

The Newberry Herald.

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ADVERTISING RATES:

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Letter on the Subject of Schools.

To the Editor of the Daily Union: Sir.—Your comment upon the omission of any allusion to the South Carolina University in my article on the neglected duty of educating the orphans of the war, has attracted my attention. It would be impossible, in my judgment, for the Survivors' Association, if it adopts the plan I have suggested, to give a University education to more than three or four of the boys who may rise, through the local district schools, to the head of the thirty-two educated at some central State school, such as Colonel Coward's, and I suggested the Virginia University, because there they will be able still further to distinguish themselves and honor the Survivors' Association, by bearing off the palm from over five hundred of our Southern youth. At the South Carolina University, they might get an education, but would scarcely have the same spur to ambition, or the same opportunity for distinction. Permit me to call your attention to the article I have sent you on "Graded High Schools in every town." I have devoted my whole life to the work of education, and believe I know somewhat of its condition at present in South Carolina, and can speak with authority upon the best method of promoting it. Make the public schools at the county seats splendid schools. Pay first-class teachers well to do so. Give a power of special taxation to the county towns for the purpose, and encourage them to use the power by pledging three dollars from the State Treasury for every two dollars raised by the county town. Give a free scholarship in the University for competition to each one of the county high schools I suggest, and I believe that in a few years the standard of education will have risen considerably throughout the State, and the State University will once more begin to flourish as in former years. It would please me to have the attention of Republicans directed to this subject through your columns, and I request the republication of the article I send you, and if you deem it worth inserting, you can publish this letter also. Respectfully yours, BENJ. R. STUART, Editor of the Winsboro News.

GRADED HIGH SCHOOLS IN EVERY TOWN.

We have again and again protested against the futile attempt with such limited means for twenty years to come at least, to establish really good schools at every accessible point, and expressed our conviction that the work of public education should begin in the county towns, and there only, and thence should the light irradiate into the surrounding country. The county towns should be called upon to raise, by special tax upon their corporations, at least two-fifths of the money necessary to erect two good school houses and pay fair salaries to the teachers, and the State should pay out of its treasury the other three-fifths of the money required. A special act of the Legislature is needed on this subject. The advantages of town-schools free to all, are, in part, set forth in the following extract from the August number of the Virginia Educational Journal, page 391: Our Divine Lord required that the publication of his Gospel should begin at Jerusalem. Why so? Because it was the great center of influence. A city set upon a hill cannot be hid. And so it is to some extent with all cities and towns, be they on hills or in valleys. They are conspicuous and influential. Everybody sees or hears what is done in town.—Hence, a good school at the court house helps all the schools of the country; and a mean school at the court house is either despised by everybody, or it propagates its meanness all over the county. Set up a model school at the county seat, and all the schools will be regulated by it, as the time pieces are by the town clock. It is admitted that this is not always easy to be done, for town people sometimes have little notions that stand in the way—but still it can be done! Now, why are we so positive that it can be done? Chiefly because there is money in it, and town-people are keen about money—as they ought to be. Then keep them looking at it, and they will gradually see that if they want to educate their children, this is the cheapest way to do it; if they want a decent, orderly community, without having to keep up an expensive police, this is the way to have it; if they want their laboring population honest and thrifty, this is the way to have them so; if they want people to come and buy lots, build houses, and set capital afloat, this

A Cotton Revolution.

In the year 1860 eighty-five per cent of all the cotton used in England was of American growth—but the rebellion put an end to the virtual monopoly long enjoyed by our Southern States, and, as events have proved, began a complete revolution. The English manufacturers, deprived of their usual supplies, cast about for new fields, and under the stimulus of absolute necessity they have caused the lands of the East to become abundantly fruitful. The increasing yield of the new cotton fields, and their brilliant promise for the future, are strikingly set forth in a work just published in Manchester under the title of "The Cotton Supply Association: Its Origin and Progress." The author, Mr. Isaac Watts, is the Secretary of the Association, and he has drawn the facts of his interesting narrative from the official records. The Cotton Supply Association was organized in 1867, for the specific purpose of opening up and developing other sources of cotton supply than the Southern States of America; but up to the time of our civil war its operations were limited in extent and comparatively barren in result. The pressure of the cotton famine in 1861 lent new vigor to its undertakings, and India became the theatre of elaborate experiments. The results of these experiments during a period of ten years are now given for the first time in a connected official form. In 1860 the sum paid to India for cotton was \$17,500,000; but in 1864 it had increased to \$130,000,000, and the average annual amount remitted from England for cotton during the past eight years is stated at \$115,000,000—showing an aggregate increase in the value of the Indian cotton trade, during this period, of about \$750,000,000. This astonishing growth has been followed by a corresponding development of the cotton-producing districts of Turkey, Egypt and Australia. Since 1862 the prominence of Egypt has been a notable fact in the history of cotton culture. Mr. Watts writes that in that year "cotton began to be so much in favor that cereals were almost neglected, and the enormous profits derived from its cultivation during the American war led to the abandonment of the ordinary succession of crops—a result which the late Viceroy, Saïd Pacha, beheld with apprehension and alarm." The present Khedive, however, has encouraged the industry, and during his visit to London in 1867 gave much attention to the selection of cotton seed, and to the measures best calculated to render the crops excellent and abundant. Cotton culture is now firmly established in Egypt, and the people are alive to its importance. It is believed that the fertile regions which are watered by the Nile will in time be converted into a vast cotton field, and that India, prolific as it now is, will become a secondary source of supply. These facts indicate the character of the change which is gradually coming to our Southern States—a change which will deprive the cotton fields of their fancied advantages, and lead the planters to cultivate cereals for home consumption. The altered conditions of labor, the partitions of old estates, the loss of fortune, the necessity of giving larger areas of land to the cultivation of corn and grain, are some of the causes which must produce marked changes in the South, and with the complete explosion of the fallacy that cotton is king, will come a better system of agricultural development, a sounder financial basis, and the encouragement of the working classes, who are the real rulers in a republic. Certain districts in the South, fitted for little else than the culture of cotton, will continue to furnish supplies for the home and foreign demand, but the extraordinary developments of ten years in other fields show that in the granary, rather than in the cotton bale, the elements of future prosperity will exist.—Baltimore American.

California's latest curiosity is a rooster with two sets of legs, one on his back. When he is weary of standing in his natural position, it is gravely asserted, he turns a somersault and walks off upside down, and when he takes a drink he immediately turns over so as to swallow it the more easily. But it is in a free fight that he shows to greatest advantage. For he is a terrible fighter, and, when thus diverting himself, looks like a revolving wheel, turning somersaults incessantly, and kicking in every direction.

A Prose Poem.

The following poem, from the San Francisco Golden Era, is not only Homeric in style, but complete in itself, for it ends with a total annihilation of the combatants: On a pine woodshed, in alley dark, where scattered moonbeams, shifting through a row of tottering chimneys and awnings torn and drooping, fell, strode back and forth, with stiff and tense drawn muscles and peculiar tread, a cat. His name was Norval; on yonder neighboring shed his father caught the rats that came in squads from the street beyond Dupont, in search of food and strange adventure. Grim war he courted, and his twisted tail and spine upheaving in fantastic curves, and claws distended, and ears flatly pressed against a head thrown back, defiantly told of impending strife. With eyes agrim and screeching blasts of war, and steps as silent as the falling dew, young Norval crept along the splintered edge, and gazed a moment through the darkness down, with a tail awag triumphantly. Then, with an imprecation and a growl—perhaps an oath in drest vengeance himself—he started back, and crooked in body like a letter S, or rather like a U inverted, stood in fierce expectancy. 'Twas well. With eyeballs glaring, and ears astant, and open mouth, in which two rows of fangs stood forth in sharp and dread conformity, slap up a post from out the dark below a head appeared. A dreadful tocsin of infernal strife young Norval uttered; then, with a face unblanched, and moustache standing straight before his nose, and tail flung wildly to the passing breeze, stepped back in cautious invitation to the foe. Approaching one another, and with preparations dire, each cat surveyed the rantage of the field. Around they walk, with tails uplifted and backs high in air, while from their mouths, in accents hissing brief but awful sentences of hate. Twice round the roof they went in circle, each eye upon the foe intently bent, then sideways moving, as is wont with cats, gave one long drawn, terrific, savage yow, and buckled in. The fur flew. A mist of hair hung over the battle-field. High above the din of passing wagons rose the dreadful tumult of the struggling cats. So gleamed their eyes in frenzy, that to me, who saw the conflict from the window near, might else was plain but gory stars that moved in orbs eccentric. An hour they struggled in tempestuous fight, when faint and fainter grew the squall of war, until all sound was hushed. Then went I forth with lantern, and the field surveyed. What saw I? Six claws, one ear, of teeth perhaps a handful; might else, except a solitary tail. That tail was Norval's; by a ring I knew it. The ear was—but we'll let it pass. The tail will do without the ear. CATS OF UNHAPPINESS—Harsh judgment, rough words, small but frequent acts of selfishness and injustice, sometimes quite poison the heart that promised to be healthy, and curse the start that promised to be blessed. There are families that possess every earthly comfort—health, money, and occupation—but are miserable from the jealousy and quarrelling that prevails within them. There are married couples who live in daily sorrow, not because they are in want, but because each thinks the other unkind, arbitrary, and inconsiderate. Young people sometimes marry with their eyes shut; and thus, instead of being with angels, as they foolishly imagine they might be, they find out afterward that they are only men and women, with the common work-a-day weaknesses and faults of their respective sex. This shame easily gets soiled, and then each reproaches the other for not fulfilling the sentimental prospects with which they entered into the marriage state. Take any of the relationships of life, and we find that far the greater part of all our sorrow comes from the same cause. Get any one to tell you honestly what gives him the most annoyance and disquietude, and he will tell you they come from want of kindness, sympathy, and fellow-feeling. He could tell you that he would bear other things, if he only met with more consideration, support, and encouragement from the people with whom he has to do. Sad.—We sincerely regret to announce the death, yesterday morning, of the eldest son of our young friend, John Caldwell, from diphtheria; and also the serious illness of another child from the same terrible disease. The father is absent at the North, and cannot be communicated with.—Columbia Phoenix.

Romance of Real Life.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes from New-castle, Kentucky: I write this letter in the house of an old lady who is a niece of that Rebecca Bryan, who became the wife of Daniel Boone, and concerning whose eyes (the young hunter is said to have mistaken them for those of a deer,) the pretty backwoods romance is told. The lady is herself also a widow of one of Daniel Boone's own nephews, her second husband, who assisted in bringing the great hunter back to Kentucky. She was born in one of the chief old pioneer stations, (her grand-father's,) near Lexington, and, although she is in her eighty-first year, she is active in body, busying herself with her flowers and garden, clear-sighted and alert in spirit. Recently she heard that one of her middle-aged sons, absent over twenty years in California, and presumed dead for more than half that time, was yet alive, and her joy was great. He, too, had supposed his mother to be long dead. The old lady has a romance connected with her second marriage. It is as follows: When her mother was a young lady, Colonel William Boone, the nephew of Daniel mentioned above, was very much in love with her, and asked her on one occasion to marry him. She told him she was engaged to Morgan Bryan, and that they were to be married in a few days. Colonel Boone went away and married another young woman. Afterward he, with his wife, visited the young couple when their first child (now in her fifth score of years) was but a few days old, and seeing the baby, he laughed and said to her mother: "Now, Milly, now, you wouldn't have me yourself, you'd give me the girl for my second wife, wouldn't you?" Whether any jesting promise was made I am not informed; but the baby grew up, and at twenty-seven she was married, had seven children, and remained one for a long time, when, Colonel Boone's first wife having died some years previously, she really became, in her own middle life, the wife of her mother's early lover, who had claimed her in her cradle. The good old lady is accustomed, in relating this to her sons and nieces, to speak of it as "one of the most remarkable things that ever happened." I think so, too; and it is a true story.

A Beautiful Christian.

One of the sweetest, prettiest incidents of our watering place life is enacted daily at the Clarendon. While the thoughtless watering-place through ways in and out of the great dining-room, and the endless clatter of tongues and cutlery seem to drown every holy thought, a venerable silver-haired old gentleman walks slowly in at the head of his Christian family, and takes his seat at the table. Instantly the laughing faces of a table full of diners assume a reverent look. The knives and forks rest silently on the table, and the beautiful silver frosted Christian, with clasped hands, modestly murmurs a prayer of thanks—a sweet benediction to God! The scene lasts but a moment, but all day long that hallowed prayer of the Christ-child seems to float in the air, guiding, protecting, and consecrating the thoughtless army of wayward souls. I could not find out who this brave old Christian was; but, last night his name came all at once. A lovely woman, with her beautiful children, arose early from her seat at the Congress Hall, to return to the Clarendon. "Why do you go so early, Mrs. Clark?" asked a fashionable lady friend. "Oh, you will laugh at me if I tell you—now really, my dear, won't you?" "No, unless you make me," replied her friend. And then she leaned forward and whispered: "Well, my dear, you know I stop at the Clarendon. My room is next to that dear, good old man's, and he does pray so beautifully every night that I kneel down by his door with the children to hear him, and then I go to bed so happy, for I know nothing can happen to us when we are so near him!" Wiping the tear from her eye, the friend said, "Let me go with you!" and right in the middle of the lancers these warm-hearted women, with their children, walked to the Clarendon to sit in the next room and hear the evening family prayer of good old Richard Snydam, of West 38th street. I have since learned that Mr. Snydam has educated three ministers, and started a great many poor but worthy young men in business. He is very wealthy, but spends only one-third of his income, devoting the rest to charity.

Woman's Wrongs.

The Tribune seems to be beset with complaints from women of the way they are ogled and insulted in public places, by men of various ages, either when following lawful callings, such as soliciting advertisements for newspapers, or when simply passing to and fro in the streets or in public conveyances. One woman asks impatiently whether "they must be condemned to pass through the 'streets with their eyes cast down, 'instead of the free gaze which 'belongs to American women?'" At the bottom of all this trouble is undoubtedly the desire which a large number of women fell, not only to engage in all the occupations in which men engage, but as a natural consequence of this, to be freed from all the conventional restraints which immemorial usage has imposed on female speech and behavior. These restraints have all been put in force under the influence of the theory that there is such a thing as sexual passion, which powerfully influences the conduct both of men and women, and particularly of men, and which, therefore, in the interest of purity, imposes on one sex a certain guardedness of manner when in the presence of the other sex, whether in the parlour, workshop, or street. One of the beautiful discoveries of the new school of social philosophers is, however, as we have repeatedly pointed out, that there is no such thing as a natural sexual passion; that the feeling which passes by that name is simply a bad habit, somewhat like smoking and drinking, which men can drop if they please, and which, for the convenience of women, they ought to drop, so as to enable the two sexes to stand towards each other on an exactly equal footing, and without other dangers than such as result from quarrelsomeness and egotism. Women could then stare at anybody they pleased in the street, as they have a natural right to do, and go about with men just as if they were men. The working of the new doctrine into practice is, of course, attended with inconvenience; but it is making its way. Before long, man will gaze at woman with the same emotions with which he gazes at a landscape or a field of wheat; while woman will look on man as she looks on a grain elevator or a locomotive.—The Nation.

Tough Beefsteak.

The Natick (Massachusetts) Bulletin is responsible for the following: Squire K., a well known barrister of Belknap county, New Hampshire, having occasion to transact some business at the Ossipee court, found a few days at his disposal, which he determined to spend in trouting in the mountain brooks. In company with an artist friend, he wandered several miles into the country. Night came down, and the sportsman concluded to spend the night at a farm house, if permission could be obtained, and return early next morning to the village. A cheery-faced old lady granted permission to remain under her roof that night. Now, as it was necessary that our legal friend should be at court at eight next day, the good dame arose early and prepared breakfast by the light of a tallow candle. The anglers were seated at the table in a dark corner of the kitchen, while the old lady was engaged over a sizzling frying pan on the stove. "How's this steak, T., tough, eh?" asked the lawyer, sotto voce. "Don't know, why?" "By Joe, I can't chew the stuff!" continued he. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, he made another effort to masticate the mouthful, then shouted, "My good woman, will you be kind enough to see why this steak is so very tough?" The pleasant-faced old lady appeared with her candle, wiped the moisture from her spectacles, and looked at the plate, dropped the tallow candle into the lawyer's lap, and shouted with horror, "Great State of New Hampshire! I've fried my holder!" The Montgomery Advertiser says that one of the "truly fool," who came to that city last Saturday to save the country, bought a paper box of lucifer matches before leaving, which he safely deposited in his vest pocket. But on the road home his benzine so completely conquered him that he sought a dense shade and fell asleep. He slept until pitch darkness set in, when, happening to roll over on his side, he ignited his whole box of lucifers, which, burning through the box and clothing, aroused him from the slumbers to a sense of the inky darkness by which he was surrounded. He felt the fire, inhaled the burning sulphur, drew a hasty conclusion and expressed it as follows: "Dere, now! 'Fore God, jess what I spected. In bell an' a dem! Dat comes of following den dam Radicals!"

WIMMIN ARE PIZEN.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Ann Foley and Mrs. Mary Garry, two elderly ladies of West-sixteenth street, New York, had a hostile encounter, in which Mrs. Foley got the thumb of Mrs. Garry between her teeth and bit it badly. Supplication ensued from the bite, and Mrs. Garry died at Bellevue Hospital yesterday. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the homicidal biter. COMPLIMENT TO BETLER.—During the delivery of Butler's speech at Springfield several spoons enclosed in an envelope were passed up to him. The general tore open the envelope, saw the corner of one of the spoons and the joke at the same time and hastily slipping the package into his pocket, proceeded with his address.—World.

A Beautiful Incident.

The following beautiful story is worthy to be laid up in the treasury of every one: A poor Arab traveling in the desert met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Used as he was only to brackish wells, such water as this appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself. The poor man traveled a long way before he reached the presence of his sovereign and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift, brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste the wonderful water; but to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop. After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leathern bottle became impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded." The act of this caliph was worthy of a Christian gentleman. Read the story over again, think about it, and try to remember it when some one, simpleninded than you are, exposes his ignorance while to do you a service. If you laugh and make sport as the courtiers would have done, you yourself to be neither a gentleman nor a Christian. The truly great are kind to the humblest. It is the mean man who treats the lowly with contempt.

Not a Miss—A pretty widow.

On a certain occasion of an eclipse in Virginia, a colored individual became highly elated. "Bress de Lord, de nigger's time hab come at last, de nigger's gwine to hab a brack sun!"