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## THE TRI-WEEKLY HERALD

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### A Scene in the Senate Chamber—Andy Johnson's Speech.

A Washington letter thus depicts the scene in the Senate on inauguration day:

While the foreign ambassadors were taking their seats, Mr. Hamlin concluded his speech when Vice-President elect, Mr. Johnson commenced his address, before he had taken the oath of office. He had been talking about five minutes when the President entered the door from the Senate lobby, at the right of the Clerk's desk, escorted by Senators Hendricks and Foster, Mr. Lincoln taking his seat at the end of the Clerk's desk, near the members of his cabinet.

During all this time Andrew Johnson—for such he simply was then, not having taken the oath of office (would to heaven that it could be said in behalf of the country that he is still only Andy Johnson)—continued his speech. Such a speech it might have been appropriate at some hustings in Tennessee; but it certainly was far from being appropriate on this occasion. It was not only a ninety-ninth rate stump speech, but disgraceful in the extreme. He had not proceeded far when Senators on the Republican side began to hang their heads, sink down in their seats, look at each other with significance, as much as to say, "Is he crazy, or what is the matter?" They exhibited in every feature great uneasiness.

There was no mistaking the fact that the Senators were mortified in the extreme. The Democratic Senators leaned forward and appeared to be chuckling with each other over the figure made by the Republican party through their Vice-President elect. The foreign ministers showed unmistakable signs of amazement as the incoherent sentences came from Mr. Johnson's lips. Republican Senators moved around in their seats, unable to sit still under the exhibition before them. Some of the Senators sat sideways, others turned their backs, as if anxious to hide themselves.

Luckily for the members of the House of Representatives, they did not reach the Senate until several minutes after 12, and they were not subjected to but a small portion of the scene.

The speech was disconnected, the sentences so incoherent that it is impossible to give an accurate report of his speech. As his sentences came up in the reporters' gallery, the statements that your President is a plebeian—I am a plebeian, glory in it—Tennessee has never gone out of the Union—I am going to talk two minutes and a half on that point—I want you to hear me. Tennessee always was loyal—we all derive our power from the people—Chief Justice Chase is but a creature of the people—I want you to hear me two minutes on that point—you, Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, derive your authority and power from the people. ("Who is Secretary of the Navy?" was then heard, in a voice of less volume. Some one responded, "Mr. Welles.") You, Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, get your power from the people. This was the strain and tone of the whole speech, mixed with a lecture to the Senate on the action of the Senate on the rebellious States.

It was impossible to give a full report sitting in the gallery. The constant clatter of voices in their rear, declaring, "What a shame," "Has he no friends?" "Is there no person who will have mercy on him?" "Tell him to stop and save the country further disgrace," were so numerous that it entirely prevented a full report being made. The only full report was that of the official reporters of the Globe.—The senators, however, were so chagrined at the speech that they notified the Globe reporter to suppress his copy and wait until Mr. Johnson could write out a speech, that this affair might not go before the world in that form. It is charitable to say that his condition was such that he was unfit to make a speech. He evidently did not shun Bourbon county Kentucky, on his way here.

Mr. Johnson finally concluded his speech, whereupon Vice-President Hamlin administered to him the oath of office. Mr. Hamlin read the oath by sentences, and Mr. Johnson repeated it after him. The effort of the Vice-President elect to go through with the form of repeating the sentences as read by Mr. Hamlin was painful in the extreme. He stumbled, stammered, repeated portions of it several times over. The moment that he concluded this task, Mr. Johnson turned to the audience and commenced another speech, giving to those assembled his idea of the oath which he had just taken. He had uttered but two or three sentences when some of the officers standing near him had the good sense to stop him, he having already occupied some nineteen minutes in his former speech, and delayed the proceedings beyond all usages.

They were unwilling that they should be any longer delayed by the incoherent remarks of this new official. It has heretofore been the custom to close all speeches the moment that the Judges of the Supreme Court and diplomatic corps reach the Senate Chamber. Mr. Hamlin, in

accordance with this usage, closed his speech in time to give Mr. Johnson some seven minutes to make his remarks before the arrival of the above dignitaries. But Mr. Johnson did not appear to understand the usage on such occasions, or else was not inclined to follow them, for the diplomatic gentlemen heard the bulk of his speech, and unfortunately, the worst part of it. The moment that the new Vice-President had been silenced, Mr. Hamlin declared the old Senate adjourned.

**ROMANCE.**—A beautiful young lady residing in Columbia married a Federal officer and went off with the Yankees, (she formerly lived in Greenville,) we learn she had for three months previous to the occupation of the city by the enemy, harbored him in the house of her parent. Of course she was in the heights of satisfaction, when a circumstance happened which considerably lessened her hymenial felicity. Her husband, one evening subsequent to their departure, after free libations—being a boozier—taking a snooze, a batch of letters fell from his pocket, and she, picking it up, found one from another wife, with children, at the North, in which they desired him to hasten along with the beautiful white nurse he had promised to bring them from the South.

The young lady in question immediately left her spouse, and returned towards Columbia, where she is said to have safely arrived, in an ox cart, minus her four horse carriage, etc.

### Affairs in the West.

**MONTGOMERY, March 23.**—A Federal column, 15,000 to 18,000 strong, struck the Alabama and Florida Railroad, seven miles below here, yesterday morning and burnt a train. The passenger train which left here Thursday evening collided with the wreck and was captured. The enemy left, stating their destination to be Greenville. Gov. Watts has called the citizens to prepare to defend the city. The commandant of the post ordered the organization of all belonging to the army, to repel the movement on the railroad.

**LATER.**—The enemy on the railroad is believed to have moved down the road after the capture and destruction of the trains below Greenville. The force is reported to be 2,500, principally infantry. The railroad is very little injured as far as ascertained.

**ASSASSINATION.**—We understand that Dr. Toole, a prominent citizen of the neighborhood of Aiken, S. C., was shot while riding along the road on Monday evening. It is supposed that a negro man, the property of the deceased, was the author of the foul deed. Before the advent of the Yankees in that vicinity the Doctor concealed twenty-five thousand dollars, to which occurrence the negro was privy. It was supposed that he decamped with the enemy, and had discovered to them the hiding place of his master's treasure. But he afterwards appeared and was traced to a swamp where he had been hiding. In an attempt to arrest him he was fired upon by Dr. Toole, and sought revenge by assassinating him.—*Constitutionalist.*

The great oil conflagration at Philadelphia, on the 7th, presented the novel spectacle of a stream of fire. Twenty-seven hundred barrels of coal oil were ignited, and the blazing fluid, escaping from the bursting barrels, filled and flowed down Ninth street, firing the houses on each side as if they had been tow. A number of men, women and children were roasted alive, unable to escape the fiery flame, fatal as a stream of lava, but swifter and more terrible. Forty-seven houses were burned in thirty minutes. The street was covered with snow and slush, over which the burning oil spread with celerity.

**TERRIBLE STORM.**—On Tuesday evening last the district generally was visited by a severe rain and hail storm. In the neighborhood of Mount Zion church, a most destructive hurricane was experienced. Three or four dwellings were blown down, one of which was scattered in every direction. The out houses at other places were blown down. A little girl named Charlotte Emory, was instantly killed; and several other persons seriously injured. The destruction to fencing and timber, in the track of the hurricane, has been almost complete. We are not in possession of the full particulars of this destructive visitation.—*Keowee Courier.*

**TERRIFIC HAIL STORM.**—The Greenville Enterprise says: On Tuesday night of last week, a most terrific hail storm passed along the line of the Blue Ridge Railroad from Pendleton to Walhalla and beyond. Some of the stones were nearly three ounces in weight. One measured 3½ in length and 2½ inches broad. The window glasses in the town of Walhalla were greatly shattered.

A large number of Louisiana planters have migrated to Texas.

**INHOSPITALITY AND PATRIOTISM.**—We are told that a foot-sore soldier, reaching, at nightfall, the dwelling of a wealthy citizen of one of our upper Districts, who is also a member of our State Senate, was denied lodgings for the night, on the plea that there was sickness in the family. We trust that the wayfarer thus denied will publish the name of this patriotic legislator. *Per contra:* from the same source we are told that a Confederate lieutenant was lodged most hospitably at a North Carolina farm-house, not far from Charlotte; that while there, an aged widow of the same precincts heard of his presence and went to see him, when she presented him with a pair of stockings for himself, thirty pair (all of her own knitting) to be distributed among the soldiers, and three dollars in silver—all the money she had. There was the right spirit, savoring of the famous old "Hornet's nest." The inhospitality of the rich Senator would destroy any cause—the mite of the good old widow may save ours, in spite of the Senator.—*Phoenix.*

G. W. A. writes to the Columbus Sun that General Forrest called up twenty-six of his negroes, the other night, and gave them their choice to go at once to the Yankees, or join the army and fight by his side, and have their freedom at the end of the war. Twenty-five who said they were willing to take up arms, stepped out. One said he did not want a gun, but he "would drive a wagon to hell for Massa Bedford, if he would tell him to."

The negroes make first-rate soldiers, and whenever you hear a man say he will quit if the negroes are put in, if you will dig down around his heart, he wants to quit anyhow.

**AN EXAMPLE WORTHY OF IMITATION.**—At Touche's auction sale, yesterday, an elegant new blanket was put up to be sold, which the auctioneer stated belonged to a lady who was forced to part with it to procure money to buy food. He asked the crowd to bid liberally, stating that he intended to charge no commission for making the sale. It was started at twenty-five dollars, and very rapidly went up to sixty, at which price it was knocked down to a well-known citizen, who paid the amount, and directed the auctioneer to send the blanket back to the lady.—*Petersburg Express.*

**CONFEDERATE STATES SEAL.**—The seal of the Confederate States of America is described in the English newspapers. It is designed by Foley, the celebrated Irish sculptor, and contains in the centre a representation of Crawford's statue of Washington. This is surrounded by a wreath composed of the most valuable vegetable products of the Southern soil—tobacco, rice, Indian corn, cotton, wheat and sugar cane. The rim bears the legend, "The Confederate States of America, 22d of February, 1863. Deo vindice." The seal is of silver, and its diameter, is four inches.

The French press has received orders to say that "public opinion" cannot fail to see in the false news, contradicted by the Monitor, of accession of the Senora district to France, a manoeuvre of the English journals in order to excite sentiments of hostility in North America against French policy and Maximilian's empire, and to avert the danger which threatens England in the direction of Canada by making a diversion.

**LOCAL CONFEDERATES AT MONTGOMERY.**—This Society is progressing finely. The most reputable gentlemen and ladies have been enrolled in membership. At a recent meeting, a subscription of funds was taken up, and many magnificent contributions were made, placing at the disposal of the Society fourteen thousand one hundred and fifty dollars in aid of the soldiers, and five thousand six hundred dollars as a donation for benevolent objects.

**ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE.**—A company of forty-three women recently attempted to flee from the bonds of Mormonism in Utah, but they were overtaken and carried back to their masters. It is said that the females in Utah are becoming so determined to escape from their degrading bondage that a crisis in Mormon affairs will necessarily come soon.

We have quoted from the New Orleans Picayune, a specimen of Yankee hypocrisy; the following, from the Missouri Republican, is an unsurpassable specimen of the lie—a brilliant of the first water:

Rebel papers bear witness to the good conduct of our troops at Columbia, the capital of South Carolina.

Four men recently had a fight with axes, revolvers and guns, in Selby county, Tenn., wherein one man's head was split open, another's bowels were blown out, and a third who had fallen over a log, was being hacked to pieces, when his dog came to his rescue, and dreadfully mangle his assailant, saved his master.

Man—A bubble on the ocean's rolling wave;  
Life—A gleam of light extinguished by the grave;  
Fame—A meteor dazzling with its distant glare;  
Wealth—A source of trouble and consuming care;  
Pleasure—A gleam of sunshine passing soon away;  
Love—A morning stream whose memory glads the day;  
Faith—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death;  
Charity—A stream meandering from the fount of love;  
Bible—A guide to realms of endless joy above;  
Religion—A key which opens wide the gates of heaven;  
Death—A knife by which the ties of earth are severed;  
Earth—A desert through which pilgrims wend their way;  
Grave—A place of rest when ends life's weary way;  
Resurrection—A sudden waking from a quiet sleep;  
Heaven—A land of joy, of light and love supreme.

A lady dressed in as luxurious fabrics as ever fluttered from a fairy form "before war's deadly blast was blown," with a sweeping trail behind on the ground, of indefinite length, turned the corner at the Wayside Hospital yesterday, and as she turned she cast a glance of anxious solicitude back to see if the aforesaid trail was all O. K. A crippled soldier, sitting at the corner enjoying the sun, noticed the movement and the look, and with the view of reassuring the lady, exclaimed, "It's all right, madam—the rest of it is coming down the street and will be along shortly!—You can sail on—the dress is all set in." It is useless to say that the lady did sail on like a three-decker before a full breeze.

**ILL-LUCK DEFINED.**—A society has lately formed in Bordeaux, France, to put down the superstitions of evil omens. As everybody knows, it is accounted bad luck to begin anything Friday, or to sit at a table with thirteen, or to balance a chair on one leg, or to spill salt between yourself and a friend. The new society have regular dinners on Friday, have thirteen guests, turn chairs on one leg, and spill salt all around before commencing. In the whole year, during which bad luck has been defied, no single fatality has, as yet, occurred to any member.

**SERVED HIM RIGHT FOR STAYING THERE.**—John S. Riggs, the well-known slave-dealer, at Charleston, remained with the Yankee. Here is what befell the redoubtable John: A lot of negroes called upon and put him up at a mock auction. The bidding was very spirited from five cents up to six dollars and a half, at which price he was knocked down to a likely darkey. Stepping up to his purchase, the negro patted him on the head saying, "I kin afford six dollars and a half; you kin go—you is free! Oh! Oh!"

The Paris correspondent of the London Star says that the Jockey Club, before whose decrees the fashionable world bend, have decided that the English custom of shaking hands is henceforth to be considered the correct thing, and furthermore, in order to protect ladies from the annoyance of having to return the bows of any man who may choose to take off his hat to them in public, the English fashion is to be adopted of ladies bowing first.

**VICTORY IN FLORIDA.**—On the 6th of the present month, a stubborn fight took place at the Natural Bridge, twelve miles from Tallahassee, in which we were signally victorious. Yankee force 2,200; Confederate force 1,000. Forty dead negroes (Yankee soldiers) left on the field.

Whilst a Pennsylvania minister was in the midst of his sermon, a little boy, about ten years of age, quietly left his seat, took his hat, walked up to the pulpit and asked permission of the minister to leave the church, saying he forgot to feed the pig. The request was granted and he left, but returned in a few minutes, no doubt greatly relieved.

**THE OATH! THE OATH!**—Much virtuous swearing is said to be going on in Charleston since the Yankees have concluded to administer the oath; and men who claim to have fired the first gun at Fort Sumter, have rushed headlong to take the first oath to Lincoln. So eager is the competition among these loyalists, that no man's corns are safe in the struggle. Their consciences are in no danger, being of that moral cacuchuc which accommodates itself to any grasp.

**FATHER FILLION.**—The Augusta papers announce the death, by small pox, of the Rev. Leon Fillion, formerly pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Charleston.