawkinsville are becoming alarmed on account of the long continued drought.

A negro arrested in Savannah had a fine gold watch, of Liverpool make, (Roshell) in his possession. Name of man Robert Jones. Says he is from Virginia.

Tale Bearing.

Never repeat a story unless you are certain it is correct, and not even then unless something is to be gained, either of interest to yourself or for the good of the person concerned. Telling a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in its growth, more fond of in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbor, never reproach his character by telling that which is false. He who tells you the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults and so the dish of news is handed from one to another till the tale becomes enormous.—*Little Banner.*

An obdurate fair one in Oshkosh was told by her disconsolate lover that visiting her was like scratching a tick-bite; there was such mingled delight and pain in it, and the more he scratched, the more he wanted to scratch. She was so much struck by the force of this simile, that she accepted him on the spot.

The tick family includes many varieties. The tick that bites lovers is the roman-tick; the tick that worries the insane, the looney-tick; the tick that troubles the priests, the hairy-tick; and candidates are often disgusted by Polly-ticks. Some of the other varieties are the Calvinist-tick, the atheist-tick, the pantie-tick, alpha-bet tick, the diplomat-tick and the democrat-tick, but the worst of all is the tradesman's "tick."

Speaking of the South, the Boston Post says that a fire could not clean out a doomed territory more completely than the carpet-bag fraternity, chartered and protected from Washington, devoured the remnant of substance which was the South's only reliance in a struggle for recovery. But it is everything that labor has at last opened its eyes to the truth, and comprehends the vital points of the situation. When the blacks suffer, then they are able to see that it is because the whites have suffered before them, and they reason clearly from the effect to the cause. When they finally understand that whole States have been impoverished, whose productive resources once seemed limitless, they are able to conceive that it was accomplished by influences from without, that, however commended to their approbation, have proved themselves treacherous, destructive and cruel.