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A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

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NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1883.

No. 6.

Miscellaneous.

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Poetry.

LOVE'S BELIEF. I believe if I should die, And you should kiss my eyelids where I lie, Cold, dead and dumb to all the world you cease.

The folded orbs would open at thy breath, And from its exile in the lares of Death, Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead, And you upon my lifeless heart should tread— Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be— It would find sudden pulse beneath the sod.

Of him it ever loved in life so much, And thro' again, warm, tender, true to thee. I believe if in my grave, Hidden in woody deeps all by the waves, Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret, From every salty seed of your deep grief Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf.

To prove that death could not make my love forget. I believe if I should fade Into the rains where light is made, And you should long once more my face to see, I would come forth upon the hills of night And gather stars like figs, till thy sight, Fed by the beacon blue, fell full on me.

I believe my love for thee (Strong as my life) so nobly pleased to be, It could as soon expect to see the sun Fall like a dead king from his heights sublime, His glory striken from the throne of Time, As the unworthy worship thou hast won.

Selected Story.

AUNT POLLY'S ROOM. "Love in a cottage, stuff and nonsense," said Mrs. Meredith, in the curt petulant tone which denoted years of grinding poverty, petty annoyances, and blighting cares.

"Mary, I think you ought to know better." "But, aunt Polly, why shouldn't people love one another as well in a kitchen as a palace?" pleaded Mary Meredith, a bright-eyed girl of nineteen who was plaiting up a new trimming for the old cashmere dress which had already been "turned" twice.

"They don't," drily retorted aunt Polly. "That's all I know about it." "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." "Then it can't be real love," said Mary, very decidedly.

"I know that I should be happy with Charley anywhere, even if we hadn't a carpet to the floor, or a curtain to the window." "Fiddle-de-dee," said Mrs. Meredith. "That's all you know about it. That's just exactly what I thought when I married your uncle Cyril." "Polks say that old Benaiah Meredith was a rich miser, and that sooner or later, your uncle Cyril would inherit all his property."

"So he did, such as it was—this old tumbled-down house, half-a-dozen or so of sterile acres, and the 'Genealogical Family Tree' mounted on parchment and emblazoned in different colors." "But I didn't think of that. I was a foolish school-girl in love and, like all the rest of them, I married in haste and repented at leisure."

"And here I am, at forty, a broken down old woman with your uncle Cyril helpless and bedridden upstairs." "To me he is a care and a burden. To him I am a slave." There, do you hear his cane rattling on the floor upstairs?" "That is a signal for me to drop everything and hurry to him at once."

"Get married, Mary; do, if you want to enter into just such wretched slavery, at once." Mary Meredith was silent. Aunt Polly had never spoken her mind quite so plainly before.

Was it then true that aunt Polly had once been a rosy, dimpled young thing like herself, with a heart full of vague anticipations, a soul half-unfolded like the convolvulus buds? Would life treat her with the same unrelenting cruelty?

Would Charley Franklin ever shrivel into a snarling old bundle of skin, like uncle Cyril in the great bed upstairs?

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PHONO. In the social world of the capital the season of entertaining is now at height. There is a social event of some importance for every night of the week and some nights there are several. These with the day receptions of the ladies gives those people who like to live in other people's houses more than their own plenty of chance. The President's first public reception for the season occurs Tuesday evening, and will be followed by others. Among the most popular receptions are those of General Beal, Mrs. George Bancroft, wife of the historian, and some of the foreign legations. General McClellan and family, who are spending the winter here, are also great favorites in society. It is reported that Dr. McCosh is to retire from the presidency of the Princeton College, and that he will be succeeded by General McClellan. Congressmen are becoming less and less identified, from year to year, with the inner social life of the capital. So large a number of wealthy and aristocratic people from all sections of the country are becoming property owners and winter residents here, that they, with certain old Washington families, the selector portions of the cabinet, Supreme Court, army, navy and diplomatic corps, and a few Senators of wealth who entertain handsomely, form the material out of which the wrap and wool of the gold-brocaded fabric known to the initiated as "society" is formed. The present Congress has in its popular branch few men of colossal fortunes, such as the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth seemed quite to abound in, who took fine houses and entertained lavishly; and those who might do so, seemed little disposed toward it in the waning days of the Forty-seventh. Hence the leading social

Miscellaneous.

occasions miss the flavor of the brainy, versatile men, crude oftimes, but vigorous and alert, who are here to do the main bulk of legislation, and at the fine parties one meets only two or three of all their number, and a little knot of Senators—not the interesting, either of the senatorial body, except from the fortunes which are theirs by inheritance, marriage or successful business venture. At the card receptions by the Secretary of State and family this is nearly as apparent as in the most exclusive private homes of the city. It is a source of great disappointment to many ladies who come here, thinking their husbands' seat in Congress will ensure them brilliant social recognition, and they are more and more thrown upon each other for society.

Senator Salisbury, though one of the safest and best men in the Senate, and bearing one of the most illustrious names, is not much of an orator, and those who know that fact will appreciate the following incident. At the head of a flock of Delaware beauties he recently visited one of the government departments and called upon a distinguished official. One of the young ladies of the party, who is something of a gusher, came to the d. o. and said: "Oh, I never expected that I would be able to meet so great a man and to be able to talk to him face to face." She then rolled such a pair of blue eyes at the d. o. that he shivered along his revered spine to his distinguished heels with the electric shock, as the red blood of his boyhood stole up into his cheeks. Langulishly the young giddy creature bent her gaze upon the statesman, who warmed under her look like a house cat before a cheerful blaze, as she said: "Oh, tell me, great and good sir, who is the most eloquent orator in the Senate. I want your really, truly honest opinion." The distinguished official was equal to the occasion. Stepping back, with a profound bow, in the direction of Senator Salisbury, he said: "If you force me to it, I must say that the peerless palm rests with Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware." The Delaware Senator bowed low with the many "Oh, dear sir," not hearing in the sweet confusion of his pleasure the low satirical laugh of the cast-iron fire-logs in the open fireplace.

PHONO. When a deer is much hunted his ears become exceedingly acute. Mr. Van Dyke has seen one spring from his bed and run away at a racehorse speed before he was within two hundred yards of the animal, although he had not touched a single bush or twig in approaching the game, and although he was positive that a man could not at twenty yards distance have heard the soft tread of the moccasins on the light snow. Deer, too, are able to measure with correctness the distance and character of sounds. They will often lie all day within hearing of the normal sounds of a settler's cabin; the sound of the woodman's axe and the shouts of the teamster. As a rule, too, the crash of a squirrel's jump, the roar of thunder, the snapping of trees with frost, their creaking or falling in the wind, does not alarm them in the least. Yet the faintest pressing of the leaves beneath the hunter's moccasin may instantly send them flying. A deer can also, see a long way. On one occasion Mr. Van Dyke saw one watching a brother sportsman nearly a mile away, whose motions he could hardly himself make out. It is true that for recognizing an object at rest, the eyes of a deer are about as dull as those of a dog. If unalarmed, he will not distinguish a man from a stump on open ground, if the man is seated and perfectly motionless. On the other hand, to catch a motion, a deer's eyes are marvellously quick, and the fact that he is generally at rest while the hunter is moving gives him an immense advantage. Even the slow lifting of your head over a ridge, or the slow dragging of your limbs over the trunks of trees, or the slow advance of your creeping body

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Miscellaneous.

along the ground, is almost instantly detected, unless the motion happens to be made while the deer have their heads down, feeding or walking.

A BOY'S RIDE ON A DEER'S BACK. The Pentwater (Mich.) News has this account of a thrilling adventure which a fourteen-year-old boy named Weaver had with a deer. Upon Mr. Weaver's land near the dividing between him and Mr. Wetmore is a stream which flows into north branch of Pentwater river. Across the stream Mr. Weaver has built a bridge, which passes a private road which runs about eighty rods on Mr. Weaver's land and then reaches the State road. At the time referred to, the boy was standing upon the bridge, when hearing a splashing in the stream he discovered a big deer making its way up the stream, its movements indicating that it was pursued by hounds. On it came, and the boy, thinking that he might secure it, whipped out his jack-knife and made ready for the attack. Without apparently noticing the boy, the deer plunged ahead and attempted to jump over the bridge, but succeeded only in getting its forefeet there. The boy, thinking that his opportunity had arrived and he could crush it down with his weight and cut its throat, jumped upon it. The deer, now thoroughly frightened, gave a spring and reached the top of the bridge, causing the boy to lose his knife, but astride its back and grasping its antlers, he resolved to hang to it. Then commenced a ride equalled only by the wild ride of Mazepa. On, on, tore the frightened deer through birch bushes, over logs and up the hill with the boy astride, with hair flying, and yelling for help at the top of his voice. Finally the state road was reached, when the deer turned and returned part way down the private road mentioned, when changing its course it started to cross an old logging fallow. Over logs and fallen trees it went, growing weaker and weaker with every jump, until reaching one higher than the rest it stumbled and fell, throwing the plucky lad. Still he had no intention giving up, but clutched the forefeet of the animal, which kicked him loose and escaped.

PHONO. The opinion given yesterday by the Supreme Court of the United States settles an important point touching the power of Congress to legislate in the matter of civil rights. The legislation in question is contained in Section 5519 of the Revised Statutes of the United States which provides for the punishment of any persons who shall conspire to deprive any citizen of the equal protection of the laws. This Act was passed about ten years ago for the purpose mainly of protecting the blacks in the South against violence and maltreatment of armed bodies in disguise. The Supreme Courts hold that Congress has no constitutional power to enact such a law, for the reason that it is a matter wholly within the criminal jurisdiction of the State. It is for the State and not Congress to take cognizance of and punish such crimes. If Congress may punish a local offence of this kind there is nothing to prevent it from making a more extensive usurpation of the criminal jurisdiction of the States. In recent years the Supreme Court has rendered many decisions whose effect has been in the direction of centralization. The Court yesterday affirmed an important principle of State sovereignty.

[New York Herald.] The Greenville News says: Shooting is too cheap in this country. The price ought to be raised for the protection of the shooters themselves and the general public. We would like to see a law passed bidding the settlement of a case, or else the punishment of a criminal, to be given the funds.