





CINCINNATI DEPARTMENT

B. HILL - EDITOR AND MANAGER

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The Plaindealer office is located at 158 West Sixth Street, where all news items for the Cincinnati department can be sent for publication.

For Secretary of State. SAMUEL M. TAYLOR, Of Champaign.

For Supreme Judges. WILLIAM T. SPEAR, Of Warren.

For Clerk of Supreme Court. JOSHUA B. ALLEN.

For Member Board of public works. E. L. LYBARGER, Of Coshocton.

Hamilton county Repub. ticket. For Judge of Circuit Court, First Judicial District. JOSEPH COX.

For Congress—First District. BELLAMY STORER.

For Congress—Second District. JOHN A. CALDWELL.

served, of which a large circle of the friends of the general host and hostess partook freely.

A. J. Riggs is employed in the Campaign Rooms, as clerk, Richard M. Ekburn, as messenger and Camp. Bell Clark as janitor.

The Plain Dress Ball given last Thursday evening, by the Autumn Club, at Washington park was a most pleasant affair.

A large circle of the young friends of Mr. and Mrs. John Wren, of Dorr street, Cumminsville, spent a very pleasant evening at their residence, last Thursday.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lee, No. 76 Park street, was all ablaze with glory last Tuesday night.

The members and friends of Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Simmons, of Union chapel, very forcibly and favorably impressed the pastor and his estimable wife, of the appreciation and esteem in which they are held by them.

Union chapel is to give a grand Leap Year festival and Broom Drill soon. It promises to be a novel affair.

Miss Alice Swanson, of Louisville, Ky., is visiting our city, the guest of Mrs. Dean, of Carlisle avenue.

Mr. W. A. Hunton, of Norfolk, Va., was in the city last week, in the interest of the Y. M. C. A.

Miss Maggie Pettiford, of Jackson, O., is the guest of Mrs. Whitte, of 295 W. 5th street.

Mr. Henry Williams, of 56 Kenyon avenue, a well known citizen, died Thursday evening, at 10 o'clock, of typhoid malaria, after a week's illness.

Mrs. Marion Gibson, after a delightful visit of three months, the guest of Mrs. Crawford, of 322 Court street, returns to her home in Evansville, Ind., next Monday.

Mr. James Augustus arrived home last week after a pleasant summer spent at Mackinac.

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Miss Laura Wells is on the sick list.

Miss L. Payne, of Xenia, O., is visiting Mrs. McRoberts, of Myer's Court.

Miss Eliza Green, of Batavia, O., is visiting Mrs. Saunders, of Westminster avenue.

The Y. M. C. Association among the Afro-Americans, of our city, is doing excellent work with a membership of 63.

The "Tribune" is lamenting over an article appearing in these columns of some weeks ago upon the school question, and predicts that our usefulness in the future will not be as great as in the past if we take this ground.

The necessary fortification, however, is accomplished; a brilliant concert, an accomplished pianist or vocalist, or (in this age of progress), one skilled in the terpsichorean art, shines as the brightest star of society, and to these exalted, those who have in training the Misses would probably do well to give their attention.

The last vestige of the separate schools in the village of Wyoming has been obliterated and all the children attend school in the same building.

Comment is unnecessary if the majority of the people are satisfied. But the lamentable element in the matter is that their action was influenced by a white resident who desired to vent his spleen against the Board of Education.

The American Catholic Tribune made its appearance last week clothed in an entirely new dress. Instead of an eight-column folio it is issued as a six-column, much improved in make-up. The change will add greatly to its already large subscription list throughout the United States.

The People's church organized some time since by Rev. Moreland have purchased a site on George street, near Mound and are erecting a very pretty temple of worship.

The Afro-Americans of this neck of the woods are very well satisfied over the nomination of John A. Caldwell for Congressman, as well as that of the entire Republican ticket.

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LEXINGTON, KY.

Lexington, Ky., Sept. 25. The event of the season to Lexingtonians has come and passed. For many years the Colored Fair has been a source of interest and pleasure to Afro-Americans of this vicinity.

For some time the weather was a source of misgiving but though the sun fell generously on the two days preceding the opening, the morning of the first day dawned brightly beautiful, and thousands availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the grounds.

It would be impossible to go into detail in explaining the number and variety of exhibits; suffice it to say that in every case they reflected credit on the owners and also on the negroes for their zeal in securing so magnificent a display.

Four bands contributed excellent music to the day's pleasure. And to the credit of the large numbers present, each day the order was perfect, although 75,000 people passed the gates.

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teachers being absent. Miss Louise Mashat has the first ward and one room in the building.

The Republicans held a meeting on Friday evening to organize a Republican club. Rev. J. L. Davis was one of the speakers.

Miss L. B. Mashat led the Young Folks' meeting at the A. M. E. church on Sunday afternoon.

Misses Annie and Adria Hill are visiting in Detroit.

Misses Jewett and Leatherman of Ann Arbor were in the city, Saturday. Rev. J. L. Davis of the A. M. E. church commenced his series of sermons on "The Tabernacle" Sunday evening, Sept. 25.

Mrs. D. Dew's little baby was drowned in a pail of water, Saturday night, while she was away shopping. The other children were asleep during the accident.

CASSOPOLIS AFFAIRS.

Cassopolis, Mich., Sept. 26. Mr. Wright Hill died on the 22nd. The Hon. John R. Lynch of Mississippi speaks at Day, Mich., on the 29th. Mr. J. W. Jackson, of Detroit, is in our midst, in the interest of the Plaindealer. He is a good solicitor. Success will follow his efforts.

Misses Dora Powell and Laura Beverly returned to their schools, Monday. Zeb.

Have You A News Item For The Plaindealer? If so, please send it on a postal card. We want the news of every one from everywhere.

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# THE CAPTAIN'S VENGEANCE.

Continued from the 8 page.

Captain Gentle arrived before me. With a look—the little Corsican had a real master's eye—he made the terrified sergeant recoil; then, after having reassured the girl by a few words, which he spoke to her in Italian, he planted himself in front of the culprit, and said, shaking his finger beneath his nose:—

"Such wretches as you ought to be shot! As soon as I can see the Colonel you will again lose your stripes, and this time it will be for good! There will be fighting to-morrow—try to get killed!"

"We went to bed again, but the Captain had spoken truly, for at day-break we were awakened by the cannonade.

"We rushed to arms, formed the column and La Soif—never had his cursed blue eyes looked more wicked to me!—came and placed himself at my side."

"The battalion began to march. The intention was to dislodge the Austrians, who had fortified themselves, with cannon, in the village of Melegnano. Forward, march!"

"We had not gone two kilometers when, bang! the enemy's shot took us crosswise, and swept down fifteen men of the company."

"Then our officers, who were awaiting the order to charge, made us lie among the grain as sharpshooters, but they remained standing, naturally, and I assure you that it was not our Captain who stood the least straight. We, lying among the grain, continued to fire upon the battery which was within gunshot. Suddenly I felt my elbow pushed; I turned and saw La Soif, who was looking at me, the corner of his lip curled with a mocking air, and holding his gun.

"You see the Captain, don't you?" said he to me, designating him with a movement of the head.

"Yes—well?" returned I, with a glance at the officer, who was standing twenty paces away from us.

"Well, he made a mistake in talking to me as he did last night!"

"Then, with a precise and rapid movement, he brought his weapon to his shoulder and fired, and I saw the Captain, his torso suddenly stiffened and his head thrown back, wards, beat the air with both hands for a second, drop his sword and fall heavily upon his back.

"Assassin!" I cried, seizing the sergeant's arm.

"But he sent me rolling three paces from him with a blow from the butt of his gun in the stomach."

"Imbecile! prove that it was I who killed him!"

"I arose in a fury. But all the sharpshooters had risen also. Our Colonel, bare-headed upon his smoking horse, was there, showing us with his saber the Austrian battery and shouting at the top of his lungs:

"Forward, Zouaves!—the bayonet!"

"What could I do but charge like the rest? And it was superb, that charge of the Zouaves at Melegnano! Have you ever seen a heavy sea beat upon a reef? Yes? Well, it was just like that. Each company climbed up like the surf on the rocks. Three times the battery was covered with blue jackets and red trousers, and three times we saw the embankment reappear, with its impassible cannon muzzles, like the reef after the rush of the sea.

"But the fourth company, ours, was destined to carry the battery. In twenty bounds I reached the redoubt; adding myself with the butt of my gun, I cleared the slope, but I had only time to notice a blonde mustache, a blue cap, and the barrel of a carbine, which almost touched me. I received, near my left shoulder, such a shock that I thought my arm was off. I dropped my weapon, felt as if paralyzed, fell upon my side near a caisson wheel, and lost consciousness.

"When I reopened my eyes I heard only a distant sound of musketry; the Zouaves were there, forming a semicircle, but in disorder. They were shouting "Victory," and brandishing their guns in the air.

"An old General, followed by his staff, arrived at a gallop; he topped his horse, took off his gilded kepi, waved it joyously, and cried:—

"Bravo, Zouaves! You are the best soldiers in the world!"

"I was sitting beside my caisson wheel pitifully holding my poor broken arm in my right hand, and I then recalled La Soif's terrible crime, shooting his officer from behind in the midst of the battle.

"Suddenly he came from the ranks and advanced toward the General.

"Yes, he himself, La Soif, the assassin of the Captain! He had lost his feet in the battle, and his close-cropped cranium was traversed by a long gash, from which a thread of blood was flowing down upon his forehead and cheek. With one hand he supported himself on his gun, with the other he presented an Austrian standard, all in tatters, and covered with huge red stains—a standard he had captured.

"The General gazed at him admiringly, and evidently thought him superb.

"Ho! Bricourt," said he, turning to one of his orderlies, "just look at that! What men!"

"Then La Soif replied, in his wheedling voice:

"Yes, indeed, General, but you know, we are the first Zouaves, and there's only enough of us left for another time!"

"I could hug you for that speech!" cried the General. "You shall have the cross, do you hear?"

"And still repeating, "What men! what men!" he said something to his aide-de-camp which I did not understand—you know I am an ignorant fellow—but which I remember all the same:

"It's a page from Plutarch, isn't it, Bricourt?"

But at that moment my arm gave me unendurable pain; I had another starting spell and neither saw nor heard anything further.

"You know the rest. I have of ten told you how they hacked my shoulder and how I dragged along for two months in the hospitals with delirium and fever.

"When I was unable to sleep I asked myself what I ought to do in regard to La Soif. Denounce him? Yes, that was my duty, but what would it amount to? I could not furnish proofs! And, besides, I said to myself, "He is a scoundrel; yes, but he is a brave man; he killed Captain Gentle, but he captured a flag from the enemy." And I knew not what to resolve upon.

"Finally, when I was convalescing, I learned that as a reward for his brilliant action La Soif had passed with his grade to the Zouaves de la Garde and that he had been decorated. Ah! this at first disgusted me with my own crop, which our Colonel had with his own hands fastened to my hospital capote! Nevertheless, La Soif also deserved his after all; but his Legion d'Honneur ought to serve as a mark for the platoon ordered to shoot him!"

"But all that today is far off; I have never again seen the Sergeant, who is still in the service, while I have returned to civil life.

"A little while ago, on seeing that tunic, with its bullet-hole—God knows how it got there—hanging in front of that shop, so near the barracks in which is the assassin, I thought of the unpunished crime, and it seemed to me that the Captain had demanded justice!"

As best I could I calmed Pere Vidal, whose narrative had thrown him into a state of great excitement.

I assured him that he had acted for the best, and that the heroism of the sergeant of Zouaves had balanced his crime. A few days later, on reaching the office, Vidal handed me a newspaper so folded that I could read only a local item and murmured gravely:—

"What did I tell you?"

I took the journal and read as follows:

"Another victim of intemperance. Yesterday afternoon, upon the Boulevard de Grenelle, a certain Mallet, alias La Soif, a sergeant in the Zouaves de la Garde Imperiale, who, in company with two comrades, had been drinking copiously in the cabarets of the vicinity, was seized with an attack of alcoholic delirium as he was looking at some old uniforms displayed in front of a military shop.

"Grown altogether furious, this sub-officer drew his saber-bayonet and ran, spreading terror upon his passage.

"The two soldiers who accompanied him had all the trouble in the world to obtain the mastery of the madman, who did not cease to howl in his rage:

"I am not an assassin! I captured an Austrian flag at Melegnano!"

"We are assured, in fact, that Mallet was decorated for this feat of arms, and that his inveterate habit of drunkenness alone prevented him from becoming a commissioned officer.

"Mallet has been taken to the military hospital of Gros-Cailhou, from which he will soon be transferred to the madhouse of Charenton, for it is doubtful whether the unfortunate man will ever recover his reason."

And, as I returned the journal to Pere Vidal he cast a meaning look at me and said:

"Captain Gentle was a Corsican—he has avenged himself!"—from the French of Francois Coppee.

# THE CHAMPION CITY.

A Successful Celebration—Brilliant and Forceful Speeches—Personal.

Springfield, Ohio, Sept. 27. Thursday the 22nd, the thirtieth anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation, was magnificently celebrated in this city at the Fair ground, under the auspices of John Brown post No. 24, G. U. O. of F. Major Scott Martin of the Ohio National Guards acted as marshal of the day, assisted by Mr. John King of Urbana, Ohio. The following societies took part in the parade.—The O. N. G.'s, commanded by Laeu. John Blair; Champion Blinder Lodge, No. 3027, G. U. O. of F., U. R. of K. P., Diamond Lodge No. 4, Thomas Reversion commanding; the commanded by Chas. Filmore; Springfield Patriarche, No. 24, commanded by Capt. A. Viny; John Brown post No. 683 G. A. R.

Two beautiful floats, containing young ladies and misses dressed in white, each representing a state of the union.

More than 2000 people assembled at the Fair grounds in the afternoon to hear speeches by the following well known orators, Rev. R. C. Ransom, Rev. P. Williams; Rev. R. G. Mortimer of Yellow Springs; Hon. J. F. McGrew; Chas. Filmore, Hon. Chas. Stewart

# The Tariff Not a Tax.

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and F. D. Hale, Rev. P. Williams was chairman of the meeting. Rev. R. G. Mortimer was the orator of the day and spoke for over one hour. He pleaded for the rights of the Negro and particularly for the wives and daughters of the black man, who ought not to be regarded as a legitimate prey of the white. His review of slavery—its inception in 1619—its career—its downfall, and the progress of the Negro since he became a freed man. He urged upon all to go properly, have intelligence, try to be in it with the white man, forget that you are a black man. The time for a great day of equality is coming.

Chas. W. Filmore delivered a masterly address on "The day we commemorate." The address indicated careful thought and preparation.

Nations of the world have their day, so the American Negro celebrates the 22nd day of September, being the day on which President Abraham Lincoln issued his proclamation proclaiming to a race of people who had been under the yoke of bondage since 1619 that they should be henceforth and forever free. By this proclamation the American Negro was elevated to the sublime height of American citizenship.

He traced the course of a civil revolution which terminated a long struggle between the two factions of America and the United States. He showed how his race successfully arose from a state of chaos to one of enlightenment and intelligence. The persons of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John F. Hale, Chas. Sumner, Gerrit Smith, Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass were eulogized. He traced the history of slavery from 1619 to its close in 1638. John Brown's raid in Virginia was mentioned as a forerunner to the civil war, in which more than 180,000 negro soldiers bravely fought for their liberty and the stars and stripes. Now the Negro has to fight against prejudice, malice, etc., to advance into the foremost ranks of society.

Brain and money are the ruling forces in this country, and those who have neither cannot expect to enter into church or state. Let us get intelligence, education and refinement, thus enabling us to battle with our many embarrassments.

The Negro has become in possession of the highest idea of education and wealth, taking part in the civil affairs of the country, assisting in the making of laws, and making a record in history. He concluded by paying a high tribute to the Republic, hoping for the time when man would not be classed on account of his color, but will be known as American citizens, with one constitution, one union, one nation, and one flag; and law shall reign forever throughout the republic.

Chas. Stewart, Esq., was the next speaker, and made one of the most vigorous and entertaining addresses of the day, bringing with originality and new points. His review of slavery was vivid. No white man, he said, could realize slavery and its horrors. If any one race in this country can be more ennobled than another, to be called Americans, it is the black man. He was brought in shackles and chains to this continent, while others came here voluntarily. Therefore he has the grandest claim. Slavery ought to have been wiped out at the time of the revolution, when the colonies had whipped Great Britain and established their liberty. Of all nations in the

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