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THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

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SET SERVICE CORRUPTION.

How do you detect Detective Processed
I Against the Ku Klux.

service agents of the ad-
on are almost daily thrum-
ing evidence and revealing
piracies and crimes of
Whitley, ex-chief of the
Service, and one of the safe
operators, who was in-
tried but escaped by a
has been summoned to
several investigating
of the Hoop.

properly before the commit-
on expenditures in the depart-
of justice. He swore that in
1871 Attorney General Abner
gave him an unlimited order on the
disbursing clerk of the treasury to
draw as much money as was needed
to procure arrest of the leaders of
the Ku Klux outrages in the Southern
States. Whitley made one or two
trips to South Carolina and Georgia,
and came back well armed with ex-
aggerated stories to create a North
against fearful outrages which had
never been committed and were of
use to the administration for politi-
cal purposes. Then he sent detec-
tives to work up the cases. These
detections were mostly re-
latives of money to whom he would
give \$100,000 or \$200,000 each, with
instructions to establish a grocery
store or to do any other business
that they could, and use it as a blind
to obtain information about the
operations. The witnesses frank-
ly stated in the majority of cases he
never heard from these detectives
after they became established in
grocery stores or on farms, and the
information that he did obtain from
the few was only of avail to circu-
late blood-encouraging stories. Mr.
Whitley spent between \$130,000 and
\$150,000 in this way, and he neglected
to tell the committee how much
of this amount he appropriated to
himself. His story was the old
story of Detective Hester, who ku-
kluxed Alabama by manufacturing
outrages and using the unrestrict-
ed power of the force bill to intimi-
date and disfranchise entire counties
by wholesale arrests of innocent
people who were never even con-
victed in courts controlled by
him.—Exchange.

Why President Buchanan Remained a
Bachelor.

An elegant mansion, near the
Plington Hotel in this city, reside
two ladies of the older aristocracy—
Mrs. Freeman and her sister, Miss
Coleman. About the latter lady a
romance clings, which makes
it interesting. She was the second
of the affianced bride of the late
President Buchanan, his first love
having died in her youth, and until
she met Miss Coleman she was almost
unknown in ladies' society. He
was engaged to her when out abroad
as American minister to the court of
St. James in London. At that time
she returned to this country on a
visit, and on the evening he arrived
Miss Coleman was giving a grand
entertainment. He was fatigued,
and instead of dressing and paying
his respects to her immediately, re-
turned to his room, and early next
morning called to see her. She had
been offended at his not calling the
evening before and refused to see
him, and they never met again.
What regrets were felt the world
has never known, but many an angry
imulse has wrecked the happiness of
men and women beyond reparation.
—Washington Correspondence
Chicago Journal.

the price of admission to the
Centennial Exhibition will be fifty
cents, payable in one note at the
chance gate, and admitting to
everything that is to be seen during
the time the visitor remains within
the enclosure. No season tickets
were sold, nor will two twenty-
cent notes for a single admission,
one dollar for two, be taken at the
gate. No matter how often a per-
son visits the grounds during a day,
he must again pay a fifty-cent note
each time that he re-enters. The
hours of admission will be from 9 a.
m. to 5 p. m. each day.

so that puzzled a London
mate was that of a woman who
hunted her husband with an
axe sent her to prison, the
husband would have to hire some
behave for her children while
she was incarcerated. If he fined
husband would have to pay to
the wife if he put her under bonds
to peace, the husband would
be liable. She was discharged
with caution.

and

says.

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Wise People.

Because a man has lived in a
city all his days no one need imagine
that he isn't posted in all that per-
tains to agriculture and horticultur-
e, botany, etc. Such a man is
even better posted than he who
makes it his business to sow and
reap and prune. A gentleman liv-
ing on Fort street west, yesterday
employed a gardener to trim up a
shade tree in his yard. The gardener
just commenced work when a law-
yer passed by and remarked:
"Do you want to kill that tree?
If you don't, you had better let it
alone for at least two weeks long-
er."

The gardener fixed his ladder and
put the saw into a limb, and a doctor
came along and said:
"You'll kill that tree stone dead
if you cut a limb off! You ought to
have pruned it three weeks ago."

The gardener had severed two or
three limbs when a banker halted un-
der the tree and exclaimed:
"Good heavens! Are you insane?
You shouldn't touch that tree till
June, when the sap is warm! Any
tool could tell you better than to
trim it now!"

The gardener expected such ex-
pressions to be hurled at him, and he
kept at his work without heed-
ing them. Pretty soon a clergyman
sauntered up, saluted the tree-trim-
mer with a pleasant "good morn-
ing," and added that it made his
heart glad to see a man trim off
trees in the right season. He said
that the last few days of March
were really the only days in the
whole year when limbs could safely
be lopped off.

The gardener was just finishing
the job when an insurance man,
who never lived a day outside of a
city, except to take a vacation, came
around the corner, halted, scowled
fiercely and said:
"See here! What kind of a gar-
dener are you, anyway? If you
don't let a rope around the body of
that tree the sap will all run into
the roots and the top will die!"

The tree is still in position to
hear further remarks.—Detroit Free
Press.

SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT OF THE RED
MEN'S MONEY STOLEN BY THE POLICE-
CLERKS.—The report of the military
committee on the transfer of the
Indian Bureau to the War Depart-
ment will show that the opinions of
sixty army officers have been ob-
tained on this subject, and that every
general officer of the army save one
favors the change. The testimony of
Wm. Welch is important, as
much as he declares that after care-
ful investigation, he believes that
not more than twenty-five per cent
of the money goes to the Indians,
and the rest is used to secure the
election of senators and politicians
to office. Gen. Sanborn, of Missis-
sippi, says that after a life-study of
the subject he believes it to be one-
sided, and that every consideration
of humanity demands the change.

SINGULAR SURNAMES.—In an old
work on "English Surnames and
Patronymics," I find the following:
They are names taken from a jury
list in Sussex county, in 1658, the
year in which Richard Cromwell
succeeded his father as Protector.
"Faint not Hewitt: Accepted
Trevor: Redeemed Compton: Make
Peace Henton: Good Reward Smart
Stand fast on high Stinger: Earth
Adams: Called Lower: Meek Brew-
er: Be courteous Cole: Repentance
Avis: Search the Scriptures More-
ton: Killson Pimple: Return Spel-
man: Be faithful Joiner: Fly
debate Roberts: Fight the good
fight of faith White: More fruit Fol-
lower: Hope for Bending: Graceful
Harding: Weep not Billing: See-
wisdom Wood: Elected Mitchell:
The Peace of God Knight."

Sam Cox moves that a Committee
of Congress be appointed to ascer-
tain if there is a science of money.
No committee is necessary. The
science of money has already been
stated in an aphorism: "Work
like the devil and don't spend a
cent." Micawber had it, too:
"Annual income, twenty pounds;
annual expenditure, nineteen, six-
pence; result, happiness. Annual income,
twenty pounds; annual expendi-
ture, twenty pounds, eight and six-
pence; result, misery. The blossom is
blighted, the leaf is withered, the
god of day is in darkness—in short,
you are floored. As I am."

Person with cold in his head to
person opposite (referring to open
window in railroad car): "Say,
will you shut up that window?
Middle-aged woman in the weeds,
who has been talking for the last
half-hour, turning around indignantly:
"What do you mean, sir? It
is pretty how do do when a woman
can't open her mouth! I'll have
you to know you can't shut me up!"

A Chinaman in San Francisco was
rudely pushed into the mud from a
street crossing by an American.
He picked himself up very calmly,
shook off some of the mud, bowed
very politely, and said, with a mild,
reproving tone to the offender: "You
Christian, me heathen; good-bye!"

A man tamed a dog that somebody
sent, until the docile creature would
eat off his hand. At least it ate off
about three-quarters of his thumb,
but died of concussion of the brain
before it could finish the band.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S DEATH.

Walt Whitman's Account of the Scene
at Ford's Theatre.

For his forthcoming book.

The day of April 14, 1865, seems
to have been a pleasant one
throughout the whole land—the
moral atmosphere pleasant, the
long form, so dark, so fratricidal,
full of blood and doubt and
gloom, over and ended at last by
the sunrise of such an absolute,
national victory, and utter break-
ing down of secessionism—we al-
most doubted our own senses! Lee
had capitulated beneath the apple
tree of Appomattox. The other
armies, the plagues of the revolt,
swiftly followed.

But I must not dwell on ac-
cessories. The dead hastens. The
popular afternoon paper, the little
Evening Star, had scattered all
over its third page, divided among
the advertisements in a sensational
manner in a hundred different
places: "The President and his
lady will be at the theatre this
evening." (Lincoln was fond of the
theatre. I have myself seen him
there several times. I remember
thinking how funny it was that he
in some respect, the leading actor
in the greatest and sturdiest drama
known to real history's stage
through centuries, should sit there
and be so completely interested
and absorbed in the humdrum jack-
straws moving about with their
silly little gestures, foreign spirit
and flatulent text.)

So the day, as I say, was propi-
tious. Early herbage, early
flowers were out. I remember
where I was stopping at the time
the season being advanced, were
many lilacs in full bloom. By one
of those caprices that enter and
give tinge to events without being
at all a part of them, I find myself
always reminded of the great
tragedy of that day, by the sight
and odor of these blossoms. It
never fails.

On this occasion the theatre was
crowded, many ladies in rich
and gay costumes, officers in their
uniforms, many well known citizens,
young folks, the usual clusters of
gas lights, the usual magnetism of
so many people, cheerful, with
perfumes, music of violins and
flutes—and over all, and saturating
all, that vast, vague wonder, victory,
the nation's victory, the triumph of
Union, filling the air, the thought,
the scene, with exhilaration more
than all perfumes.

The President came betimes, and
with his wife, witnessed the play
from the large stage boxes of the
second tier, two thrown into one,
and profusely draped with the
national flag. The acts and scenes
of the piece—one of those singular-
ly witless compositions which have
at least the merit of giving entire
relief to an audience engaged in
mental action or business excite-
ments and cares during the day, as
it makes not the slightest call on
either the moral, emotional,
aesthetic or spiritual nature—a
piece ("Our American Cincinnatus")
in which, among other characters, so
called a Yankee, certainly sith a
one as was never seen, or the least
like it ever seen in North America,
is introduced in England, with a
varied fold of talk, plot, scenery,
and such phantasmagoria
as goes to make up a modern
popular drama—had progressed
through a couple of its acts, when
in the midst of the comedy, or
tragedy, or non-such or whatever
it is to be called, and to offset it
or finish it out, as if in nature's
and the great master's mockery of
these poor mimics comes interpolated
that scene, not really or exactly to
be described at all (for of the many
hundreds who were there it seems
to this hour to have left little but
a passing dream, a blotch)—and yet
partially to be described as I now
proceed to give it.

There is a scene in the play rep-
resenting a modern parlor, in which
two unprecedented English ladies
are informed by the unprecedented
and impossible Yankee that he is
not a man of fortune, and therefore,
undesirable for marriage catching
purposes: after which the com-
ments being finished, the dramatic
trio make exit, leaving the stage
clear for a moment. There was a
pause, a hush as it were. At this
period came the murder of Abraham
Lincoln. Great as that was, with
all its manifold train circling round
it, and stretching in the future for
many a century, in the politics,
history, art, etc. of the New World,
in point of fact the main thing, the
actual murder, transpired with the
quiet and simplicity of any com-
monest occurrence—the bursting of
a bud or pod in the growth of vege-
tation, for instance.

Through the general hush follow-
ing the stage pause, with the change
of position, etc., came the muffled
sound of a pistol shot, which not
one-hundredth part of the audience
heard at the time—and yet a mo-
ment's hush—somehow, strangely
vague, startled thrill—and then,
through the ornamented, draped,
starred and striped space-way of the
President's box, a sudden figure, a
man raises himself with hands and
feet, stands a moment on the railing,
leaps below to the stage, (a distance
of fourteen or fifteen feet,) falls out
of position, catching his boot-heel in

the copious drapery, (the American
flag,) falls on one knee, quickly
recovers himself, rises as if nothing
had happened, (he really sprained
his ankle, but unfeeling then—and so
the figure, Booth, the murderer,
dressed in plain black broadcloth,
bare headed, with a full head of
glossy, raven hair, and his eyes, like
some mad animals' flashed with
light and resolution, yet with a cer-
tain strange calmness, holds aloft in
one hand a large knife—walks along
not much back from the foot lights—
turns fully toward the audience
his face of statuesque beauty, lit by
those basilisk eyes, flashing with
desperation, perhaps insanity—
launches out in a firm and steady
voice the words, "Sic semper tyranni-
sunt!" and then walks with neither
slow nor very rapid pace diagonally
across to the back of the stage, and
disappears. (Had not all this ter-
rible scene—making the mimic olles
preposterous—had it not all been
rehearsed, in blank by Booth, be-
forehand?)

A moment's hush, incredulous—a
scream—the cry of murder—Mrs.
Lincoln leaning out of the box, with
ashy cheeks and lips, with involun-
tary cry, pointing to the retreating
figure: "He has killed the Presi-
dent!" And still a moment's strange,
incredulous suspense—and then the
deluge!—then then that mixture of
horror, noises, uncertainty—the
hoofs clattering with speed)—the
people burst through chairs and
ravings, and break them up—that
noise adds to the queerness of scene
there is inextricable confusion and
terror—woman faint—quite feeble
persons fall, and are trampled on—
many cries of agony are heard—the
broad stage suddenly fills to suffo-
cation with a dense and motley
crowd, like some horrible carnival—
the audience rush generally upon it—
at least the strong men do—the
actors and actresses are still there in
their play costumes and painted
faces, with mortal fright showing
through the rouge, some trembling,
some in tears—the screams and calls,
confused talk—redoubled, tumbled-
two or three manage to pass up
water from the stage to the Presi-
dent's box—others try to clamber up
—etc., etc., etc.

In the midst of this the soldiers
of the President's guard, with others,
suddenly drawn to the scene, burst
in—some two hundred altogether—
they storm the house, through all
the tiers, especially the upper ones,
inflamed with fury, literally charging
the audience with fixed bayonets,
muskets and pistols, shouting:
"Clear out! clear out!—you sons of
—!" Such the wild scene, or a
suggestion of it, rather, inside the
play-house that night.

Outside, too, in the atmosphere of
shock and craze, crowds of people,
filled with frenzy, ready to seize out
any outlet for it, came near commit-
ting murder several times on im-
mortal individuals. One such case
was especially exciting. The infuriated
crowd, through some chance, got
started against one man either
for words he uttered, or perhaps
without any fault at all, and were
proceeding at once to actually hang
him on a neighboring lamp post,
which he was rescued by a few heroic
policemen, who placed him in their
midst and fought their way slowly
and amid great peril toward the
station-house. It was a fitting epi-
sode of the whole affair. The crowd
rushing and eddying to and fro—
the night, the yells, the pale faces,
many frightened people trying in
vain to extricate themselves—the
attacked man not yet freed from the
jaws of death, looking like a corpse
—the silent, resolute half-dozen
policemen, with no weapons but
their little clubs, yet stern and
steady through all those eddying
swarms—made indeed a fitting side
scene to the grand tragedy of the
murder. They gained the station-
house with the protested man, whom
they placed in security for flight,
and discharged him in the morning.

And in the midst of that night
pandemonium of senseless hate, in-
furiated soldiers, the audience and
the crowd—the atge and all fits
actors and actresses, its paint pots,
spangles and gaslight—the life blood
from those veins, the best and sweet-
est of the land, drips down, and
death's ooze already begins its little
bubbles on the lips.

Such, hurriedly sketched, were
the accompaniments of the death of
President Lincoln. So suddenly,
and in murder and horror unsur-
passed, he was taken from us. But
his death was painless.

What an atony to be quartered
upon the taxpayers of the country,
at the beck and call of the President!
80,000 federal officials in this repub-
lic! It is gratifying to know that a
democratic congress is cutting down
the supplies for feeding this raven-
ous horde of leeches.

An old lady was in the habit of
talking to her friends in a gloomy,
depressing manner, presenting only
the sad side of life. "Hang it," said
one, after a long and sombre inter-
view, "she wouldn't allow that there
was a bright side to the moon!"

In Canon City, Col., a man can't
take a couple of broken chairs to
the cabinet shop for repairs without
hearing such imputations as—"Hit
you with a chair, did she?"

ZACK CHANDLER'S POISON.

How he Saved the Life of his Little
Daughter, and, what he Suffered in
Consequence.

Robert Creighton, a personal
friend of Secretary Chandler, of the
United States interior department,
gives, in a letter to the D. C. Lib-
rary News, this interesting account of
an incident in the life of the latter
which explains the sanguine hue
of his face:

Perhaps you would like to know
something of Zack Chandler. You
and I have heard and read a great
deal about him, and it's time we
knew something of him. He is a
great big man, over six feet eight,
and about sixty years old. He and
Hortace Greece were born within a
hair-call of each other, and still no
single man did as much as Zack
Chandler to defeat the philosophy
for the presidency. He has a long,
lingering, heavy walk, of certain stride
and steady gait. He has an alterna-
tely white and red face in
front and high, a cone in one hand
and a bundle of paper in the other.

He never walks for pleasure. He
is always on business. He splits
every eight in fives—always to the
left, seldom straight, and with the
same regularity that punctuates his
every action. High and in front,
like the figure head on a great ship,
he carries his great, broad head
and variegated face. On a cold
day his countenance beams almost
like the red glare of a locomotive
headlight. Nine-nine men who
pass him on a frosty morning make
ninety-nine remarks freighted with
the information that "Old Zack
has had his bitters." But how this
world is given to lying! This red
face has a history, this crooked
gait has a reason, and I will
give you both.

It is now seventeen years since
Zackariah Chandler, being remark-
ably successful in business, built for
his family a new and elegant house
in Detroit. When nearly finished
he moved into it. On the first
evening, immediately after the gas
was turned on and lit the small of
the escaping gas reached the family
servants, and a search was made for
the leak. The dam, or, now Mrs.
Hale, then a child, with a litened
candle, detected it in a closet of
the back parlor. The father,
knowing the danger of an explosion,
hurried to the closet with a servant,
took the candle from the daughter's
hands and shielded her just in time
to receive the full blast himself,
burning his head, neck and hands
almost to a crisp. The nose, eyes,
eyes, lips and flesh of the face were
so completely cooked that old Zack
embraced the opportunity and un-
murmured through his blistered
lips: "Bring on your carambals, I
am cooked." A physician was im-
mediately sent for, who after a few
moment's examination shook his
head in the most unhopel manner.
With a fortitude which char-
acterizes Mr. Chandler to this day
he submitted to the examination,
and at the close demanded to know
the worst. The physician, Dr.
Clark, wisely endeavored to post-
pone the giving of his opinion
until the next day, but Mr. Chandler
insisting, the doctor reluctantly
answered his questions.

"Well, doctor, my nose feels bad,
How about it?"

"And my ears, I suppose, too?"

"I am sorry to say yes; they are
completely cooked through."

"My forehead—how about that?"

"Well, I don't see how this skin
will ever grow there again."

"My lips?"

"The upper lip, Mr. Chandler, I
shall have to take almost completely
off."

"That's bad for a man to lose
his upper lip. Won't the under
one do?"

"I am sorry to say, I shall have
to remove a portion of that also."

"Oh! Well, go on."

"There, that will do. I'll know
better in the morning."

"You can't leave me until I
know all. Go on, doctor, anything
else?"

"The doctor hesitated."

"Go on, doctor, my eyes?"

"Your eyes?"

"Yes, Go on."

"Mr. Chandler, you will take the
light of both eyes."

"That's enough, doctor, you can
go now."

Nearly a year passed before
Zackariah Chandler was seen on
the streets of Detroit again. No
one could recognize him except by
his voice and immense frame. His
face, once round, full and muscular,
was shriveled and mottled. His
heavy jaw, indicative of firmness of
purpose, was almost without a
shred of flesh. And as he said
himself, he was "the most thin-
skinned man in the whole North-
west."

Such is the history and the rea-
son of his red face and crooked
spitting.

The eruptions of Mont Vesuvius,
which is again active, amounted,
according to historians, to nineteen
century, when twenty-three took
place, and in the present century
there have already been twenty-five,
or one every three years.

Farmers' Children.

Of the discontent which exists
among the young people in regard
to agricultural life, the great cause
is what a writer in Scribner's Month-
ly so aptly terms the "social leanness"
or "social starvation of Ameri-
can agricultural life:

The American farmer, in all his
packing and all his building, has
never made any provision for his
He has only considered the means
of getting a living. Everything out
side of this—everything relating
to society and culture—has been
sterilely ignored. He gives the chil-
dren the advantages of schools, not
recognizing the fact that these very
advantages call into being a new
set of social wants. A bright, well
educated family in a lonely farm
house is very different material from
a family brought up in ignorance.
An American farmer's children who
have had a few terms at the neigh-
boring academy resemble in no de-
gree the children of the European
peasant. They come home with new
ideas and new wants, and if they find
no opportunities for their satisfac-
tion, they will be ready, on reaching
their majority to flee the farm and
seek the city.

If the American farmer wishes to
keep his children near him, he must
learn the difference of living and
getting a living; and we mistake
him and his grade of culture when
we put him to the test of this
statement and wonder what we
mean by it. To get a living, to
make money, to become "self-depend-
ent"—this is the whole of life to ag-
ricultural students, discouraging
in their minds to do anything else.
To them there is no difference be-
tween living and getting a living.
Their whole life consists in getting
a living; and when their families
come back to them from schooling,
and find that, really, this is the only
possibility that has any recognition
under the parental roof, they must
go away. The boys push to the
center of cities, and the girls follow
them if they can. A young man or
a young woman raised to the point
where they apprehend the difference
between living and getting a living,
can never be satisfied with the latter
alone. Either the farmer's children
must be kept ignorant or provision
must be made for their social wants.
Bills and hearts need to be
clothed as well as bodies; and
those who have learned to recognize
brains and hearts as the best and
most important of their personal
possessions will go where they can
find the industry.

What is the remedy? How shall
farmers be able to keep their chil-
dren near them? How can we dis-
courage the influx of unnecessary
youth, burdensome—population in-
creases? We answer: By making
agricultural life attractive. Fill
the farm houses with books and
periodicals. Establish an all-
reading rooms, or neighborhood clubs.
Encourage the social meetings of
the young. Have concerts, lectures,
improvement associations. Estab-
lish a bright, active, and social life,
that shall give some significance to
labor. Above all, build as far as
possible in villages. It is better to
go a mile to one's daily labor, than
to plant one's self a mile away from
a neighbor. The isolation of Ameri-
can farm life is the great cause of
that life, and it falls upon the
women with a hardship that the
men cannot appreciate, and drives
the educated young away.



Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful in-
vigorant that ever sustained the ailing system.

No Person can take these Bitters
according to directions, and remain long
unwell, provided their bones are not de-
stroyed by mineral poison or other
means, and vital organs wasted beyond
repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Inter-
mittent Fevers, which are so prevalent
throughout the United States, especially
those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri,
Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkans-