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ADVERTISING RATES.

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Poetry.

GIRLS! PASS ALONG!

By JOHN G. SANE. Bless me! what a rosy row Of girls at me their glances throw, As they gaily come and go, The light coquetish throng! Can't the darlings hear me say, "I have had my youthful day? Now, I put such things away?" Girls! pass along!

Selected Story.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

"I wonder if it's worth while?" So queried a young man, as he sat absorbed in deep thought. He was trying to decide whether, in view of his being a farmer, it would be profitable for him to obtain a thorough education. He knew of farmers who could scarcely read and write; none who professed more than a common education, yet many were good farmers, in prosperous circumstances, and apparently contented and happy; and he had so often heard the idea of a farmer having knowledge scoffed at as a thing incompatible with his vocation. Thus he reasoned with himself. He loved the life of a farmer; to him it did not seem drudgery; to till the rich fields, and he was impatient to enter upon the work. Yet he was ambitious, and wished to honor his profession, and if this was to be done better by an education than otherwise, why he had both the means and inclination to procure it. Long he pondered, but his mind had acquired a thirst for knowledge, and knowing that no calling can be too well understood, he decided that in the end it would not be time lost nor money wasted, and entered college. While there he did not forget the object of his studies, and although the classics were not neglected, the sciences were carefully regarded. Steadily he pursued his course until the closing days of college life drew near. His friends the meanwhile looked on, proud of his ability, and pictured to themselves the glories he would win, and in anticipation, no doubt, of reflecting some of its rays. Among his classmates he was looked upon as the model of the class. Imagine their astonishment, as they were gathered together laying plans for the future, to hear him say, "I mean to be a farmer."

my mental powers become inactive. As for Greek and Latin, you will agree that I shall have much need of them as a merchant has. They will help me to improve and enjoy my leisure moments. There certainly will be use for the Natural Sciences. For the rest, do not imagine that I shall disregard the benefits of society." "Well, Meller, I hope you will succeed in your expectations. But tell me, do you think it necessary for farmers to be educated?" "Most certainly I do. I think education as necessary to a farmer as to a man of any other vocation." "Although silenced, they were not convinced. "I think it a shame!" exclaimed Henry Granger that evening, after full five minutes of silence and deep thought—a silence by the way, very long for him. "What is so very disgraceful, Henry?" and his sister looked up inquiringly. "Why, there's Fred Meller, the best scholar in our class, has splendid talents, and well fitted to make his mark in the world; you would not think but that he would be eager to secure some honorable position, which he is so well fitted to fill, (she did, though,) well, what is he going to do but bury himself in some wilderness and actually become a farmer. I do believe the fellow has not a particle of ambition!" "Perhaps he has much, not however, for the fickle applause of men, but to raise that noble employment from the low estimation in which it is now held, and cause it to be regarded, as in truth it is, an honorable profession." "Honorable profession! Amy, I believe he has been instilling some of his absurd fancies into your little brain, but we shall never consent to your being carried off to die of hard work and intolerable ennui on a farm. Remember that!" "I do not see why one need to fall a victim to either of those things because one lives on a farm. Work may be a little harder and visitors a little fewer, but they may both prove but blessings in disguise." "You would soon find they are not, and we will take good care not to give you a trial!" But whether in view of Fred Meller's "splendid talents," or whether Miss Amy possessed a share of self-will, I know not, but it is certain that Amy Granger did become Mrs. Frederick Meller, and that soon after the happy event she did accompany her husband to the veritable farm. It was not a place that looked inviting to the romantic views of a city lady. Yet she knew the mind and heart of him to whom she had entrusted her young life, and held the meaningless form and glitter of society of little value in comparison. And it is my opinion that Mr. Meller considered this lady with a cultivated mind, and a refined, loving heart, worth a dozen years of study. If he did not, he should. Mr. Meller's farm was, as I have said, by no means the most promising. It had been under the care of tenants for several years, and fences, fields, buildings, all bore evidences of neglect. But he went to work, determined that a few years should make a great difference in its appearance. He did not follow in the time-worn channels of his predecessors, along which most of his neighbors were still plodding, but took advantage of all the facts which investigation and experience had laid before him, and his own knowledge acquainted him with the soil of his fields and its adaptation to the different products. The neighbors ridiculed his "new fangled" notions, but in vain. Knowledge is power, and he felt it, his fields proved it. As time passed, those who had first ridiculed, began to open their eyes to the fact also, and queried among themselves by what means that old farm had been transformed into such a beautiful place. "How is it," one asked, "that you have now a better farm than any of us; you don't work as hard, and yet your crops are always better?" "I know not, unless it is that I have learned the science of farming, for my pecuniary means were small." "I did not know there was a science about farming. But if a little study can make my boys better farmers, they shall have it. There's Jim been asking me to go to college, and I told him it was of no use for farmers. But, father," says he, "don't you think Mr. Meller is a better farmer than the rest round here, and he's been to college?" So I thought I would ask you."

not had little experience of the inner world of the mind. So the years passed by, bringing their joys and sorrows, and he gaining the respect of all, his counsel sought, his opinion bearing the weight that superior knowledge joined to sound judgment and long experience ever will. He fills no public office, may never be known to the world at large, for reader, he is not a politician, but a farmer, and in that capacity is content. For the satisfaction of the curious, let me add that Mrs. Meller is still living, and in her cheerful countenance you can see no trace of ennui. Her aristocratic city friends are glad to get an invitation to spend a few days at the farm. Was it worth while? We simply give Mr. Meller's own opinion, supposing it to be the fact. "Amy, that course of study at it—was worth a mine of gold to me." "Extravagant!" Do you think so? then try it and see if he was far from the truth.—Rural.

he removed to Laurens C. H., before the extant record begins, Benjamin Williamson, Dr. Anthony, F. Golding, William W. Horan, composed the bench of elders in 1841. Father H. Dickson may have preached some in this church before Rev. Alexander Kirkpatrick supplied it. The latter began his labors at Liberty Spring Church, about 1821, and he died at Cross Hill, Dec. 30th, 1832. It must have been during this time that he filled the Little River pulpit, but whether he did this, all the time he staid at Liberty Spring church, is not certainly known. Rev. Mr. Rainey supplied Liberty Spring Church, at least, one year between 1821 and '32, while Mr. Kirkpatrick was in Georgia, and as Mr. Rainey also preached at Little River, it is supposed he did so while supplying Liberty Spring. In those days, two sermons were expected by the people each Sabbath during the summer. For the evening service Mr. Rainey lectured on a portion of the "Lord prayer," and one now living, who was then quite a youth, says these lectures greatly edified and delighted the people. It is recollected that a Rev. Mr. Johnston preached a little while at this church, how long or in what year unknown. Some time before 1810, a Rev. Mr. Whippy (the writer is not certain about the right orthography of his name) a New School man, or holding New school doctrines, from Maryville, Tenn., for a short time filled the Little River pulpit. Rev. John McKittrick, also preached at Little River Church previous to 1841; but in what year the writer cannot say. These are all the ministers now remembered by this people as their pastor or supply previous to 1841. We do not know when Rev. W. McWhorter began to supply the church in August, 1841. He continued to labor here in 1841-'42. In 1843 the church was vacant. Rev. P. H. Folker supplied it in 1844-'45. Elder William W. Horan, received a letter of dismission in 1844; but, not removing from the congregation, as was his intention, perhaps, he was invited by the church in 1845, to resume his office. Elder A. F. Golding was dismissed to Liberty Spring Church in 1845, and John H. Boyd and Capt. J. G. Williams, were elected and ordained elders in the same year on the 2nd of August. Rev. J. C. Williams supplied this church in the years 1846 to '48. Elder W. W. Horan was dismissed in 1848, he being about to remove to the West. Rev. C. B. Stewart next supplied the Church for two years. Rev. D. Wills, D. D., in 1851. Rev. Z. L. Holmes, in 1852, and '53. Mr. Wills and Mr. Logan are spoken of as present on a communion occasion in '54. Rev. S. Donnelly supplied the Church in '53, '55 and '57—perhaps, the church was vacant in '53. Rev. Robt. McLees preached here in '59, '60 and '61, it was perhaps vacant in '62. Rev. J. S. Williams attended a meeting of Little River Session in '62. Mr. Anrbathnot, a young man from the Seminary, preached here awhile during the war. Rev. S. Donnelly's name occurs in the Sessional records for '63, '64 and '65. No one, perhaps supplied the Church in '66. In '67 Presbytery sent Rev. J. S. Williams, with Dr. J. P. Watts and R. S. Pinney, ruling elders to visit this church, which visit resulted in the election and ordination of W. H. Boyd, as a ruling elder. In '69, Rev. A. A. Morse, as Evangelist, visited the church. Rev. J. McKittrick preached here in '69 and '70. Mr. Z. L. Holmes, in '71, and Mr. Strong and J. R. Jacobs, from the Seminary, in '72. The last record of the Session book is this.—Wm. H. Boyd, the only ruling elder, died at his home, in Laurens County, Feb. 10th, 1872. [The Little River church building has been removed from the old site, to about one mile from Milton. It is now standing on the left hand side of the road, as you go from Newberry to Laurens, not far from the residence of the late Mr. David Vance. The building is not yet completed.] No offspring is simply the offspring of its father and mother. It is at the same time the offspring of grandfather and grandmother on both sides. Without touching ground at all debatable he might have asserted that this dependence of offspring of ability to reproduce family characteristics extends much further up the ancestral line. Hence the importance of thorough breeding.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STATES. There is much that is interesting in the study of the origin of the names of the states of the Union, as they are derived from a variety of sources. To begin in the geographical order, we first have Maine, which takes its name from the province of Maine, in France, and was so called in compliment to the Queen of Charles I, Henrietta, its owner. New Hampshire—first called Laconia—from Hampshire, England. Vermont, from the Green mountains, (French verdmont.) Massachusetts, from the Indian language, signifying "The country about the great hill." Rhode Island gets its name from the fancied resemblance to that of Rhodes, in the ancient Levant. Connecticut's name was Mohegan, spelled originally, Quon-shauct, signifying "a long river." New York was so named as a compliment to the duke of York, whose brother, Charles II, granted him that territory. New Jersey was named by one of its original proprietors, Sir George Carteret, after the island of Jersey, in the British channel, of which he was governor. Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, the word "sylvania" meaning woods. Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord De la Ware, governor of Virginia. Maryland derived its name from the Queen of Charles I, Henrietta Maria. Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, the unmarried or Virgin Queen. The Carolinas were named in honor of Charles I, and Georgia in honor of Charles II. Florida gets its name from Kasquis de Flores, or "Feast of the flower." Alabama comes from a Creek word signifying "The land of rest." Louisiana was so named in honor of Louis XIV. Mississippi derives its name from that of the great river, which is in the Natchez tongue, "The Father of Waters." Arkansas is derived from the Indian word Kansas, "Smoky water," with the French prefix of ark, "a bow." Tennessee is an Indian name, meaning "The river with the big bend." Kentucky, also, is an Indian name, "Rain-tuck-ee," signifying "At the head of the river." Ohio is the Shawnee name for "The beautiful river." Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the Indian name for a fisher or trap, which the shape of the lake suggested. Indiana's name came from that of the Indians. Illinois' name is derived from the Indian word "Illini," men, and the French affix "ois," making it "Tribes of men." Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian one for a wild, rushing channel. Missouri's is also an Indian name for muddy, having reference to the mudiness of the Missouri river. Kansas is the Indian word for smoky water. The derivation of the names of Nebraska and Nevada is unknown. Iowa signifies, in the Indian language, "The drowsy ones," and Minnesota "Cloudy water." The origin of the name of California is unknown. Oregon, according to some, comes from Oregon, the Indian name of a wild majoram which grows abundantly on the Pacific coast; and, according to others, from Oregon, "The river of the West," in allusion to the Columbia river. West Virginia gets its name from having been formed from the western part of old Virginia. THE RESULT OF AN OYSTER SUPPER.—The Daubay News gives a sad account of the vicissitudes of life experienced by a young man in that place. He went to see a young lady, previously just having been to an oyster supper. As he neared the house he saw her father standing on the steps, and hailed him: "Hello, old Tadpole: zat you? Where ish my lovely gazelle? Where ish my love now dreaming?" The father looked at the young man, thinking he wanted something, placed his hand sadly upon his shoulder, turned him around and filled the space under his coat tail with leather. The young man did not go there any more. He says small-pox is hereditary in the family. When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join the Temperance Society. Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Colony Forney, in his "Recollections of Distinguished men," says: "Senator Sumner's writing is characteristically large and distinct; short sentences, carefully pointed, good ink and excellent stationery somewhat after the Parliamentary fashion. He is a prodigious worker, and, I fear, even his prostration cannot keep his hand from pen and pencil. Caleb Cushing writes very rapidly, and it requires one familiar with his manuscript to interpret it. Of all men, however, none was harder to understand than Thaddeus Stevens. I have some note of his which would puzzle an expert. John Lothrop Motley, the historian, is singularly precise. Thackeray seemed to rejoice in small feminine characters, and took great delight in his letters to his friends to decorate the border with all manner of curious caricatures. Robert T. Conrad the poet, was a most delicate and delicate writer. Some of his poems were not less models of literary beauty than of mechanical taste. William B. Reed, so well known in his day and in literature, writes a hand very much like the venerable Henry C. Carey—fair to look upon, but sometimes hard to unravel. Stephen A. Douglas dashed off his letters without much regard to appearance. He seemed to be always under a high pressure and what he wrote was written with intense feeling. John C. Fremont signs his name boldly, a little after the Dickens style. William H. Seward was excessively particular in the preparation of his speeches, and composed with deliberation. I heard an old stenographer say that after he had taken down Mr. Seward, literally, in one of his greatest efforts, and presented him the full report, the statesman recast the whole discourse, and sent it to the printers in his own hand. Senator Morton writes in bold, round characters. Thurlow Weed's is significantly editorial—anybody who sees it can tell that he has reeled off multitudinous leaders. McMichael, of the North American, writes nervously, in straight lines, frequently hard to solve. Baker, the poet, prides himself upon his cool and dainty chirography. Rufus Choate was a dreadful affliction to the printers when they got hold of his legal papers, and the man who most resembled him in his time, George W. Barton, of Pennsylvania, was almost as prolific in his oratory as in his handwriting, and it was far easier to enjoy his magnificent rhetoric than his written sentences. Filmore's style was methodical and slow; Pierce's quick, bold and legible; Lincoln's small, careful and rather labored; Grant's unpretending and easily read." A STRANGE CAREER. DEATH OF A NOTED WOMAN—THE WIFE OF NINE HUSBANDS. One of the strangest careers of modern times has just terminated in the death of Lady Ellenborough, at Damascus. Forty years ago she was one of the most noted women in Europe, and her residence in the East has long been a sort of scandalous romance. The daughter of the late Admiral Sir Henry Digby, beautiful, witty and rich, she married in 1824 the Earl of Ellenborough, who was afterward Governor General of India, and who at that time was one of the most brilliant men of the day. She was about seventeen years of age at the time of her marriage, and Ellenborough, who was a widower, was thirty-four. They lived together some six years, and her dissolute conduct was a cause of scandal for some time previous to the catastrophe of her elopement with Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, a celebrated rove, then Austrian Minister in London. The event caused an immense sensation in the world of aristocracy and fashion. Ellenborough procured a divorce from Parliament and never married again; but his runaway wife soon separated from Schwarzenberg, and in 1832 married Baron Venningen, a Bavarian. Tiring of him presently, and with her great wealth and personal fascinations having little difficulty in procuring divorces under the easy laws of Germany, she was married in succession to five other individuals; but as none of these unions met her expectations, they were all dissolved after a short duration. In 1848 she was living in Athens with her eighth husband, a Greek colonel, Count Theodoraki; but without waiting to become a widow she had this marriage also dissolved, and set out for the Levant. During a journey from Beyrout to Damascus she found a new affinity in the person of an Arab camel driver, known as Sheikh Abdul, whom she married after the Arab

fashion, and who was the ninth and last of her conjugal partners. For a whole year she accompanied him on his journeys between Beyrout and Babylon, faithfully fulfilling all the duties of a camel driver's wife, even to milking the camels. Tiring of this nomadic life, she built for herself a charming palace in Damascus, where she has since lived in her own style, a great object of curiosity to all European travelers. Abdul continuing in business as a camel driver, was always hospitably entertained by her whenever he came to the place. And now she is dead, having completed nearly three score and ten years, leaving a colossal fortune to her relatives of the Digby family in England, and a memory of warning and of shame. An Act to Encourage and Provide for the Incorporation of Agricultural and Mechanical Societies and Associations for the Promotion of the Arts and Sciences. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same: SECTION 1. That seven or more persons within this State, having associated themselves by agreement, in writing, for the promotion of agriculture, mechanics and other industry and ingenuity, and for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, or for any of these purposes, under any name by them assumed, and upon complying with the provision of this act, shall, with their successors, be deemed a body politic and corporate. SECTION 2. The purpose of such corporation and the place where it is established and located, shall be distinctly specified in its articles of association, which articles, and all amendments thereto, shall be recorded in the office of the register of mensue conveyances for the county wherein such place is situated, and such corporation shall appropriate its funds to no other purposes. SECTION 3. Such corporation shall have perpetual succession of officers and members, and a common seal, with power to change, alter, break and renew the same, as often as it shall judge expedient, and it shall be capable in law to purchase, have, hold, receive, enjoy, possess and retain to itself and its successors and assigns, in perpetuity, real or personal estate, or both, whether accruing to the same by gift, purchase, devise or conveyance, not exceeding in value one hundred thousand dollars; and the same, or any part thereof, to sell, alien, devise or exchange, whenever such corporation may deem proper. SECTION 4. Such corporation shall be liable and capable to sue and be sued, implead and be impleaded, in any of the courts of this State of appropriate jurisdiction; but no stockholder in such corporation shall be liable for any of the debts or liabilities of such corporation beyond the amount of his share or shares therein. SECTION 5. Such corporation shall be competent to make all such by-laws and rules for its government and operations as may, from time to time, be deemed necessary, not repugnant to the laws of the land: Provided, That the same are made by such majority or quorum as may, by the laws of such corporation, be declared competent to make the same. SECTION 6. Such corporation may hold fairs and exhibitions, at stated or occasional periods, and may establish regulations for the preservation of good order at such fairs or exhibitions consistent with the laws of the land. Approved February 26, A. D. 1873. WHERE THE SUN DOES NOT SET.—A scene witnessed by some travelers in the north of Norway, from a cliff 1,000 feet above the sea, is thus described: The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound or waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves, a bridge of gold running due north spanning the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew not setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no words were said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and the beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, Heaven and mountains. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changing to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the floor, one sonster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day. If it is true, as alleged, that alcohol can be made out of sawdust, a man ought to have no difficulty in procuring spirituous liquor at any place where he can get board.

THE RIVALS. I was living at Squire Jones'. He had a girl and she was pretty you bet. I used to think she was pretty enough to eat, say I loved that girl would be no description of my awful feelings; but I was awful bashful—I could not tell her about it; and to make matters worse, there was a fuller coming to see Sally; and he came once a week just as regular as the crows come up, and he'd buck right up to Sally and set up half the night. I hated him, of course, and nobody could blame me for it. I determined to stop him or bust. I fell on a plan, and told Sally's brother of it; his name was Ike. He was pleased, and we went to work. They were scarce of house room; had a front and back room, which was used for a kitchen and smoke house. Me and Ike slept in the back room. The floor was made of puncheons, and immediately under our bed, and also under the floor, was the big soap-trough. It had about ten bushels of soft soap in it. I told her that I wanted to sleep with her sweetheart that night. She said all right. He came dressed up in his best. He had one of those high collared, long, scissor-tailed coats, new copper buttons, awful tight, a high beagum hat, and a square-yard red cotton handkerchief around his neck. He soon cornered Sally, and me and Ike went to bed—but not to sleep. We raised the floor over the soap-trough, took the boards off the bed, all only on the inside, where I was to lie—just enough behind to hold up a bed without a feller. Ike lay before the fire on a pallet. I lay on my plank holding very still. I began to think they would sit up all night, but finally about a o'clock he came in. I snored violently. He handled off his linen, and over he crawled, and in he went, down into the soap-trough. Of all the snoring and kicking you ever herd, it was right here. I began to yell at the top of my voice. Ike was making a light, as he got a flaming pine knot light in full blaze, the old folks came tearing in, in their night clothes—the old man with his gun and the old woman with the poker. I had Sally's beau drawn out by this time and stretched out at full length before the fire. The soap was half an inch thick all over him. Of all the sights I ever saw, he looked the most terrible. A Ku Klux wasn't nowhere. Sally came with her dress in her hand, and as she entered the door he broke. The dogs all went after him out of hearing—he don't come back any more. ENGLISH GIRLS.—As a rule, women in English society are remarkably natural—negatively natural, I mean. English girls are particularly simple and unassuming. They are innocent of all effort to impress or astonish. As all womankind does and should do they make themselves as pretty as they can; but as to personal superlatives, their educators do not lay enough stress upon such things to make them ambitious to excel in that way. All young ladies are taught a certain mode of deportment, which is excellent so far as it goes. The chief precept of the code, whether inculcated openly or by the silent feeling of society, is that each young lady must do as the rest. That "young English girl," who is the theme of the novelist and the magazine bards and artists, easily merits all the adulation she receives. Does not all the world know, is it not almost an impertinence to say, that for dignity, modesty, propriety, sense, and certain soft, self-possession, she has hardly her equal anywhere? But the British maiden is taught that ambition in character is not a desirable thing. The naturalness and propriety which accompany this state of mind are not particularly admirable. A baby was lost on board a steamboat at St. Paul the other day, with a note stating that his name was Conrad E. Clark. Imagine the torturing curiosity of that child when he grows up, to determine of what name "B" is the initial. A gentleman lately entered a shop in which were books and various miscellaneous articles for sale, and asked the shopman if he had Goldsmith's Greece. "No," said he, "but have some splendid hair oil." An Irish housemaid who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" asked the lady. "Yes, ma'am, directly, he is just sharpening his teeth!" Illegal corn measures—a tight shide.