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ADVERTISING RATES.

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JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

TERMS CASH.

Iron Works. TRY HOME FIRST. CONCARREE IRON WORKS, COLUMBIA, S. C. JOHN ALEXANDER, PROPRIETOR.

REDUCED PRICES: VERTICAL CANE MILLS, LIST OF PRICES, 2 Rollers, 10 inches diameter, \$35 00, 2 " 12 " " 45 00, 2 " 14 " " 55 00, 2 " 10 " " 60 00, 2 " 12 " " 70 00, 2 " 14 " " 80 00. Above prices complete with Frame. Without Frame, \$10 less on each Mill.

HORIZONTAL, 3 Roller Mill, for Steam or Water Power, \$150. SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR CANE MILLS and SYRUP KETTLES, TO JOHN ALEXANDER, COLUMBIA, S. C. April 4, 1878-14-1y.

Miscellaneous. THE ONLY "ONE-STUDY" FEMALE COLLEGE IN THE SOUTH.

THE SECOND SECTION OF THE Williamston Female College, WILLIAMSTON, S. C., OPENS MONDAY, SEPT. 9. THE FALL SESSION CLOSING DEC. 30.

REV. S. LANDER, A.M., PRESIDENT. J. N. MARTIN & CO., AGENTS FOR THE TAYLOR & WINSHIP COTTON GINS.

ALONZO REESE, SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON, Plain Street next door to Dr. Geiger's Office, COLUMBIA, S. C.

TOBIAS DAWKINS, FASHIONABLE BARBER, NEWBERRY, S. C. SHOP NEXT DOOR NORTH OF POST OFFICE. A clean shave, a neat cut, and polite attention guaranteed. May 3, 1878.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that I will on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1878, file in the office of the Probate Judge of Newberry, my final account as Administrator of the Estate of John Glenn, deceased, and will immediately apply to the Probate Court for a discharge. JOHN D. GLENN, Adm'r. of John Glenn, deceased. Aug. 8, 1878.

Miscellaneous. VEGETINE Purifies the Blood and Gives Strength. DU QUOIN, ILL., Jan. 21, 1878.

Dear Sir,—Your "Vegetine" has been doing wonders for me. Have been having the Chills and Fever, contracted in the swamps of the South, nothing giving me relief until I began the use of your Vegetine, it giving me immediate relief, toning up my system, purging my blood, giving strength, were as all other medicines weakened me, and filled my system with poison; and I am satisfied that if families that live in the ague districts of the South and West would take Vegetine two or three times a week, they would not be troubled with the "Chills" or the malignant Fevers that prevail at certain times of the year, save doctors' bills, and live to a good old age.

VEGETINE Has Entirely Cured Me of Vertigo. CAIRO, ILL., Jan. 23, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—I have used several bottles of "Vegetine" and it has entirely cured me of Vertigo. I have also used it for Kidney Complaint. It is the best medicine for kidney complaint. I would recommend it to all who are afflicted with this disease. S. YOCUM.

VEGETINE I Believe it to a Good Medicine. XENIA, O., March 1, 1877.

MR. STEVENS:—Dear Sir,—I wish to inform you that your "Vegetine" has done for me what nothing else has done. I have been afflicted with Neuralgia, and after using three bottles of the Vegetine was entirely cured. I also found my general health much improved. I believe it to be a good medicine. Yours truly, FRED. H. HARVESTER.

VEGETINE Druggist's Report. H. R. STEVENS:—Dear Sir,—We have been selling your "Vegetine" for the past eighteen months, and we take pleasure in stating that in every case, to our knowledge, it has given great satisfaction. Respectfully, BUCK & COWGILL, Druggists, Hickman, Ky.

VEGETINE IS THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE. Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Sep. 4, 39-1.

The Wearer of the Age! DECIDEDLY AHEAD OF ALL OTHER PREPARATIONS IS DAVENPORT'S PROCESS FOR PRESERVING MEATS, VEGETABLES, FRUITS, &c.

IT IS CHEAPER AND SIMPLER Than Any Other Process Known. No Sealing of Cans or Bottles Required! And is Recommended by all Prominent Physicians!

L. R. MARSHALL, BOARDING HOUSE, COLUMBIA, S. C. TERMS, \$1.00 PER DAY. Camden (Taylor) St., No. 102. Five minutes walk from Main (Richardson) Street, East-side. Can accommodate from one to a dozen. You will be pleased with the accommodations. Any of my friends desiring to stay a week or more would do well to write me in advance for terms. I have a well of excellent water. LAWRENCE R. MARSHALL. July 3, 27-121 cow.

ANOTHER LOT OF THE Popular Seaside Novels! JUST RECEIVED AT THE HERALD BOOK STORE. Aug. 14, 33-1f.

MERINO SHEEP FOR SALE. I have for sale a few PINE MERINO SHEEP. Some are nice Bucks as can be found anywhere. Price to suit the times. Apply to L. P. W. RISER, Jun. 5, 23-1f Liberty Hall, S. C.

Poetry. BEYOND THE STARS—WHAT?

'Tis easy to trace the soul to the hour That deprives the form of its breath; But who shall follow the spirit's flight, When it seeks the portal of death? Who read the veil that hides from our view The future, beyond the bright stars? Who follow the spirit's upward flight, When it breaks through our earthly bars?"

Can life be the end of all our hopes? Is the struggle with death all o'er? Or is there a life beyond the tomb, Where the soul lives evermore? Does the soul exist when life has flown, Or sink, like the corpse, into night? Let us rather believe the brilliant mind Still continues its upward flight.

Let us think that the soul can never die— That its mission will never end; That there is a land beyond the sky, Where friend will still meet friend; That, freed from the turmoil and ills of life, From its troubles, wounds and scars, The soul will worship the God of Light In His mansions "beyond the skies."

Miscellaneous. BROADBRIM'S FOREIGN LETTER.

NO. 17. Lake Lucerne—William Tell's Chapel—Bern and the Bears—Mishaps by the Wayside.

We parted company last week on the shores of Lake Lemman in sight of the Swiss Alps, grandest among which Mont Blanc rears its snowy crest into the clouds. The day was lovely, and a soft breeze swept down the lake, just sufficient to raise a slight ripple upon the surface of the water. On either shore sweet little villas, quaint cottages, and odd-looking chalets nestled among the trees; occasionally some mansion of grander pretensions might be seen, surrounded by beautiful flower parterres and ornamental shrubbery; and on the distant hills old castles crowned the summits, where in the olden time fierce barons kept their state, and among whose traditions are those terrible stories of cruelty and sin that make up the romances of the past. A little after mid-day we reached the castle of Chillon, and there, leaning beside the stone pillar to which Bonivard was chained for so many years, I heard recited Byron's poem of the "Prisoner of Chillon." There are few lovelier spots in the world than Lake Lemman, rich and noble people from all quarters of the world have settled there; the sweet and quiet little villages that dot its shores everywhere seem to promise to the passing traveller health and peace. Every point is crowded with tourists, and the scene is one which, having been witnessed once, will not easily be forgotten.

The next day found me on my way to Lucerne, and on the road we passed the quaint old City of Berne, whose traditions are amongst the oldest in Switzerland. Berne is the city of the bears! bears! bears! big bears and little bears! fat bears and lean bears! tall bears and short bears! old bears and young bears! and bears of every degree. It is the seat of arms of the city; bells just in from the country to do a little shopping had small wooden bears hung all over them; the men had little bears in their hats, and they were miniature bears for breast pins. Every larger bear-house in the town sported a bear on its sign, and I record it here as a zoological fact, that they have yellow bears, green bears, blue bears, and pink bears, and that they are quite as common in Berne as the white, black, and brown bear of other lands. In front of the depot where we stopped to change cars, was a magnificent sign, with this admirable animal standing on his head, while an enterprising Switzer was tickling him from behind with the end of a long pole. It was an exquisite piece of art, and evidently belonged to the age when painting was first invented. Surveying the sign, I was soon buried in profound reflection as to the origin of bears, when I was startled

by a cry from my friend Gubbs, for Gubbs had lost his money. Now Gubbs was my treasurer, and sequestration or loss of the public funds involved the most serious disaster. I searched his pockets, I examined his hat, I made him pull off his boots, I went through his vest, but without the slightest success; blank ruin stared us in the face; we rushed up to the officer on guard, and stated our case in the most intelligent German that we could muster, to be met with a bluff Nix for Stay, accompanied with a gentle hint that he did not understand Russian—Russian be—blessed, said I, I am an American, a distinguished American traveller, beware how your Swiss bear arouses the American eagle. While we were talking the train moved quietly off, carrying with it my railroad ticket, my boots, my hat (for the journey being a long one, I had been indulging myself in slippers and smoking cap), and in addition to the loss above stated, was some valuable property which I could have mortgaged for a dinner or a lodging if I had been reduced to dire extremity. A Swiss town, or more especially the city of the bears, is not a pleasant place to be caught in without money, for they have lots of their own kind in that predicament, and I regret to say, that travellers without money in Switzerland are held but in indifferent estimation. While sunk in the lowest depths of financial misery and disaster, a ray of sunlight came. One fat policeman rushed up to another fat policeman, there was a hurried confab, and the result of it was that some one had found Gubbs' money; then came the necessary forms to get it back—identifications, affidavits, measurements, examinations—and at last, after several hours' delay, Gubbs recovered his funds, which were sadly depleted by the necessary gratuities, which testified our appreciation of the sterling honesty which distinguishes the city of the bears. With light hearts again we proceeded on our journey, Gubbs putting seven pence over the tops of his pocket to assure us against the recurrence of any such disaster. The shadows of night were falling as we entered Lucerne, and in a very short time we were snugly ensconced in the Switzerhof in a room looking out upon the lake; all along the shore the lights twinkled and shone like little golden spangles, and on every side might be seen the dim outline of those grand old mountains, forever linked with the names of Tell and liberty. The sounds of sweet music floated over the waters, and the gay laughter of merry voices added to the charm of the scene, and thinking of my distant home, and of the chances of ever seeing it again, I was soon in the land of dreams. Bright and early I was up and rushing around to see the sights. One building particularly struck me on the hill; I was wondering whose castle it was, and what were the traditions of the noble lord who inhabited it; how many princesses had been hurled from its battlements; and how it had withstood the attacks of the invading foe. Just then a fat fellow came along, of whom I enquired for a few scraps of its early history, when I discovered it was a larger building than I had supposed, and that it was a larger building than I had supposed, and that it was a larger building than I had supposed.

freedom in their crags and hills, it is reflected in their streams and lakes, they breathe it in the very air; they could not live as a nation of slaves. William Tell's Chapel and Schiller's Rock also claimed a portion of our homage; and with the evening I started for Mayence. For years I had longed to see the Rhine, the beautiful Rhine, so celebrated in song and story. It had been the dream of my youth, the hope of my manhood, the solace of my old age, that I was going to see the Rhine. In fact, I was sorry that there were not two Rhines, it seemed to me altogether too good to be kept in one. It is true I had surveyed some fine scenery in my time. I had climbed the Himalayas; I had rambled through the Cordilleras; I had sailed up the Amazon and down the Mississippi; Australia and New Zealand were no strangers to my wandering footsteps; and in years long gone by I had chased the springbok where "Africa's sunny fountains roll down their golden sands." The Rocky Mountains were to me a familiar playground; and I knew every inch of the Sierras from Yreka to Yosemite Valley. Every one of the big trees I knew by name; and the Falls of Niagara were mingled with the associations of my boyhood. One pleasure was yet in reserve for me, I had never seen the Rhine.

Mayence was reached, and, with a beating heart, here at last we were upon the banks of the Rhine—Old Fader Rhine, the beautiful Rhine, the Rhine of song and story. As a matter of fact, I had composed some sweet little verses to the Rhine, myself, which were considered very fine by several impartial friends to whom I showed them. It is true they never got into the papers, but if they had they would have created a profound sensation. Mayence was reached, and I rushed down to the river. I recollected once, in my boyhood's days, going through a hole in the ice, when I was trying to cut the alphabet in capitals, winding up with the American eagle. The sensation was very much like that I experienced at my first look upon the Rhine. The romance of a life was destroyed; the visions of years went up in a balloon; and I felt that I had been the victim of the most atrocious humbug that ever was palmed off upon an unfortunate tourist. The scenery reminded me of some of the worst stretches of the Erie Canal, for with the better class scenery it would not begin to compare. "Ah!" said Gubbs, "this ain't the part, me boy. Wait till you get down a few miles, and then you'll see something." The shock I had received had knocked all the romance out of me, and I had begun to grow savagely critical. Mile after mile was passed; at last we reached a portion of the Rhine where the hills made some faint attempt to look like mountains. Dotted the crags and hilltops here and there might be seen some crumbling old ruins or moss-covered walls; and even when the houses were in good repair they must have been exceedingly uncomfortable to live in. What did they know about telegraphs, telephones, stationary washbasins, and all other modern conveniences? One place, pointed out to me as one of the most romantic upon the Rhine, looked about like a second class brickyard, while no portion of it will compare with the noble landscape of the Hudson. I am astonished that two respectable nations should ever have had a fight about it. There are plenty of places where you could buy just as good a river for a song, and there are parts of the world I know where they give them away for nothing. Evening brought us to Cologne with its traditional smells and its Cathedral—and looking up at its slowly rising spire I could not but contrast the unfinished edifice with its seven hundred years of history, with the energy of the plucky race that built St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, a race that has sounded the depth of every ocean and every sea, that has scaled every mountain top from the Himalayas to Mont Blanc, that helped Uncle Sam to lay the Atlantic cable, and then Uncle Sam

himself with his Pacific railroads running in direct lines for thousands and thousands of miles, and I said to myself retrace tranquille mon brave, we don't want any Cathedral of Cologne. The Cathedral is to Cologne what Genesee Falls are to Rochester, the great feature of the place. Begging as usual you as you descend from the railway station, mendacity follows your footsteps wherever you go. Even beneath the shadow of God's sacred altar you are not exempt, for there neither the priest nor the levite feels inclined to pass you by. The beggarly spirit which is the bane of Continental Europe to day, seems to have infested all classes. Foreigners of every degree are looked upon in the light of legitimate game, and as subjects fit only to be spoiled by the Egyptians. Decidedly the most respectable and aristocratic looking class of people to be found on the continent are the waiters—arrayed in swallow-tailed coats and immaculate cravats. I really envied their distinctive appearance. One fellow I met at Strasbourg was so noble in his appearance that I ate three dinners in one afternoon, for the simple privilege of looking at him. He parted his hair in the middle, and wore a Piccadilly collar that displayed his manly neck almost to his armpits. He was a stunner—so feeling that imitation was hopeless, I comforted myself with his photograph, which I have fled away with the souvenirs of my trip. It would add no interest to these letters to attempt to describe the Cathedral of Cologne. The grandeur of its Gothic architecture, the splendor of its decorations, the magnificence of its proportions, I am ashamed to confess, made on me but little impression. I would sooner have seen that race built up and trained to independence, then to admire the hundreds of tapering pinnacles over which so many centuries have rolled. I believe in churches and in church organizations; the community where they are not sustained is a miserable one to me; but I do not believe in that ostentatious display which rears a temple at the cost of countless millions, while the poor wretches whom it was reared to save, are dying of starvation at its very gates.

Of all the continental countries—Belgium seems like one of the most blessed—from the very moment you cross its borders a new state of affairs becomes manifest. Decency, good order, thrift, industry, good government, are plain as the hand writing on the wall. Such husbandry is to be seen in very few places in the world, and it really appears as if there were no drones in this Belgium hive; work, work, work, sounds on every side, towns, villages, and cities follow each other in rapid succession all along the route, till you reach the beautiful city of Brussels, which is second to Paris alone. In all of its associations, save the art element alone, it surpasses the French capital. One of the noblest cathedrals on the continent of Europe is to be seen at this place, which in grandeur, combined with simplicity, magnificence with purity and taste, elaborate ornamentation without tawdry display, I have seen nothing that will bear comparison with it; and the memory of its grand and noble aisles will live among my pleasantest continental memories, when Strasbourg with its infamous smells, are forgotten.

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

The excesses of our youths are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

Nature is to God what speech is to thought. How vain to worship the shadow and neglect the substance.

To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman.

There is even a happiness that makes the heart afraid.

GRADED PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Success of the Experiment at Winoosboro—The Problem of Education Solved in South Carolina.

WINNBSBORO, Aug. 22, 1878. To the Editors of the News and Courier: As the question of graded schools is being agitated in a number of the towns in our State, and as information is sought as to the mode of inaugurating, conducting and supporting them, a few thoughts on the subject may be of interest to your readers. Let me premise by saying that this article is not intended for those who are already familiar with the system through the medium of the admirable institutions now in operation in Charleston, but for others who have heretofore been accustomed only to the old-fashioned, unclassified schools. A graded school, in general terms, is one in which all the pupils in the same grade study the same lesson, and each pupil studies every branch embraced in the curriculum of his grade. But in the popular acceptance at present in South Carolina it seems to mean in addition a school supported partly by public funds and partly by private means. The method of classifying and conducting a graded school can be learned from works on the subject, such as Wells on graded schools, or by application to some of the principals of the excellent schools in Charleston. In this connection the writer would return his acknowledgments to H. P. Archer, Esq., of your city, for valuable suggestions on this very subject.

As to the plan of organizing such a school in any of the interior towns of the State, a few facts concerning one that is already in good working order may furnish some useful hints. In January of the present year the people of Winoosboro determined to utilize the school fund coming to the district of which the town is a part. Up to that time education was confined chiefly to private schools, of which there were at least half a dozen, each dragging out a precarious existence, while a considerable number of children were not in attendance on any school. The public school trustees rented the buildings of the Mount Zion Institute, containing one large and two smaller class-rooms. A male principal and two lady assistants were employed. The school was thrown open to pupils of both sexes within the scholastic age. The English branches and arithmetic were taught free of charge. It was stipulated that pupils in the higher mathematics, ancient and modern languages and the sciences should pay a monthly fee of two dollars and a half. Three grades, reaching as high as the "Third Reader," and embracing pupils of both sexes, were placed in one room. The remainder of the school was divided into four grades. The boys in these grades were seated in the main room, under the supervision of the principal, while the lady assistant had charge of the girls in another room. Separate playgrounds were arranged for the sexes, and no trespassing was permitted. Both sexes recited together, the classes being marched from room to room under monitors. (Where the rooms are contiguous the monitors are not needed.) The school opened in February, and all parties interested awaited the result. One hundred and fifty-seven pupils were enrolled the first month, and this number was maintained during the session, the actual attendance averaging about one hundred and thirty. Of these, between twenty and thirty were instructed in the extra branches. The experiment has thus far succeeded admirably. The school, owing to the excellence attainable through increased numbers, has been better than any of its predecessors for years, and it has been found that the presence of the two sexes in the same class is most beneficial, each stimulating the other to renewed exertion. Parties living in the country are making preparations to send their children to town, and the increase will be still larger next year. It is confidently hoped that in time Mount Zion Institute will again become a flourishing academic school, with the public school as a permanent feeder. The result will be beneficial, not only in an educational point of view, but also as regards the material interests of the town. Every pupil retained at home means a saving of a certain sum of money to be otherwise expended.

During the first five months the school was supported from the public funds. For the next session it will receive three hundred dollars from the Peabody fund, and the citizens will subscribe two or three hundred more, thus securing, at a private expenditure of a few hundred dollars, a year's instruction of a hundred and fifty pupils whose tuition fees under the old system would have amounted to more than three thousand dollars. These graded schools solve the problem of education in poverty-stricken South Carolina. Without them, thousands will grow up in absolute ignorance.

The above is the result of the experiment in Winoosboro. What Winoosboro has done, other towns can do, if the people are in earnest and if competent teachers are employed. For raising the necessary funds three sources exist. The amount supplied by the school fund should be, for a school of a hundred and fifty pupils, seven or eight hundred dollars. Three hundred or four hundred and fifty may be secured from the Peabody fund. The balance can be raised by extra tuition and by private subscription. To maintain a school of the above mentioned size at least eighteen hundred dollars should be raised. As to the manner of obtaining aid from the Peabody fund information can be had on application to Superintendent H. S. Thompson. A few points connected with it may, however, be mentioned here. The trustees of the fund will give three hundred dollars to every public school of one hundred pupils maintained for ten months with an average attendance of eighty-five per cent., or four hundred and fifty pupils the same time with an average attendance of eighty-five per cent., provided in each case that the current funds from other sources are double the amount asked from the Peabody fund. Application must be made at the beginning of the year on blanks furnished by the State superintendent of education. The promised amount will be paid at the end of the year on proof that all the conditions have been complied with.

A few words in conclusion concerning the third source of revenue. It would be much better to revive, in incorporated towns, at least, the provision for a local school tax; than to trust to individual subscriptions. Some argue that the school fund is already too large. That this is an error is conclusively shown by comparison with other States. South Carolina raises a little over a dollar for every child within the scholastic age. Many other States raise seven or eight dollars per capita, while Massachusetts raises each year twenty-one dollars for every child within the prescribed age. It is absurd to say we pay too much, or even to hold that we raise anything like enough. Besides, it is easier on the individual to pay a tax than tuition. A tax of four mills on ten thousand dollars is required to raise forty dollars. Yet how many citizens worth not the half of ten thousand dollars now pay twice forty dollars a year in tuition fees? A local tax is the cheapest means of raising money. Every one is aware of the abuse of the local tax during the days of Radicalism. But it can be so hedged around with restrictions as never again to become a burden. The scheme is as follows: Let it be confined to those towns in which graded schools are located. Let the extreme limit of the levy be fixed at, say two mills. Let a vote of a majority of those persons paying taxes other than poll-tax be required to levy it. The taxpayers will then have the matter in their own hands, and cannot be compelled to pay the tax, against their will. The restriction of the vote to a certain class is perfectly legitimate. The Constitution provides expressly that no capitation tax, other than the poll-tax, shall be levied. This local tax is therefore, to be paid only by those persons owning property. And as the poll-taxpayers are not affected by the levy of this extra tax, they have no right to demand a vote; while, if the tax is levied, they are benefited indirectly through the superior advantages afforded of educating their children. Since it is much simpler for a town to levy a tax of five hundred or a thousand dollars than for the citizens to subscribe that amount, an earnest effort should be made to restore this tax with the limitations mentioned above. This method is in vogue in a very large number of States.

It is needless to cry out against the public schools. They are a fixed fact. They are cheaper than private schools, and can be made better. In perfecting the system, South Carolina will be marching abreast, not only of every other State in the Union, but of Germany and other European nations. No one in casting a glance over the State and seeing the large number of children, born of educated parents, now growing up in ignorance, will deny that we are relapsing, and that something must be done speedily to check this downward career. The surest remedy is the organization of graded schools in all the towns in South Carolina. May their day be not far distant. R. M. D.