

# The Horry Herald.

"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

VOLUME I.

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## A KINDRED SOUL.

(From The Pearl.)

CHAPTER I.

Even in the moonlight, which wrapped face and form with less familiarity and distinctness than daylight would have done, Eleanor Keith looked a thorough woman of the world, and the picture of—not repose, but inertness, as she leaned back in her chair, and answered in a refined, but indifferent voice, the question asked by Celia Upton, her traveling companion, and for the moment, her most intimate friend.

"I do not expect to marry, I might, perhaps, if women were allowed to choose their husbands, but such an improper and unparalleled proceeding would not be tolerated in the state of high civilization we now enjoy."

"But a woman can easily attract a man if she wishes to do so," said Celia, "and especially a woman who is an heiress in her own right, aside from further expectations."

"Oh, my bank account is certainly attractive; I can do nothing absurd enough to disgust the men who are in love with that; but on the other hand it frightens away those I might think worth attracting, were I poor."

"Eleanor, have you the courage to say you believe no man has ever loved you? I would never confess so unflattering a truth."

"Why should I be ashamed to avow my belief? If there were less pretense in the world there would be more happiness. Even in our unspoken thoughts we pretend to be better than we are; we often thus deceive ourselves."

"I think we are happier for this delusion."

"Grant that," said Eleanor, her interest gone, her face beginning to glow, as her interest increased. "Is there nothing better to do in this world than to constantly pursue happiness? Yet to say the truth, the creed of nearly all the people I know is: be happy without wronging others if you can, but at any cost, be happy!"

"If you have struck a philosophical vein, Eleanor, I shall excuse myself and join your father, who is still enjoying the moonlight. He will not preach to me, or look as if he thought me personally responsible for the sins of all the people he knows. How inconsistent you are in blaming others for wishing to mingle a little happiness with the bitter draught of life, when you are vexed because your own pleasure has been interrupted. The failure of two trains to connect, obliging us to spend the night in an indifferent hotel, has been too much for your temper. Don't give way to it, but soothe yourself and amuse me, by answering the question I asked a few moments ago. Because I clearly see it is pretense when you declare no one has ever loved you."

"I neither deny nor affirm, I simply say I do not know. Celia, if you can teach me how to tell love from the counterfeit, which is in such general circulation, and so marvelously like it as to be often mistaken for the thing itself, I will willingly divide my fortune with you."

"You speak as if it were a lost art, when it is simply an instinct which you seem to have been born without, although most women are so puffed up with self-love they fancy half the masculine world at their feet."

"Another species of self-deceit. It is not often difficult, even in a thoroughly modest woman, to tell whether or she is in love or not, but with a man it is different, for men are usually very much ashamed of being in love. But why do I waste time in such a discussion? Have you the slightest idea, Celia, of what love really is? To most people it is a purely physical liking, founded on purely physical causes, and most matches are made in this way:

"A man fancies he would like a wife, and chooses one because she has a white hand or a round cheek, or a red mouth, or it may be because her eyes are bright. He flatters her in asking; perhaps the man whose eyes seem brightest to her, uses them chiefly to admire other women. She consents, and they are married. For awhile they fancy they are happy, but they have scarcely a taste or hope or thought in common; they differ, then disagree; the lips part, the eyes are fierce with anger or red with weeping. The weak, illusory desire they called love, dies, but they keep its clumsy ghost about to disagreeably haunt each other, leaving no room for ordinary friendship to come to their aid. The world begins to call them an ill-matched pair, and when this truth becomes generally known, they grow by degrees to pride themselves upon it, and parade the fact ostentatiously—he, before women with soft voices and sympathetic eyes; she, before men who appear chivalrous, and who look unutterable things in condemnation of the man who could do aught but adore her."

"Sometimes, especially if they have children, they patch together a superficial peace, or if pride forbids separation, they fall into habits of

ceremonious politeness toward each other, but seek their pleasures apart. I do not say—so don't be shocked, Celia—there is anything that could be substituted for marriage, but modern marriage has degenerated into something I shudder to contemplate. Whether two people marry or not, depends chiefly on how their courtship is conducted, and courtship is merely a game of chance."

"I see no occasion to moan over it, if you are never going to marry, unless you look at it with the eye of a philanthropist. And even in that case, can you do anything to regulate it? Suppose you begin business as a marriage broker and conduct courtships on a new and approved plan. Put up a sign: 'Matches made that are warranted to stand the wear and tear of time, or money refunded.' It might be easily arranged—warrant marriages for one year, or five years, or even ten, and adjust your prices accordingly."

"There is no use in meddling with what I deplore, yet cannot understand. I am not good enough, or wise enough to reform the world, but I shall have some part in choosing the man to whom I give up my liberty, or I'll keep the liberty and spend my days alone. And I shall choose him less for his commanding presence than his companionable soul."

"Oh, if that will content you, I feel wonderfully relieved, because I do not care for reformers; they are always blustering against our pet opinions and dearest follies, making us feel wicked, and altogether disagreeable and disturbed. I would, however, be glad to learn how you will set about the task or pastime—whichever it may be—of selecting a husband? How will you choose him?"

"By his soul; not from any trick he might have of smiling with his eyes, or looking like a rock of strength, or saying tender and delusive things to please my ear and beguile my judgment."

"By what means do you intend to become acquainted with his soul, if not through the medium of his body?"

"That seems in great degree impossible, I admit."

"Why not admit that it is altogether impossible?"

"The matter might be partially arranged by correspondence—"

"Or through a friend—your father for instance. He would not be inclined to say tender and delusive things to your father. Why that is the way they manage it in France—"

"Pardon me, but it is not the way at all. When French girls marry, they are only informed concerning the husband's fortune. They have no idea of what stuff his mind is made, and as to his habits and intentions—"

"American girls are still more in the dark, for usually they have not a correct idea even in regard to the fortune."

"Celia, if you did not interrupt me so persistently, I might, perhaps, be able to make my meaning clearer."

"My dear"—an iron-gray head and a portion of an iron-gray figure appeared at the door—"you forget that you are a finished elocutionist, and utter your words very distinctly. Unless you lower your voice, or cease speaking altogether, the whole neighborhood will be enlightened in regard to your opinions on love and marriage. This is of no moment, but I do wish to remind you that it is nearly eleven o'clock, and the morning train leaves at a most ungodly hour."

(To be continued.)

## Age Cannot Compete with Youth

An interesting incident comes from Scott county, Indiana. McDermott, a widower, fell in love with a beautiful young girl, and courted her with a zeal which only true affection knows. Mr. McDermott has the misfortune to have a son, but the son very considerably did not object to the fair young lady whom his father was trying to make his step-mother. In fact, the young man called on the young lady and made her feel that she would be welcome as a member of the family. This all pleased the father, of course, and in a burst of parental affection he told his son that he and the young lady were engaged. Then the son went over to congratulate the young lady. He did it affectionately—so very affectionately that he proposed and was accepted. An elopement followed, and the fond father has now a daughter-in-law and the son has no step-mother. Age should never compete with youth in contest where Cupid awards the prizes.

He was about to propose, but was somewhat nervous. He didn't know how to begin. At last he stammered out: "I'm very uneasy." "Uneasy," she echoed. Then she added emphatically: "I'd bet it's a flea off my dog, I've been there." He didn't propose.

A peck of trouble—Four quarts of green apples.

## THE BLOOD OF THE BOURBONS.

### A STRANGE STORY THAT READS ALMOST LIKE A ROMANCE.

Col. James H. Rion said to have been a Direct Decendant of Louis XVI of France—The Statement he is Reported to have made Just before he Died

He was a decendant from the Kings of France!

Col. James H. Rion died at his home in Winnsboro, S. C., on Sunday, the twelfth day of December, last. He was loved and respected wherever he was known. An upright man, an acute counsellor, a profound lawyer, a faithful citizen, a superb soldier and a finished scholar his loss was deeply deplored. He was all this, and if the story, which is now told for the first time, be true, he was much more, for in his veins ran the blood of the Bourbons, and the modest country lawyer was none other than the grandson of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, King and Queen of France.

An eminent South Carolina lawyer, yesterday told a Reporter for the News and Courier a strange story of Col. Rion's life. He said:

"There has always been, as perhaps you are aware, a mystery surrounding Col. Rion's birth. He was very familiar with John C. Calhoun in early life, who took a great interest in his welfare and was very kind to him and his mother. They came from Canada to Washington about the time when Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of the State under President Tyler. There have been many speculations in regard to Col. Rion's origin and family and many rumors, and there was always a recognized mystery hanging over the subject. It was difficult to account for the great interest Mr. Calhoun seemed to take in him. Col. Rion himself always manifested great admiration for Mr. Calhoun and ever entertained the deepest reverence for the illustrious statesman both as a public man and as a private citizen. Some have even gone so far as to infer from these circumstances that some peculiar relationship existed between them. It is said now that Col. Rion exploded this mystery during the few brief hours that intervened between the first paroxysm of the attack which carried him off and his death—he lived several hours, as you remember after he was first attacked."

"The story is that Col. Rion, then in the presence of Dr. Hanahan, his physician, and of his entire family, stated that he was the son of the Dauphin of France, who would have been King Louis XVII had it not been for the French Revolution, which by the execution of Louis XVI culminated in the overthrow of the Bourbon Dynasty. His statement was that this boy, the Dauphin, who was reported to have died at an early age, and to have been an imbecile, had not really died, but had been sent over to Canada and had there been reared in obscurity under the name of De Rion; that he entered the English army; and that Col. Rion was the offspring of the marriage. De Rion died in Col. Rion's infancy, and he, with his mother, were placed under the charge of Mr. Calhoun by the Austrian ambassador at Washington, with a statement of the facts in the case and upon certain conditions that were to be faithfully observed. One of the conditions was that the facts should not be divulged except in certain contingencies, another of the conditions was that Col. Rion was never to go Europe unless in charge of the Austrian authorities, and on board an Austrian man of war. A further condition was that Col. Rion was never to accept civil office in this country."

"These conditions were faithfully observed up to the time of Col. Rion's last fatal illness. He is not known to have confided the story of his birth to any one except his eldest daughter. He is said to have told her the story two or three years ago, when she was about to sail for Europe. It is said that one of her purposes in going to Europe was to examine into the death of the Dauphin and to obtain such knowledge in regard to it as was possible from tradition and otherwise."

"It is also said that when Col. Rion referred to the subject just before his death he observed in the countenances of those who were gathered about him, that they supposed his mind to be wandering, and that he said to them: 'You think that my mind is wandering, but I am in possession of all my reasoning faculties.' He then asked Dr. Hanahan to put him to some test in order to demonstrate the fact that he was perfectly rational. He said (tapping his

breast) 'I have the proof here of the truth of what I say.'

"Col. Rion is known to have been in possession of a very valuable gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, upon the top of which there is a monogram of the Orleans Family wrought in diamonds. This snuff-box, it is said, had never been seen by any member of his family until his death, but he is known to have exhibited it once, in 1885, to an intimate personal and professional friend, under injunctions of secrecy, which have been removed by his death. He gave no intimation to his friend of the history connected with the possession of this box, except to say that Mr. Clousen, the son-in-law of John C. Calhoun, brought it to him from France, when he (Mr. Clousen) was secretary of the American legation in Paris. The snuff-box has been valued by a jeweller, since Col. Rion's death, at \$3,000, and is of the most costly and exquisite workmanship."

"Col. Rion went to Canada some years ago and told a friend when he had returned that he had seen in the old Cathedral at Montreal the record of his baptism."

"It is understood that Col. Rion's family are now preparing for publication a full statement of the facts in the case and that there is much evidence to sustain the confession made by him just before his death. Certainly no one who knew him would doubt for a moment the truth of any statement that he made when clothed in his right mind, for he was the very soul of honor."

Such is the mystery which was shrouded up in the life of Col. Rion, and the public will eagerly await the publication of the full facts connected with an affair that will read like a romance. There have been many pretenders, each of whom has claimed that he was the Dauphin, but their stories have been discredited, and in France it is believed to this day that the Dauphin died in the Temple, where he was placed under the care of Simon, the Jacobin, after the execution of his father, Louis XVI.

The above pretty, plausible story has been spoiled by the emphatic denial of his son, W. C. Rion. His statement is that his father was under the influence of opiates, which had been administered to allay the pain incident to the disease, from which he was suffering, and in this wandering condition did make some such statements. The family were desirous of suppressing the whole occurrence, and were a little annoyed that it had found its way into the public print.

## Chopping Cornstalks.

The saving in handling of manure and of the liquid part of the manure itself will alone pay for cutting up stalks of corn before feeding. It is not true that cattle can be made to eat the coarser part of the stalks except by being starved to it, and this is more expensive than better feeding. But the unclean butts make excellent bedding, absorbing and holding the liquid excrement better than will straw. To be done economically, however, the cutting up of cornstalks should be done with horse-power or steam. As most farmers have idle horses at this season, a horse-power with conveniences for cutting stalks or straw, grinding coarse-grain and sawing wood is a very handy thing to have on the premises. By putting the power under shelter much of this work may be done in stormy weather when out-of-door jobs are impracticable.

## The Birthplace of Abraham.

Not far from Aleppo is situated the little town of Orfah, (the ancient Ur of the Chaldees), which is of great historical interest, it having been the birthplace of the patriarch; There are few Jews in the place, but the Arabs still point out a small building lying outside the town which they declare to be the house where Abraham first saw the light, and which they therefore term Beit el Chadil (the house of the friend of God). It is most improbable that actual house should have stood for thousands of years but the building in question is of great antiquity. By its present owner, an Arab peasant, it is held in the utmost veneration—the more so since it is feared that within a few years it will fall to the ground.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

A correspondent of one of our exchanges asks what is the best thing to do with a six-teen-year-old son who will not work or go to school. If we were allowed to give advice in the matter, we should say wait till spring and send him off with a circus.—*New Haven News.*

All a board—The gang-plank.

## THIRTEEN YEARS MORE.

### The End of the World Knocking at the Door.

There has never been wanting in any age of the world's history soothsayers, augurers and prophets who assayed to forecast human destiny, and to predict the doom of the earth on which men play out their roles. One of the most modern of these prophets is Rev. M. Baxter, of England, editor of the London *Christian Herald*. Some thirty years ago he wrote a book expounding the prophetic parts of the Scriptures, declaring Louis Napoleon, then Emperor of the French, to be the Anti-Christ which was to come and England to be the special object of his wrath. Since then poor Napoleon has dropped in a most ignominious manner, not only out of the pale of prophecy, but also out of human calculations, and so far from representing the great arch-enemy of all good, he was really not a bad fellow at heart and certainly never did any harm to England, where his unfortunate widow and luckless son found asylum after they were driven from their own country. But, notwithstanding all this, the Rev. Mr. Baxter still continues to prophesy. By the way, he has just arrived in New York, where he has given out some circular utterances. He is described as a thoughtful looking man, with a gray beard and a brown wig. He predicts the end of the present human dispensation in the year 1900. He says:

There are many things that show the end will come in 1900. Perhaps the most simple and generally accepted is the Biblical statement, that as it took six days to make the world and there was a seventh day of rest, the world will last for six days of 1,000 years each, and a seventh day of 1,000 years that shall be the millennium. Chronological records show that there were just 4,000 years from Adam to the birth of Christ, so that in the year 1000 A. D. the time would be fulfilled. It is a certain thing that there will be a great European war within three or four years because in Daniel's prophetic writings and in the Book of Revelations it states that ten years before the end there will be a great war and the Roman Empire restored to the same political divisions. France will conquer Germany and extend her possessions to the Rhine. The conflict will not be confined to these two nations, however. It will be a general European conflict, as the twenty-three countries that now exist must be resolved into ten; the five in the western or Latin half being Britain, France, Spain, Italy and Austria, and the five in the eastern or Greek half being Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey and the Balkan States. They will be in one confederation and will be all kingdoms, so that the Republic of France and Queen Victoria's reign have but a little longer to run, you see. When that war occurs it will be the fulfillment of the first great sign. Ireland must be separated from England, as it was not in the Roman Empire. Just what sort of government Ireland will have we do not know, but she certainly will have a Parliamt of her own in Dublin. All this is prophesied by the ten-horned goat. But then comes the little eleventh horn, signifying a rising king that waxes great and strong. The beast is crimson, showing the red republic communism, and so on. That eleventh king will be the head of the Communists. He will first come into power somewhere in Asia Minor, then become King of Syria, and then the Emperor of the Roman Empire. He will get his power through the Communists and the Roman Church that will side with them, and for two years the Pope will have great temporal power, until the Emperor, the 'overthrow King,' as he will be called, overthrows him. Then the willful King will enter into a compact with the Hebrews by which they shall return to Palestine. Then he will rule the whole world. As to Anti-Christ in Revelations it is stated that it will be a Napoleon, probably Jerome, the present head of the Bonaparte family, as in appearance he exactly answers to the description. He will be Anti-Christ and will persecute Christians, killing thousands of them by the gallotie. Then will come the three and one-half years of tribulations. Then will be civil war all over the world. In the United States the labor organizations will continue to grow stronger and stronger until, ten years from now, they will overturn the Government and take the power into their own hands. Then will come famine, pestilence, earthquakes and terrible troubles, until the second coming of Christ, when the earth will be nearly depopulated and the righteous only left to enjoy the millennium of a thousand years. The last Pope will probably be Cardinal Lucien Napoleon. The course taken by Dr. McGlynn is the same course that

will be taken by the Pope in about eight years. Dr. McGlynn is only a little ahead of the times.

## Feline Telepathy.

(From the S. M. Review.)

One of the correspondents in *Mind in Nature*, for November, mentions, a singular occurrence illustrating the peculiar idiosyncrasy which he classifies under the head of "feline telepathy." The incident recalls a similar experience of my own. Some twelve or fifteen years ago I was riding with a friend in one of the beautiful valleys of Northern Georgia. We were travelling in an open buggy, and I was acting as driver. In some way not now remembered the conversation turned upon the peculiar antipathy of some persons to the presence of a cat in a dwelling-house. My friend assured me that he belonged to this class of "peculiar people," and found it impossible to remain in a room with a cat no matter how much of a pet or how thoroughly tame and gently the creature might be. It so happens that of all domestic animals a cat is my particular favorite, and I was greatly surprised when my friend told me that the presence of the animal seen or unseen, affected him in the most violent manner. A peculiar nausea, with dimness of vision, a roaring noise in the ears, and several symptoms of a fainting fit, invariably followed the entrance of a cat into a room where he happened to be. As my friend was a married man, and his children enjoyed their romps with the pet kittens of the household, his peculiar aversion to them was a matter of no little inconvenience.

While we were passing through a lane set on either side with the favorite "cherokee rose" hedge, he assured me that this peculiarity of his was not only operative in the closed room of a dwelling, but out-of-doors as well.

"Now, sir," said he, "if there should be a cat anywhere within fifty yards of us at this moment, I am confident that I would know it, without seeing the animal."

I could scarcely refrain from expressing my incredulity, although my friend was a man of unclouded veracity. I had scarcely decided what reply to make when he seized my arm, and I noticed a peculiar pallor on his countenance.

"Here!" he exclaimed, "there is a cat somewhere in this hedge!"

Certainly it was the most unlikely place in the world for a house-cat. There was no dwelling in sight, and not a living thing was visible in the road, which was nearly straight, and gave a clear view of more than a quarter of a mile.

"I tell you," said my friend, "there is a cat not far from us at this moment. I do not see it, but I know that it is near us."

My horse was walking slowly at this time, and we had scarcely proceeded twenty yards before we came to a "break" in the hedge, over which the workmen in the fields were accustomed to pass. The fence around which the hedge had been planted was provided with steps, and on top were two broad rails. As we reached this spot, what was my surprise when I saw a large "Tabby cat" lying at full length asleep on the fence. My friend gave the horse a touch with the whip, and we passed the place at a rapid gait. The explanation of the cat's presence, however, I saw at a glance. The "field-hands" had brought their dinner, and under the shade of the hedge buckets and baskets rested not far from the lounging-place of Tabby. She had been enticed by the odor of the baskets in the morning when the laborers left their home, a mile away. I afterwards learned that the cat was accustomed to follow the workmen, but as this was the first time they had been employed in this field during the spring, it was her first visit to this particular spot. From no part of our road was the hedge-crossing visible until we reached it, and my friend had never been at the place before; so that, taking all the facts together, it is utterly impossible that he should attempt to deceive me. For my own credit in relating the case, the Editor of this Review will be able to bear testimony. N. B. N.

REMARKS. We have several times met with persons who are endowed by nature with this curious gift, if may call it so. Personally we cannot sympathize with its possessor, as we share with Dr. Winans, of Mississippi, the preference for the cat above all of the domestic animals. Apropos: We have seen it stated somewhere that the favorite cat of Dr. Winans was disconsolate at his death, actually refused food, and died on his grave. Can any of our Mississippi readers confirm or disprove this story? We will be greatly indebted to any correspondent who will favor us with a trustworthy account of another case of "feline telepathy."

## FITZ LEE'S LITTLE JOKE.

### How he Captured a Yankee Officer's Valise.

In 1861 Fitzhugh Lee, now Governor of Virginia, was commanding the Confederate outpost in Fairfax county as Colonel of Cavalry. Colonel Tannant, who was an intimate friend and class-mate of Lee's at West Point, was in command of the Union cavalry outpost near Alexandria. One day Tannant received orders to advance and feel the Confederate position in front. A battalion of men, made up from the departments and the city of Washington, called the President's Body Guard, was assigned him to make the advance. He said to a friend before leaving:

"I want soldiers with me on this expedition. I know Fitz Lee, I have slept with him, and whenever we come together somebody will have to do some good fighting or fast running. I know Fitz will fight. If I had soldiers and not these dress parade fellows, I would be delighted to give my friend a brush, just to let him see how nicely we can whip him back into the Union."

In the meantime his wife had packed his valise with a clean linnen and a bottle of old Hennessy brandy. When everything was ready Colonel Tannant took up the line of march along the Fairfax and Alexandria Turnpike, in the direction of Fairfax Court House. After the command had advanced a few miles and come to a halt to rest, the Colonel addressed his men in the following words:

"Attention! battalion: I am now speaking to you as soldiers who have enlisted to defend your country, and as fellow citizens. I want every man to do his duty in the time of battle as a soldier should. If there are any of you who are not willing to do this, step three paces to the front."

Not a man moved. They stood like a wall of granite. This gave the Colonel much encouragement.

"Now, my soldiers," said he, "with this determination on your part, we will continue our advance and drive the enemy back, or capture the entire force."

Within a few miles of the courthouse they encountered the Confederate pickets, and succeeded in driving them back. This gave the command new courage. On they pushed. But, alas! Soon Turner Ashby, with his Black Horse Cavalry, came charging on their flank, while Fitz Lee pressed them in front. The engagement began to get interesting, when suddenly Pelham's Horse Artillery unlimbered on the left flank, and began to pour a galling fire into Tannant's ranks. He rode to the front, leading the charge against Fitz Lee on the other side. The men seeing the situation became demoralized and retreated in confusion, falling back to Alexandria. The Union forces, lost a few killed and some prisoners. Colonel Tannant's headquarters ambulance was captured, with his ration and baggage.

A few days after the fight a dilapidated team drove up to his headquarters with the letters "C. S. A." branded on the skeleton mules, and in dim white letters on the side of the topless ambulance also appeared "C. S. A.," and the drivers, instead of wearing the blue had on a suit of gray. The driver entered Colonel Tannant's tent with a military salute, bearing in his hand the Colonel's valise.

"Where did you come from?" demanded the Colonel.

"I came from Colonel Fitz Lee's headquarters," was the reply. "He swapped teams and clothes with me and told me I could come back and bring your valise, and here it is, Colonel."

"All right, my man," said the Colonel. "Go to your quarters and change your uniform, and report for duty."

Colonel Tannant took the valise over to his wife's room and opened it. The contents of the valise were a note which ran in the following words:

"Outpost Confederate Army, Virginia.—My Dear Tant: I have opened your valise, appropriated your good shirts for a change, and also your bottle of old Hennessy for a bad cold. I traded ambulances and teams also. When you come out again bring more commissary and quartermaster stores. Fitz."

Colonel Tannant kept the note until the close of the war, telling no one about it but his faithful and loving wife.

Tannant has been living in Tennessee since the war. Recently he and Lee met and a bottle of old Hennessy was discussed.

Senator Voorhees does not apprehend any difficulty in the seating of Senator Turpie, who was chosen Senator by the Indiana Legislature. He says the election was regular in its every proceeding, and that Turpie's title cannot be successfully disputed.

Backing Water—Temperance lecturing.