

THE NEW ERA.

DEVOTED TO THE RESTORATION, RECONSTRUCTION AND UNION OF THE STATES.

IF THOU HAST TRUTH TO UTTER, SPEAK, AND LEAVE THE REST TO GOD.

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Miscellaneous.

THE RAILWAY CHASE.

In the bright glare of the furnace fire, stood Blacklock and Campbell. Blacklock shovelled in a quantity of coals, and slammed the iron door.

"It's like we'll have a scowry night," he said, as he looked up into the dark, portentous sky.

"Like enough," said Campbell, sullenly.

Campbell had had another taste of the "Gift of God" at Perth; and was unusually morose, and more inclined to sleep than talk.

After one or two more unavailing attempts to get up a conversation, Blacklock drew further into shelter, and sat down on one of the sliding seats under the storm board; resigning himself, we may suppose, to pleasant thoughts of Jenny, and feeling lumpy at her being so near him.

Campbell remained standing sullenly on the footpath to attend to the engine.

They passed Forgandenny and Forteviot without stopping. They stopped at Dunning, where three or four people, muffled well up to protect themselves from the night air, were waiting for the train.

They stopped again at Auchterarder, where the station lights looked cherry by contrast with the darkness of the night.

Here they shunted on to the down line, a little beyond the station, till the night mail for the west should pass.

The mail came up about five minutes after, sharp on its time; stopped for a minute to take in the "bags"; and then, with an impatient snort, passed on into the darkness.

Campbell and Blacklock thereupon prepared to resume their proper line. They put on the steam and reversed the engine; but there was a slight incline at the spot; the train was heavy, and they could not get it to move.

After one or two attempts, Campbell—speaking with a thick voice, for he was half stupid with drink—ordered Blacklock to get a crow-bar and put it to the wheel to give the engine a start.

"Will Sinclair have one?" said Blacklock, jerking his thumb toward an engine that had passed on the siding nearly opposite the platform.

He had better go and see.

Campbell sullenly continued his attempts to start his engine; while Blacklock went back to Sinclair's, glancing up, as he passed, at the windows of the carriage where Jenny was, in hopes of seeing her face and getting a smile. He told Sinclair what he wanted. Sinclair, who was reading a newspaper by the light of an oil lamp, had no crow-bar, but thought there was one in the shed. As he said so, he looked carelessly round toward the train which Blacklock had just left, and saw that it had got a start already, but was moving in the wrong direction. He continued watching it for a few seconds, expecting to see it stop and come back; but still it kept moving away and away.

"Hallo! what does the fellow mean?" he cried, jumping to his feet. "He's going off on the down line!"

Blacklock looked, and turned white as death. The awful truth flashed upon him. Campbell was drunk, and did not know what he was about. In an instant, leaping from Sinclair's engine, Blacklock ran swiftly along the line in pursuit of the retreating train. It was hopeless. A full head of steam was on. The train was quickening its pace every moment. The heads that had been popping out from some of the carriage windows to see what the cause of the detention was, were drawn in, and the windows pulled up again, under the impression, no doubt, that the train was again upon its way. The guard in the break, as soon as he found that the train was actually setting off on the wrong line, began to make his way hurriedly from carriage to carriage, toward the engine, but missed his footing, and fell heavily to the ground. Before he had recovered from the stunning effects of the fall and got upon his legs again the train was off.

The other guard had been standing on the platform, with the station-master, waiting till the train should come back alongside. The moment they saw that it was moving away on the wrong track, they cried to the pointsman, and the guard rushed out upon the line.

The pointsman shouted, waved the red lamp, ran and turned on the distance danger signal, which faced North, so that Campbell could see it. No attention was paid to these signals; and away the long train went thundering into the darkness.

Blacklock ran madly along the line, in the desperate hope that he might overtake the train, and in his agony crying to God to stop it. But the red lights along the line were growing smaller and smaller, and hope was gone. Blacklock stood for a moment like one bereft of his senses; and then, starting, ran back.

Sinclair stood on his engine, awaiting him.

"Are they off?"

"Oh yes, off! My God!" he cried in agony, "what are we to do?"

Sinclair plucked out his watch, and instantly an expression of horror came into his face.

"The night express from the South is coming on that line," he said hurriedly. "She is due here in sixteen minutes. She must be passing Blacklock, now."

Aghast with horror, Blacklock staggered and covered his face with his hands. Suddenly a thought flashed into his brain. He clutched Sinclair's arm with the grasp of a giant.

"Give her chase—give her chase!" he cried eagerly. "Quick! Is your steam up? Let's give her chase on the up-line. We may stop her, or stop the express afore they meet. For God's sake, quick!"

Blacklock's look had changed in a moment, from one of prostration to one of terrible eagerness and hope. He sprang upon the engine. Fortunately, steam was already up. They backed the engine, got the up-line, only pushed to pass one word with the station-master, and then away they dashed full speed into the wild dark night.

The other engine and train had got the start of them, by nearly two miles. If the express was true to her time, there was no hope. In five or six minutes there would be a collision. But if the express was in the least behind, there was still a desperate chance. Away, then, and away.

On they went, with thundering crank and grinding steel. The tender quivered and rocked; the ground, lit by the glare of the engine lamps, swept like lightning under them. There was a terrible roar in the quick, clanking wheels—Life or death!—life or death!—life or death!—Away and away, like a fiery meteor through the driving storm and darkness. The telegraph poles flew past like frightened spirits.

"There, there she is!" burst from the lips of both men together, as they caught sight of two red lights shining far ahead upon the line.

"On—on! for God's sake on!" cried Blacklock, with frightened eagerness.

They dashed with a shattering roar between the rocks at Lentre, burst forth again, and way on the wild and terrible pursuit. They were gaining rapidly on the train ahead. There was still hope—a desperate hope. They dashed, with another roar, through the deep cutting at Death's Ward, and still away and away.

"Life or death—life or death—life or death!" clanked the wheel.

"Ha! what's that? Did you see that?" cried Sinclair, suddenly, as his eye caught sight for an instant, of a spectral form that flashed across the rail almost at the engine wheel.

"On—on!" Blacklock almost screamed, never turning his eyes from the red lights ahead, which they were now rapidly nearing. Just as the long train crossed the Bridge of Death, they dashed alongside. Now or never. The awful crisis had come.

The parliamentary train was thundering along the parallel rails at the velocity of nearly thirty miles an hour; and as Sinclair and Blacklock passed carriage after carriage, they could see, in the dusky light of the lamps within, the dim rows of passengers, many of them asleep, and all unconscious that they were on the wrong line, bowling, quick and fast, into the jaws of death.

Great God! what a picture of human kind was that, if one had a moment to think of it.

Blacklock's breath was short and gasping. The perspiration was standing in great beads upon his brow. As he passed the carriage where poor Jenny was, he bent over and glared wildly in, but could not distinguish her amongst the motley crowd of slumbering passengers. On they dashed—Blacklock and Sinclair—thundering alongside by side with the other train, till they came abreast of the engine. Campbell was there, but apparently stupefied or asleep, sitting on the seat under the storm-board, with his head hanging down nearly to his knees.

Blacklock shouted and yelled at the pitch of his voice; Sinclair blew the whistle; but Campbell either did not hear, or was too far gone to pay heed.

"Let's dash ahead, and signal the express to stop," cried Sinclair, excitedly.

He pulled out his watch, and stooped to see the time. Eight minutes to eleven. The express was two minutes behind her time already. There wasn't a moment to lose.

"O! here she comes!" cried Blacklock, clutching Sinclair's arm convulsively.

Far ahead, along the line, two points of light like the eyes of a basilisk had glided into view, and were fast dilating and growing brighter and fiercer, as the iron monster from the South came on through the darkness at the rate of a mile a minute.

Already the thunder of its approach was distinctly perceptible. Scarcely a mile separated the two trains. In thirty seconds they would be together!

Sinclair's engine was still howling on, alongside the other.

"I'll jump across," cried Blacklock, suddenly. "Dash on—you—and signal the express!"

In a moment, before Sinclair could hold him back, Blacklock was at the side of the engine, had crouched low and made a desperate spring. He alighted upon the foot-board of the other tender. He staggered for a moment; but recovering his balance instantly, he sprang forward to the engine, shut off the steam, and put on the brake.

It was all the brave fellow could do. Now for life—for life! He seized Campbell. He dragged him to the side of the engine, to leap off. Ah, too late! The huge train was still rolling on, when the express, with its flying plume, and its great irons, magnifying into two great orbs of white flame, came on through the darkness like a thunder-bolt, and in a moment had dashed upon them!

The shock was terrific. The engines were smashed, the red fires flared up; the huge carriages of both trains came on like successive explosions, and leaping madly over one another, piled themselves up and up into a hideous quivering mountain of agony and death. Some, toppling over, rolled aside into the darkness; and a thousand shrieks rang wildly up into the shuddering air of night.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—Bishop Potter's impeachment of certain of his clergy for fraternizing with non-Episcopal divines is making warm work for this hot weather. Four pamphlets denounce the Bishop's Pastoral Letter in which he condemned certain of his clergy for fellowship in worship with Presbyterians and Congregationalists. Dr. Tyng writes one of these pamphlets. Dr. Canfield another. Drs. Muhlenberg and Cotton Smith also enter the list against their Diocesan.

More than forty of the Episcopal clergy unite in declaring that the Bishop's course is contrary to the laws of the Church and the spirit of the Gospel.

The coming general convention of the Episcopal Church in October next will be one of the most important in the entire history of the American Episcopal Church. According to Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith, in his reply to the Bishop's Pastoral, an effort will be made to introduce a new canon, intended to allow to the clergy of this church more liberal relations with those of other denominations. This movement will meet with vigorous resistance as well as hearty support. The clergyman identified with it are well known for their perseverance and independence, as well as for a tendency to controversial discussion; while the Bishop will be supported in the course he has adopted by the vast body of his clergy.

The return of delegates from the Southern dioceses will be another still more important feature of the coming convention, and there are questions to be considered which will aid to make the occasion one of special interest.

THE DROPS IN A SHOWER OF RAIN.—To count the grains of sand on the seashore has generally been considered a tedious, if not an impossible operation. Similarly, it might be supposed a difficult matter to count the drops in a shower of rain. Mr. Herve Menges, however, proposes to do this in a very simple way.

For this purpose he impregnates a paper screen with sulphate of iron, and faces it with a mixture of finely powdered nutgall and gum sandarac. Drops of water, falling on this screen will make a black spot.

If now this screen be placed on a drum which makes a complete revolution in twenty-four hours, successively exposing parts of the screen to the rain, the duration of the shower and the number of the drops will be clearly indicated by the black spots; and the time, the space of paper exposed at each moment, and the area covered by the shower being known, the rest becomes a simple arithmetical operation. The apparatus can also be arranged to show the direction of the fall, and also, it is said to determine the weight of the drops.

Where one man has been saved by a true estimation of another's weakness, thousands have been destroyed by a false appreciation of their own strength.

The Ministers of Maximilian are now, with the exception of Ramirez and Lacunza, who belong to neither one nor the other party, all pure. Ramirez, is perhaps the only one who belongs truly to the Emperor. He is a man without ambition, and one of the first antiquaries of Mexico. Lacunza is ambitious, without any principle. He will serve Maximilian to-day, Juarez to-morrow, and Miramon the next day.

The Minister of War, Juan de Peza, is a real naught. Gen. Parrotri, being a strong puro, is Inspector-General of artillery, infantry and cavalry; so Mr. Peza has nothing wherewith to occupy himself and he likes it very much. Mr. Escudero, Minister of Justice, a puro, hates all foreigners. He is a dark, stern man. If ever he has the opportunity he will be a terrible avenger of all the sufferings of his country. The same may be said of Cortez Esparza, only he is the most gifted and clear-sighted of all. He numbers a great many friends among all classes of the people.

The Council of State has only two important persons, Generals Uruga and Vidaurri, formerly Governor of Nueva Leon. General Uruga is hot tempered, hates the French, the clerical party, the Emperor and Juarez, and wants to be himself the first man in Mexico. He is known as the best and most skillful general in Mexico, he has lost most of his spirit and agility since the battle of Guadaluajara in 1863, where he lost one leg. The Household and Court of the Emperor are composed of all nations, he himself being a tall man, light blue eyes, fine hair, a little bald on the forehead, and very large whiskers. He loves the fine arts, is a great friend of poetry, dislikes uniforms, or soldiers at all, hates all women in the world, his own included, and selects his domestics always from among Italians.

What he thinks about the vices of the Italian people, the following story will show: The Austrian soldiers in Puebla are mixed up with many Italians, and these soldiers abused some men in the streets. The people got very much afraid on account of this behavior, and the following day a great riot took place in Puebla, four soldiers were killed and several wounded. Of course the people were not armed, and were soon overpowered by the well-armed Austrian soldiers. The Governor of Puebla started immediately for Mexico, and was astonished to hear the Emperor say it was very foolish for the people in Puebla to make such a riot about nothing. The fact is, that neither the officers nor men who participated in this crime have been punished. The Emperor is a tall, portly lady, but her features could not be said to be delicate. She likes balls, enjoys dancing and fetes very much, rides well on horseback, but has been a little melancholy for some time, the Emperor not treating her very kindly. When in full dress and blazing with diamonds, she generally gets red in the face, an effect which would be very nice in a young country girl, but one that is less to be desired in an Empress. The imperial pair live mostly at the castle of Chapultepec, one hour's ride from Mexico city, sleeping in the palace in the city only on occasions of a great fete.

The study of working room of the Emperor is embellished with all kinds of little fancy goods, statuettes, pictures and rarities. The study of the Empress is in the rococo style, the chairs covered with dark green damask, bordered with silver.

The Empress works more than the Emperor. Her talents also are, undoubtedly, far superior to those of her husband. She is very ambitious, and likes exceedingly her place as Empress. Most of the official petitions and letters sent from the Cabinet to the study of the Emperor are returned by her endorsed, and the action to be taken clearly explained. At six o'clock in the morning she rises, and takes a ride on horseback until seven or eight o'clock, in company with a few aide-de-camps.

From that time until half-past nine or ten she attends Cabinet affairs. Breakfast is served at half-past ten, after which she hears the news read by the Baroness Magdeburg, the only German lady who has remained in Mexico, the Countess Ziehl and all the others having returned to Austria. Baroness Magdeburg is an intelligent and very interesting woman, the only friend of the Empress, as the Mexican ladies who belong to the court being so very ignorant, it is impossible to associate with them. From two till five the Empress again occupies herself in writing. At six she dines, and unless it is a state dinner only four or five persons are invited, who are allowed to appear in dress coats with light colored pantaloons, yellow gloves, and without white cravats. Ladies are never invited to these private dinners. After dinner cigars are handed round, and the Emperor smokes and converses with everybody without ceremony. The remainder of the evening is while away over a game of whist or ombre, but never for money.

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by "pilgrage."

The Mexican Emperor and his Household.

Can't Support Yourself.

"Come," said Col. Kelly, breaking off a discussion about books, girls, and the state of the country generally, "come with me now, and see how the problem of the South has been solved in one instance, at least, already."

When a Kentuckian is right there is power in his example. We mounted forthwith—the evening's frugal meal (spread in the open air amidst the trees) having been disposed of, and the fierce sun expired, leaving behind that most enchanting ghost of a Southern twilight—and rode about three quarters of a mile, inhaling the delicious souls of these Southern leaves and flowers, that, like spirits of the oppressed, venture abroad only after the abolition of the sun's hot slavery, dismounting at a plain, little one story frame, surrounded by a paling fence in good repair.

At the gate we were met by a movable chat-el-biped, of the gender masculine, top which, having first addressed it with respect himself, the Col. in due form presented me, explaining in terms suited to chattel intelligence, that I was a gentleman from the North, curious of the great Southern problem, "Can't support himself." Accordingly, with a simple sincerity that was at least self-respectful, as well as hospitable to us, we were ushered at once by the chattel aforesaid, beneath the roof of the reality to which it appertained, seating ourselves on appropriate pieces of furniture, in obedience to invitation and example, when I opened the case abruptly, by announcing the proposition as follows:

"You can't support yourself?"

The chattel looked up quickly, first at me, then at the Colonel, evidently puzzled to know whether I was in my right mind or not. At length reassured by a twinkle in the Colonel's eye, the chattel smiled! And for all the world so natural and intelligent was its smile, that I was on the point of throwing up the case. Taking breath, however, recalling to my recollection that the renowned statesmanship, Christianity and chivalry of the South were all involved, thrusting out my lips, lifting up my eyebrows, and turning up the whites of my eyes, I calmly renewed my proposition.

"You foolish fellow, what do you want to be free for? You know you can't support yourself!"

What was my confusion when the chattel, with another smile, accompanied by a shake of the head so knowing as to be positively startling, replied with equal calmness, and an assurance of only more quiet dignity than mine:

"My name is Bryan, so called from my last master. I was born in Virginia, where my first master having broken up, I was sold to a trader and brought to Georgia. Here I have changed masters six times. I married here, and each time my own lookout only, saved me from being parted from my wife and family. My master's didn't care. They sold me wherever they could first get the money. I can't read. My wife can a little. I am a tailor. Before the war I paid twenty dollars a month for myself, and ten dollars for my wife, and have still managed to lay up fifteen dollars a month besides. I am now sending my oldest boy to school at two dollars per month. Judge whether I want to be free. I have supported not only myself, but my master. Why shouldn't I be able to support myself?"

Glancing around at the neat parlor, plainly but well furnished, the happy faces of the children, particularly the oldest, who came up, volubly eager to illustrate his progress in letters, and venturing one more glance at the intelligent smile of the father himself, now beaming with grateful independence, I incontinently renounced the cause of the aforementioned renowned statesmanship, Christianity and chivalry of the South, reached for my hat and meekly inquired of the colonel if the duties of his station might not suffer by an absence further prolonged, whereupon, he respectful of the situation, bore me, a discomfited champion, off the scene.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE FENIAN OATH.—A Fenian has been arrested in Liverpool on a charge of co-bbery. On his person the following oath was found:

"I now, in the presence of Almighty God, solemnly swear allegiance to the Irish Republic, now virtually established, to take up arms in its defense at a moment's notice; and that I will, to the best of my power, defend its territory and independence, and will implicitly obey the commands of my superior officer. So help me God."

Wm. Gilmore Simms is now publishing a little daily paper at Columbia, S. C.

DeBow, editor of the Review bearing his name, and an able man, is now at Chester, S. C., and wishes to resume the publication of his monthly, and advocate free labor.

Governor Pickens is at Yorkville, S. C., with his pretty young wife, and repents his course in the early part of the rebellion.

Is the Emperor of France a Bonaparte.

PARIS, May 30, 1865.

The feud, which, has now become open, between the Emperor and his cousin, has been a long time nursing. From the moment that the present Emperor exhibited proof of that power over the French nation which placed him, and has kept him, at the head of it for so many years, an ill feeling, not entirely free from jealousy, has grown up toward him on the part of Prince Napoleon. The great resemblance of the Prince to the first Napoleon, and the entire lack of any such resemblance in the features of the Emperor, coupled with the strong doubts which have always existed in the family as to the present Emperor's legitimacy, very naturally made Jerome feel a little sore that his cousin had, by force of his name alone, attained a position which he himself might have occupied. From that day to this misunderstandings and open quarrels have not been unfrequent, and it has been said that during these latter the Prince Napoleon has, on two or three occasions, thrown into the very face of the Emperor the charge of bastardy. Indeed, it is now stated as an *ou dit*, and believed by not a few, that the only reason the Emperor has tolerated the Prince Napoleon at all is that the latter has at his command the most positive proof of the Emperor's illegitimacy, in the form of a letter from King Louis himself, in which he states positively that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, now Emperor of the French, is not his son. This precious relic is said to be in safe keeping somewhere in Germany.

PROVERBS BY JOSH BILLINGS.—Young men, be more anxious about the paddygree yure going to leave, than you are about the yumbody left you.

There is only 1 advantage that I can see in going tew the Devil, and that is, the rode iz easy, and you are sure to find the way.

When a man's dog deserts him on akownt of his povvty, he kant get enny lower down in this world—not bi land.

Men aint apt tew get kicked out of good society for being rich.

Two common "Yankee Noshans" are the noshans that skeneel horses are cheaper than Staats Prisons, and that the United States iz liable at enny time to be divided, but aint liable at enny time to be doubled.

There is 1 kind of kissin that has alwavs bin deemed extry hazardous (on akownt of fire), and that is kissin yure naber's wife. Getting the wife's consent don't seem to make the matter enny the less risky.

Army Chaplain—"My young colored friend, can you read?"

Contraband—"Yes, sah!"

Army Chaplain—"Glad to hear it.—Shall I give you a paper?"

Contraband—"Sartin, massa, if you please."

Army Chaplain—"Very good. What paper would you choose?"

Contraband—"Well, massa, if you chews, I take a paper of terbakar."

The chaplain looked at the contraband, and the contraband looked at the chaplain, then the latter sighed, and passed on.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON MOONLIGHT.—The following is said to have been read in a city school: "Twas a calm still night; the moon's pale light shone soft o'er hill and dale. Not a breeze stirred; not a leaf stirred; not a dog stirred; not a horse stirred; not a man stirred; not a cow stirred; not a hog stirred; not a cat stirred; not a sheep stirred; not a hen stirred; not a mouse stirred; not a bee stirred; not even a goose stirred." Here the teacher interrupted, with the observation that the composition appeared to relate more to agriculture than moonlight.

FRANKNES.—The most agreeable of all companions is the simple and frank person, without any high pretensions to an oppressive gentleman: one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; and above all of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we most gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, and the profoundest thinker of the age.

A writer in Georgia describes a government tannery, grinding bark by no power visible at first, or suspected. The machinery is run by an underground creek—a great curiosity. There are several similar streams in that region, so full of limestone being favorable to sinks and submarine channels.

There is a great cry for women in Nevada and Colorado. There would be a great deal of crying in those States should many young women go thither.—*Boston Traveler.*

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you can't get through it.

Gov. Bramlette will soon commence to stamp Kentucky for the abolition amendment.