

# THE TRI-WEEKLY HERALD.

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## THE TRI-WEEKLY HERALD

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### Home, Sweet Home.

A correspondent of the Augusta Constitutionalist states that a young lady, whose house was destroyed and burned by Sherman's army while in Columbia, a day or two after the conflagration, visited the ruins, in hopes of finding some little relic to remind her of the trials through which she had passed. She searched in vain, until her eye fell on a small piece of paper, which she picked up. It proved to be a remnant of John Howard Payne's song of "Home, Sweet Home," and the only words that were left untouched by the flames, were

"There is no place like home."

Not one little relic—not a souvenir left!  
Of all that she lov'd by the mad flames bereft!  
The ruins, all blacken'd, loom up on the sky,  
And the South wind sings softly their sad lullaby.

She looks here, she looks there, for one little thing,  
A letter, a trinket, a ribbon or ring;  
Perchance there may be 'mid the rubbish and dust,  
The miniature features of him she loved first.

No, nothing! the flames, in their savage career,  
Have swallow'd up all that her heart holds most dear,  
Of her once happy home not a visage is seen,  
The still wind now moans through the crompt evergreen.

A slip of white paper lay trembling alone  
Amid the pharr'd timber and smoke-blacken'd stone;  
Like a snow-flake on Hecla, it shone in the light,  
Or a pearl that was set in the dark brow of night.

The lady took up the lone slip from the ground,  
And gazing upon its white surface she found  
These six little words, (as if traced by some gnome  
To mock her deep grief,) "There is no place like home."

Aye, sing of sweet home, 'mid its ashes and smoke,  
'Twas bless'd till the spoiler its wallings awoke,  
'Twas happy till Northmen, with wild fiendish hate,  
Gave towns to the flames and made fields desolate.

### A Southern Heroine.

Miss McM—lived near Hardeeville, S. C. Some months since a batch of Yankee prisoners from Savannah passed through Beaufort District and along the road in front of her house. One of them, a captain, asked her to give them some bread and meat, adding at the same time that he did not want the "hard tack" she fed her negroes with. After some hesitation she gave them dry bread and water, which they would not touch.

"It is certainly good enough for you," said she. "You have killed one of my brothers, and the other is now in your vile prison, faring on just such as this. If he can live on it you can."

The Yankee captain remarked that his time would yet come, and he would have his revenge.

Months passed away. Savannah fell into the hands of the enemy. The victorious vandals, on their march through South Carolina, passed through Beaufort District. A squad of men were detached under the command of a captain, who took them ten miles from the main column to pay a visit to Miss McM—.

The lady was alone when an officer rode up and dismounted at the gate. He made his horse fast, and boldly walked up to her, asking her if she remembered him? On receiving her answer in the negative, he replied—

"I am one of the poor prisoners whom you refused to supply with food. I have come to repay you for your boundless hospitality—bread and water."

"O, I know you now," replied she, "you are the dainty Yankee who could not eat the same food that your Christian officials feed my brother upon."

"I am the prisoner who said that, 'his time would yet come. It has come. Are you of the same opinion still?'"

"I am," said the young lady firmly. "I was seeking to retaliate—it was my revenge."

"Where is your father?"

"He is, thank God, out of your reach."

"And your mother?"

"She is dead—I am alone."

"So much the better," exclaimed he, grimly. "I have come to have my revenge. I shall destroy everything you have."

"Do it—burn it," replied she, defiantly. "You will see how a South Carolina woman can bear misfortune."

"I give you fifteen minutes to leave, and you shall take nothing with you but what you have on."

The noble girl gave him a look of supreme contempt, and then calmly folding her arms, she took her stand upon the lawn in front of the house, saying—

"Now burn as soon as you please. When you came into this noble State you thought we would cringe and cry for mercy, but you are mistaken; we will never yield, though you cast us out starving and houseless upon the world. The old homestead may be reduced to ashes, but I will laugh over its ruins, and glory in the sacrifice I make on the altar of my country!"

The house and all it contained were given to the flames, and the gallant soldiers left, admiring the "pluck" of the fair daughter of the Palmetto State.

Such instances of devotion to the South are not rare. I send you this little sketch in order that at least one of the many instances of individual sacrifice of the noble daughters of South Carolina may be put on record.

### Sherman's Regard for Religion.

We extract the following from the last number of the Pacifator, we commend it to the Catholic population everywhere:

St. Mary's College, founded in 1852, by the Rev. J. J. O'Connell, Pastor of the Catholics in Columbia, was robbed, pillaged, and then given to the flames. The College was a very fine brick building, and capable of accommodating over 100 students. It had an excellent library attached, which was selected with great care, and with no limited view to expense. It also possessed several magnificent paintings executed in Rome, and presented to the Institution by kind patrons. Besides the property belonging to St. Mary's College, that of four priests, who were its professors and lived there, was also consumed. Each, as is always the case amongst the Catholic clergy, had his individual collection of books, paintings, statuary, sacred pictures, &c. Nobody who is not a rigorous student and a lover of literature can possibly realize the losses sustained by these gentlemen. Manuscripts of rare value, notes taken from lectures of the most eminent men in Europe and America, orations, sermons, &c., are treasures not often valued by the vulgar, but to the compiler they are more priceless than diamonds. Of those who lost all in St. Mary's there are brothers, viz: Revs. Jeremiah J. O'Connell, Lawrence P. O'Connell and Joseph P. O'Connell, D. D.; and the other Rev. Augustus J. McNeal.

The writer was the only Clergyman in the College at the time of the incendiarism. One was absent on his mission, another was in charge of the M. B. Sacrament, and the Pastor was trying to comfort the Nuns. I was, by order of a Lieutenant, taken prisoner, and though I earnestly begged to be allowed to save the Holy Oils, I was refused, with curses and blasphemies. Sacred vestments, consecrated vessels used for the celebration of the Mass, benediction of M. B. S., and all things appertaining to the exercise of sacerdotal functions, were stolen, profaned and desecrated. I was informed by a Yankee Irish Catholic that a sacrilegious gang drank whiskey from the Sacred Chalice and exulted in the conscious crime. Of the College, its property, and all it contained, not a single item was saved. The Clergymen saved absolutely nothing, except the clothes on their persons.

In a single moment the Pastor lost the labors of 13 years, which he expended in rendering his Institution a suitable place for the education of youth, and he and the other Priests were driven out as naked as when they came into the world.

In a similar manner the Nuns were treated, or nearly so. They had a flourishing institution and are dear to many Southern families. They were forced from the shelter of their cloister in the midst of a sea of flame. Their chapel, altar, etc., beds, furniture, pianos, in a word all they possessed was either stolen or given to the flames.—I could not refrain from tears, when after my liberation on the next morning, I saw them kneeling at the porch of the church, their limbs benumbed with cold, and all their fond pupils around them in mute groups. May God spread his wings over them, was my silent prayer, and again grant them that shelter which the wicked incendiary destroyed.

All the horses, mules, cows, pigs, fowls, etc., in the city were either taken by the enemy or shot, gardening utensils, farming implements, and whatever could be beneficial to the citizens, were destroyed. In a word, Columbia is a city of ruins and a forest of burnt chimneys and blackened walls.

The Rev. J. J. O'Connell, pastor was seriously burnt whilst endeavoring to rescue some sick persons from the flames. He was sacrilegiously seized, grossly insulted, and his watch robbed from his person.

If I have written in strong terms, it is because I dipped my pen in the flames of a burnt though defenceless city, and if I have given coloring to my statement it was because my pen was blackened in describing the hellish deeds of a barbarous foe.

We shared cruelly at the hands of the enemy, but yet we must regard Sherman with feelings of great respect. We looked upon him as a Christian, and we found him possessing the heart of a savage. In his mad career he could have destroyed our lives, and yet he did not do so. I am satisfied he issued the most stringent regulations for the preservation of the lives of the citizens, and in consequence not one was killed; he did more in his edict, I am persuaded, saved the virtue of mothers, wives and daughters. No white grown persons suffered in this respect, and therefore I, for one, wreath this garland for his brow, and in this I do respect him. He is to be preferred before Beast Butler, but to Sherman alone belongs the noble title of *Incendiary*, *INCENDIARY SHERMAN*.

I must close. Our mutual friend, Mr. John Hurley, who has been on a visit of charity from the good people of Augusta to the Nuns, is at my elbow, and urges me to finish. I have hastily thrown these remarks together, and though they may bear the marks of hasty composition, they nevertheless convey the truth, and reveal only a part of the sufferings we have undergone.

Yours, most respectfully,  
LAWRENCE P. O'CONNELL,  
Post Chaplain.

### From the Virginia Front.

RICHMOND, March 30.—The following despatch was received to-night:

HEADQUARTERS, March 30.—Hon. Secretary of War: Gen. Gordon reports that the enemy, at 11 p. m., yesterday, advanced against a part of his line, defended by Brig. Gen. Lewis, and was repulsed. The fire of artillery and mortars continued for several hours with considerable activity. No damage on our lines reported. (Signed) R. E. LEE.

Another telegram from Gen. Lee says that there was skirmishing yesterday near Dinwiddie Court House, without decisive result.

RICHMOND, March 30.—The Petersburg Express, of this morning, says that "last night," at ten o'clock, the enemy opened on our lines near Appomattox, with a fearful artillery fire, while a simultaneous movement was made on the part of their infantry in the rear. The masses of troops under Gordon received their charges with coolness. Up to 12 o'clock, the fighting was continued with great vigor and persistency, the enemy making in all five separate assaults, all of which were repulsed.

The gallantry of our men was displayed in a most gratifying manner. Their conduct is the theme of universal praise.

1 a. m.—An officer just from the front says that the enemy charged up to within ten paces of the muzzles of our guns, and that they were literally mowed down. Our loss is unprecedentedly small.

PETERSBURG, March 30.—A heavy fight has been progressing all day on the Dinwiddie Road, near Hatcher's Run, eight miles from Petersburg. There is nothing official, but reports up to five o'clock are deemed reliable. They state that three furious assaults were repulsed at half-past two. The enemy came up in overwhelming number and drove Bushrod Johnson's division a mile and a half. The Confederates were then reinforced, which turned the tide of battle, and drove the enemy with great slaughter to and beyond their original position of the morning. The ground is strewn with the dead and dying. Seven hundred prisoners are reported sent to the rear.

The affair of last night, for a war of cannon and musketry, (which lasted two hours,) exceeded anything ever heard in this vicinity. It turned out to-day that both belligerents conceived the idea that they were being charged behind their works, when, in fact, neither had left their entrenchments; hence, the prodigal expenditure of ammunition. It was one of the novel events of this remarkable war. The loss was small on our side, and not supposed to be large with the enemy. All is quiet in that front to-day.

FORTY F's.—How many different words, beginning with the same letter, can you put together and make sense and grammar? said a little girl to us the other day. Don't know, but will try. Here goes: Five fine formed, fleshy, females, feeling foolish, fell full forty feet for fun; fearing frantic father, Fanny frowned furiously. Flora feigning fright fled fast. Florence finding Frank fighting, fainted. Fidele, forsaken forever, flouted fantastically. Franquette follows for Fayetteville Friday fortnight.

If any of our young friends can do better we invite them to try their hand.

ARE WOMEN NATURALLY POLITE?—Mrs. George Washington Wyllys asks the above question, and then elaborately answers it thus:

Are women naturally polite, did you ask, dear, good natured public?

Did you ever know a woman to make room in an omnibus, five on a side, when number six was entering, flounced and velveted, until ordered by the driver?

Did you ever know a little pair of gaiter boots to turn one inch either to the right or left when they should have saved you from a streaming gutter by the operation? Patent leathers don't behave so—not they!

Did you ever know a woman to say, "I am sorry to give so much trouble," when the dry good clerks have turned everything topsy turvey, without finding the shade or color that never existed?

Did you ever know a woman who did not know "it was outrageous" for another woman to travel with a baby, or who didn't regard it as "cruel and barbarous," if any one objected to the crying of her baby?

Did you ever know two women to talk over a third without ridiculing her even if she was her "dear particular friend?"

Did you ever praise one young lady in the presence of another, without being confidentially told of some enormous fault or deformity in the other that you hadn't dreamed of?

Did you ever know a pretty woman to make an expression without half a dozen other pretty women running the effect of it the instant she left the room?

Did you ever know a woman to apologize for having knocked another woman's bonnet into "pi," (that's a printerism, but expressive, notwithstanding,) with the corner of her parasol?

Did you ever hear a woman who had an idea that she was making trouble by her little airs and graces?

We don't believe you ever did, reader. They are a race of unaccountables, these women, just as sweet and piquant as June roses, sometimes, and then again, like so many venomous thorn bushes.

There's one thing we never cease to be inwardly thankful for—that we're not a man, consequently not obliged to marry one of 'em. Why, she would drive us crazy in a week, with her whims and fancies, her exaltations and her pretty ways. We would make the most hen-pecked husband in the world, unless, indeed, we had the nerve to run away from her, or shut her up in a closet for a week, until she promised to behave better. When a woman chooses, she can be the nearest thing to an angel of anything in the world, and what a pity it is that she doesn't always choose.

FROM GEORGIA—SUFFERING AT ATLANTA.—A gentleman from the vicinity of Atlanta reports that the suffering for food in that section has been heart-rendering. He had charge of commissary stores and his office is almost constantly thronged with women and children begging for bread. They do not ask for meat, but are satisfied with bread alone. During the late wet weather females walked as far as sixteen miles in the mud for the purpose of getting meat, which they would carry home upon their shoulders.

The railroads lately destroyed in Georgia by Sherman have been repaired with great rapidity. The "Georgia road" has been repaired, and the cars run from Augusta to Conyers station, and the remainder of the road would probably be completed to Atlanta within two or three weeks at farthest. Other roads are undergoing repairs, and promise to be ready for travel very soon.

ANECDOTE.—A correspondent sends us the following:

A little girl, some eight or ten years of age, but so small that she appeared much younger, was walking along the street, when she saw a carriage overturned, and the horse running her with furious speed. She turned to flee, when her eye fell upon a child of two years, who had escaped from his mother, and was then standing directly in the path of the frightened animal. She saw the danger, and without an instant of hesitation, rushed forward and saved the child, at the imminent risk of her own life. Said a bystander, "How dared you do it?" Her reply was, "Oh, sir! I didn't wait to dare; I was afraid he would be killed."

FIRE IN SAVANNAH, GA.—The greatest fire, since 1820, occurred in that city on the last day of January. It was the work of an incendiary. About twenty acres of valuable buildings were destroyed. The description of the fire by the Yankees is fearful. A building filled with shell was consumed. The shells burst in every direction, killing six or eight and wounding a large number. Families were separated in the darkness of the night and fright, the members of which were frantic in search of their lost ones.—The loss is great, and the suffering greater.