

The Fairfield Herald.

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THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

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No government in the South.

South Carolina News.

Judge Northrop, of the seventh circuit, will reside at Spartanburg.

Memorial Day was appropriately celebrated in a number of counties in the State.

Glenn Springs, a favorite summer resort, will be ready for visitors on the 1st of next month.

Col. Benjamin H. Wilson, a prominent citizen of Georgetown, and widely known in South Carolina, died in Charleston on the 16th inst.

The grand jury of Newberry, at the last term of the circuit court, presented the board of county commissioners for several acts of official misconduct.

Stealing is going on at a fearful rate all over Abbeville county, and everything in the eating line has to be kept constantly under lock and key. So says the *Medium*.

Gen. John S. Preston, of Columbia, will deliver the annual oration before the literary societies of the Carolina Military Institute at Charlotte, North Carolina.

Mr. John S. Harmon and his wife, living about ten miles from Greenwood depot, in Abbeville, were found murdered in their bed on the morning of the 18th inst. The murderers attempted to burn the house.

Alph Ruff, one of the gang who robbed and murdered Mr. Hayne Reid at Pomaria last December, was, strangely enough, convicted of manslaughter, and was sentenced by Judge Northrop to twenty years in the penitentiary.

There are five hundred and eleven tracts of land advertised for sale in Beaufort county, for non-payment of taxes. This does not include those cases in which bills of the Bank of the State have been tendered in payment.

Three Democratic newspapers, the *Charleston News and Courier*, the *Sumter Watchman* and the *Clarendon Press*, have expressed the opinion that it would be unwise to oppose the re-election of Governor or Chamberlain.

There are six hundred and forty one pieces of real estate advertised for sale by the auditor of Charleston county for non-payment of taxes. Doubtless a large number of these are cases in which bills of the Bank of the State have been tendered in payment.

There was quite a disastrous fire at Darlington, C. H. on the morning of the 14th inst. A number of stores and dwellings were destroyed, the entire loss being estimated at one hundred thousand dollars. There was comparatively little insurance.

Alfred Rush, colored, a member of the Legislature from Darlington county, was recently shot and killed, while on his way to his home in a buggy. The perpetrator of the murder is yet unknown. A reward of four hundred dollars has been offered for his apprehension.

The trial of William Alexander Lowry, a negro, charged with the murder of Mr. John Murphy, of Sumter county, came off before Judge Shaw a few days ago. A nol. pros. was entered as to two others charged, and Lowry was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. The jury, consisting of two white and ten colored men, returned a verdict of guilty.

The Fort Moultrie Centennial celebration, which is to take place in Charleston on the 28th of June, promises to be a grand affair. Military companies from Boston, New York, Augusta, Columbia, New Orleans and North Carolina will participate, and the Charleston companies will of course turn out in full force. George W. Williams, Esq., the well known merchant, is chairman of the Senior Committee, a most excellent selection.

A. H. Howard, colored legislator from Marion, deems himself insulted by the paragraph going the rounds that he sits with his former master in the Legislature, and then goes home and works as a carpenter and out in his kitchen. He says: "As far as I am concerned it makes but very little difference with me what my friends say about me when I take my meals nor how I take them thank God that I have lived to see to day when some of my rivaled friends are glad to take their tools and go a long way by side to turn their daily bread I denigh this for I have been home to-day to my farm every sense the legislature has adjourned." Fine literary effort for a law-maker!

Toombs has given to a patent medicine man a certificate that the postum has cured him of "an obstinate affection of the throat." Whereupon the Lynchburg News asserts that the vendor of the medicine ought to be indicted as a public nuisance. "Anybody," it says, "who will aid in strengthening the voice of Bob Toombs, is no true friend of the South."

"I've known that mule for three years, and I don't think that de animal would hurt a law. cause—"

This blank space indicates where the lecture was interrupted, and the darkey forwarded to the other side of the fence—by that same mule.

The Gulf Stream as an Illustration.

Several years ago ex Gov. Vance, in a lecture that afterwards became famous, compared the Jews to the Gulf stream. That stream of humanity had from time immemorial preserved its own course and been separated by well defined boundaries from the great ocean of mankind. But a short time ago we noticed in one of our exchanges (the *Religious Herald* of this city, we think) an editorial in which the same illustration was used without crediting it to Gov. Vance. Still more recently Hon. R. B. Vance, of North Carolina, has utilized the Gulf stream as an illustration of how the Southern people might by kindness melt the Northern icebergs that come floating down this way on the Gulf stream of prejudice and passion. Whereupon an Augusta paper tells Mr. Vance that he probably stole the illustration from a Dr. Campbell, of Georgia. Mr. Vance's use of the Gulf stream is so different from that of his brother that he cannot fairly be charged with having used it improperly. Dr. Campbell was probably indebted to ex-Gov. Vance for his use of it. And the *Religious Herald* (if it was that paper) had forgotten that Zeb Vance originated the simile. No happier illustration was ever used by any orator, we suppose. As it is one which, having once been seen, would inevitably come back to the mind, we deem it a proper occasion to reassert Gov. Vance's claim to it. Can anybody trace it further?—*Richmond Dispatch*.

The wedding presents of Nellie Grant were exhibited in London to a select circle soon after her arrival in England, and folks were surprised at the quantity given her. It is not customary there to choose silver for wedding gifts, it being generally supposed that all well to do families have enough silver as heir-looms, or have purchased enough to answer every purpose. The question was more than once asked of those who had the presents on exhibition: "Why did they give her so much silver? Did her friends think the family into which she had married had none?"

Mr. A young man in Illinois received an epistle "No!" from the girl he loved, because he was poor. He went into the woods to hang himself, but found \$36,000 in gold, and returned to the girl, clinked the yellow boys under her nose, and then went away and gave his love to the daughter of a washerwoman. Isn't that first girl mad, though?

It having come to the knowledge of the "Good Tomplars of England" that the white population in the United States is antagonistic to associating with the colored race, they have passed a resolution, at their last meeting in London, to the effect that if Americans are determined to establish a distinction of races in works of humanity and temperance, the order in England cannot hold any further intercourse with them as brethren.

A postal card was received at the post office in Rochester the other day with the following address in German: "To my cousin who lives 4 miles from Rochester on a farm of 40 acres; and he has ten heifers."

A terrible story is told in the *Moscow Gazette* of a party who were traveling on sledges, not very far from the city of Moscow. A troop of wolves attacked them, and only one person out of twenty-four succeeded in making his escape, all the rest being torn to pieces.

"No, Mrs. Henry; no!" said J. in tones of solemn warning. "Look at Mrs. Belknap. She wanted a new dress, too; and see where she is now! Stick to your calico, Mrs. Henry, and avoid the insidious voice of the tempter."

A hundred pounds of flour cost twenty-eight dollars in the Black Hills.

"The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope; but the popular study is how to make money out of him.

A Georgia preacher recently delivered a sermon from the text: "And the vale of the temple was wrapped in twine."

"What do you take for your cold?" said a lady to Mr. "Four pocket handkerchiefs a day, ma'am, is the answer."

A Charleston man who lost a lawsuit has sued his lawyer for damages, claiming that the attorney's bad grammar disgusted the jury.

A few days ago a jury in the West can wilds gave the following verdict in a case of suicide: "We find the deceased was a fool."

The more a man or woman knows, the less they gossip about neighbors. Culture kills gab.

In the journey of this world the man who goes right is not apt to get left.

SCUDDER'S DOG CASE.

A Nice Legal Question Settled.

A man came into the office of Judge X., the well-known Philadelphia lawyer, the other day, and when the Judge had time to listen to him he said: "Judge, my name is Scudder. I called to see you about a dog case that kinder bewilders me, and I thought maybe you might throw some light on him—might just give me the law points so's I'd know whether it was worth while suing or not. You see me and a man named Potts went into partnership on a dog. We bought him. He was a setter, and me and Potts went shares on him so's to take him out a hunting. It was never definitely settled which half of him I owned, and which half belonged to Potts, but somehow I kinder formed an idea in my own mind that the hind end was Scudder's, and the front end Potts'. Consequence was that when the dog barked I always said, 'There goes Potts' half exercising itself,' and when the dog's tail wagged, I always considered that my end was being agitated. And, of course, when one of my hind legs scratched one of Potts' ears or shoulders, I was perfectly satisfied; first, because that sort of thing was good for the whole dog; and second, because the thing would get even when Potts' head would reach around and bite a flea off my hind leg or snap at a fly. Well, things went along smooth enough for a while, until one day that dog began to get into the habit of running around after his tail. He was the foolishest dog that I ever seed. Used to chase his tail round until he'd get so giddy he couldn't bark. And you know I was skored lest it might hurt the dog's health, and as Potts didn't seem to be willing to keep his end from circulating in pursuit of my end, I made up my mind to chop the dog's tail off, so's to make him reform and behave. So last Saturday I caused the dog to back up again a log, and then I suddenly dropped the axe on his tail, pretty close up, and the next minute he was booming around that yard, h'wiling like a boat-load of wild cat. Just then Potts came up, and he let on to be mad because I'd cut off that tail. One word brought on another, and pretty soon Potts sicked that dog on me—my own dog, too, mind you—and that dog bit me in the leg, bit a piece out. See that? Look at that leg. About half a pound gone; cut up by that dog. Now what I want to see you about, Judge, is this: Can't I recover damages for assault and battery from Potts? What I chopped off belonged to me, I owned an undivided half of that setter pup, from the tip of his tail clear up to his third rib, and I had a right to cut away as much of it as I'd a mind to; while Potts, being sole owner of the dog's head, 'is responsible when he bites anybody."

"I don't know," replied the Judge, musingly. "There haven't been any decisions on cases exactly like this. But what does Mr. Potts say upon the subject?"

"Why, Potts' view is that I divide the dog the wrong way. When he wants to nap out his half, he draws a line from the middle of his nose, right along the spine, and clear to the end of the tail. That gives me one hind leg and one fore leg, and makes him joint proprietor in the tail. And he says that if I wanted to cut off my half of the tail I might have done it, and he wouldn't have cared; but what made him mad was that I wasted his property without consulting him. But that theory seems to me a little strained, and if it's legal why I'm going to close out my half of that dog at a sacrifice, sooner that hold any interest in him on those principles. Now what do you think of it?"

"Well," said the Judge, "I can hardly decide so important a question off hand; but at the first glance my opinion is that you own the whole dog, and that Potts owns the whole dog. So when he bites you a suit won't lie against Potts, and the only thing you can do to obtain justice is to make the dog bite Potts also. As for the tail, when it is separated from the dog it is no longer the dog's tail, and it is not worth fighting about."

"Can't sue Potts, you say?"

"I think not."

"Can't get damages for the meat that's been bit out of me?"

"I hardly think you can."

"Well, well, and yet they talk about American civilization, and temples of justice, and such things! All right. Let it go. I kin stand it; but let anybody ever undertake to tell me that the law protects his man's beings in their rights! Good morning, Judge."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Scudder," said the Judge; "you've forgotten my fee."

"P'fess! Why you don't charge anything when I don't sue, do you?"

"Certainly, for my advice. My fee is \$10."

"Ten dollars! Ten dollars! Why, Judge, that's just what I paid for my half of that dog. I haven't got fifty cents to my name. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make over all my rights in that setter pup to you."

And you kin go round and fight it out with Potts as s'itre as my name's Scudder."

Potts owns the whole dog now, and Scudder goes without one.

The Marriage of Great Men.

Byron married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Robert Burns married a farmer's girl with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field. He was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistake in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed, and sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same of the bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affections on the other sex.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say she was worthy of him and they live in perfect harmony with each other.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of his being a lawyer. He had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and, besides this, was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily until she died, which occurred two years afterwards.

Peter the Great of Russia married a peasant. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious Empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course, they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

A FLOWER THAT CHANGES ITS COLOR.—Botany is a division of natural science which treats of plants, and a study of Vegetable Physiology must be the foundation of botanical knowledge—a study only possible by the improvements in the microscope and in organic chemistry. As plants are not scattered haphazard over the earth, botanical geography must be studied, and, with this, plant-history. Botany may be applied to the wants of every day life, as in Agriculture, Horticulture, or Medical Botany. Animals often exhibit a marvelous instinct in selecting medicinal herbs, and an observation of their habits has often, even in the present time, led to most valuable discoveries. And should man, with his knowledge and appliances, fail to discover less than the brute! It is of Medical Botany we would speak, or of the HEPTATICE PLANT, discovered in Southern India the Flower of which changes its color with every change of the atmosphere. The remarkable changes and variations of this Plant and Flower have been for years our special study, resulting in the discovery of its possession of wonderful medical properties, the existence and value of which have heretofore been entirely unknown to medical science. After much labor and scientific investigation, we have succeeded in extracting a peculiar medicinal principle, which is a specific and cure for all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels; a permanent cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Splenic Constipation, Jaundice, and all Bilious Complaints. Of course we cannot send a living Flower of this Plant to all who read of Hepatice; but to all who will send their address to MERRILL & COHEN, Philadelphia, Pa., with a three cent stamp for return postage, we will send FREE a few seeds of the Flower that will change its color just the same as the real Hepatice Flower.

The Medicine, MERRILL'S HEPTATICE, for sale by McMASTER & BRUCE, Winnsboro, S. C., will cure all diseases of the Liver.

Zeb Crummett says old Deacon Ransom went to a circus and took his grandchild, remarking to every acquaintance he met, that the boy wanted to see the sacred animals, and he couldn't find it in his heart to refuse him. Arriving at the tent he cried to go home, and the deacon had to spank him to make him go in.

"Are you married, my dear?" asked an old gentleman of a pretty girl with whom he chanced to be sitting in a railway carriage. "No," said she. "I've arranged a fellow for breach of promise."

When a lady is proud of her small feet, hasn't she a limited understanding?

The Sea Islands.

All along the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, is a labyrinth of salt creeks and rivers, which cut up the land into innumerable islands, some of them merely grass hammocks that are covered at high water; others, delightfully wooded with oak, cedar and palm trees, where the old time planter luxuriated on the profits of the long silken staple, which sold at fabulous prices. Now the plantations are abandoned, most of them, and countless flocks of quail forage in the old fields. Herds of deer and droves of turkeys and coons come out of the hammocks into the overgrown garden patches, to feed on the succulent plants that have come up spontaneously, year after year, from self-sown seed. Here and there is an old concrete chimney, made of cemented oyster shells, where an overseer's house once stood; or the decaying remnants of some negro quarter, hidden in a tangle of orange trees, cactuses, sprawling fig trees, vines and palm-wood scrub. At intervals, on more eligible sites, are groves of sombre live oaks, whose far reaching arms are draped with swaying moss, drooping over the waste where a pretentious mansion formerly stood; and one can sometimes trace the outline of a flower garden by the rose trees, juncos, and cape juncos, that seem to grow with a strange system of regularity and design.

Some few of these favored localities have been reclaimed in part by their former owners, and other are occupied by Northern families who have acquired possession since the war, and are in vain attempting to rehabilitate them, wondering why, in this enervating climate and the present demoralized state of labor, they cannot make the waste places blossom and yield abundantly, as of yore. When the tide goes out all the shallower creeks are emptied and a vast extent of marsh mud, interspersed with grassy oases, is exposed to view; and all along the edges of these islands is a fringe of "oyster oysters," and here and there beds and reefs of these oysters crop out of the mud at random, threatening with their sharp, flinty edges, serious damage to any craft that runs upon them. One would think there was food here for the million. But it is not so; these bivalves are chiefly shells, and no "oyster" however hungry, can consider himself half repaid for what he is able to pick out of them. In some places, however, there are beds of fine edible oysters. These mud flats yield abundant food to all the tribe of web-foot and waders, and when the curlew, the willets, the winter yellow legs and the snipe, *et idem genus*, resort to them at low water, the sportsman seizes the auspicious moment at the half flood, and cautiously pushes his boat up and down the intricate channels and speedily secures a load. Of duck, too, there are usually plenty.

A PREPLEXED INSTANT.—Somebody dropped some quicksilver on the sidewalk in Montana, and an Indian tried to pick it up. First he made a grab at it with his thumb and forefinger, and was astonished when he found he couldn't pick it up. He was determined to have that quicksilver anyhow; so he unwound a handkerchief from his hat, and spreading it on the ground got a chip and scraped the quicksilver into it. A look of triumph shot from his eagle eye as he gathered up the four corners of the handkerchief, but it was replaced by one of horror and disgust when the metal ran through the fabric like water through a sieve. Looking at the metal as it lay on the ground, in a puzzled sort of way for a moment, he launched a vicious kick at it, and uttering an angry ejaculation, he turned on his heel and left the quicksilver for some other intemperate son of the forest to experiment on.

The Duville, Va., *Express* mentions that there is a widow lady living in one of the adjoining counties of North Carolina, whose husband was a Confederate soldier, and who, during the war, was in prison at Elmira, N. Y., where he died. This lady, since the close of the war, has received regularly every year the check of A. T. Stewart, the deceased millionaire, in the sum of \$50. Why, she has never known. The lady is in dependent circumstances, and now fears that her annual donation will cease.

A young Shell Rock (Iowa) man who recently started out for the Black Hills, writes back to his friends that it's a perfect earthly paradise out there, and he's delighted with it. He also asks them to please loan him \$25 to come home with.

"My lord," began a pompous young barrister. "It is written in the book of Nature—" "On what page, sir—on what page?" interrupted the judge, with pen in hand.

France makes 640,000 dolls every year, many of them wonderful pieces of mechanism. England furnishes the wax and china heads.

Pride may sometimes be a useful spring board to the aspiring soul, but it is much more frequently a destructive stumbling block.

Roseoe Conding and Horatio Seymour are brothers-in-law.

Postmaster General Jewell will figure as Connecticut's "favorite son" in the Cincinnati Convention.

A TEXAS TRICK.—A stranger presented at a bank in Dallas, Texas, a check for \$10,000, and also letters purporting to endorse him as a wealthy New Yorker. The bank officers hesitated about paying, and he said: "Telegraph to your bankers in New York, and I will stand the expense. I came here to buy cotton, and must have the money." A message was sent and soon an answer came back saying that the check and man were good. The operation was a clever swindle. Two telegraphers had taken possession of a shanty a few miles from Dallas, on the line of wire, attached a battery, taken off the message intended for New York and answered it.

WASHINGTON'S CHARACTERS.—George Washington was an excellent horse man. It is said that he could ride at full gallop and retain a silver dollar between each knee and the saddle, such was the tenacious grasp of his thighs upon the horse. He was very fond of his horses, and liked to see them thoroughly groomed. The manner in which his white horses were kept white is curious. Mr. G. W. P. Curtis states that the night before they were to be used they were entirely covered with a paste, the chief ingredient of which was whiting, and were then completely clothed and left for the night to sleep on clean straw. By morning this coating was hard and dry; it was then brushed and curried off, leaving the hair white and glossy. After this the hoofs were blackened and polished. To complete this curious toilet, the horses' mouths were washed, and their teeth picked and washed, when they were considered to be groomed, and were ready for work.

Queen Victoria has been officially proclaimed Empress of India, after the medieval fashion. On Tuesday the heralds and trumpeters went forth, and the sheriffs and the deacons at the Royal Exchange, at Charing Cross and the Towerhill, Brentford. On the following day the imperial announcement was made at Edinburgh Cross. The Scotch ceremony was most picturesque, and was conducted by the heralds, pursuivants and the Queen's trumpeter for Scotland, the Duke of Albany (His Royal Highness), and the Duke of Edinburgh, who read the proclamation, which was responded to by the Marquis of Bute as pursuivant.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has begun the work of laying underground pneumatic tubes and telegraph wires in New York. The carriers in the pneumatic tubes, consisting of gotts percha pouches covered with felt, can contain fifty messages each, and will be forced through the pipes by a new duplex pump in the basement of the West-ern Union building. While the laying of such tubes is an experiment in this country there can be no doubt whatever that they can be operated successfully if properly constructed.

TRAVEL RULES FOR SUCCESSFUL FARMING.—1. Drain and irrigate. 2. Plough deep, loosen the subsoil. 3. Provide good storage rooms for solid manure and systems for the liquid manures. 4. Choose commercial fertilizers intelligently, and do not use one in excess of another, simply because others have used it. 5. Manure every crop which benefits by it, and mulch it highly. 6. Cultivate only safe paying crops and select the best seed for those. 7. Subvert every crop upon your fields and in the proper rotation. 8. Cultivate more and better fodder. 9. Feed plentifully and of the best food. 10. Breed stock, and let no mere accident control the increase. 11. Support breeding by proper care. 12. Keep accounts.

One of Mr. Stewart's last business acts was the personal supervision of an advertisement for the newspapers. He never found he was doing as much business as he cared to do, and never committed the folly of throwing away money on "circulans" and cheap job work, reaching a few hundred persons who never read them. He believed in newspaper advertising, and read by the thousand; and, strangely enough, never reached the point of imagining himself and his great establishment so well known that advertising was unnecessary.

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