

THE NEWBERRY HERALD.

The Herald.

THOS. F. HARMON, EDITOR.



NEWBERRY, S. C. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1875.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Express Charges.

It would be but right if the Express Companies were hauled over the coals, and not spasmodically now and then, but regularly and frequently until, if it be possible, some reduction be made in their charges, or a regular and even rate be adopted.

The Crews Case.

We mentioned in our last issue that Adam Crews had been arrested and released by Judge Mackey on his own recognizance for \$800, to appear at the next term of the General Sessions at Laurens.

Caution to Animals.

We learn from the News & Courier that a meeting has been lately held at Charleston to take measures for the organization of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

There are but few people of generous impulses who would not seek gratification by inflicting pain upon animals, and those few do so through thoughtlessness or early habit.

Bull fighting, and dog fighting, and bear beating, and chicken fighting will soon, it is to be hoped, be things of the past.

The Sun suggests that Queen Victoria be invited to our Centennial in '76.

The coming hither of this royal lady to grace such an occasion would kindle into a flame the now slow-burning fire of attachment between the Old and the New English peoples.

Newberry College Commencement.

Wallahalla-Newberry-College Commencement was a decided success, and the examination of the several classes, conducted in a thorough manner, gave evidence of marked proficiency on the part of the students, which was alike gratifying to the professors—who certainly deserve a high meed of praise—and to the large number of visitors and relatives.

Visit to Wallahalla.

The city of Wallahalla, in which two warm days and three delightfully cool nights of the past week were spent, is still situated in sight of the Blue Hills, and shows many signs of improvement since our last visit.

The Camp Meeting.

Newberry Circuit and Newberry Station should rally at the appointed time and place, and waving all objections, let them together raise their Ebenezer feeling that hitherto the Lord has helped them.

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conducting a drug business successfully—the former also practicing his profession; J. H. Sligh, in the provision line; S. P. Kinard, the worthy Intendant, who has a fine garden, and a good wife who is full of first rate business capacities; Wm. Kelly, deputy Sheriff and landlady at West Union; Col. W. S. Chalmers; J. F. Glymph, Jas. Keith, John Dalrymple, Saddler, and others engaged in the noble occupation of farming, and all doing well.

It will be a pleasure to know that Intendant Kinard, is blessed with the same good old appetite, and that his capacity as well as aims are unlimited—took dinner with him and speak from the book. One of his Marshals, Mr. Fred Wiebels, is one of the oldest settlers, and tells the story with infinite humor, with what open-eyed wonder the people of that section looked on him the first Dutchman who found his way to Wallahalla.

The Intendant was indefatigable in his attentions, and trotted us around extensively, and among other places to the garden and vineyard of Mr. Wm. Pierson. This gentleman has more acres in the fire than we conceived it possible for one man to manage, and it is no less strange than true that he keeps them all hot. His garden is refreshing to look at, and especially a strawberry bed, from which some delicious berries of the second crop were picked for our delectation.

He told us that the bed, in fact the entire garden, had been spaded to a depth of two feet, manure thrown in at that depth and the soil reworked, the top being thrown in first. It certainly is in fine condition. And his grapes are a marvel—we can only say that there is quite a variety—and largely predominating is the wild—now tame—mountain fox grape—the finest and best looking grape we have ever seen. Mr. Pieper is also a cake and bread baker—many of his cakes given us as Charleston, so highly are they esteemed. He also writes for the Clerk of Court—in short it would be hard to tell what he does not do.

We must not spin this notice out to too great length, although there is much which might still be written in praise of that delightful section of country, and to which so many resort in summer. It is certainly a healthy region, with the best of water, delicious nights, and abounds in milk, honey, eggs, chickens, good beef and hospitable people. This is the headquarters of the Keweenaw, presided over by Messrs. Thompson & Keith—and an interview with these gentlemen almost made us a Wallahaller.

Our highest praise must be given to West Union, situated near the depot. It nestles cozily in deep green foliage, and retired from the hum of business and bustle, it is the place to dream the summer months away in. One night spent there with our former Helenate, Mrs. S., satisfied us on this point. Take Wallahalla all together, but for the quantity of real estate which it covers, and the very early time of morning at which the train leaves, we would like to dwell there, and looking back now after the short lapse since leaving, we feel impelled to make another visit.

Before closing, we beg to mention that Mr. Boines has also made Wallahalla his home.

Mr. Edward Zimmerman, of Greenville, while taking the bridge from his horse some days since was rendered insensible by a stroke of lightning, which set fire to his stable and killed his horse. Stable and contents were entirely consumed, and but for the timely assistance given by his wife, Mr. Zimmerman would have been burned to death.

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last one boarding tent, for the accommodation of those who come to camp meeting without previous arrangement to stay on the grounds; here they could put up, and by paying a moderate bill would feel free and easy to enjoy the occasion. Said boarding tent being subject to the regulations of the place, and kept if possible by one who would readily comply with all camp meeting rules.

The expenses are urged as an objection, and yet as a rule what costs little is worth little. Why should we be more expensive at camp meeting than we are at home? It is not designed as a place for feasting! We should eat to live—and this much we must do at home, otherwise we might be as the Indian's horse, which he trained to live without eating, but just as the horse had so learned he died!

Suppose, however, it should cost something more than at home, if sinners be converted and the church edified, would not this compensate for all either of trouble or expense? For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

The Master spent all for us—even his own blood! There was once in Georgia, a camp meeting which cost considerable outlay, many sermons and prayers. It ended, and in counting up they could not find that but one soul had been converted; they thought it almost a failure, the one converted was but a lad. Time moved on and that lad became a member of South Carolina Conference, and then a member of the Georgia Conference; and then at about 39 or 40 years of age that lad became Bishop Andrew, who reached a fame in the Church almost world wide.

Of course there are some who prefer not to take part in the camp meetings, to all such we say, let us agree to disagree touching this matter for we are brethren.

R. P. FRANKS.

JUNE, 1875.

FOR THE HERALD.

MARTIN'S DEPOT, S. C.

23rd June, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:

Thinking it will be interesting at least to the readers of the HERALD to hear from Martin's Depot and the crops in the vicinity, I proceed to scribble a few lines for that purpose.

In the outset I would inform you and your readers that I am neither a Bill Arp, Josh Billings nor Mrs. Partington; nothing but a plain farmer, who has been in the vicinity of Kirkham or Webster; therefore, if I should fix up this short epistle awkwardly, I hope you will excuse me.

The village is situated immediately on the Laurens Railroad, (as was, and we hope soon will be again,) three miles above the Ninety Six Road, the dividing line between Laurens and Newberry Counties. In the village there are three Dry Goods and Grocery stores, with a small Drug store attached to one of them, and a physician near by, ready at all times to write out prescriptions. There is a Methodist parsonage, at present occupied by my friend and brother, Mr. B., and a Male Academy. The patrons of Husbandry and Good Tempers each have a strong lodge in good working order. There are also two Wood and Blacksmith shops. A Trial Justice holds court here one day in each week; there is one small wet weather shop, kept by a colored man; we have a few model farmers and stockraisers and importers, and it was in this little village that the founding mentioned in your paper found a home and where it is now doing well.

The farmers are in fine spirits, having gathered good crops of corn, and are making a dry May the corn and cotton have been well worked, and now that we are having fine seasons, promise fair. Notwithstanding the late cold Spring and late start the farmers had, seldom, if ever, taking the whole crop in consideration, has the prospect been better. Then with this hope, Col. King driving up his team horse in a short time we are highly delighted, so Mr. Editor, I hope we will not worry you with so much of the Laurens mid-winter, and Joseph's horn will cease to disturb your rest.

When the Railroad is completed to our village, we cordially invite you to partake of our fare, and if you will, we will break you off from your "first love" for a short time at least, though the Major failed to do anything with his fish. And if the weather is favorable for catching, we might give you some turtle soup.

In conclusion let me remind my brother farmers that it is time to prepare our farms for Bata-Bata, next month being the proper time for sowing; August for the other varieties of turkeys; September for oats and red clover, the latter being very much neglected. Let us consider the worth of good clover hay and mules and cattle during the winter, and how much they will make and how much they will cost with but little expense, and that when once it stands good for years.

LITTLE FARMER.

FOR THE HERALD.

FOR NEAR MATHEWSON,

JUNE 22nd, 75.

DEAR HERALD:

It rains all day, it rains all night. The folks are grumbling—a mortal sight. I'll stop them, we prophesy, And then they'll grumble "case it's dry." Cotton, corn and grass are all growing, but I think when they have been worked, there is no great danger of the grass, as our folks are now to work and keep it down. If the rains continue the Folk will more her corn from Sparanburg, Newberry and Columbia. Fall oats very good. Very little wheat sown. We are living high now. Chickens—fried chickens—do you love 'em? blackberry pies, eat 'em; and as we are going to have a new town, you know, and bring that same jug of vinegar, to fix up cucumbers and onions? Come to Maybinton—a quiet, sociable little place, with three stores, Masonic Lodge, Grand, and last, but not least, a Social Club, composed of the young ladies and gentlemen of the town, who are having an evening, every two weeks, in innocent amusement.

We once had a Baptist Church (Seekwell). Sorry to say, from mere neglect it fell, and shame for the Folk to allow it. Also for Seekwell her sisters, round which our Hodges and Maybains worshipped, mothers and fathers of many of us, and were wont to pour forth their prayers to the throne of Grace; her pulpit, from which Hill, Gwinn, Jeter and Brooks warned us of the evil to come, are scattered to the four winds, and no one lone left upon another to tell where Seekwell stood. If you should be passing by, we have a mortgage of \$2000 on the place. Should anything occur you shall be posted.

Yours, BOB.

Old Papers.—Old papers for sale at our office in packages of 50 or 100, at 40 and 75 cents.

FOR THE HERALD. Rev. J. Y. Fair.

Mr. Editor.—During a recent visit to the little village of Honea Path, I attended service at the Presbyterian Church of that place and had the unqualified pleasure of hearing a sermon from Rev. J. Y. Fair, of Newberry. Seldom has it been my privilege to hear a more touching appeal for the Master's cause. Gently, tenderly, yet with a mastery hand did he portray the frailties of earth and the glories of heaven, and our hearts went out in gratitude and admiration to the young stranger who had thus come to break into us the bread of life, and forgetting for one brief spell the world and all its trials and vexations, with tear dimmed eyes and melting hearts we were led to exclaim:

"Light in the distance breaking I see, Jesus of Nazareth, lo! it is thee."

May his journey here be long and happy—his labors blessed and sanctified—his harvest of souls abundant; and when he earths down his well earned crown of earthly glory at the Savior's feet, may he be crowned anew with the star-gemmed diadem of eternity.

"In that Paradise divinely fair, The just alone can enter there."

M.

Williamston, S. C.

FOR THE HERALD.

POVERTY FLAT, June 26, 1875.

In writing from Poverty Flat for the first time I will locate it so that your readers may know where it is. Poverty Flat is 13 miles East of the Court House, lying on the waters of Second creek, near FINDER Ridge.

Our crops are fine, corn looks charming, and two acres planted to one of cotton or nearly so. Cotton looks fine, while the stands are good and well worked. Beans and Irish potatoes and blackberry pie plentiful. Living well now. Wheat crops are being threshed, some turn out well and some sorry, but there being a large crop sown there will be no deficiency. So you see from this that though I live in Poverty Flat, we have plenty to eat. Fried chicken is now coming in. Well, the hardest task I ever had in the eating line was trying to eat more fried chicken than a Methodist preacher. I would like to try the Editor of the HERALD a shake or two. I have but few items this time. More anon. HAPPY.

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Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. DRESS GOODS. A nice line of DRESS GOODS, just received at HARMON'S. May 19, 20—4f.