

The Fairfield Herald.

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THE
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TERMS.—The Herald is published weekly in the Town of Winnsboro, at \$3.00 in advance.
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Washington Items.

The President is sick of the Louisiana case, and although he has not yet quarreled with his political friends, as alleged, he has wriggled out of his former position of meddling in the affairs of States and now washes his hands of their local differences altogether and gives neither consolation nor advice to the sore-headed who call upon him for aid. He points to congress as the source of relief for the disappointed politicians of both parties. What a blessed change of heart is his. Grant, in common with one who can read, privately admits the recent Louisiana election to be a huge fraud, but believes that Congress has no right to order a new election in that or any other State. Sound doctrine, though rather late in being acted on.

Senator Gordon, of Georgia, has had a full interview with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in reference to the threatened proceedings by revenue officers in some localities in the South, against parties who failed to attach stamps to deeds and other instruments of writing during the war. The Commissioner states that the Government has never prosecuted where such instruments were issued South during the war were stamped, nor attempted to compel such stamping now, but the commissioner holds such deeds invalid until stamped, nor is it required to attach stamps according to the price paid for property in Confederate money, but according to the real value. The matter will probably be brought before Congress.

The debate between B. B. Robbins, of North Carolina, and R. H. Cain, of South Carolina, the former in opposition to the Civil Rights Bill, and the latter—a negro—in favor of it, was rather animated; the word "nigger" used by Mr. Robbins, greatly "riled" the feelings of Cain, who was very indignant at his Congressional brother, and tried to lay him out with hard words in stead of a club as did his ancient namesake. The exceedingly bad taste displayed by members in applauding the remarks of their friend was reuked by Mr. S. S. Cox, who hoped there would be no repetition of the scene, but he very gingerly pointed to the galleries when he might have pointed to his colleagues on the floor, whom he really meant. But this probably would be too unparliamentary and severe a rebuke for the good natured and agreeable "Sunset" to indulge in.

If there is any of the reconstructed States where the people are literally taxed out of house and home, Arkansas is the one. In order to be sure that the assessors shall not permit any undervaluation of property, they are paid a commission on the amount assessed, so that the higher the valuation they return the larger will be their own share of the plunder. The idea of paying assessors by commission is novel, and its natural effect obvious. This plan is so brilliant that it is almost safe to say that it must have originated in the prolific brain of Grant's particular friend, Senator Clayton, to whom the people of Arkansas are deeply indebted in many ways. If a tax on personal property is not paid, the collector may seize it and sell enough to cover the amount due with costs and fifty per cent. on the whole, besides paying himself for his trouble. If a real estate owner fails to pay his taxes, his property is sold at auction under provisions which render it almost impossible that he can ever recover it. In case no purchasers come forward to bid for such property, then, in order to make sure that the owner is properly punished for his poverty, the State steps in, buys it, and gives it away to certain railroad companies. And yet, strange to say, there are very few white men to be found in this benighted State who are able to properly appreciate the blessings of living under a republican form of government.

The committee appointed by the meeting of the tax-payers of Marion County are quietly waiting the action of the Legislature. A bill has been introduced into the House to give the remedy desired. It is at the end of the calendar, and will not be reached in some time, unless taken up out of its order. Meantime, Mr. Fillebrown, chief clerk in the Comptroller's office, has gone over to Marion, to make an examination of the tax collector's books, and to look into the matters complained of carefully.—Phenix.

Ku Klux in the West.

St. Louis, January 31.—As a train on the Iron Mountain Railroad, which left here at 9.45 this morning, came in sight of Gad's Hill Station, 120 miles below this city, at 4.30 this afternoon, it was signaled to stop. The switch was turned and the train ran on a side track. As the train stopped, Conductor Alford stepped off to ascertain what was the matter when he was confronted by a man wearing a mask, a pistol placed to his head, and he was marched off. The engineer, fireman, mail agent, express messenger, and other train men were, then seized by five masked and heavily armed men and also placed under guard. The robbers then went through the entire train and took from the passengers about \$2,000 and a large amount of jewelry; they also took from Adam's Express about \$1,000, and rifled the mails. The robbers then went in a Southerly direction. After the release of the train men, the train started South. The robbers left the following note on the train, which is now in possession of Conductor Alford:

"The South bound train on the Iron Mountain Railroad was robbed here, this evening, by five heavily armed men, of blank dollars. The robbers arrived at the station a few minutes before the arrival of the train and arrested the agent and put him under guard. They then threw the train on the switch. The robbers were all large men—none of them under six feet. They were all masked, and started in a Southerly direction, after they had robbed the train. All were mounted on fine blooded horses. There is a hell of an excitement in this part of the country.

(Signed) IRA A. MERRILL.

The robbers offered no violence to any one on the train, and did no harm to the train men.

Arrests.

John Smith occupies eight seats in the Ohio Legislature.

Chief Justice White has eleven children. A little, eleven, eleven, the whole lump.

From an estimate based on its new city directory, New Orleans claims a population of 230,985.

Each West Point cadet costs the country \$3,800 by the time he is fit to take his place on the active list.

Surgeons now use elastic cord to prevent acute pain and loss of blood during amputation.

Andrew Jackson was accused of bad spelling, but John Randolph defended him by declaring that "a man must be a fool who could not spell a word more ways than one."

Governor Moses, it is said, while in Charleston recently, appointed on his staff, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, a child seven years old, probably as a defense against Neglect.

Alexander H. Stephens is reported to be engaged in the preparation of a speech to support a resolution recognizing the independence of the Republic of Cuba. Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, will, it is stated offer an amendment in favor of the recognition of belligerent rights.

One wet night, in Boston recently, visitors to a public hall found a man at the entrance holding out a ticket check and saying: "Umbrellas, please." People gratefully resigned their wet umbrellas to his custody, but when the entertainment was over, both man and umbrellas had disappeared.

A Word to Girls.

The woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her maker. But that dress is to do all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe. Just because we do love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose we would urge upon them such a course of reading and study as will counter such as no Modiste can supply. A well-known author once wrote a pretty essay on the power of education to beautify—that it also, subtly chiseled the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and thick pair of lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And he put it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

It is now stated in the Northern papers that Congressman Elliott's recent speech in response to Stephens was written out by Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts and given to Elliott to deliver.

John Ford, of England, drew a prize of \$2,000 in a lottery, and he was so excited that he dropped dead.

Convention of Mexican War Veterans.

We do not suppose that our readers would care to read a very lengthy account of the proceedings of the Convention of Mexican War veterans lately held in Washington. They may wish to be made acquainted with the following facts:

Judge T. J. Mackey, of S. C., was called upon and is said to have made a brilliant and eloquent address. The report of it as given in one of the Washington papers is as follows: He dwelt upon the manner in which his regiment, the Palmetto, of South Carolina, had conducted itself at the battle of Mexico, and then referred briefly to the different circumstances of civil war, which had separated many of the survivors of the Mexican war, and paid a high tribute to the soldiers of both sides during the war for the Union. The men of the South feel that it is good to be here, as do the men of the North. They have met here as brothers. Hereafter, in peace they are friends; in war they are brothers in arms. The Confederate soldier having sheathed his sword carries no dagger beneath his garments.

The following resolution which may be an interesting piece of information to the survivors of the Mexican war in these parts, was unanimously adopted by the convention:

Resolved, That the Congress of the United States is most earnestly requested by this association to repeal all laws which prohibit the payment of any pension money to any soldiers of the Mexican war and the war of 1812, and all other wars, who served in the Confederate army.—Chester Reporter.

A Druggist Sent to Jail for a Fatal Mistake.

Dr. Livezey, of Yardleyville, Bucks county, Pa., was arrested on Tuesday on complaint of the coroner of Mercer county, N. J., founded on the verdict of the jury that one James A. Grant, of that county, came to his death by taking cyanide of potassium sold by said Dr. Livezey for iodide of potassium, which was ordered by the prescribing physician. The doctor who is a druggist, was taken to the Doylestown jail, whence he will be brought by requisition from the Governor of New Jersey and tried in Trenton.

The famous and fatal McCarty-Murdoch duel has been brought to a close in the courts of Richmond. The jury on Saturday last brought in a verdict in the case of the commonwealth vs. McCarty, of "involuntary manslaughter," and assessed his fine at five hundred dollars. As imprisonment follows the fine, a suspension of judgment was asked until Monday. McCarty gave bail for one thousand dollars, with General Bradley T. Johnson as surety.

A Case in Point.

A house and lot in this place was sold at public sale for \$2,283 00. The purchaser returned it at \$2,500 00. The County Board of Equalization raised it to \$2,600 00, and which, in common with all the other property in this township, put 20 per cent. additional upon the \$2,700 00—making the total assessment \$3,240 00. Other town property is likewise assessed. This is nearly \$1,000 more than the purchaser paid for it cash. We may also state that the public regarded the property as well sold.—Chester Reporter.

Horse Thief Killed.

In Roman county, Kentucky, last Sunday, John Martin shot and instantly killed his brother-in-law, Preston M. Blair. It appears that Martin and Blair both belonged to a large gang of horse thieves operating in the Kentucky mountains. Blair was recently captured, charged with horse stealing, but was out on bail. He was writing a book, claiming to be an expert of the deeds of the gang, and implicating Martin. Martin got possession of the manuscript by taking it from under Blair's head while asleep, and, meeting him on the day above mentioned, shot him dead.

We heard yesterday that two gentlemen living near Deep Creek on Saturday last engaged in a duel, in which loaded canes were the weapons. The circumstances, as we heard, were as follows: One of the party insulted the wife of the other and was challenged to deadly combat. Remembering the stringent laws against dueling, he refused to fight with pistols or swords, but accepted canes, he being considered the larger man of the two. The seconds with loaded pistols stood by ready to shoot down the first one who struck a blow with the loaded end of the cane. The combat lasted for thirty minutes, when the insulter threw up the sponge and declared himself vanquished. We give it for what it is worth, vouching for nothing, and suppressing the names which were given us.—Norfolk Virginian.

Land of the Midnight Sun.

Paul Du Chailu, the noted traveler, says: There is a beautiful country far away towards the icy north. It is a glorious land, with snowy, bold and magnificent mountains; deep, narrow and delightful valleys; bleak plateaux and slopes; wild ravines; clear and picturesque lakes; immense forests of white birch and fir trees; gigantic and superb glaciers, unrivaled in size by any in Europe. It is of this country I come to tell you. The rivers of this country in their hurried flights from the heights above to the valleys below, tumble down as if from heaven in gigantic waterfalls and cascades, so beautiful, so lovely, so white and chaste, so matchless in their beauty that the beholder never tires of looking upon them. I have told you of the leading features of the country, topographically considered; let me now say a few words about the people, their mode of living, their code of morality. I have been an extensive traveler, but never in all my experience have I met with such an honest and simple class of people as the inhabitants of Norway, Sweden and Lapland. Their faith in human nature is something incredible, and their honesty exceeds all bounds. Often have I left my money behind me in a farm-house, and as often have I been followed on the road by my late host with the treasure I forgot in his domicile. They seem to take any reward for doing what they consider their duty, and as often as I have offered them rewards they have been rejected. They are a very religious people and a very democratic people. Of their religious simplicity, volumes could be written. They are for the most part, in fact all, Protestants or Lutherans. They bury their dead in graveyards around the churches, and if a man dies 200 miles away, his body must be brought to the graveyard and interred. A stranger can tell the condition of almost any lady he meets. Those that are engaged to be married have one plain gold ring; those who are married wear two, and those who have a family wear three. When a man's wife dies in this northern clime, the husband and his friends have a three day's jollification. About their democratic ideas I do not give you a better notion than by mentioning the fact that I sought an interview with the King, and was accorded the same. Before I was five minutes in the royal presence, I was asked to smoke a cigar, and at separating was asked to call again, which I did. When I returned I had to look for the King myself, there being no guards or servants around the house. I found him putting on his coat upstairs, having just put the finishing touch on one of his pictures. A few words about the midnight sun. I witnessed this grand phenomenon while standing on Cape North, the most northern extremity of Europe. The sun, instead of setting as it does here, and running a course from east to west, keeps going around in a circle, the lower periphery of which is just on the horizon. When it makes the lower curves it is partially obscured, but it rises again and describes circles in the air for nearly two and a half months. It then goes away, but total darkness does not ensue, for the moon, the stars and the northern lights illumine the land.

Friday must henceforth be a popular wedding day, for after so imperial an example, who would not choose Friday for his nuptials! All England and all Russia rejoiced with exceeding joy last Friday. It was a gala day throughout the two great empires, for at precisely one o'clock in the afternoon the marriage ceremonies of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Maria, were celebrated at St. Petersburg. Throughout England the country bells rung out their merry peals in honor of the royal bridal, and "marriage services" were celebrated in all the churches. It is doubtful since the world began if any couple have found themselves so much or so completely married. May they be as happy as they are grand.

Sunlight in the House.

A house should be so placed, that the direct rays of the sun shall have free admission into the living apartments; because the sun's rays impart a healthy and vigorizing quality to the air, and stimulate the vitality of human beings as they do those of plants, and without sunlight, human beings, as well as plants, would sicken and die. The aspect therefore, should be southeast.

A Connecticut man, while eating fish, got a bone in his throat, which irritated and pained him exceedingly. For forty eight hours he fasted, in the hope that the bone would leave, but it did not. A friend suggested that he should swallow an egg. He tried the experiment, and felt the bone move; he then swallowed another egg, and it was gone entirely. This may be worth remembering.

Dr. David Livingstone.

A cable dispatch from London, January 26, announces the death in Africa of the great Scottish explorer of that continent, Dr. David Livingstone. This celebrated traveler and author was born near Glasgow in 1815. A son of poor parents, he was placed in a cotton factory at ten years of age, and in the intervals of his daily labor pursued an extended course of self-instruction. In his 19th year he conceived the idea of going to China as a medical missionary, with which object he attended lectures on medicine and divinity at the University of Glasgow, and was admitted a licentiate of the faculty of physicians of that city. The breaking out of war between Great Britain and China frustrated his intentions, and he turned his attention to southern Africa, embarking in 1840 for Cape Town. From thence he proceeded to the interior, learning languages and customs and performing missionary duty. He started on his first exploring expedition in June, 1849. He returned to England in 1856, having traveled over not less than 11,000 miles of African territory, and by his astronomical observations had determined the sites of places, hills, rivers and lakes, nearly all of which had been till then unknown, as well as described the physical features, climatology, and geological structure of the countries he had explored, and pointed out many new sources of commerce. He also propounded his views on the question of African civilization by recommending the growth of cotton upon an extensive scale in the interior of that continent, and the opening up of commercial relations between England and the south African tribes as likely to put an end to the slave trade. In March 1858, he returned to Africa; again visited England in July, 1864, and quitted it finally in April, 1864. In consequence of rumors of his being killed, expeditions have been at various times sent from England in search of him. It is fresh in the public mind that Mr. Stanley, a New York Herald correspondent, who had joined one of those expeditions, became impatient of its slow movements, separated from the expedition, and in the summer of 1872 found him at Ujiji, in the African interior. When Stanley left him he was determined to proceed with his explorations, and not to return home till he had completed the great work of ascertaining the source of the Nile. His vast labors, combining all the researches and results of his fellow explorers into a harmonious whole, having won a brilliant and lasting reputation for his name. So many reports, however, have been received from time to time of the death of this traveler that there would be some incredulity in regard to the present dispatch, but for the fact that the details now given seem to warrant the conclusion that the sad story repeated so many times heretofore is at last true, and that the great explorer has finally met his fate, at the moment, too, when it was most desirable that his life should be spared.

Indebtedness of Southern Planters.

The Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer says: Every day becomes more apparent that our merchants will have to "carry" the farmers of our trading area through the coming spring and summer, if for no other reason than to secure the amounts due for previous years. For the past three years the planters have pitched their crops and operated their farms with a view to making heavy cotton yields, in the hope of getting out of debt, but in consequence of unfavorable seasons and the ravages of worms, short crops and short prices, they find themselves further in debt than they were three years ago, and with consequently less ability to pay now than then. Therefore it is evident that unless the merchants again stand by them, many of them will be forced to abandon their farming operations, and the merchants must inevitably lose hundreds of thousands of dollars now past due. With judicious cropping, favorable seasons and rigid economy the coming year, perhaps many of those now ready to sink may rise to the surface and once more be enabled to hold their heads above the water. But while we have thus indicated the duty of merchants, farmers have also a duty to perform, and that is to come forward, effect the best settlements they can, and offer the strongest possible showing for future promptness. These two classes are mutually dependent upon each other, and it behooves each to stand by the other to the farthest extent of ability. We know our merchants well enough to believe that they will continue to extend needful facilities to those who will make an honest effort to settle or compromise; but the farmer, large or small, who shirks the line of plain duty, will undoubtedly have a "hard road to weed" the approaching season.

What Thad Andrews has to say about L. Cass Carpenter.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 5, 1874.
To the Editor of the Union-Herald.
You will permit me to say something more in your columns in reply to the editorial of Mr. Carpenter. He seeks to advertise his bastard sheet at any sacrifice. With no object except personal gain and with no character or personal responsibility, he seeks to force his paper into circulation by a system of brazen effrontery and falsehood, which is only equalled by the cowardice of the dastard, and the cunning of the sneak thief. I feel, therefore, that you publish this card at some loss, and I feel also a natural loathing in coming before the public in controversy with such a man.

At warmly as I welcome the Northern man, and as freely as I have served him whenever I could, such a man as Carpenter is a disgrace to the brave and honorable section from which he escaped; a base and a snare to an impoverished people, and almost the ruin of our struggling State. Coming down here as poor as a church mouse, and by no means respectable, he distinguished himself as a Republican, and wormed himself into the decency of the Charleston Daily Republican.

I have not cared to examine his career any more than I would care to follow the trail of a snake, but if my recollection is right he crawled into the favor of the then administration, and into the Printing Company, of which I have heard Mr. Denny was the chief, and merged with the Daily Union, which was built upon the ruins of the Daily Republican. The viper has stung the bosom that nursed it. He has now returned to the same building, as the dog returns to his vomit, the hog to his wallow. The Union flourished in the days of the armed force fund, when men could drag an innocent people through the slime of a corruption and public wrong, which has outraged the high tone of the Republican administration at Washington, broken the credit of our people and insulted her proud name all over the American continent. No man did more than Carpenter to deceive the loyalty of the Republicans of the State; to plunge his robber hand into the public funds up to the armpits; to embitter and influence the passions and prejudices of the races, first to increase the brutal and horrible outrages of the infernal ku klux, and then to cry out for the just vengeance of the United States. The files of the defunct Union in your office will show that Carpenter supported every measure that has since been reprobated by the party, and corrected, in great part, by the present Legislature. No man is more responsible than he, for the trouble in which we are today, from which I hope, in due time, our glorious party will be delivered. Whatever of wrong there is, was done while he urged and sustained it as editor and proprietor of the only Republican daily in the State. He sold his paper because he was, as he admitted, losing money every day, for the good sense of the people had spewed it out of their mouths. The best proof of his public robbery is its evident results. Emigrating here without a dollar, and without an occupation, he started a newspaper, and with very little bona fide advertisements. In a short while he owned a fine house, magnificently furnished, a fine carriage and horses, kept open house every Saturday night in order to manufacture a social position among those who are at once the ornament and guard of the republic, scattered his campaign and wines in profusion, and went off traveling to Europe, while the poor people, whom he had betrayed and plundered, were walking in rags about his splendid house, or begging bread for their wives and children in the streets. No legitimate newspaper business could make that money. During the last election, he failed to get the nomination for congressman at large in the Bolting Convention, and took the last dollar out of the treasury of the regular Republicans before he would put the ticket at the head of his columns. He sneaked, by the mere accident of one vote, into the City Council, and as chairman of the committee of ways and means, his record is yet to be written. Before he went to Europe, he counted among his other ill-gotten gains, as he told me, some \$25,000 of State papers. He has now returned, and attempted to steal property, which my bill of sale will show, I distinctly and expressly bought. He has done so, for the purpose of running for the mayoralty, and swindling somebody with the idea that the support of the Union for Governor is of any value. He cannot get a nomination even for alderman of his own ward. No longer than the other day, I understood he denounced the State University, and declared that it ought to be destroyed. Cast out from Republicans, he seeks to sell out to the Democrats but even they would refuse to use such a miserable tool. He can do our party no harm. I do not care to

follow him further. I have no more words to say. I care rarely known a man, making any claim to consideration, social, civil or political, in any civilized community who is so utterly devoid of any manly instinct, any virtuous principle, or generous sentiment. It is just this sort of office-seeking vermin that steal upon our people in the night to devour their hard earned substance and disgrace their good name.
Respectfully Yours,
THAD ANDREWS.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

We have recently had a most remarkable case of identity, says the London correspondent of the Chicago Journal. Not long ago an old man died suddenly in the streets. Some one recognized him as being employed at the gas works in the neighborhood, and some eight or ten of his fellow-workmen promptly identified him. Two of the number were reputed to convey the sad intelligence to his wife, who took the tidings very coolly, and replied that her husband was at that moment up stairs in bed, and he shortly made his appearance, much to their astonishment. The body was then removed to the work-house mortuary, where some fourteen of the officials identified it as that of a pauper who had been an inmate of the work-house over a year, and intelligence of his death was at once sent to his daughters in Manchester. One of the sons-in-law came up to town at once, and recognized his father-in-law, and the daughters followed, both swearing at the inquest that the body was that of their father. They gave him a decent burial, paid the undertaker and returned home, finding there a letter from their father written the day before, informing them he was staying with some friends in Devonshire, and in good health. I do not think there is on record another case so remarkable. The funny part of it is that the sons-in-law are now trying to get their money back from the undertaker, who, however, declines to refund.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.—Ex-Chief Justice James Thompson of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania fell dead in the Supreme Court room this morning. He was arguing before the Court in banis in a case of tax titles, and just closed his speech. He had spoken but about five minutes. The opposing lawyer had said that Judge Biwell was a better judge on tax titles than he. Judge Thompson said it was amusing that the opposite counsel should remark this and then went on to refer to the fact that that decision was not made by himself. It was going on with his argument, and was leaning over a table, when he dropped down and died in five minutes. The Court immediately adjourned.

Chuckles.

A religious paper says the only wages not reduced during the panic were those of sin.

An Irishman's definition of salt, "the stuff that spoils potatoes if they don't have any on."

There have been one thousand bills presented to Congress this session, and one Williams.

"How she felt" is the title of a recent novel. The author doesn't state how he got his information.

Owing to the slippery condition of the sidewalks Danbury people have fallen into the habit of screaming "Good!" with one o.

They have become so particular in Cincinnati that they won't let a telegraph operator chase an expressman three blocks with a butcher knife.

"Have you 'Blasted hopes?'" asked a young lady of a librarian with his handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No, ma'am," said he "its only a blasted toothache."

"An epigrammatic female says that male is only mule spelt wrongly." This is nonsense, when every one knows that if a man is a mule, a woman is a mulier.

A householder in a Western village, in filling up his census schedule, under the column headed "Where born," describes one of his children as "born in the parlor," and the other "up-stairs."

A dutch couple were married on the ice the other day, and it would have been highly romantic if the bride hadn't fallen down and cracked her absurd head and kicked the ministers feet from under him.

Clara (a good sailor)—"I think, the moon is so much more charming on the water than on the shore. Don't you, dear?" Algernon (a bad sailor)—"Possibly—Depends so much on the state of the stomach—(Leaves her.)"

Miss Grace Battles won a bouquet at a Philadelphia Fair, recently, by 706 votes. And now it is somebody's turn to win battles.