

# THE NEW ERA.

DEVOTED TO THE RESTORATION, RECONSTRUCTION AND UNION OF THE STATES.

IF THOU HAST TRUTH TO UTTER, SPEAK, AND LEAVE THE REST TO GOD.

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## Miscellaneous.

### A LIVE YANKEE ON HIS TRAVELS.

I could not make out precisely what the man was who sat by me after dinner, smoking in the balcony of the little inn at Dummersestein, on the Rhine. But I was sure that he was a Yankee. He seemed well "posted up" in all the history and antiquities of Rhineland. Our conversation turning on the strange tales that attach to the many castles on the river-side heights—to Leibenstein and Sternel, and the towers of the Cat of the Mouse. "And of that ruin yonder," I said, as I pointed with the end of my cigar to Teuffelsfels, then just catching the first sight of the rising moon. "Of that ruin yonder, down the stream, I know no legend at all; Murray does not mention it."

"Don't you, indeed? Well, now, I do; a tale that ticks any of your old legends all to smotherens. And it is true, too, sir; and that's what cannot be said of most tales."

Had I a mind so to do, I could not repeat the story in the words of the transatlantic narrator; and could I remember the words and terms of expression that gave it, in a literary point of view, a distinctly Columbian character, it would be impossible to convey on paper any idea of the tricks of pronunciation and grimace which gave zest to the recital.

The facts, however, in themselves, are sufficiently remarkable. Here is the sum and substance of them.

Some fifteen years ago the Yankee had been sojourning as now, at Dummersestein. Business, or pleasure, or whatever his vocation in life might be, kept him there for some days. Of all the clouds of travelers of all nations who passed up and down the river, no party attracted more of his notice than the rest from the simple fact of his seeing them again and again. These consisted of an old French gentleman, his wife and daughter. Scarcely a day passed but they were to be seen walking through the street of Dummersestein. From inquiries made of a man who let doukeys, it was discovered that Monsieur, Madame and Mademoiselle occupied a diminutive cottage at Schwachkopfheim, and that Mademoiselle was much addicted to sketching. Hour after hour she would sit in a boat moored in the river, or on a point of vantage on the hills, and transfer to her book by no means contemptible representations of the fair landscape round about. At this time there was at Dummersestein a young Englishman, who had come with a friend to spend the vacation in "reading." Left by his companion alone in the little inn, he became by some fortuitous chance acquainted with the French family of the neighboring village. He fished Madame's poodle out of the river, or picked up Monsieur's spectacles on the road, or somehow or other, never mind how, acquired the privilege of saluting not only Monsieur and Madame, but Mademoiselle into the bargain. And then all four made a long excursion together. And then the Englishman might be seen more than once walking home late in the evening to Dummersestein by the Schwachkopfheim road, and it was alleged that he had dined with the old Frenchman.

On a certain afternoon the fair weather was broken by a very violent storm. It was all very well as appearances went from within. The river and the rocks and the woods looked sublime enough as the rain hissed over them, and the lightning lit up their recesses. But it was very uncomfortable to endure without. "As I looked out of this self-same balcony," said the narrator, "I just thought I'd a long sigh rather be in than out. I could fancy some folks being high seemed skeered by the glare and the noise. One flash came right over that tumble-down Teuffelsfels over there, and I reckoned it must have been pretty high blown in or blown up—what there was of it to blow. It was amazing grand; and one of the finest advertisements of the power of Providence I've ever seen. If you could turn on a good thunderstorm here now, stranger, you'd say it was worth looking at, rather."

While the storm was at its height, and the Yankee was congratulating himself upon being safe and dry in the coffee-room of the inn, he saw the little old Frenchman and the young Englishman approach the same welcome asylum, both dripping wet and half drowned in the pelting rain. "You must of course stay here with me," he heard the latter say. "Mademoiselle is doubtless out with Mademoiselle. You must not think of returning to-night. Madame will understand how it is, and rest assured that you are here. I can supply you with dry clothes."

So the old gentleman supped at the table d'hote and retired early to rest as peacefully as possible during a tempestuous divorce *mense et thoro*. And the rain rattled and splashed, and the thunder pealed, and it was clear enough that he had done very wisely not to attempt the three miles walk along the road to the Schwachkopfheim Ferry.

The morning was cloudless and bright. The Englishman and Frenchman appeared together at breakfast, and were talking over the storm and the probable anxieties of Madame and Mademoiselle, when a waiter entered with a note, which he put in the hands of the Frenchman. As the little gentleman glanced at the superscription, he turned white, and his face fell. He tore open the envelope, read hurriedly through the letter, and led his young companion out of the room. And what did it mean? And what could be more natural than that the Yankee should pick up the fallen envelope and read the address—written thereon in a trembling female hand—"Mademoiselle Niboyet, Hotel de l'Europe, Dummersestein." Why should this rouse marks of tropicard and alarm in the old father's face? In five minutes a Noachian vehicle belonging to the inn was brought out—the Englishman and the Frenchman jumped in, urging the driver to all possible speed, and clattered off of sight in the direction of Schwachkopfheim.

What had happened was, as was afterwards discovered, as follows: At three o'clock on the previous afternoon, Mademoiselle Niboyet had taken leave of her mother Schwachkopfheim, and started to meet her father at Dummersestein, and returned thence with him. The old gentleman, however, left assured that her daughter was detained with Monsieur, and that they preferred spending the night at Dummersestein, to undertaking an hour's unpleasant journey in wind and wet. Adelaide, she surmised, if she had suffered from the drenching rain, would be put to bed and tended by the kindly hostess of the Hotel de l'Europe. So in the morning she wrote a little note to her daughter, and dispatched with it a packet of clothes. It was at the sight of this note that Niboyet *perce* trembled with dread. Adelaide had left Schwachkopfheim the previous evening. She had never arrived at Dummersestein. What had become of her?

Her disappearance caused, of course, terrible excitement. At first it was thought that she might have sought shelter from the tempest in one of the cottages that stand by the roadside. But inquiry dispelled this hope. On the morning before the storm she had made an agreement with her father to walk to meet him in Dummersestein late in the afternoon. At about 3 o'clock, according to Madame Niboyet, she had donned her hat and mantle, had said, "My little mother, I shall be in delay for my father if I do not hasten myself," and had set out with a very joyous face and gait. Madame remarked that she had her sketch book under her arm, and wondered at this, because she would have probably no opportunity to use it. This was the last that had been seen of her. The cottagers along the road declared that they had not seen the missing girl go by, but that they had not watched the path—the storm kept them close in-doors. Messengers were sent down the river almost as far as the Seven Mountains, to see if any corpse had been washed on shore, or any scraps of clothing been found that might give indications of poor Adelaide's fate. Even had no rewards been offered, the search would have been hearty and careful, for everybody had been more or less captivated by the young Frenchwoman's winning ways. But in spite of money, and in spite of love, nothing was achieved except the failure. Nothing could be discovered. The old father trudged backwards and forwards, and offered sums that would have been a little fortune to any of the Rhineland peasantry. The sorrowing mother was not seen, but everybody felt for her woe, and everybody would have given much to bring back the lost girl, and with her the lost happiness. And it was now remarked that he did not act, though he said much to discourage the careful examination of the ground between his own and the French folks' dwelling. Behind Schwachkopfheim there is a little hill or knoll, separated by a ravine and running stream from the more precipitous height of Teuffelsfels. It was here that he was most often to be seen, looking thoroughly miserable.

A fortnight went quickly by. No news was heard of Mademoiselle Adelaide. The Englishman's companion returned from

Hollenbaden. The two supposed students started for Switzerland. The Yankee's pleasure, or business, called him away from Dummersestein, and on the very morning of his embarking on the Dusseldorf boat, he saw, he said, the bent and broken down figures of Monsieur and Madame Niboyet helped into the coupe of the diligence, their faces the very picture of grief and desolation—the little group of loungers round the starting vehicle standing respectfully silent.

"Well," said I, "this is a very melancholy story but what has it to do with Teuffelsfels? You promised me a legend of the ruin,—and beyond the fact of your having seen it in a thunderstorm you have said nothing about it. But was anything ever heard of Mademoiselle?"

"Guess you'll hear it all in time, sir, if you'll wait till I've done. But my throat is just catawampusly dried up with talking. Let us have a bottle of Schwachkopfheimer, and then I'll get on with the legend."

Some five years after the events just recounted, my friend, it would seem, was at Dummersestein again, and, of course, at the Hotel de l'Europe. He saw one morning at breakfast an Englishman, whose face he thought was familiar to him, seated by the side of a charming young lady, obviously and manifestly his bride.

"Adelaide Niboyet!"

"Out there, stranger; that wouldn't be a legend, would it?"

No. Adelaide was dark. The present young woman was fair. But it was Adelaide's young Englishman, traveling on his wedding tour. And he seemed to be a person in prosperous circumstances, for there was a carriage, and a courier, and a maid. After breakfast the lady retired, the Yankee accosted her maid. He recalled the circumstances which had occurred when they were last appearing together under the same roof. He begged to inquire whether the Englishman had heard anything of the lost girl, or of her unfortunate parents. With regard to Mademoiselle Adelaide, the Englishman was just going to put the same question to him. Monsieur and Madame Niboyet, the Englishman had heard on unimpeachable authority, were both dead. The old gentleman; his wife lingered in solitude for a few months longer, and then died too.—Here the maid brought a message to her master, and retired. The bride, it appearing to be tired with her journey, and proposed to rest in her apartment for that morning. The Yankee was projecting, he said, a walk to Schwachkopfheim, and proposed that the Englishman should accompany him. This latter, it appeared, had already been once to the scene of the mysterious disappearance, in the interval between his departure with his fellow-student and his return with his bride. An irresistible impulse attracted him to the fatal spot, and though he was tenderly attached to his new wife, he could not pass the place in which—were enshrined the memories of an early and unfortunate attachment, without having to make new inquiries touching the unknown fate of its hapless object. He was glad that his wife was indisposed to walk out on that particular morning, for he had said nothing to her about the old love, and her presence would only embarrass his movements.

The Yankee now learned what he had not known before,—that on the day of the storm, it had been arranged between Adelaide and the Englishman, that she should start, as though going to meet her father in Dummersestein, but should betake herself to the wooded knoll behind Schwachkopfheim, and there meet him, who had now declared himself her lover. The other party to this contract had been unable to keep his promise, for he had fallen in by chance with Monsieur Niboyet, and that gentleman had held him fast, and insisted on his "walking home with Adelaide" to dinner. Then came on the storm. Adelaide, the Englishman had thought, as her father had thought, must be safe with Madame. The letter of the morning dispelled the illusion. It was at last clear why the Englishman had searched more diligently through the copse behind Schwachkopfheim than on the high road to Dummersestein.

The Yankee and his companion wandered over the old ground, and talked over the old story.

"I searched," the Englishman said, "every bit of this ground, for the slightest trace of her having been here, and found nothing."

The Yankee then proposed that, for the sake of the view, they should clamber up the height of Teuffelsfels. Half an hour's scramble brought them over the gully, and up to the very base of the ruined tower. Many masses of masonry were lying around—showing that once the castle had been—as conspicuous as it was strong. Now only one tower remained, and into that there seemed no means of access. There was a great rift in the wall some twelve or fifteen feet above the ground, but nothing whereby to reach it. Part of a wall seemed once to have led up to the base of this opening, but that was thrown down.—Marks in the tower indicated where the

party wall had met it, and the ground was littered by the fallen blocks of stone. The adventurers were bent on exploring the hidden interior of the tower.

"I remember," said the Englishman, "inspecting this about a week after Adelaide Niboyet's disappearance, and thinking if it had been less difficult of access, and she could have got up, it might have afforded her shelter from the storm."

At last the Yankee and his comrade hit on an experiment for making an entry.—They conveyed with some exertion two long-felled pine trunks, that were lying not many yards off, to the foot of the tower, and succeeded in prying them in such a way against the masonry, that a skillful gymnast might reach the aperture in the wall. Somehow or other they both succeeded in clambering up to the ledge formed in the thick wall of the tower. The floor inside they found to be nearly on a level with the cleft through which they had entered. They turned round on achieving the ascent, to survey the glorious prospect before them. Then they both stepped down on the heaps of stones that formed a floor.

Why did the Englishmen start back with a sudden gesture of horror as they passed into the cavernous exterior of the ruin? At what did he point in such horror-stricken silence? Can there be a doubt?

Half concealed by a fragment of moss-covered stone, half sheltered by an arched recess in the wall, lay a whitened skeleton. Round were still some crumbling fragments of clothing. Long black hair trailed from the staring skull.

Both discoverers gazed sometime without uttering a word. The Yankee was the first to break the spell, and to observe that now one mystery was a mystery no longer. Adelaide Niboyet had evidently met her death in the tower of Teuffelsfels. But how had she got there? And by what hard case was it that none had heard the cries by which doubtless she sought to attract attention? The Englishman made no reply, but still gazed moodily on the corpse, and the Yankee thought he looked most earnestly where on the small bone of what was once an agile finger, a *finger* *shone a little hoop of gold*. The thing that might give some clue to the unraveling of the further mystery of the existence of the skeleton in such a place—practically he pounced upon a treasure, lying in a narrow cleft of the wall, close by the dead girl's right hand. This was the sketch-book. Stoutly bound in stout leather, and protected from the weather by the shelter of the stone, it was but little injured. At sight of it, the Englishman looked up, and with a white face and trembling lip turned to aid in its examination. It was of a large size, and contained many sheets of drawing paper—some of them showing signs of the more than common taste and ability of the owner. One of these latter fixed the attention of the discoverers in a moment. It was the outline of a drawing of the scene from the opening in the tower. Schwachkopfheim lay below in the foreground. Dummersestein was just dashed in in the background. The coloring had not yet been begun.—The Englishman took it out of his companion's hand, and gazed at it with a sorrowful interest. The American then saw that there was writing on the other side. Yes; on the back of the drawing the poor girl, whose bones were bleaching there, had written her last will and wishes, and the brief recital of how it was that she lay there dying. The Yankee declared he could remember almost the exact words, but gave me the sense in his own translation.

"I have climbed up here to sketch," the dead girl said. "A storm has come on. The lightning had struck the tower. The wall which made a sort of staircase for my ascent is broken down. I could not get out. When I saw what had happened, I came back into the tower, and sat down close under the wall to seek shelter from the rain. A stone upon the top of the wall fell on me, and struck me down. Then I must have been insensible for some time. When I awoke again it was dark. I was very wet and cold. I could not move for pain. I must have been insensible. When I opened my eyes again it was light. I have just strength to write this. I think I am going to die.—God and the Holy Mary have pity on me. Adieu! my father and my mother. Adieu, Monsieur—(here there was no name.)—The very unhappy A. N."

Below this was written again, "I suffer much—night is coming again. A."

Near the bones were lying the tin-box in which Mademoiselle Niboyet's colors had been packed—her watch, some trinkets and a few coins. On closer examination it was discovered that the left thigh-bone of the skeleton was broken. Did this illustrate Adelaide's being struck down by the fallen stone? Or had it been fractured since death? Probably the Yankee surmised the former. His theory was that Mademoiselle Niboyet had gone to meet her lover on the wooded hill; that finding he did not come, she had wandered on to Teuffelsfels, perhaps allured by the manifest beauty of the view to be seen

thence, perhaps piqued at the Englishman's unpunctuality. She had mounted the steps made by the ruined walls, probably with little difficulty, and had set herself to work at her sketch. The storm had come on. The tower was struck soon after its commencement. She saw her hope of return cut off. While endeavoring to get away from the ruin she had been dangerously hurt by a falling stone. If she had cried, no one had been near to hear. She lay, probably unable to crawl up to the opening in the wall, knowing that now the stones by which she ascended were thrown down, no one would dream of seeking for her in a place almost inaccessible to two strong men. So she died.—What agonies she had endured would never be revealed in detail. But it might fairly be hoped that the injury and exposure she had sustained had so far accelerated her dissolution as to spare her the worst pangs of famine.

The travellers returned too pensive and awed to make the necessary communications to the authorities of Dummersestein. The Englishman started on the very night of the discovery for Coblenz, and the Yankee had never seen him since.

"And that," said my friend, "is the Legend of Teuffelsfels, and if you know any sadder or stranger in your poetry books or guide books, I'm whipped—and that's what no citizen of the great United States of America ever was or ever will be, if he can help it. Good night, stranger!" I mused in the night watches over the wild story of the hapless Adelaide. I could not drive her from my thoughts, but saw her under the cold wall dying in the wet and the wind, and the anguish. I pictured to myself the slow grief of the poor old parents, and hoped that no unhappy consequences resulted to the Englishman and his bride.

I rose early in the morning, bent on a visit to the Schloss von Teuffelsfels intending to visit the ruin, and breakfast at Schwachkopfheim. I surmounted the crag on which the tower stands, and was amply repaid for my trouble by the glorious view. It is even better from this point than from the river. But, after all, was the scene of poor Adelaide Niboyet's death. A thrill of romantic interest shot through me as I turned to inspect the hallowed stones. The tower is round and about forty feet high; but so much is evident from below. I looked for the aperture through which Adelaide and her discoverers had entered the building.—Strange to say, no such opening was visible. But some years had elapsed since the finding of the bones, and time had no doubt wrought more changes upon the crumbling edifice.

The breakfast at Schwachkopfheim was the perfection of a breakfast. The milk the richest—the butter the freshest—the bread the whitest—the strawberries the sweetest—the Schwachkopfheim the rarest.

It was late in the afternoon when I walked into the Hotel de l'Europe at Dummersestein.

"Where," I said, "is the gentleman who was with me last evening?"

"The English gentleman, sir?"

"Yes," I said. (There was no use in explaining that all who talk English are not English.) "The gentleman who has been here so often before?"

"Been here so often before?"

"If mein herr means the English gentleman who was sitting in the balcony last night, he left this morning by the ten o'clock boat. But he has never been here before."

"Never been here before?"

"Never, mein herr—not in my time; and I've been here—boy and waiter—for eighteen years."

"If I'm—indeed. The gentleman was telling me the strange legend of Teuffelsfels."

"Ah! yes—about the ghost of the monk who was murdered by the baron?"

"Not at all,—about the young French lady who was lost."

"The young French lady who was lost?"

"Yes. Don't you know the story?—Mademoiselle Niboyet?"

"No, mein herr; never heard a word of it."

"Ah! You will keep my place at the table d'hote."

"Number 57?"

"Number 57."

It was strange that there should be no opening in the wall of Teuffelsfels tower—strange that a waiter who had lived in Dummersestein eighteen years should never have heard of Adelaide Niboyet, and never have seen my Yankee friend before.

One thing at least was clear enough.—He was a Yankee.—Once a Week.

The Southern lawyer who offered a million dollars for the head of Lincoln, and who is now in a Washington prison, claims that he offered the reward for a joke. But jokes have played out—they are too practical this year, by half.

### Removal of Government Restrictions on Trade.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, it has been the desire of the General Government of the United States to restore unrestricted commercial intercourse between and in the several States as soon as the same could be safely done, in view of the resistance to the authority of the United States by combinations of armed insurgents, and whereas that desire has been shown in my proclamations of the 26th of April, 1865, the 13th of June, 1865, and the 23d of June, 1865; and whereas it now seems expedient and proper to remove the restrictions upon internal, domestic and coastwise trade and commercial intercourse between and within the States and territories west of the Mississippi river,

Now, therefore, be it known that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby declare all restrictions upon the internal, domestic and coastwise intercourse and trade and upon the purchase and removal of products of the States and parts of States and Territories heretofore declared in insurrection lying West of the Mississippi River, excepting those relating to property heretofore purchased by insurgents or captured by the United States, and to the transportation thereof or thereon in private account of arms, ammunition, all articles from which ammunition is made, gray uniforms and gray cloth, are annulled. And I do hereby direct that they be forthwith removed, and also that the commerce of each State and parts of States shall be conducted under the supervision of regularly appointed officers of the customs, who shall receive any captured or abandoned property that may be turned over to them under the law by the military and naval forces of the United States, and dispose of the same in accordance with the instructions on the subject issued by the Secretary of the Treasury.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 24th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President,  
W. HUNTER, Act. Sec. of State.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING.—An anecdote is told of Finney, the "revivalist," and a canal boatman to the following effect:

He was "holding forth" in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day, came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Marching up he confronted him, and abruptly asked:

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"

The unsuspecting replied that he was going up the canal to the "Johnny Sands."

"No, sir, you are not," continued Finney, "you are going to hell faster than a canal boat can carry you."

The boatman looked at him in astonishment for a minute, and then returned the question—

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"

"I expect to go to Heaven."

"No, sir, you are going into the canal!"

And suiting the action to the word, he took Finney in his arms and tossed him into the murky waters, where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

CONTRIVERSY.—This very good reason for avoiding controversy is taken from Dr. Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table":

"If a fellow attacked my opinion in print would I reply? Not I. Do you think that I don't understand what my friend, the Professor, long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You know I had a bent tube, one of which was the size of a pipe stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand in the same height in the one as the other? Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it."

Some years ago M. Quetelet, of Brussels, in the course of researches for the material of a scientific work on man, weighed everybody he could get hold of. The result of M. Quetelet's investigation showed that a full grown man or woman should weigh about twenty times as much as they did on the day of their birth—in other words, if you know how much you weighed when you were born, you have to multiply that sum by twenty, and you have what should be your weight when full grown.

It is said that M. Thiers is about to write a history of the Restoration from 1814 to 1830. For many years past he has been making many collections for such a work, and next year it is thought a portion may be published.