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BRAVE KATE.

The year 1781 was a dark and gloomy one for our forefathers, who were then struggling for liberty. In South Carolina affairs were then in a critical situation. General Greene made an unsuccessful attack on the British post of Ninety-Six, and withdrew his men beyond the Tigris and Broad Rivers. Lord Rawdon followed him, but could not draw the patriot general into an engagement.

At that period there stood in South Carolina a plain and unassuming house; it was a one-story building, neatly whitewashed, and surrounded by a fence. The garden contained many choice flowers, and the beautiful honeysuckle shaded the doors and windows. It was the home of Mrs. Heath, who lived with her two daughters, while her son George was in Washington's army, fighting for freedom.

Kate, the eldest of the daughters, was a beautiful girl of sixteen summers; her auburn hair hung in graceful curls down to her shoulders, and her face beamed with kindness, while her eyes shone like the stars that light up the azure vault of heaven.

One evening, as Kate was standing at the cottage door, she beheld two mounted officers approaching. They wore richly dressed, and one of them she recognized as Lord Rawdon, the commander of the British forces in that section of the country. They rode up to her, and Rawdon leaned over in his saddle and said, in a kind voice: "Well, miss, can you let me have the use of a room for a few minutes?"

"Yes, sir, our house is open to you."

"Come, colonel, let us hurry up business," said Rawdon, dismounting, while the colonel did the same, the latter leading the horses to the stable.

Lord Rawdon advanced to where Kate was standing, and said: "Whose house is this, miss?"

"Mrs. Heath's, sir."

"Ha! her son is in the rebel army, under Washington, is he not?"

Kate trembled at the insult, and she looked at the Briton with a searching glance.

"My brother is no rebel, Lord Rawdon; he is fighting for his country."

"I am sorry for that; he is a brave boy, and would, no doubt, make a good British soldier," returned Rawdon.

"Lord Rawdon, you insult me, sir. I would sooner see George die a felon's death than see him in the king's army," was the heroic answer.

"I see you are a rebel, too, Miss Heath. But here comes the colonel," said Rawdon, as he saw that worthy coming from the stable.

They entered the house and went into a small room to hold a consultation. Kate thought they might have something important to say, so she concluded to play the part of eavesdropper. She told her mother of her intention, who approved of it, and Kate placed herself in a position to overhear the Briton's plans.

It was a dangerous undertaking, and she knew that if she was caught in the act of listening she would be treated as a spy, and perhaps, executed, for Lord Rawdon knew no mercy. She cautiously approached the door and looked through a crevice. Rawdon and his colonel were seated before a small table on which lay maps. They were examining them closely, while Rawdon was explaining them to the colonel.

"Here is Greene's camp," said he, "and here are ours. We must make a bold strike, and if it be successful, Greene will be destroyed."

"I don't see why it should not succeed; do you, my Lord?"

"No; if our troops fight as well as they have heretofore we shall succeed," said Rawdon, his face assuming a triumphant expression.

"I shall feel happy when the cursed rebels are driven away from Carolina, and then their rule will be over," said Colonel Roberts.

"We must crush Greene, colonel; I do not want to go back to England and let it be said that I was out-generaled by a rebel. No, never!" exclaimed Rawdon, rising to his feet.

"Then, we make the attack at daybreak, do we not?" asked the colonel.

"We do; have your regiment ready and make your men fight like demons."

"Let us go, now. But hold! what is the countersign for the pickets to-night, my Lord?"

"England," answered Lord Rawdon, lowering his voice.

Kate listened to the Briton's plan with a wildly throbbing heart, and she resolved to save the patriot army. When she heard the countersign she left the door and busied herself in her household duties, and soon the two officers emerged from the room.

"We must go, Miss Heath, but first let me thank you for your kindness," said Rawdon.

"Your thanks are received," answered Kate.

The horses were saddled, and the officers were soon on their way. Kate watched them till they were out of sight, and then she prepared for her perilous journey. She threw a shawl over her head and went to the stable. Her fleet-footed horse neighed as she entered, and she patted him on the head and said:

"Well, noble Selim, you must carry me safely through to-night, for if you do not Greene will be destroyed."

The animal seemed to understand her, for he gave a low whinny.

Our heroine saddled Selim, led him from the stable, and was soon riding towards Greene's camp, which was eight miles distant. She rode swiftly, for she wanted to reach her destination in time to let her patriot general form his men to meet the assault. The British pickets were four miles distant, and she would be compelled to pass through their lines; but as she was now in possession of the countersign she did not fear the result.

Soon Kate saw the picket's bayonet gleam in the moonlight, and heard him cry out:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend, with the countersign."

She approached the picket and whispered:

"England!"

"All right; pass on. But stop!" cried the picket, as he caught a glimpse of her face.

Kate stopped her horse, and laid her hand on a pistol. The picket approached and said:

"Is that you, Miss Heath?"

"It is, Guy," returned Kate, for she recognized the soldier to be Guy Jackson, who had often visited their house.

"Where are you going to-night, Miss Kate?" he asked.

"To see Mrs. Blake, she is very sick."

"Just like you, Miss Kate—always visiting the sick; you are a ministering angel," said the haughty Briton.

"Thank you for the compliment, Guy. But I must be going. Good night." And Kate was again on her journey, while the picket returned to his post.

She had to pass four miles yet ere she would be safe, so she urged on her steed. Before she had gone a hundred yards from Guy Jackson, a dozen mounted Britons rode furiously up to the picket, and their leader cried out:

"Did any person pass this post a short time since?"

"Yes, sir," was the picket's reply.

"Do you know who it was?"

"I do; it was Miss Heath."

"Had she the countersign, sir?"

"She had."

"I fear she is safe. Forward, men! If she escapes, Greene is saved. A hundred golden guineas and a commission to the man who catches her," cried the leader of the band, as they dashed after the brave girl, leaving the picket in a state of bewilderment.

Kate soon heard the sound of her pursuers, and she pushed on faster. It was a race for life or death. The British horses were fresh, while hers was beginning to show signs of fatigue.

"Forward, Selim; you must take me to Greene's camp," said Kate, to her horse.

But her enemies gained upon her, and one of them seemed bent on catching her, for he was some yards in advance of his comrades. Kate heard the ominous tramp of his horse and drew her pistol. "Nearer he came until he was at her side, and then cried out:

"Halt, you cursed rebel!"

Those were his last words, for Kate fired, and the bullet crashed through his brain. The others did not stop to look at their dead comrade, but pressed on. They neared her again, and another trooper received his death wound. The remainder halted, and a moment afterward Kate heard the American picket cry out:

"Who goes there?"

"Kate Heath," cried our heroine, as she dashed through the line.

The soldier had raised his gun, but when he heard her name it was lowered, and he answered:

"All right!"

The American camp was reached; Kate threw herself from the saddle, and placed her faithful horse in charge of a soldier.

"Where is Greene's tent?"

"To the right there where you see that light," replied the man, pointing to the place.

She entered the general's tent, and found him engaged in writing; he raised his eyes, then rose to his feet and said:

"You come here at a late hour, Miss Heath."

"I do, General; you are in dan-

"How is that?" exclaimed Greene.

The brave girl told her story; and the patriot grasped her hand, while the tears trickled down his war-worn cheeks.

"Thank God you have saved my army, Miss Heath. I can never repay you."

"I want no payment. The thought that I have done my duty, and the thanks of Nathaniel Greene are worth more than gold and diamonds," was the heroic reply.

"Take my thanks, my brave girl, and may the Great Jehovah watch over and guide you through the changing scenes of life," responded Greene.

"And may He save my country, too," added Kate.

"You need rest. Here, sleep in my tent to-night, while I seek a resting place among my men," said the kind-hearted Greene.

"I do not wish to rob you of your couch, general."

"You will not. I shall be engaged in forming my troops to meet the attack," and General Greene left the tent.

Kate enjoyed a good rest that night, and in the morning General Greene came to her and joyfully exclaimed:

"Good news! Lord Rawdon is in full retreat. We took a prisoner this morning who says you frustrated their plans and saved the army. God bless you for that good act! But I must leave you now, for I am going to follow Rawdon, and teach him that we can fight. When are you going home?"

"In a few minutes, general."

"Good-bye; and may you have a safe journey," responded Greene, shaking her by the hand. Her horse was led forth, and she was soon on her way home, which was reached in safety.

Kate Heath lived to see the war closed, and peace and plenty spread their wings over the land; and not long afterwards she was wedded to Walter Gordon, who had been a colonel in the American army.

A TERRIBLE HORSE DISEASE.—Within a few weeks past an alarming and fatal malady has made its appearance in the stables of some of the New York city railroads. The *Sun* says: "It recently showed itself among the horses of the Second Avenue line, where there have been over one hundred and thirty cases, although not more than about twelve have as yet proved fatal. The first symptoms are manifested in the slow and sluggish movement of the hind quarters, and in stumbling. It is a disease of the membranes over the spinal marrow, and beginning apparently over the lumbar vertebrae, effectually paralyzes the hind quarters. The distemper gradually works itself along the spinal cord until it reaches the brain, when the fore legs give way, and the horse is deprived of the use of his limbs. The horse continues to eat and drink as heartily as though he was well; his appetite seems to increase rather than diminish as the disease advances. There is no effectual remedy for this frightful malady yet discovered. A gentleman in Westchester county, out of seven fine horses, has lost five; another gentleman on Long Island, the owner of many fast trotting horses, has lost six from the disease, valued at \$30,000. It may be noticed as a singular coincidence that cerebrospinal meningitis, though not of a malignant form, is prevailing extensively in many parts of Virginia."

SCENE NOT IN THE BILLS.—One of the most amusing yet unexpected sensation scenes ever witnessed in a theatre occurred recently at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, England. The curtain drew up for Mr. Toole to address the court in *Mr. Bardell vs. Pickwick*, when the whole of the jury mysteriously disappeared, their boxes suddenly giving way and engulfing the good men and true. At first the vast audience who crowded every part of the theatre were silent, fearing some dreadful accident had occurred; but as the unlucky jurymen rapidly re-appeared unharmed though looking very foolish, they broke out into a perfect hurricane of laughter, which lasted several minutes. The curtain had to be dropped to allow the jury to be boxed again, and when Mr. Toole began his address he provoked another burst of risibility by alluding to the jury as "that worthy body of steadfast and immovable men." A peculiarly amusing feature of this novel scene was the fact that the majority of the jury were stage carpenters, whose duty it was to erect the court, and they suffered in this case from their own carelessness.

A man with a scolding wife says he has less fears of the jaws of death than of the jaws of life.

Narrow Gauge Railroads.

The world moves. Macadamization a few years back was considered the perfection of road-making. Railroads, however, proving so immeasurable an improvement over the "old way," rapidly commended themselves to intelligent and enterprising minds throughout the globe, till our own day, when plank roads and Macadam are scarcely ever heard of. The one great obstacle to the universal introduction of railroads has hitherto been their inordinate cost. But for the great expensiveness of construction, every neighborhood would have its railroad—every village, town and hamlet would send its chariot, drawn by the snorting iron horse, to every other neighboring town. But railroads cost money—in fact, a great deal of money to build; and even after they are built they cost a great deal to "run," and keep in repair.

There is a remedy at hand. The four feet eight-and-a-half gauge, hitherto deemed indispensable, is now shown by competent engineers, and by actual proof, to have involved an enormous waste of material power and money. Narrow gauges, of one foot eleven-and-a-half inches, two feet six inches, and three feet, are now being built in various parts of the world, and are found perfectly safe, ample for all business requirements, and incomparably cheaper than the old broad gauge lines. The narrowest gauge of which we have heard—23½ inches—is in use on a short railroad of thirteen miles, between the slate quarries of Festiniog and Port Madock, in Wales. When the company first began to carry passengers on this line, the government inspector of railroads limited the rate of speed to twelve miles an hour. He has since given authority to run the passenger trains at any rate of speed they may think fit; and in his last official report he affirms that he "travelled over this little road at thirty miles an hour, with every feeling of safety." Engineers in different parts of the world have for some years past had their attention turned to this subject, and deviations, greater or less, from the old broad gauge have been made generally with success; but this experiment in Wales has gone so far beyond all preceding attempts that it has naturally attracted great attention; and accordingly we find that nearly every government of Europe has sent its best engineers to the slate quarries of Wales to witness the new railroad wonder. There are several lines also now being constructed in this country, on the new principle, among them the line, three hundred miles long, from Santa Fe to Denver City.

The saving of the new over the old method is much greater than any one not familiar with the details of railroad building would imagine. The roadbed of the present broad gauge is almost uniformly eighteen feet wide in cuttings and fourteen feet on embankments. The reduction of two feet in the gauge would allow of more than a corresponding reduction in the width of embankments. It is also acknowledged by the most eminent engineers that a narrow gauge admits of steeper grades and sharper curves; both of which items sensibly diminish the cost of construction. The same lessening of cost applies to tunnels, bridges, culverts, sleepers, cross-ties, ballasting, &c. The smaller weight of the trains, too, admits the use of lighter rails. In fact the cost of construction of a narrow gauge line may be fairly put down as at least \$10,000 a mile less than of a broad gauge line. But great as it is, the first cost of construction of a broad gauge line is not a greater drain on the resources of railroad companies than the excessive cost of operating them.

This is an eminently practical subject, and will readily commend itself to railroad men, engineers, and to thinking men generally. It can hardly fail to exercise a potent influence in the development of the more sparsely settled portions of our country. The great reluctance of capitalists hitherto, and even now, to embark in railroad enterprises, has been the almost universal conviction that they cannot be made to pay the construction, i. e., the stockholder. But this is solely because the cost of building and stocking them has been much greater than necessary. We are now on the brink of a great revolution in railroad building, and we earnestly hope that South Carolina may ere long enjoy her share of benefit from this great and practical discovery. —*Charleston News.*

On the subject of Narrow Gauge Railroads we copy from the *Chronicle & Sentinel* the following comments:

NARROW GAUGE RAILWAYS.—We acknowledge a copy of a

pamphlet bearing the foregoing title, issued by Born, Dearing & Co., giving a large amount of statistical information touching the cost of construction, cost of operating, and comparative merits of this new departure in railways. As an illustration of comparative cost, estimates are given of the cost of superstructure of five different gauges for a single mile of road, as follows: The cost of one mile, of 4 feet 8½ inches, being \$10,377; the cost of 4 feet 6 gauge, will be \$6,898 20; of 3 feet gauge, \$5,794 70; of 2 feet 6 inches, \$5,006 20; and of 2 feet, \$4,051 20. The monopoly of large corporations owning and operating large lines at extremely low rates for through freights, and very high rates for local freights, as monopolies, promises that narrow gauge roads will, at no distant day, play no unimportant part in our railway economy. As feeders to main lines elsewhere, narrow gauge roads are already being brought into use, and the impediment as to transferring to connecting broad gauge lines overcome by the construction of boxes which readily admit of being placed upon platforms of narrow gauge, and also by adjustable axles.

The opponents of narrow gauge railroads maintain that while they may answer for short branch lines, they will fail for trunk roads with heavy trade. The Government of British India are about testing this matter in a practical manner. Its first experiment is to be with a line of more than a thousand miles in length, reaching from Kurrachee to Peshawar, from the southeast, West of the mouth of the Indus, almost to mountains on the Northwest frontier of British India. The capacity of such a line is estimated so high that it is contended that in one week twelve thousand men could be carried from the sea to the frontier, fully equipped with arms, and the necessary complement of guns, horses, stores, followers, and rations for a month, without any more rolling stock than would suffice for the ordinary traffic. The economy of such a line is evident from the estimate that at least one million pounds sterling would be saved in the mere construction, while the cost of maintenance and operating would be correspondingly diminished. The results of this experiment will be looked for with deep concern in this country, where the question of narrow gauge railroads is attracting the attention of all men engaged in the improvement of transportation facilities.

The sacrilegious outrages of the Paris revolutionists are horrible in their details, accounts of which now come to hand through correspondence. When the mob of National Guards occupied the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, their first act was to expel, with various insults and foul abuse, the numbers of people who were saying their prayers; then they arrested the clergy and some of the neighboring inhabitants who came in to protest. The doors were shut, and the prisoners were informed by an officer, in a pompous speech, that the object of the visit was "to seek for corpses in the name of high morality." The stone pavement was pulled up, and the treasure of the church, which was very considerable, including gifts of precious objects and votive offerings, worth more than \$50,000, was soon discovered in a cellar; but the search for "corpses" was less productive. It was not till late in the evening, when the diggers got down deep into the old burial ground, that skeletons were found. During the night, the Guards, of course, got drunk: in the intervals of their work they put on the vestments of the clergy, and executed dances and sang obscene songs before their prisoners. The organ went on all the next day, the church being despoiled of every thing, the Guards paid out of the votive offerings of money in the cash-box, the old monastic vaults opened and the bones used as drum-sticks and the skulls stacked like cannon balls. The consecrated waters were dispensed in mockery of the Holy Communion, to crowds of gaping gamin, and every sacrilege which foul minds could conceive was perpetrated. At the new Church of the Trinity, the Guards brought out the marble statue of the Virgin, a gem of art, backed its eyes with charcoal, made a hole in its mouth, into which they stuck a dirty short pipe, and finally dressed up the statue in the costume of a *cantiniere* who disrobed herself on purpose. They wound up this exploit by dancing a kind of *carmagnole* around the statue and drinking obscene toasts.

Imaginary dangers are worse than real ones, for the former will continue to disturb us, whereas the real ones will pass over.

Cruel Treatment of a Colored Boy.

A colored boy, Daniel Curry, about nine years of age, was taken to the grand house on the charge of vagrancy, but when he was arraigned before the Mayor yesterday, he told a tale of horrid treatment at the hands of his employer, a colored enterer—Michael Heywood—living in Magazine street, which excited pity, as the cause of his deserting his team, and showed his person, which was only covered with a dirty white linen duster, which presented a sight that put to blush the worst charges laid to the darkest days of slavery or the bastinado. The boy was carried to Dr. DeSaussure, who examined his back and legs, and gave a certificate as to their condition. From thence he was taken before Trial Justice Magrath, who issued a warrant for the arrest of Heywood, and had him brought before him. He admitted the flogging, and gave as an excuse that the boy would not stay with him, and there is no wonder he did not under the treatment he received. The little fellow could scarcely walk, and was lacerated from his neck to his heels in a manner terrible to behold. He said that Heywood would make him run up and down a room, while he plaited cowhide whips, and used to whip his horse with the blood matted hair of each whip. The blood must have flowed at each blow. If such an act had been committed upon that boy by a white employer, the colored people would have howled over it as an evidence of the hatred of the one to the other.

When the duster was raised in the Trial Justice's office to show the castigation he had received, there was but one voice, and that was of indignation. The hard-hearted employer was held to bail to answer for his crime, but as he could not furnish it, he went to jail, and deserves to suffer in kind. —*Charleston Courier, 13th.*

WORK WORTHY OF THE WORKMEN.—Some of the Radical papers are now engaged in an effort to sully the name of Washington, by stringing together all the wicked and malicious things said of him by his enemies in the political elements that followed the inauguration of the Government. It is in perfect keeping with the character and purposes of that party to degrade everything that is great and virtuous, pure and lovely. They have warred upon everything that is great in the country, and patronized everything that is base and mean.

A VENERABLE ARTIST.—The artist Thomas Sully, the eminent portrait painter, is living in Philadelphia, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He is still bright and active in his studio. Sully was born in England. His mother came from England to Norfolk, Va., in 1791, and Sully took his first lessons in Charleston, S. C., where he began miniature painting at seven years of age. During his long career, he has painted the portraits of many of the prominent men of the country, including Lafayette, Jefferson, Jackson, Adams, Monroe and others.

Fontenelle, at the age of 97, after saying many able and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Harletius, passed her one without perceiving her. "See," said she, stopping and addressing him, "how I ought to value your gallantries! You pass me without even looking at me!" "Madame," said the old man, "if I had looked at you I could not have passed."

The very latest idea in the fashionable world is the Moonlight German—full dress, no lights, windows wide open, silvery moonlight streaming in in floods, delicious waltzes enchanting the air, flirting perfectly unembarrassed, and all that sort of thing.

A Milwaukee farmer recently accused his wife of attempting to murder him, and while he was gone from home, to make inquiries concerning a divorce, she was gored to death by a cow.

No shade of violet ought ever to be used in any sort of evening dress, as the color vanishes entirely under an artificial light. Many a young lady has suffered for not remembering this.

The ship Otage has arrived from Hong Kong, with 300 Chinese and a full cargo of merchandise, consigned exclusively to Chinese merchants.

A Chinese Young Men's Christian Association has been organized in San Francisco. It starts with a membership of forty Celestials.

The bitter end—the last half-inch of a penny cigar.

Manners in Church.

Why is it some men exhibit respect for the Lord's house by entering it uncovered, and lose that respect, in going out, before reaching the door? It is bad manners for a gentleman to wear his hat in the house of a friend; it is not worse manners for a Christian to wear his hat in the house of the Lord? Christian men should be as polite, at least, as men of the world.

The question is debatable whether the practice of chewing tobacco is filthier than smoking. Now, it is a time-honored and revered custom to *chew* in church, why not extend to the other class of practitioners the comfortable favor once in use, it is said, in some out of the way kirks of Scotland, of *smoking* in Church?

Does it increase faith, or intensify piety, when first seated in the Lord's house, to set up a general whispering among ourselves, and talk the whole neighborhood over, as preliminary exercise? If so, then many disciples, especially of our country and village churches, must be strengthened mightily in the inner man.

After prayer, and when the preacher is about to announce the hymn, what a barking, and snorting, and blowing of noses! Then it is we all turn ourselves loose for a general cleaning out of boilers and pipes. What if but few heard the number of the hymn; surely the good man will announce it again, and perchance for the fourth time, before assured of having been heard. Had not the preacher better wait and let us have a good cough all round, and be done with it?

The pees in our old meeting house faced the door. How pleasant it was, and how comforting, in those good old halloway days, to sit facing both the door and the minister. With what solemn satisfaction could we sit, and without an effort, gaze at the corners in, and know exactly how every one was dressed. We then had an object in coming early. Now, alas! how changed! The architect of our new house has put all our backs to the door; and, with much inconvenience and some pain, we must twist ourselves around in our places, when one comes in late, to see who it is. The most of us, however, manage to get through with the performance many times during the hour, and the point being made at the time of these episodes, must indeed be of rare and vital interest, if the number of twisted necks is not greater than the straight. It is amusing to watch the faces fly round, and the strained eyes when the door slams at our backs.

Did you never hear a baby cry in church? If so, I hope you did not stare at the anxious mother until her cheeks were mantled with crimson. No, never do that—is it done too often already. The poor woman with her babe may not have enjoyed the privileges of the Lord's house for many a week, and should baby yelp a little, she is doubtless concerned about it more than we. It is bad manners, needless cruelty, and hard on the preacher, to give the baby our attention in such cases. Let us hear an occasional sermon, touching our "behavior in the house of God."

In Warsaw, Ky., are thirty-two widows, each possessed of a fortune of not less than \$100,000. The oldest of these widows is thirty-nine, the youngest twenty-one. All are handsome and all in the market. Should Brigham Young make a sweep from his harem-scram at Utah, upon this widow's entire lot, he would cut quite a figure. He might do so, but for fear such a raid and capture of the widows of Warsaw would make more war in Utah than it ever before saw. This being the case the reporter could say: Of all the wars we ever saw we never saw a war like the war we saw among the wives and widows of Warsaw.

As said the man once upon a time: "Of all the saws I ever saw saw I never saw a saw that would saw as that wood-saw saws, except it was a saw that I once saw saw in Arkan-saw, and that wood-saw would out-saw any saw I ever saw in any place outside of Arkan-saw!" —*Exchange.*

The Brunswick, Ga., Appeal says: "We are pained to announce the death of the infant child of John Templeton and his wife, Alice Vane, which occurred in our city on Tuesday night last. Although strangers to our citizens, they have the sympathies of all in their sad bereavement."

A heartless old bachelor schoolmaster at Ithaca, the other day unmercifully flogged a little girl eight years old because she said her sister wouldn't have him because he had such an ugly nose.

A Sea of Alligators.

A gentleman who has been stopping in our midst for some time gives an account of one of the most terrible scenes ever recorded in the annals of this country. While steaming up the placid waters of the Ocklawaha River he witnessed a conflict which made his hair stand on end, never to be forgotten. After rounding Sackett's Point, the stream widens and deepens, and the waters at this bend always looked troubled and black. Suddenly the steamer encountered a sea of alligators, floundering and splashing water in every direction; their following shook the foundation of the waters. The captain says that he never heard or witnessed such a scene before and never wishes to again. Before the speed of the little steamer could be checked they found themselves in the midst of these terrible monsters. To go back or go ahead was impossible. The passengers endeavored to drive them away by shooting, and the hands on board beat them with handspikes, yet they seemed more determined to obstruct the passage of the boat. The situation every moment became critical, and the crew and passengers more and more exhausted, and the destruction of the boat seemed inevitable. Already three colored hands had been devoured by these terrible monsters, and several others wounded. Several planks were torn from the hull, and the steamer was with difficulty kept from sinking. Just at this period a source of relief came. A huge serpent appeared, making his way from the lakes, the same, it is supposed, that was seen at "Devil's Elbow" last fall. This alligator soon disappeared following the sea devil, or whatever you may call him, and such fighting never was witnessed. At a point below where the river suddenly narrows, it soon became blocked with dead alligators and the water was red with blood. It is difficult to account for the number and sudden appearance of these animals, but the latest theory may throw some light upon the subject. It is believed by many that there is a large subterranean passage of water between the head waters of the Ocklawaha Lake, and that these monsters have found their way here in great numbers, and, if not soon exterminated, will obstruct the navigation of the Ocklawaha. —*Palma (Fla.) Herald.*

The Vicksburg Herald says: If the people of New York do not wish to hang Foster, let them send him to Massachusetts, and the Radical party will elect him to Congress! That is what Massachusetts Radicals did for Ben. Butler, and he did precisely what Foster is charged with, and what a jury found him guilty of. Butler is faulted all the ladies of New Orleans, and murdered Mumford, a man who would have protected his countrywomen from all hazards, had he been living.

By the way, a bad habit, one constantly and fiercely denounced and decidered at the North—we allude to the habit of carrying arms, which many persons in the South indulge in—is just what renders such crimes impossible in the South. The ruffian who dared to insult a woman on a car in any Southern city would get the top of his head blown off in less than six seconds. And this fact—the certainty that the prompt and most summary punishment will be meted out on such occasions—keeps the roughs and rowdies on their good behavior. Such fellows as Foster would be eminently polite to ladies on a Southern car, for the reason that they cannot indulge in their backward practices with impunity.

People may say what they will, but pistols in the hands of men who are not afraid to use them, are great "conservators of peace."

SUGAR.—The sugar crop prospects in Louisiana are reported as exceedingly favorable. The Cuban crop is from 25 to 30 per cent short this year, and advices from Europe indicate that good prices may be expected by the American planters. The war has greatly diminished the supply of the best root sugar; and in England the imports of sugar from January 1st to April 15th had fallen off 5,302 tons, while the consumption has increased 48,207 tons, or nearly 50 per cent.

Curiosity prompted the editor of the *Union Times* a few days ago to inquire about how the colored people of that town kept the marital vow, and he discovered that of eighteen colored women, 13 but one of them are living as the wives of some other colored woman's husband.

Among the Catholic Church choirs of England quite an exciting moot has been created by a mandate excluding female singers.