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The Way to Jeannie's Heart.

Where's the way to Jeannie's house?
Any child will guide you;
Or ye may find the road yourself,
The river runs beside you.

Where's the way to Jeannie's heart?
That I canna answer:
Hereabout or the eabout,
Find it if you can, sir.

Is this the way to Jeannie's house?
As straight as you can go, s'r;
Down the valley, through the wood,
And down the brook below, sir.

What's the way to Jeannie's heart?
That I canna say, s'r;
A lang way up, a wee way down,
In truth, an unco' way, sir.

Some on horse, and some on foot,
Comes hither many a score, s'r;
Wha finds the way to Jeannie's heart,
Maun bring a coach and four, sir.

Lincoln's Inaugural.

The London Punch has received, by Ultramarine Telegraph, the Inaugural Address of Abe Lincoln, President of the dis-United States, to be delivered on the 4th of March and publishes it in advance. Here is the precious document:

Well, we've done it gentlemen. Bully for us. Cowhided the Copperheads considerably. *Non nobis*, of course, but still I reckon we have had a hand in the glory some. That reminds me of the Old World story about the hand of glory, which I take to have been the limb of a gentleman who had been justified on the gallows, and which the witches turned into a patent magician's lamp, as would lead a burglar safe into any domicile which he might wish to plunder. We ain't burglars—quite t'other; but I fancy that if Uly Grant could get hold of that kind and description of thing to help him into Richmond, he'd not be so un-Christian proud as to refuse the hand of a malefactor. (Right, right!) Well, right or left hand, that's no odd's gentlemen. (Laughter.) Now I am a sovereign of the sovereign people of this great and united republic for four years next ensuing the date hereof, as I used to say when I was a lawyer. (You are, bully for you!) Yes, gentlemen, but you must do something more than bully for me—you must fight for me, if you please, and whether you please or not. As the old joke says, there's no compulsion, only you must.—Must is for the King, they say in the rotten Old World.

Well, I'm King, and you shall be viceroys over me. But I tell you again, and in fact I repeat it, that there's man's work to do to beat these rebels. They may run away no doubt. As the Irishman says, pigs may fly, but they're darned unlikely birds to do it. They must be well whiped, gentlemen, and I must trouble you for the whipcord. (You shall have it.) Rebellion is a wicked thing, gentlemen, an awful wicked thing, and the mere nomenclature thereof would make my hair stand on end if it could be more stand-onender than it is. (Laughter.) Truly awful, that it is when it is performed against mild, free, constitutional sway like that of the White House, but of course right and glorious when perpetrated against ferocious, cruel, bloodthirsty old tyrants like George the Third. We must punish these rebels for their own good, and to teach them the blessings of this mighty and transcendental Union. (We will, we will!) All very tall talking, gentlemen, but talking won't take Richmond. If it would and there had been six Richmonds in the field, we should long since have took them all. If Richmond would fall like Jericho, by every man blowing of his own trumpet, we've brass enough in our band for that little feat in acoustics. But when a cow sticks, as Grant does, in the mud, how then? Great laughter.) Incontestably, gentlemen, this great and mighty nation must give her a shove or.

Shove for Richmond, gentlemen. (That's the talk?) Now about these eternal black

you expect me to say something touching them, though I suppose we're none of us too fond of touching them, for reasons in that case made and provided, as I used to say. Well, listen. We've got them on our hands, that's a fact, and it reminds me of a nigger story. Two of these blacks met, and one had a fine new hat. "When you got dat hat, Sambo?" says t'other. "Out ob a shop, nigger," says Sambo. "Spex so," says t'other; "and what might be de price ob dat hat?" "Can't say, zackly, nigger, de shopkeeper did'n't happen to be on de premises." [Loud laughter.] Well, we've got the niggers, and I can't exactly say—or at least I don't think you'd like to hear—what might be the price of these articles. But we must utilize our hats gentlemen. We must make them dig, and fight, that's a fact. There's no shame in digging, I suppose. Adam digged, and he is a gentleman of older line than any of the bloated and slavish aristocracies of Europe. And as for fighting, they must feel honored at doing that for the glorious old flag that has braved for eighty-nine years and a half, be the same little more or less, the battle and the breeze. (Cheers.) Yes, and when the rebellion's put down, we'll see what's to be done with them.

Perhaps, if the naughty boys down South get uncommon contrite hearts, we may make them a little present of the blacks, not as slaves, of course, but as legal apprentices with undefined salaries determinable on misconduct. (Cheers.) Meantime, gentlemen, I won't deny that niggers are useful in the way of moral support. They give this here war a holy character; and we can call it a crusade for freedom. A man may call his house an island if he likes, as has been said by one of those fiendish British writers who abuse our hospitality by not cracking us up. ("War with England!" Well, all in good time, gentlemen. Let our Generals learn their business first. I don't blame them, mind you, that they haven't learned it yet, for when a man has kept a whisky store, or a bar, or an oyster cellar, or an old clothes shop 'for years, he can't be expected, merely because he puts on a uniform, to become a Hannibal, or a Napoleon, or even a Marlborough or a Wellington. Likewise, they must learn to keep reasonably sober. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation. (Roars of laughter.) When that's done, and the rebels are whipped, and we are in want of more fighting, we'll see whether Richmond in England, where the Queen's palace of Windsor Castle is situate, being and being, is a harder nut to crack than Richmond nearer us. (Cheers.)

Gentlemen, one thing more. Did you ever hear the story of the farmer who had been insulted by an excise-man? "He wur so rude," said the farmer, "that I wur obliged to remonstrate with him." And to what effect did you remonstrate?" asked a friend. "Well, I don't know about effect, but I bent the poker so that I was obliged to get a hammer to straighten it." Gentlemen, we must straighten this glorious Union and the hammer is taxes. (Laughter.) You may laugh, but you must pay. I don't mean to be hard upon this mighty nation, and our friend Mr. Cobden (cheers) has already indirectly informed the besotted masses of British slaves that we intend to repudiate our greenbacks, except to the amount they may be worth in the market when redeemed. But the poker wants a deal of hammering, nevertheless, and you must pay up. You'll hear more about this from a friend of mine in the government, so I only give you the hint, as the man said when he kicked his uncle down stairs. (Laughter.) I believe that's about all I had to say, and this almighty Union will be converted to shine throughout the countless ages a ineffable beacon and symbol of blessed and everlasting light and glory if you will only mind the proverb of Sancho Panza, which says, "Pray to God devoutly, and hammer on stoutly." (Laughter, cheers, and cries of "Bully for you.")

MAXIM OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.—I cannot forbear to recommend a repeal of the tax on the transportation of newspapers. There is no resource so firm for the Government as the affection of the people, guided by an enlightened policy and to this primary good nothing can conduce more than a faithful representation of public proceedings diffused without restraint throughout the country.

NUMBER OF POUNDS TO A BUSHEL.—Of Wheat, 60 lbs; Shelled Corn, 56; Corn on the Cob, 70; Rye, 56; Oats, 32; Onions, 57; Dried Apples, 24; Dried Peaches, 33; Castor Bean, 46; Blue Grass, 14; Buckwheat, 52; Barley, 40; Potatoes, 60; Bran, 20; Clover Seed, 60; Flax Seed, 45; Hemp Seed, 44; Timothy Seed, 45; Silt, 50.

The Louisville Journal says, "Gen Joe Johnston is a brother of Edwin William Johnston, the "Il Segretario" that used to write remarkably brilliant letters for the Louisville Journal.

A Historical Illustration.

When South Carolina was overrun by the British in our great revolutionary war of the past century, among many others, Colonels Marion and Horry, of that State, without any concert of action and without the knowledge of each other, mounted their steeds and set out to the northward in search of safety and of troops with which to fight the battles of their country. They met by their mutual surprise and joy, in the solitary forests of North Carolina. A graphic account of the incidents of this begira of the two patriots is given in Horry's Life of Marion. The two exiles hait in the shade by the road side to take some food, and good old Peter Horry gives the following as a part of their conversation.

"I shall never forget an expre-sion," says he, "which Marion let fall during our repast, and which, as things have turned out, clearly shows what an intimate acquaintance he [Marion] had with human nature. I happened to say that our happy days were all gone."

"Pshaw Horry," replied Marion, "don't give way to such idly fears. Our happy days are not all gone. On the contrary, the victory is still sure. The enemy, it is true have all the trumps in their hands, and if they had but the spirit to play a generous game, would certainly ruin us. But they have no idea of that game; but will treat the people cruelly. And that one thing will ruin them, and save America."

When these incidents occurred, Georgia and Carolina had just been overrun by the British. Savannah, Charleston and Augusta had been recently captured. All the important towns and a vast proportion of the territory of the Thirteen Colonies were in the enemy's hands. Reconstructionists, alias Tories, abounded. At one country house, the two Continental officers were refused lodgings because they wore the uniform which showed that they were opposed to "King George."

At another, honest old Peter was fettered by a wise crowd of bomb proofs and fire-side generals, who were discussing the degradation of the currency, and the folly of continuing the war at the public cross roads. "The situation" for the rebels looked desperate. Yet Marion did not despair. Under the wise leadership of the immortal Washington, the desperate fortunes of the Colonies were retrieved. Independence came years afterwards, through years of struggle and blood. The soft shelled bomb proofs and fire side generals became ardent self-sacrificing patriots so soon as they had enjoyed the blessed cruelties of British supremacy for a season.—*Republican*.

LITTLE GRAVES.—Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditation, are the little graves in a church yard. These are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joys—half unfolded buds of innocent humanity, nipped by the frost of time, ere yet a canker worm of corruption has rested among their embryo petals. Callous indeed must be the heart of him who can stand by a little graveside and not have the honest emotions of the soul awakened to the thoughts of that purity and joy which belongs alone to God and Heaven—for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life begun and ended without stain, and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much holier and purer must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner among us!

How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy while standing by the earth bed of the lost little one! Mournful, because a sweet treasure has been taken away; joyful, because that priceless jewel glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

PATRIOTIC.—A gentleman of this city has, we learn, made arrangements by which, from his own private stores, he will feed ten men in Gen. Lee's army for the next six months. This highly patriotic and liberal conduct is worthy of all commendation, and should serve as an example for every one to imitate who is able to do so. We withhold the name of this liberal spirited citizen, for the reason that we believe he prefers to do this work of good unknown to the public. If all were like him, there would be no danger of our gallant defenders suffering for the want of something to eat.—*Lynchburg Republican*.

The Catholic churches of New York are to be assessed each \$50,000 per annum for a magnificent cathedral, an enterprise initiated by Archbishop Hughes, and now cherished by his successor. The edifice will doubtless excel anything of the kind north of the city of Mexico.

The latest wrinkle is the introduction of square buttons. With these the ladies most plentifully trim their dresses. They (not the ladies, but the buttons) are of all sizes, up to an inch square. The *haut ton* is the big button, about the size of a square on a checker board.

A Wholesome Truth.

The following is an extract of a letter to a citizen of Pike County, Ga., from the Augusta Constitutionalist, and it shows so clearly the distinction existing between different classes of people that we copy it for the benefit of both parties:

*** There is a class of people in this county who have been whipped from the commencement of the war. They have remained at home, shielded by some kind of an exemption, speculated, ground the families of the poor soldier, made fortunes, and are willing for the war to continue, that they may pursue their hellish occupation. They will have a fearful account to settle when our brave boys return home. Some are skulking about, keeping out of the army by forged papers, and other miserable pretences. They, too, will have their reward.

The greater portion of the people, however, in fact all of the good citizens, have done all they could, and are still willing to do, and to suffer for the cause of which they are hopeful, but mortified at the conduct of many of those out of the army; never complaining at our gallant boys in the field, but always at those away from it. They are willing to continue making sacrifices for the good of the country, and should Congress deem it proper to take a portion of the slaves between the ages of 18 and 50 in the field, such men, men who have given up their sons and property without a murmur, will yield to the demand cheerfully.

A Woman with two Husbands.

We have often heard of romantic elopements, in which silly young girls have runaway with captivated young men to the great displeasure and grief of their gaudy old papas, and indignant and ponderous mammas. We have heard, too, of the customary sequence of pursuit and capture of the absconding parties when the plot was finally discovered, and repentance and forgiveness when it was too late and there was no help for it; but the case we have in hand differs somewhat from any of this character.

Some time last fall, a soldier belonging to the 2d Wisconsin Battery doing duty in the garrison in this city, married a woman living a few miles from town who already had a husband living, he being a rebel and a prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio. The soldier went to Wisconsin during the month of October, was mustered out of the service, and immediately returned here and went to his wife's to live.

A few days ago, the rebel who had taken the oath of allegiance returned to the place, and going to what he believed to be his own house, was surprised to find a Yankee in possession both of his wife and property. He endeavored to oust the Yankee and enter his house once more, but was unable to effect anything, as the wife took sides with her Yankee husband, and refused to leave him. The affair culminated yesterday in a suit before Justice Allison, brought by the rebel to recover the value of a cow which he claimed he had left at home when he went into the rebel army. The Justice tried to make her understand that her first husband was her legal spouse, but she didn't care for that. To every argument of his she returned, "Yes, but I like the Yankee the best!" Finding that it was no avail to try and induce his wife to return to his bed and home, the rebel husband determined to have something from the wreck of his fortunes, and said to the Yankee, "Well, you may keep the woman if you will pay me twenty-five dollars for the cow." "I'll pay it," responded the other, and the bargain was concluded on the spot. After the payment the trio departed from the justice's office, each apparently satisfied with the result. Wives are deg cheap at twenty-five dollars, and every body can afford to buy one at that price, but we think the first husband acted the wisest part in preferring the cow, as those are the scarcer animals at present.—*Chattanooga Gazette*.

CURE FOR HEADACHE.—A very curious method of reducing the intense headache experienced by fever patients has been lately pointed out by M Gayon. It consists simply in pressure extended over the integument covering the temporal arteries. It consists simply in feeling the temples, rather than the wrist, in order to ascertain the frequency of the pulse. Whilst the physician compressed the vessel, the patient exclaimed, "comme vous me soulagez," and thus indicated the result produced by diminishing the supply of blood to the surface of the cranium.

WORTH KNOWING.—An exchange declares that corn-stalks, if saved, are fully equal to the same weight of hay. Prepare them by cutting into pieces of half an inch in length, and place in hog-heads. Throw in one gallon of boiling water, containing one gill of salt; cover the hog-head with a blanket; the steam swells and softens the stalk. Add a little meal and feed the cattle.