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HYMN FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

And is the thought a mournful one,
That next another week is gone
Of this life's fleeting span?
When the dark sojourn here is o'er,
Is there no fairer lot in store
For never-dying man?

Is there no country of the blest,
Where toil will be exchanged for rest?
Where mourners never weep?
Where is there poor weary, sinking frame,
No care will need, no respite claim,
Nor ever ask for sleep?

O, as I tread my heavenly path,
Let sweet thoughts realize my faith.
The thought of such a home?
And when the spirits droop and fail,
To cast a glance beyond the veil,
And thus dispel the gloom.

My days and weeks and months succeeded
With noiseless, yet unceasing speed;
But this is joy to me,
That they are leading me with them,
O'er silent Time's fast-rolling stream,
O to eternity.

These days and weeks, like favoring gales,
Smile on my bark, and fill my sails,
And wait for me to reach my home;
Nor is there one but looks a way
To quiet my course and bless my way,
Pointing to joys to come.

This week has closed; its toils are o'er;
Let earthly thoughts intrude no more;
The Sabbath morn is near;
Thou to my soul; O, be it given
To rise from earth and visit heaven,
And join the worship there.

A WOMAN DID IT.

A Touching Little Story.

A broad stretch of barren, sandy shore, covered here and there with ragged tufts of scanty evergreens; boats lying up on the strand like sleeping sea monsters, on one side; and on the other the eternal roar of great white crested billows, flinging white showers of spray into the salt-scented air—this was what Mrs. St. Leger saw as she stood on the piazza of the solitary hotel, with her husband at her side.

"Is it not grand, Beatrice?" she shuddered, and drew involuntarily nearer to him.

"Yes; but oh, how dreary! how solitary!"

"People don't expect much society in a place like this, Beatrice; health is the main object for which we seek, and I believe the roses are brighter already in your cheeks, dearest wife. See how little Nell is frolicking down on the shore with the old boatman and his wife. Shall we walk down and bring Nelly back?"

"Yes, go, Alfred, and I will wait for you in the parlor. Don't be long, for the sun has already set and the air grows chilly."

Little Nell and her female companion were alone on the shore when Mr. St. Leger joined the group—the boatman had strayed off in another direction to look for a missing oar—and the child ran gleefully to meet him.

"Papa, papa! see this pretty pink shell!"

But Alfred St. Leger saw neither shell nor child. He had grown suddenly pale, then crimson.

"Kathleen Morrison!"

The tall, pretty young woman threw the scarlet shawl back from her head, as she bowed. "So you haven't forgotten our flirtation, Mr. St. Leger? And you are married, and this is your little girl. How time passes!"

St. Leger drew a deep sigh of relief as Kathleen broke into light laughter. If he could but have seen the cruel smile upon her mocking lips he would scarcely have carried so light a heart in his bosom.

"Mamma, Kathleen says it's the prettiest place—a cave, where the sand is like silver and the little pink and purple shells lie in heaps. Kathleen can row me out in half an hour. She often goes."

Nelly's cheeks were in a flame, and her blue eyes sparkling with excitement. Mrs. St. Leger looked languidly up from her book.

"Is it safe, Kathleen?"

"Quite so, ma'am; we'll be back by tea-time."

"Then I may go, mamma?"

"If Kathleen will take care of you, po!"

The purple light faded into gray and the gray into stary darkness, and the moon rose up solemnly over the tides, and they did not return.

"Oh, Kathleen, I am so tired. Take me back to mamma."

"Hush, child! We're going where the sun shines all the year round, and you shall gather ripe oranges from the trees, and parrots are redder than peonies. Just wait a minute."

"And can I have a monkey?"

"Twenty, if you like."

"But will mamma be there?"

"No; but we'll send her a monkey in a letter."

Nelly laughed at the idea; but the next minute her cheeks grow pale again.

"I want my mamma, Kathleen. I don't care for the monkey and the parrots any more. I want my mamma."

Kathleen did not answer. She was intently watching the movements of a large vessel lying a little distance out at sea. Suddenly a tiny white pennon fluttered out, and was instantly withdrawn.

"The saints be blessed!" muttered Kathleen. "I began to think it would never come. Nelly, darling, here's the boat; jump in."

"Are we going to mamma?"

"Yes, yes—jump in, quick."

And Kathleen's strong arm was pulling them out to sea in another instant.

As they ran up alongside the large black hull of the vessel, a voice hailed them.

"Is it you, Kathleen? Where's the child?"

"Here."

"The ladder will be lowered in a minute. I tell you what, my girl, you've shown courage to-day."

The athletic young tar greeted her with a hearty kiss as she stood by his side; but her cheek was cold as ice as little Nelly clung, terrified, to her skirts.

"I am revenged!" was the first, the last, the only thought that whirled through her brain.

And when the next morning, long after the outward-bound Sardinia was spreading her white sails to the breeze, the little boat drifted ashore, people whispered to one another that old Morrison's daughter and the golden haired little girl were lost at sea.

Ten years afterwards, Kathleen Morrison—a childless widow, a listless exile now upon a foreign shore—was standing at her door, where the glowing Italian sunshine steamed down through blossoming vines.

"The saints protect us from such a grim face as yours, Kathleen!" cried a merry neighbor, balancing a basket of fish on her head, as she tripped by.

"Don't you want to hear a bit of news?"

"I am not so wrapped up in the fine folk at the castle as you, Ninetta," said Kathleen.

"It's a lovely lady," returned Ninetta, "and she's dying by inches—La Signora San Legero."

"St. Leger?"

"Ah! that's the way 'the English have it!"

"Go away! I want no more of your idle gossip!"

Ninetta, retreated, fairly appalled by the sharpness of her neighbor's tongue and voice; and Kathleen stood gazing fixedly into the sunset, with eyes that saw not a shade of the coming glow.

"I thought once that I should never pity her," mused Kathleen, but that was before my babes died. I have felt the serpent's tooth in my own heart since. Poor lady! and she is dying of a broken heart. I wish I could die!"

The next evening, as Mrs. St. Leger was lying on the sofa by the open window which led up to open marble terraces and velvet-smooth lawns, a slip of white paper fluttered down upon her lap as softly as the floating petal of an orange blossom. And, scrawled upon it with a pencil, she deciphered these words:

"There is one white American flower among the pomegranate blossoms at Museo Silvedo's."

Beatrice St. Leger's cheek turned even paler than its usual shade of pallor as she read the mystic lines.

"Read, Alfred."

"Nelly was drowned ten long years ago, Beatrice."

"Nelly is alive, Alfred; I know it, I feel it! Oh, lose no time—ask where and where Marco Silvedo is!"

"I will inquire," he said; "but, Beatrice, calm yourself. Remember how often we have been deceived before."

"We shall not be deceived again, Alfred."

Marco Silvedo sat at his cottage door, smoking a short pipe of some dark, fragrant wood; an old wrinkled faced Italian with a skin as yellow as parchment, iron gray hair and keen black eyes. Two or three children, as dark as himself, were playing around him; and when Mrs. St. Leger noted the ruddy crimson hue of health in their cheeks, she knew what was meant by the words pomegranate blossoms.

Mr. St. Leger alighted, and began to talk to the old man in his own language.

"Are those all your children, Signor Silvedo?"

"Yes, signor—all. Two are with the saints in glory—three are here."

Beatrice, listening from the carriage, felt the blood grow chill around her heart. Was the faint light of hope that had begun to draw on her life's horizon but a deceptive mirage, after all?

Mr. St. Leger was about to re-enter the carriage, when the old Italian rose politely to his feet.

"The signor and signora would honor him by partaking of a glass of his own wine? Nay, he would receive no refusal. Elena—Nella!"

Vanderbilt's Career.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, in the year 1810, when only sixteen years of age, and New York but 80,000 people, began his career as captain of a sail boat which used to run from the beach at Whitehall to Staten Island, carrying passengers at eighteen cents each. From that day to this, through a period of sixty-six years, Vanderbilt has been steadily engaged in carrying freight and passengers by land and sea, by steam-boat and railroad. His first vessel was the Charlotte, launched in 1815, by himself and brother-in-law. With the Charlotte he coasted to South Carolina. In 1817 he was engaged as captain of a steamer plying between New York and New Brunswick, Mrs. Vanderbilt managed a hotel. In 1829, at the age of thirty-five, he was worth \$30,000, and determined to start for himself. The first steamboat he ever built was the Caroline, which finally went over the Niagara Falls. To-day those who are most familiar with his affairs rate him at from \$70,000,000 to \$80,000,000. It is understood that the bulk of his fortune will go to his son, William H. Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt first married in 1813, Miss Sophia Johnson, the daughter of a neighbor living near his father's farm on Staten Island. She bore him thirteen children. He married a second time at the age of seventy-six, a lady from the South, some forty-five years younger than himself. The old gentleman looks hale and hearty yet.

Lunacy is increasing in France out of all proportion with the growth of population. Official statistics show that in 1851 the number of lunatics and idiots there was, in round figures, 40,000; five years later we find 60,000; ten years after that they numbered no less than 90,000; and the latest report shows that they have increased beyond 100,000. This remarkable growth of madness among the French is attributed to various causes—such as the use of opium, opium, tobacco, etc., and to the prevalence of religious, political and speculative fanaticism.

An impecunious but ingenious tramp has left the colored population of Georgetown, Texas, poor in pocket and sore in body initiating them, at two dollars and a half ahead, into "a lodge of Free Masons." The principal part of the ceremony, next to paying the fee, consisted in tying the candidate on a table, face downward, and branding him with a hot poker.

Emily Faithful says: We like unkindly girls. We dislike to hear a chit of ten or eleven praised for being "such a ladylike little girl." We would far rather hear the complaint, "Mary is so boisterous; she never comes down the stairs, but always down the banisters; she tears about like a mad thing and is never so happy as when she is after some lark, as she calls it!"

Some idea might be formed of the extent to which Sebastopol was fired upon by the allied armies and fleets, when it is stated that from a tax of a sixpence per hundred weight, which the Russian government levied upon the proceeds of the sales of old iron, shot and shell picked up and sold by the people, a sum of nearly \$75,000 was realized.

One friend to another who has just returned from a trip abroad: "Did you enjoy your European tour?" "Very much indeed." "Did you call on any of the big ones?" "Yes; I called on two queens one evening." "Called on two queens? Was it a pleasant affair?" "No, not very; for after I called I found the other chap had three kings."

Within the last two years, on the farm of Miles Case, near Robertson, Ky., two twin girls have been born a ewe gave six twin lambs; another ewe gave births to two pair of twins, and an old mare copped the climax by bringing forth two twin mules, and the farm is not very productive either.

A young lady, dressed in much false hair, was warbling at the piano and when her mother summoned her to assist in some household duties, her rose lips opened poutingly, and snapped out, "Oh, do it yourself." And went on singing, "Kind words can never die."

When one is tired from manual labor, it is easy to stop and rest; but when the fatigue comes from mental labor, when the brain is tired, it is another matter. You can't stop thinking at will.

The recent census gives these figures: New York 1,000,000; Philadelphia, 800,000; Brooklyn, 507,000; St. Louis, 450,000; Chicago, 410,000; Boston 350,000; San Francisco, 250,000.

A Chicago man owns a dog which knows when Sunday comes. He knows it because on that day his master gets down his fishing rod, and leaves the house by the back door.

MARK COTTON.

Or, the Road to the Poor House.

Yesterday we met a poor, dilapidated old white man in an ox-cart on his way to the poor house.

My friend, said I, what has brought you to this end? Years ago when we knew you, you had plenty and we thought, doing well. Yes, he answered, then we all made tobacco, corn and wheat, and had our own hogs and colts—and now we have nothing but cotton—cotton, cotton; and this is sending the man to the poor house.

I made nothing, and my neighbors made less. They had no money and no provisions, therefore the old man had to go.

Sad, sad, but true reflections, and we fear this mighty staple ere long will carry many more equally good men down the same dark road. This strange infatuation has such a hold on our people, and its grip is death like, that nothing but ruin and starvation will relax that hold.

Will not the advice and sad fate of the once prosperous old farmer teach our good people something, or will they with eyes shut continue their rapid course to the poor house?

Let us, as the old man said, make tobacco, corn, wheat, raise cows and colts, and turn not our hogs, as many have done, into a poor house.

Tobacco was once the market crop of the country, and many old farms now stand to remain one of the good old time, but since the mighty cotton has come in it has shown itself king and master of the situation, and has driven off every other farm product—all hogs, colts and calves, and last, but not least, all the money. Yet we press it, and stick to it with the same infatuation that a drunkard youth will to a far-table, who swears all the time that he can beat it next time and never learns better until he finds himself on the road to the poor house.—Newberry Herald.

Names of Countries.

The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phenicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names in the Phenician language signify something characteristic of the places designated:

Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia or Africa. Asia signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that geographers placed it between Europe and Africa. Africa signified the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain. Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic. Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that they sued Augustus for an army to destroy them. Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Calabria, also, for the same reason. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow haired, as yellow hair characterized its inhabitants. The English for Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged, mountainous province in Scotland. Ibernia is almost or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, the Phenicians never extended their voyages. Britain, the country of the great quantities of being found on it, and the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signified in the Phenician tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on the western coast. Corsica signifies the foot-steps of men, which it resembles. Syracuse signifies bad savor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood. Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance. Sicily, the country of grapes. Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction. Ethna signifies a furnace, or dark and smoky.—Exchange.

Prices at the Centennial.

Notwithstanding the statements of the Philadelphia journals that only moderate prices will be charged for hotel accommodations during the Centennial, the contrary is the truth, as persons who have lately been there can testify. Already the hotels have increased their rates very materially. As an instance of their Centennial prices it may be stated that a Washingtonian, who recently stopped at the Central for a night, was charged \$7 for dinner, lodging and breakfast. At a second rate hotel he was subsequently charged \$4 per day for the use of a room being a seven by nine apartment, located in near proximity to the roof. If prices have already been advanced like this, what may not be expected when the big show is in full operation and the city is crowded with visitors? Those who intend visiting Philadelphia during the coming summer ought to be warned of these extortions in advance, so that if they choose not to submit to them, they can take along supplies of commissary stores and camp out.—Exchange.

CATHOLIC POPULATION.—Some facts that illustrate the relative power of the Protestant and the Roman Catholic churches in the different parts of the United States, have been gathered from the census of 1870 by the Methodist. It thus appears that the single State of Massachusetts has more Roman Catholic sittings—130,405—than the twelve Southern States, Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, the Virginias, Tennessee, Texas and Mississippi, which have 105,365 Roman Catholic sittings. The four Southern States, Kentucky, Missouri, Louisiana and Maryland, have 294,905 Roman Catholic sittings, but the whole of the territory of the Southern States has a smaller Catholic population than the two States of Massachusetts and New York, thus: Massachusetts and New York, 401,700; sixteen Southern States, 401,110. The State of Illinois has more Roman Catholic sittings than twelve Southern States, while Wisconsin has 101,139 Roman Catholic sittings to 105,325 such sittings in twelve Southern States.

Two large dry goods houses in London have well-salaried chaplains to conduct morning prayers, and give addresses to the young men and women in their employ.

Last year the following nations sent the United States contributions of citizens in the order of numerical importance: Germany, England, Ireland, Canada, China, France, Russia.

Penny banks have been established in London in connection with the public schools, and within a few months 5,166 children have deposited \$5,620.

The Kentucky Legislature has passed a bill taxing all dogs over three years of age \$2 each. Dogs refusing to give their ages will be dealt with summarily.

One little girl, when asked by her mother what pleasure she was willing to give up during Lent, answered, "Going to school."

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