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ADVERTISING RATES.

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Poetry.

IN MEMORIAM.

Go to the quiet land to tranquil bowers, Where bloom those unfading mystical flowers. The hills pure, whose fragrance like a prayer...

Selected Story.

The Nervous Traveller.

BY MAMIE LEE.

The Summer of 1868 in Russia was terribly hot, yet I had to journey, although nearly ill, from St. Petersburg to Berlin. After taking my ticket, I took a survey of the compartments. They were all occupied. Just as I had decided on going into one of them which held four persons, I was asked in French by a man evidently excited and hurried, whether this was the train for the continent. I replied in the affirmative, and he, a friend of his, and myself took our seats.

heads, so that we were only too glad to solace ourselves with beer and execrable charet at the few stations we saw. For miles and miles we went on through thick forests, without seeing a single house. And then the evening came; and after the sun had set, the air seemed almost as sultry as before. We dined together, and then adjourned to an end compartment of another carriage. A lamp had been lighted in it, and there was a curtain, which when drawn over the lamp, rendered the carriage almost dark. Soon after we left the station where we had dined, a sudden glare of light burst upon us; we felt the train quicken its speed, and a moment or two we were overpowered by a suffocating smoke. We closed the windows and found that the forest on each side of us were in flames. Long tongues of fire darted out here and there, and scorched the carriages. If I were an adept at word-painting, I would attempt to describe the scene, but it was far beyond anything I could make you feel or understand.

hate toward my enemy. But I remained silent. Once more a sharp click. I nearly fired—thank God, I did not—then again, click, click, click, in quick succession. "Ah, my friend," thought I, "I see what you are about; you are turning your revolver round, in order to place the caps on the nipples." And again, click, click. "I could not help it. I strung myself up to the task, and asked with a cold calmness which makes me almost shudder to think of it: "What the devil is that noise?" "I am only winding up my watch!" What an idiot I am and, doubtless, you will all concur in the statement. Very well; wait a little. I immediately wound up my own watch, which had been forgotten, and determined to go to sleep. "What is the use of all these absurd suspicions?" I reasoned. At last, with my hand on my revolver, I went to sleep. I slept well, but awoke suddenly. No! Yes! There, as plain as possible, stood Douglas by my side. The hammer of my revolver was raised within a hair's-breadth of the point at which it would fall and strike the cap. Should I fire or not? In the dead of night to be roused suddenly from one's sleep is startling, but to see a man stooping over you when you do awake, is decidedly very startling, indeed, especially if you have reason to suspect him of bad intentions. And now, with my finger pressed firmly upon the trigger, but without any attempt to leap to my feet, as I had at first thought of doing, I watched him. He looked hard at me. I did not move, and then I saw him take out something which glittered in the moonlight; it was a key. And then he leaned over me. Then said I with a feeling of rage in my heart: "What on earth are you doing?" He was so startled, that he almost fell backward. This sudden movement nearly made me fall, and then he answered: "I am only going to take something out of my bag."

not sleep a wink the whole night." At last, the whole reason of these alarms came out. The night before, when we were getting ready for bed, he had noticed the butt of my revolver sticking out of my pocket. This aroused his suspicions. He began, as I had done to think over what might happen. He thought of me at Baden-Baden with his bank-notes, and of himself lying in the woods, and of the affection those wolves would have for a full-sized American; and so his nerves were shaky, just as mine had been. His suspicions were also roused by the way in which I had asked what the noise was when he was winding up his watch. At last he could not rest, and going very gently and with great caution, lest he should arouse the slumbering lion with the revolver, he unlocked his bag, and drew out of it a formidable six-shooter alloy. He knew of the plan of firing without exposing one's weapon to sight, and expected, he said, to feel my bullet every moment as the stooped exposed with his arms raised to the netting over my head. Then when I came in from the station, he was suddenly aroused from a doze, and it was with the greatest difficulty, for a moment, that he refrained from firing. Had either of us given way to our first impulse, we should probably have gone on firing six barrels at one another until one of us could fire no longer, and then the other would have to pop the body through the window, and say no more about it, and whether confessing the fact or not, have run a good chance of being sent off to the mines of Siberia without any more questions being asked. After a mutual explosion of laughter, we became excellent friends, and travelled together in much harmony to Berlin. The moral I draw from this adventure is, a word and a blow, but the word first.

return to a lion; and when I ran along-side of Combermere whose heroic animal he stood like a rock, he was quite *deus ex machina*, having fired all his cartridges. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of our barrels upon the tiger, attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead; upon which we gave a good hearty "whoop whoop!" and stowed him upon a pad elephant. As Lord Combermere had some minutes ago suggested the attack of the tiger, a three-quarters grown male, the *spolia optata* were duly awarded to him. Having loaded and reformed line, we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grassy ground about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle, as if to reconnoiter us. I taly-ho'd, and the whole line started forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke cover, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, who immediately turned round, and roaring furiously and lashing his tail, came bounding toward us; but apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short, and turned into the jungle again, followed by us at full speed. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best of the sport, which he turned to flight (which he soon did), only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about, he attempted to spring on Captain M's elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him on his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full-grown male, and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him, we discovered the remains of a well-packed buffalo. One of the men had in the meantime, kept the *scarcely* tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick, marshy covert of broad flag leaves, and we had to beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up, as the light was waning, when Captain P's elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill cry and came crashing out of the swamp, with the tiger hanging by his teeth to the upper part of its tail! Captain P's situation was perplexing enough, his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his back-biting foe, and himself unable to use his gun for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie, who frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head. We soon flew to his aid, and quickly dispatched the tiger, who, however, did not quit his gripe until he had received eight balls; when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail quite dead. The elephant only survived ten days, but it was shrewdly suspected that his more mortal wounds were inflicted by some of the sportsmen who were over-zealous to rid him of his troublesome hanger-on. Thus in about two hours, and within sight of camp, we found and slew three tigers, a piece of good fortune rarely to be met with in these modern times, when the spread of civilization, and the zeal of English sportsmen, have almost terminated the breed of these animals. Four other sportsmen of our party returned to camp this evening, having been out four days in a different direction, they only killed one tiger, but he was an immense beast, and was shot on the head of Colonel F's elephant, which he wounded severely. This is considered the acme of tiger shooting.

FAVORITE LEGENDS. Carions as it may be, it was entirely to be expected that far away under the equator, on the banks of the Amazonian streams, the investigator of folk-lore should come upon the same tales that are told children in nursery rooms under the Arctic circle. The adventure of our Jack the Giant Killer, who challenged the Welsh giant to eat with him, Professor Hart heard related in Tapi language in a Brazilian forest; the "Karupis" are anthropomorphic wood-spirits characterized by reverse feet who lead the traveler astray, perhaps to destruction. But who, though generally malevolent, sometimes do man a good turn; many myths relate how the hunter has been presented by one of them with merrig arrows that can never miss the mark. Man may sometimes outwit them; and it is told of one of them that a hunter played upon one of them Jack the Giant Killer's trick, and induced him to cut himself open and thus commit suicide. So, too, the Tapi Oara, or water spirit like the mermaid and larley of Northern mythology, entices human beings to her home beneath the water. Again, the Amazonian Indians narrate the story of a match at running between a tortoise and a deer. The former station her relatives along the course at short distances and beat her antagonist—a fable found also in Africa and Sam, remarks Prof. Hart; found also in the sea islands, we will add, and substantially the fable everywhere found which illustrates the general truth that the race is not always to the swift. The swan maiden (the Indians have also) only with them the spirit lady says; she is seized by a man before she can resume the mother of a new tribe. Beast and bird myths Professor Hart found numerous in the Tapi. One of these is about a second wife tortoise. He wagers with a big fish over the coasting of a fish ashore, and then going to a tapir, he wagers that he can pull the tapir into the water. The tapir and the tortoise proceed to the water's edge, where the fish awaits the contest, and the tortoise, tying them both together with a *ship*, wins the wager, for after a long struggle both fish and tapir confess themselves exhausted by the endeavor which, as each supposes, he has made against the emert of the *sperepical* tortoise. The ibis, in a less ingenious, but equally effective manner cheats the night-hawk. Once on a time the night-hawk spoke like people. His shirt was pretty because it was so red, but ibis' shirt was black and ugly. The ibis looked at the night-hawk, and was pleased at the night-hawk's shirt. "Lend thy shirt to me," he said to the night-hawk. "Why dost thou wish to borrow my shirt?" The ibis answered: "I wish to amuse myself, and go to dance." "Until when?" the night-hawk asked. To this the ibis answered: "Until three days after." The night-hawk took off his shirt and gave it to the ibis. "Here it is, do not cheat me; I await thee." The ibis went away; never did he return; he went completely away from the night-hawk; never did he appear in his sight again. The night-hawk awaited him, but he appeared not. And the night-hawk wept; he cried and said: "Ibis, bring back my shirt to me!" Always he cried on account of the ibis. This is why the night-hawk goes clad in somber attire while the ibis is of gay plumage, and perhaps it is to answer the question, "Why is the ibis red?" that the fable was invented; if so, it goes into a large class—as, for instance, the class containing the fable which makes the aspen shiver because it furnished wood for the cross of Christ; the one which marks the haddock with a thumb and finger mark, because Saint Peter held him by the right hand, and took the tribute money from the fish's mouth with the left, and a thousand other similar fables, known to more ambitious poets than those of the cave and hat and heart-stone as well as to these. We do not know enough of our Tapi to guess whether the demand of the night hawk for the shirt resembles his natural cry, and Professor Hart does not inform us. A man who has invited a new receipt for cleaning clothes parades in his advertisements under the standing head of "Every Man His Own Washwoman!"

IN PAWS FOR A DINNER. WHAT REPEL MR. HORNOR. If there is one thing more than another which distinguished Jed Hornor from the balance of mankind, it is his capacity for storing away dinners, and his knack of getting them at the expense of others. Jed had been known to "eat" three dinners through, and then be in a condition to "eat" another without much effort. But Jed one day met his match. Glancing in to a well-known restaurant, he espied sitting at one of the tables a man he knew, and at whose expense he had often feasted. So sauntering carelessly in, he walked up and familiarly shouldered the man he knew on the shoulder, with the exclamation: "I say, Bill, old boy, what are you doing?" Bill indignantly inserted his fork into a large piece of duck, looked at it in a calculating manner, and then gently placed it in his mouth, looking out of the corner of his eye at Jed. Jed could not go this and so he again said: "I say, Bill, you know, what are you doing?" Bill turned, and with his mouth full with the air of a man who was going to impart something out of the common, and at the same time gravely shaking his head, he replied in a mysterious whisper: "Eating." Jed was stamped, but he pondered, "Ah, yes, eating;" and then in an animated way: "Well, I say, Bill, old boy, I'll wait for you, you know." Bill was most happy. Would't it have been better if Jed had taken that seat. Jed took it and Bill removed the wine and a remnant of duck to the other side of the table. Now, be it known, and it is a fact that should have been stated before, Jed had dined several times before that day and the wine had been rather strong, and the result was that he had not been sitting a great while before he ran away, and to a respectable authority, "dreamed sweet dreams" of sumptuous dinners. Bill surveyed the field, carefully placed all the remains of his dinner in front of Jed, and then silently arose and departed, and never paid his bill. Jed slept on unconcerned of the plot to destroy his peace of mind, until a waiter woke him up. Jed looked around, and asked the waiter for "my friend." He of the napkin, looked at Jed suspiciously, and then said: "Well, he's gone." Jed thought he would go also, but the waiter objected. "The gentleman must pay for his dinner." Jed said, "He had eaten no dinner. The waiter was overboard he could not help that; he was very sorry; but the gentleman must pay up. The gentleman had no money his friend certainly must have forgotten to pay, and would return. The waiter regretted the circumstance very much, but he would have to keep the gentleman in pawn until his friend did return." Jed, by a supreme effort, kept from fainting, and with a desperate air sat down. Some time passed, and at last another friend to Jed dropped in, and to him Jed went, and with tears in his eyes, in feeling words portrayed the situation. The sympathies of Jed's friend was aroused and Jed was taken out of pawn. "I THANK YOU." There is nothing that costs so little as politeness, and yet it is a commodity that few possess or take pains to enrich themselves with. Rudeness and ill-manners are so prevalent that, when we come in contact with a polite person, we are apt to be astonished. With some persons this polish is innate, also hereditary, for there is more good and evil inherited than is generally credited, and in others it is developed by proper home training and refined associations. True politeness springs from goodness of heart—a person who is sympathetic, who looks upon his fellow creatures from a personal standpoint, cannot fail to be polite, feeling prompts generosity. The contrast visible between dress and mental caliber is curious to a student of human nature. The genuine jewel shines forth the brighter in proportion as the setting is dull; the patched coat or humble dress often fails to conceal the true nobility of character within. To those desirous of impressing this subject upon their friends, we

would refer to railway travel, which from day to day affords opportunity of judging what is due to those with whom we come in contact. We have heard a poor person say, "thank you," when offered a seat and have seen elegantly dressed ladies, whose person in society is supposed to afford advantages for acquiring good manners, take a seat under similar circumstances without a word of recognition, as if concerning a favor. All the simple "thank you," how it warms the heart, kindling pure emotion, strengthening one's faith in places. Those of us who have the advantages which good society affords, should surely be careful not to lower ourselves below the humble classes, whose surroundings all tend to rudeness and vulgarity. According to our action, so is our reward. If we grudge the "thank you," the appreciative glance, we openly acknowledge our inferiority to men and women in whom the omission would be execrable. THE VALUE OF TIME. One fine morning when Benjamin Franklin was busy preparing his new paper for the press, a loafer stepped into the store and spent an hour or more looking over the books, &c. Finally taking one in his hand he asked the price. "One dollar," said he. "Can't you take less than that?" "No, indeed; that is the price." Another hour was nearly passed when the loafer said: "Is Mr. Franklin at home?" "Yes, he is in the printing office." "I want to see him." The boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that there was a gentleman in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the loafer, book in hand, addressed him thus: "Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?" "One dollar and a quarter." "One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked only one dollar." "True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to have been taken out of the office." The loafer seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said: "Come, Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for it?" "One dollar and a half." "A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter." "Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better take that than a dollar and a half now." The loafer paid down the price and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned to the printing office. We cite the following from the *Union Herald*: A TRIFLING TRAGEDY.—The daughter of Rev. Mr. Richardson, living a few miles from this place, having some misunderstanding with a gentleman, went to his home, found him at work, spoke to and shook hands with him, and then drew from under her shawl a pistol, placed it at his breast and fired. The man, at last accounts was lying, but in a hopeless condition.—*Capital (Mississippi) News, November 15.* The above article is true, and the gentleman wounded was Mr. Mark Hayes, of McNairy County. It is said that he was engaged to be married to the young lady, Miss Matilda Richardson, and was about to "go back" upon his plighted word and honor, and had so notified his affianced. When she received intelligence of his contemplated apostasy she grew so indignant that she rode over to Hayes' residence in a buggy in company with her young brother, and calling Hayes toward her she drew forth a pistol from under her shawl and shot him as above described.—Miss Richardson and her brother were both arrested after the shooting and had preliminary trial before James Houston, Esq., who bound them over to the next term of the Circuit Court of McNairy county. The bond of Miss Richardson was fixed at \$1,000, and was promptly given. Hayes was wounded in the right lung, and his condition, at last accounts, was extremely critical. He is a new comer to this section and hails from Georgia.—*Jackson (Tennessee) Whig and Tribune.* Josh Billings says: "There is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom: they don't kackie much until after they have laid their egg. Sum pholks are alwaz a bragging and a kacking what they are going to do beforehand."

FOR THE HERALD. MONT PERRASST, S. C. December 18, 1873. The plantation on the North side of Selden Creek opposite the village of formerly known as "Walden Grove," now in the occupation of Mr. Sayre, a settler from Virginia, is one of the largest Trunk Farms in this neighborhood. The past season he had thirty acres in Green Peas, forty in Snap Beans and Cucumbers, and about one hundred thousand Tomato plants, which covered about forty-five acres, in this universally esteemed Summer vegetable. The Hot and Cold Beds consist of six hundred such frames, 6-14-4 feet, fitting tightly on the frames—the hot beds are only manured, an artificial heat thus kept up to force vegetation.—When the plants attain a height of five or six inches, they are transported to the "cold" beds, which are not manured, for the purpose of gradually hardening them before being exposed to the chances of the open field. Mr. S. has inaugurated an extensive system of drainage on this place, which will produce valuable results, not only with regard to improving health, but will exert most salutary effects on the crops—for the water-bearing strata must be reached, and the water carried off to destroy the acidity imparted to the soil, especially destructive in vegetable planting. Mr. E. O. Hall, a son of the late venerable Dr. W. Hall, of Charleston, owns the adjoining place to the West. He planted last season, ten acres in Extra Early Peas, fifteen in Cucumbers and Snap Beans, and ten acres in Tomatoes. The Hot and Cold Beds are roofed by about one hundred and fifty shades, and occupy an area of about a half-acre. On the Bank running through the marsh to the Creek, is a Railroad, for the use in common, of this place and Mr. Sayre's, on which the vegetables are transported to the boats, which take them to the steamer along side the wharves in the city. IN THE CITY. One reflection which strikes the occasional visitor to the city, is the sad one that he sees so few of the old familiar faces and business places in existence in "rate bellum" times, which are contained here. Among these few is the extensive Clothing establishment of Mr. George Little, under the Victoria Hotel, in King Street. This gentleman by his uniform courtesy and accommodation displayed in his business, has secured a host of friends and patrons, and those who purchase are very apt to renew their calls. KAPPA. We present below a *fac simile* of a "legal document" found by a Newberryman, while travelling through Madison County, N. C., recently. It will be observed that the minds of the Peace are quite analytical: STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Madison County.—Justice Court. John A. Carrell, against Rickey Bell. The defendant in this case will hereby take notice that said attachment was this day, 12th July 1873—returned before me, I. T. Olinger, Justice of the Peace in and for said County, to answer No. 9, for the defendant to appear before me at my office on the 10th day of August 1873—to show cause or file judgment and cost will be rendered against him for default and cost and said attachment was levied on the following articles to-wit:—1 Trunk valued 75 lbs & contents—6 books—3 Novels—2 pair children gloves—2 bundles of old letters & papers—1 pr Ladies shoes—2 pr Children's Stockings—1 Suit Suspenders—Some buttons and old pieces watch chains—and books—& 1 pr—5 brown tops—5 large table spoons—5 teaspoons—1 Razor & Strap & brush—1 Table Knives—5 small bells—1 pr each Shoes—1 Small child's Bell—1 Looking glass—1 table cloth—5 quilts partly past—1 pr Ladies' dolls—3 pr children's clothing—1 hand towel—2 pieces of 1 pr Sleeve buttons—1 pr glass bottle—1 lot of old cloth worn out & some rags—men & women & children wear small paper starch—1 spool thread—and books & toys—some needles—1 plow line all which is condemned to the use of the plaintiff and conditional judgment entered against the defendant for the sum of twenty dollars and cost to the said find at the end of thirty days from this date thereof unless the defendant replies an appeal and answer the plaintiff according to Law.—This the 12th day of July 1873. I. T. OLINGER, J. P. for Madison County. Says the St. Louis Democrat: "The young lady who signs herself 'Lionis,' and sends us a poemlet of twelve verses on the condition of the streets of St. Louis, is requested to make her poem longer or we cannot print it. Sixty verses would be none too many; inasmuch as we will hold on them in hand, merely whetting the reader's appetite by giving four lines, which read as follows: Go see what I have seen; Go feel what I have felt; Go out at early dawn, And smell what I have sneezed!" On week days, you buy your music by the sheet. On Sunday you have it by the choir.

Miscellaneous.

A TIGER HUNT.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN MUNDAY.

At four P. M. (so late an hour that few of us expected any sport) Lord Combermere and nine others of our party mounted on elephants, and taking twenty pad elephants to beat the covert and carry the guides and game, proceeded toward the swamp pointed out as the lurking place of the buffalo-devouring monster. The jungle was in no place very high, there being but few trees and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes. Everything was favorable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants to get a shot at a porokan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterward proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking. We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was just beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk, and trumpeted several times, which my mahout (elephant driver) informed me was a sure sign that there was a tiger some where 'between the wind and our nobility.' The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly to the windward. We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished for "Tallyho!" saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M. confirmed the sporting "Baree!" The tiger answered the shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's (which was a known stanch one), turned tail, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One, less the exceptions in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; while another, even more alarmed, we could distinguish trying over the plain, till he quite sunk below the horizon. The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his lordship's elephant, but, being wounded in the loins by Capt. M's shot, fell in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the runaways to