

The Newberry Herald.

Vol. VI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1870.

No. 8.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.50 per square—each inch—for first insertion, and \$1 for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent above. Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements. Special notices in local column 20 cents per line. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly. Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch. Terms Cash.

Return of the Aerial Voyager --Miraculous Escape.

The Augusta Constitutionalist publishes the following thrilling account of the aerial voyage of Prof. King, who made a successful ascension from that city on the 30th:

Messrs. Editors: At fifteen minutes past 4, the preparations being all complete, the balloon was allowed to swing by a single rope, the ballast was adjusted, and rising clear above the reach of those below, the cable was loosened and the voyage began. The wind was high, and I moved off rapidly, in a North-easterly direction. I knew by the shouts of the people, which were given with a will, that my balloon ascension thus far had proved satisfactory, and I began to look around on the grand scene presented to my view. The atmosphere was very clear, giving me a prospect bounded only by the horizon, which was sharply defined, and which presented a line unbroken by any mountainous projections around its entire circumference. The whole face of the country appeared exceedingly level, though occasionally I saw some hills, but the general appearance was that of a vast plain. I had a fine view of the city just at the start, but in consequence of moving away so fast, I could but notice its general appearance of regularity and neatness. Hearing a train of cars beneath, I looked down, and found that I had overtaken the Charleston train, and was having a lively race with them. They tried hard, as I have since learned, to keep up with me, but in vain. I crossed the road diagonally, and left them away behind. At half-past 4, I had reached the height of one mile, and feeling a little chilly, put on my over-coat. To the left of my course, I saw three villages—they were Graniteville, Aiken and Blackville. The general appearance of the country was as if the whole face of it had been once a complete forest, and spaces made here and there by clearing off the timber, thus leaving the great mass of woods, and dotting the country over with plantations. Occasionally I came low enough to hear voices of persons below, but though I tried repeatedly to get some information of my whereabouts, I failed to elicit any response to my questions. As I passed over one house, I felt quite sure that the dwellers therein had received a terrible scare, for the women were screaming in a terrible manner, aided by a single male voice. The wind bore me rapidly by the place, and I had my quiet laugh at their expense, when I saw a flash near the door of the house, followed by the report of a gun. I have no doubt the shot was intended for the balloon, but I was out of the reach of any ordinary gun, and so had another laugh to myself. As a sail on the water is a good appetizer, so is a voyage in the air, and this was no exception. Being well provisioned, I partook of a hearty supper, stopping occasionally to observe the movements of the balloon, and to put out a little sand occasionally, for the sun was getting lower, and the gas that had been warmed by its rays cooling and condensing, thus gradually losing a portion of its buoyancy. Night was approaching, and though I felt sure that it should be moon-light, I looked in vain for the silvery orb. Thinking I must be mistaken, I thought of landing without further delay, and looking below found that the sun's rays had left the earth, though it was still shining on the balloon; in passing over some water almost directly beneath me, the reflection of the moon on its surface, bright as the original, caught my eye; so the balloon had hidden it from me, so I continued on my journey. During the day-light, I had noticed smoke curling up from the woods in many places, but now all over the country near and far the fires could be seen, fairly sprinkling the earth with lights; in some places they were so numerous and near together, that they gave in

the distance the exact appearance of a large city, with its thousands of gas-lights. I thought at the time, however, that no matter how fine to look upon, they would be dangerous places to come in contact with when landing. I looked at my compass occasionally, and sometimes found myself going North of East and sometimes South-east, the upper current carrying me in the latter direction. I did not know my exact whereabouts, but hoped I was near Charleston, and this caused me to continue the voyage longer than I otherwise should have done. The moon did me good service in the reflections given as I passed along, showing the exact nature of the ground, whether swamps or dry land. It was past 7 o'clock, when suddenly I left behind me all signs of cultivation, and started into what seemed to me to be the beginning of a district bearing a character entirely different from anything that had come under my observation before. I knew I must be approaching the Atlantic, and thought I could make it out in the distance, and it now struck me that possibly I might have nothing better before me than that which was now under me. I had struck the swamps in the vicinity of the Santee River, and being overflowed by the river, they presented for miles the most uninviting prospect for a landing I ever beheld, and my relief can be imagined when I passed again to dry land.

I now allowed the balloon to settle gradually, with the view of landing as soon as an opportunity offered. I floated along for some time, however, before a clearing came in my way; when this came at last in the shape of a field walled around by a thick wood. The rate of speed at which I was traveling and the uncertainty with which height is measured by the eye in the absence of day-light, showed me the difficulty of landing under such circumstances. The attempt was made, however, but without success, just touching the tree-tops on the opposite side of the lot. I had one bag of ballast left. It was immediately thrown over and kept the balloon out of the trees for a while, but it soon settled again and brushed the tops of five or six pines, causing it to rebound from fifty to a hundred feet. This brought to view another field just ahead, on which were a number of naked dead pines. To have the balloon impaled on one of these, is probably the most dangerous position in which the aeronaut could be placed, and I would much rather have taken the chances among the green pines, but my ballast was gone. I quickly let go my drag rope, hoping to clear them by letting the rope drag, instead of carrying its dead weight in the basket, but it was not enough, and in another moment, the "Hyperion" dashed broadside against one of the tallest of these first-of-their-kind skeletons and was fastened in its arms; the sudden escape of all the gas must, of course, follow, and what then? I jumped on to the edge of the basket, seized the drag rope with my hands, took a turn around one leg, and the next moment would have been safe upon the ground; but the gas had escaped in less time than it took me to make my preparations, and with a crash, the rotten limbs gave way, and the whole mass fell together. The distance from the ground must have been from fifty to sixty feet, and how I escaped with whole bones, seems to me, at this moment, a miracle. The shock was terrible. I arose immediately to my feet, staggering about like a drunken man, and yet astonished that I was able to do so much. I soon regained strength, however, sufficient to enable me to reach a house near by, where I found some very intelligent colored people, who did all that lay in their power to render me the assistance I needed. I suffered much pain during the night, and did not pretend to sleep; but by Thursday afternoon, I had so far recovered as to be able to see to the packing of the wreck of the

balloon, and at 7 o'clock that evening, I started in a wagon for Gourdin Station, on the North-eastern Railroad, 50 miles from Charleston and 18 miles from where I landed. The place of my descent was in the extreme South-eastern portion of Clarendon County, S. C., on the plantation of Mrs. George B. Golby. On Friday morning, I took the cars for Charleston, and left for Augusta the same evening. The trip in the balloon was made in about three hours and a half, and the distance made not less than 130 miles.

Yours, truly, S. A. KING.

Cotton Stealing.

The bill introduced by Mr. Ferriter, of Sumter, to regulate the sale of cotton and designed to afford some remedy for the terrible evil of cotton stealing, and the illicit traffic in seed cotton, from which the planting community suffered so much the past season, came up for consideration, in the House, on the 7th ult., and was lost by a vote of 62 to 2.

We annex the following report of the discussion on the bill, taken from the "Courier," in order that our honest farmers may see how their interests stand with those who assume to be their representatives. Mr. Ferriter has discharged his duty in the matter, in the interests of honesty and the country, and the result is before us. We say, emphatically, let there be no more burning, but let every man protect his own property. This he has a right to do, and this our honest people will do.

Sumter Watchman.

DeLargo moved to strike out the enacting clause. Ferriter, of Sumter, who introduced the bill, said that in his section of the country (Sumter) cotton stealing is an evil, and the people demanded some remedy. Little stores were opened in different parts of the country, and at night thieves would steal cotton and sell to these stores. The people both rich, and poor, demanded protection from these midnight marauders, and this bill will give the remedy. He said although the bill could not prevent the thieves from stealing cotton, yet it would prevent persons from realizing on the stolen cotton. It would protect the poor colored man who raises a few bales, as well as the rich man who raises a thousand bales. It was for the benefit of the whole people. He said he could tell of cases where the fields were white with cotton at sunset, and at sunrise it had been entirely stripped. Such actions had exasperated the people, and a short time ago the store of Mr. Robertson who had been accused of buying stolen cotton was burned to the ground, and if the citizens cannot be protected they will again take the law in their own hands. This evil of cotton stealing was growing, and in one county of this State thirty little stores had been started in thirty days, who were carrying on the illicit trade of buying stolen, and no doubt urged parties to steal it. The trade is all carried on between 8 o'clock, P. M. and daylight. He said the idea of cotton weighers was no new thing, for fourteen years ago in the town of Cheraw, they had cotton weighers. Cotton is the great staple of our country, and the planter, be he rich or poor, must be protected. It was the wish of the colored people that some such measure as this should pass, as he had been among them in the field and on the highway, had conversed with them and knew their wants. He hoped the enacting clause would not be stricken out.

Tomlinson opposed the bill, and said the Legislature might as well pass an Act to regulate the sale of rice (and plenty of that had been stolen), corn or any other commodity. He did not believe the amount of cotton had been stolen as has been asserted. The gentleman from Sumter (Ferriter) had referred to the burning of Mr. Robertson's store in Sumter "by indignant citizens." He would ask, had it been shown that Mr.

Robertson was guilty of receiving stolen cotton? He said he believed the burning of Mr. Robertson's store was a political act, and for no other cause, for the men went there in disguise. He said all this clamor about stolen cotton is raised for political effect only—it is all bosh. He desired it to be understood that he was not speaking in a spirit of demagoguism. He said the Legislature has no right to interfere in such things; to pass the bill would be to oppress a majority of poor people in this State.

DeLargo opposed the bill and said he thought the bill was born in hell and conceived of the devil. He hoped the bill would be voted down, and show to these people who come here and say if the Legislature will not do so and so they will do so and so. They may burn down stores once too often. The State now has the power to take hold and punish such midnight marauders. There is sufficient law on the statute books to punish stealing, be that the stealing of cotton or anything else. If the law is not severe enough then amend it. What more protection is needed? Surely the bill before us cannot grant it. There is law enough to punish receivers of stolen cotton also, and how ridiculous it seems for men to talk of taking the law in their own hands. If Robertson had been guilty of buying stolen cotton, why did they not arrest him—instead of burning his dwelling and driving out his wife and children—and then apply the law, which, if they did not think was severe enough, let them come to this General Assembly and ask that the law be amended. But no, they did not; and men who are outlaws come here and ask us for protection. Oh! consistency thou art a jewel. Let us tell these gentlemen of Sumter county that if they again act contrary to the law that there is power in the State that will make them stand to law. This bill would be an act of oppression to the poor, as it proposes to tax them to fee a commissioner, and upon the whole, it is dangerous and special legislation.

B. James, (colored,) of Sumter favored the bill and believed the measure would benefit all the people, rich as well as poor. He did not believe the assertion of the gentleman from Charleston, (Tomlinson,) that the destruction of Mr. Robertson's store was a political action. He said he knew Robertson, and as far as Robertson's political status was concerned, it was not up to high water mark. He said cotton had been stolen from the fields of poor colored men and carried at night to little stores and sold.

Smiling (colored) of Sumter, opposed the bill. He had conversed with white and colored people in his county in reference to this bill. He believed the intent of the bill was good, but it was spoiled in drawing it up. This bill does not catch the dishonest man at all. It will not do to compel a poor man who has a bag of cotton to carry it to town or await the pleasure of the Commissioner to examine it, before he can sell it. He believed the bill entirely detrimental to the interests of the poor man.

Wilder opposed the bill, and looked upon it as an attempt to revive the provisions of the old negro code. He was not surprised at the source from which the bill originated (Sumter.) He said he was born in Sumter, and well recollected the time when a poor colored man wished to sell a few eggs, &c., unless he had a pass from his master, he was put in the "bull-pon," and now about the same proposition is offered here—the appointment of Commissioners to inspect and weigh cotton.—He styled them as tricksters, who wanted to buy the cotton from the poor colored man at a mere nominal figure. He was free, and wanted every man to be free in his actions and in the sale of his products, be they large or small.

Whipper opposed the bill and said there was sufficient law to

punish either petty or grand larceny, and why not apply the law? In regard to the appointment of Commissioners he wanted to know what guaranty there was that said Commissioners would all be honest men, and if not would they not encourage stealing of cotton and sell some for their own benefit? And again would it be possible that the cotton thief would go to the Commissioner or with his stolen cotton and there establish his guilt? What is wanted, said he, is a Commissioner on each large plantation to protect the poor laborer and see that he is not robbed and cheated of his hard earning.

Ramsay (colored) of Sumter, and Chesnut (colored) of Kershaw, also made brief speeches in opposition to the bill.

On the question of striking out the enacting clause of the bill, DeLargo called the yeas and nays, which resulted as follows: Yeas 62; nays 2; absent or not voting, 59.

GRACE OF MOTION.—There is no gaining saying the beauty and general fascination of American women, but some of them are lamentably deficient in a certain finish of manner. They are graceful, but too quick in their motions to achieve readily that admirable repose and distinction of bearing which is so indicative of education and good-breeding.

The first law of a lady's code is to move slowly. The importance of its observance is hardly at first apparent. It enables her, however, to retain her presence of mind, to be always on the watch, never to commit a blunder, not get vulgarly excited, and never to seem in a hurry.

Slow motion is especially necessary upon occasions of ceremony, in getting in and out of a carriage, ascending a flight of steps, or traversing the length of a room in the presence of other persons. One is often shocked by seeing ladies in rich dresses, and even with trains, trip up and down steps, across pavements, and in and out of carriages, in a conscious way that indicates very brief possession of state appliances, and so unerring is the indication of inaptitude that even a street crowd will jeer at this evidence of want of habit and training.—Democrat's Monthly.

"GIM ME SUM DAT PIE"—A DISASTROUS INCIDENT.—The Columbia Guardian says: "Quite an amusing scene, and one indicative of the dignity of that august body, occurred in the House a day or two since. DeLargo having procured something in the appearance of an apple pie, was dividing it very generously among such of his conferees as were seated next him, when Elliott, who was seated some distance off, rushed up, and in rather peremptory terms, demanded a slice. As the pie, so DeLargo's liberality had diminished, and there being but a single slice remaining, he replied to Elliott's demand by ramming that hastily in his own mouth. Elliott was not to be so easily robbed of his expected treat.—Like an eagle he pounced upon DeLargo member from Charleston and grasping him by the throat, endeavored to choke him into a more generous state of mind. Being the stoutest, and having the advantage in position, he standing and the other seated, Elliott succeeded in jamming DeLargo's head down upon his chair, when the latter desired the encounter by using his knife upon his antagonist's leg, sending him scampering away to his seat, amid the laughter of the House."

Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has obtained a grant from the Sultan of the piece of ground whereon Christ taught the Lord's prayer, is personally superintending the erection of a temple on the spot, which will contain the prayer in every language. She is an enthusiast, and works among the stones with her own hands, and has already spent over \$50,000 in carrying out her project.

The leader of a recent campaigning in Ohio announced, "The brother-in-law of President Grant will now lead us in prayer."

We have been thinking to-day of the times that are gone—of the comrades we loved—of the friends we may never see again. We recall the weary march; the glowing watch-fires of the bivouac; the shrill tones of the bugle; the soul-stirring roll of the drum; and we hear again the thunders of battle and the wild cheers of charging columns. In recalling those days, we forget their trials and sorrows, their hardships and deprivations, their ghastly sights and sounds of pain and remember only their joys. When we spread our blankets "neath the stary dome of night, and went to sleep, to dream of home and loved ones far away. When the toils of the march and the dangers of the fight were over, how we gathered around the camp-fire to drop a tear to the memory of the fallen, and exchange greetings with those who were spared. Ah! the cruel war is over now, and the whilom comrades are scattered far and wide. Some of them are to be found in the busy marts of commerce; while others cultivate their desolate fields. Many have sought their fortunes "neath alien skies, while more, alas, are taking their sleep on lonely, far off battle-fields. These are gone from us forever. Never more will we hear the sound of their friendly voices, or feel the warm pressure of their manly hands. Their eyes are dimmed and their stalwart forms are slowly mouldering to the dust. Never, until the resurrection morn, will we know where our lost and loved ones are sleeping. They fill unknown, but not unhonored graves; at which, in coming years, the votaries of freedom will kneel and render that homage ever due to exalted worth. Comrades, sleep on. The roar of battle will never again break in upon your slumbers; the voice of loved ones woo you from the tomb. Your monuments are the blue arches of the sky, and your dirges are nightly sung by the murmuring winds. Spring will deck your humble resting places with her fairest flowers, and Winter wrap them in his icy shrouds, but far beyond the Spring's sweet flowers and Winter's snows your souls are at rest in the bosom of their father and their God. We that are left in the land "where we are dreaming" will ever keep green in our hearts the recollection of your sacrifices, and will forever bless and preserve your memories.

In each meeting between the living, as the years stretch through the vista of life, sad hearts will beat in unison, with the precious recollections of the past; and while the glorious remembrances of the march, the bivouac, and the battle-field are revived and transfigured into high resolves, and noble purposes around the festivities of peace, death will reveal its ever increasing muster roll until all of life shall have shaken earth from its immortality and this generation, with its round of armies and battalions be translated to the spheres. And none in that spirit host will have a lighter or more imperishable record than the Confederate army. Its battles are among the grandest in the red annals of war. Its heroes are the people's idols, and their names and memories will live in perennial beauty when flags and tombs have crumbled into dust. And may we not reverently trust in all the future transformations of the republic, that the high resolves and unselfish perseverances of the martyred dead, will nerve posterity to fulfill its highest ideal in the economy of the universe, until the sun in daily course shall look down upon a united nation—one in history and in hope.—Fall's County Pioneer.

The New York papers make merry over a couple of fashionably-dressed women, who have figured extensively during the last few days in Wall street, making purchases and sales of stocks.—They are said to be quite au fait at the business, but the Herald is puzzled to know whether they are to be classed with the "bells" or the "bears." Woman's sphere is widening!

The Late "Thunder All Round the Sky"—The Kentucky Tornado.

The late extraordinary "heated term" for mid-winter has culminated West of the Alleghenias in a great storm or connected chain of storms of hurricane winds, lightning and thunder, rain and hail, such as, in the region involved, are not expected till the month of June. From our telegraphic advices, it appears, that on the night of the 16th, (Sunday,) a heavy thunder-storm passed over St. Louis, doing considerable damage to chimneys, signs, awnings, trees, fences; that on the same evening, a similar storm prevailed at Nashville and thereabouts, doing considerable damage to buildings; that through central and Southern Ohio, there was at the same time, a heavy rain fall, flooding the smaller streams and creating a freshet in the Ohio River itself; that the focus or central point of this extensive commotion among the elements, appears to have been in the Mammoth Cave, at Cave City, and in that neighborhood, where the storm appeared a full-blown West Indian tornado, sweeping fences, trees, houses, everything, before it, and involving a lamentable destruction of human life, to the number of twenty-five or thirty persons or more, in that sparsely-settled district.

A day later they had a thunder storm as far East as the Hudson River, and as far North as Poughkeepsie, while in this city and along the Atlantic coast, Eastward and Southward, two or three days of clouds and fogs and rain, with some snow "away down East," have marked this most extraordinary visitation of the warm and heavily charged exhalations from the Gulf Stream. Reducing, then, all these rains, snows, hail-storms and hurricanes of the interval between the 15th and 19th days of this month to the differing phases of one great storm, extending from the cotton region of the South to the New Dominion, and from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountains, the question recurs, what caused it? If we look for the remote causes, we must apply our explanation to the recent heavy storms passing over the British islands, which, we think, may involve some extraordinary perturbations in the atmosphere around the entire circuit of the globe within the North temperate zone.—New York Herald.

When Dead, Who Cares?

If a man will note what the world, even kindred and friends, say and do in reference to the will, the memory and family of a neighbor after he is dead, he will be able to estimate with some accuracy the respect which a living man should pay to the opinions of the living. The life-time bondage to the fear or favor of men, to which many a poor weather-cock fool submits, being ended in destruction and perdition, his "friends" don't care a straw if he is damned. They will go home from his burial, take a dram to assuage their grief, go perchance to a ball or other frolic that the next night, and tell a fashionable "Very sorry indeed that Mr. X is dead." What care such people for his will if it contravenes their own wills? What care they for his memory beyond respecting it to gain, in turn, for themselves, the good speech of other hypocrites? What care they for his family, if that care, even in justice, costs their own families a few dollars? They did nothing to save the soul of the dead and lost, and cannot now ransom him from his prison of torments. When, too late, he sees the folly of blind enslavement to the opinions of men. In some things, the opinions of some men demand serious respect; in other matters, their opinions should have no more influence on your heart and life than should the shadow of a wandering buzzard have over the course of a traveler who is journeying in a plain road. Don't send your soul to perdition through respect to your "friends."—Christian Neighbor.

THE SPARROWS.—A hundred and eighty sparrows have been offered upon the altars of science. The contents of the stomachs of the victims have been examined, tabulated and recorded. Three culprits alone, out of this hecatomb, were proved, by the unsparing search, guilty of having lived for the past twenty-four hours upon grain. In fact there were three thieves out of the 118; all the other victims had worked, more or less, for their living. Beetles and grubs and larvae of all obnoxious kinds had been their diet. In seventy-five of the birds, infants of all ages, from the callow fledgling to the little Peckey and Popsy that just twitter along the ground, hardly any but insect spoils were detected. What would the starved and industrious pioneers who have reared their wonderful temple and city by the great Salt Lake have given for the aid of an army of English sparrows against that greater and far more formidable host of grasshoppers which thrice all but annihilated the settlement?—Leeds (Eng.) Builder.

We have been requested by a gentleman of this city to state that if any parties desire to import to this country some of the sparrows above alluded to he will order them upon being paid or guaranteed the actual cost of importation. As we have steamers plying directly to England, we think the plan of trying their efficacy in the destruction of the cotton worm worthy of a trial. The gentleman alluded to has a relative residing in England who has volunteered to have the birds caught, and see they are properly provided for on the voyage. [Courier.]

LICENSE FOR GAMBLING.—A bill with the above title was introduced in the House, last Saturday. It provides that in South Carolina, after the passage of this Act, all games of chance, such as faro, monte, roulette, rouge et noir, rondo, or any banking game played at cards, dice, or any other device, whether the same be played for money, checks, credit or any other representative of value, there shall be paid into the treasury of the County wherein such games are played the following tariff of licenses, viz: \$450, quarterly, for faro; \$200, quarterly, for each and every other game of chance; that in all cases a separate license must be taken out for each game played on the premises; that gambling without a license shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$1,000, or more than \$3,000, or by imprisonment in the County jail for not less than three nor more than twelve months.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.—A COTTON SEED HULLER.—Messrs. Brodie & Co. have now on exhibition at their office Shaw's cotton seed huller, a machine that was invented for the purpose of shelling the cotton seed after first removing the lint. The husk is one of the best fertilizers for cotton that is known, while the kernel produces an oil that is unsurpassed for lubricating purposes. The refuse cake that is left after extracting the oil is also utilized, and the cotton seed bids fair to become an important commercial export from our Southern ports.—Charleston News.

THE STEAM PLOUGH.—The Clarendon Press says that two English gentlemen, just from England, have recently purchased the large "Bloom Hill" farm, formerly owned by that well known and worthy citizen of Clarendon, Captain T. C. Richardson, where they anticipate farming on the English plan, and intend using the steam plough. They are highly intelligent, energetic, and thorough-going business men.

The Christian Advocate says that Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Washington, Ohio, is probably the oldest living American clergyman. Yet he appears by no means superannuated; for, although one hundred and six years of age, he walks five miles on Sunday and preaches a sermon.