

# THE TRI-WEEKLY HERALD.

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## THE TRI-WEEKLY HERALD

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### Empire of the West.

People who have been peering through their imaginary telescopes, and mentally taking time by the forelock, ask this question: Where, is the event of continued Federal successes, can we go to escape the consequences of an occupation of the country? Whether may our armies retreat, to escape the constant pressure upon them, and to renew themselves for fresh conflict? A pertinent inquiry, and not without a suggestive moral.

Putting aside the demonstrated impossibility of subjugation, we assume, for the nonce, the possibility of the calamity anticipated. From Virginia, we are pressed back to the interior of North Carolina. Driven from the coast, we seek exile in the upper Districts of the Palmetto State. Routed from these, we plunge into Georgia only to meet the advancing columns from the West, or be frightened out of all propriety by raiding parties from the line of the Atlantic. With scant wardrobe and depleted purse we continue our peripatetic wanderings to Alabama; but "here we rest"—the rendering of her beautiful Indian name—is still no soothing balm to the weary feet of the traveller. Louisiana is without charta, and Florida is but a corner. Where next? To Texas! We cross the Mississippi, and sweep across a gently rolling country, whose millions of yet untouched acres wait only the tickle of the hoe "to laugh with a harvest." Hospitality greets the refugee; plenty abounds; the country has not been laid waste by marching armies; the foot fall of an enemy has not been heard; all the associations of Peace—even in the use of specie as currency—exist, and prosperity reigns undisturbed. Here, then, is the Mecca of all disheartened Confederates—the spot whereon we may rest our bodies, refresh our souls, and recuperate our exhausted energies. The tide of war may roll on elsewhere, but here the waves will lose themselves among vast prairies which are empires in themselves. The prospect is a pleasant one, and the picture not intensely colored. Individually, it is open to, and may be enjoyed by all.

From a military and collective point of view, the theme suggests graver considerations. If, after obstinately contesting the possession of our soil, inch by inch, from Virginia to Georgia, or from Tennessee to the Gulf, the fate of war should compel Gen. Lee and his armies, together with the Executive heads of the nation, temporarily to abandon the States East of the Mississippi, there is not a foot-hold in all the world more inviting or secure than may be found upon the soil of Texas. Equal in territory to any three of the large States possessing a fertility of land that would supply a million of men for a generation; with great herds of wild cattle roaming on her prairies to contribute solid food for their sustenance; embroidered by a coast line, from almost any point of which we could connect ourselves with Europe; bounded by a country rich in every natural resource, whose Emperor is a friend, if not an ally, Texas is a State in which the war might continue *ad infinitum*, or until the foe were ready to acknowledge our independence.

There, the advantages would all be on our side. The enemy would be compelled to supply its armies far away from their magazines. By sea and land, thousands of miles would necessarily have to be crossed before the first step towards the subjugation of the State could be commenced; and then to defeat all plans and preparations, we need but fall back, and let the enemy follow to meet their destruction almost without a blow.

The view may be a novel one, but we believe it can be demonstrated, that if the Confederacy is whipped at all, she will be whipped by railroads. We live in an age in which time and space have been annihilated by steam and lightning. The telegraph and passenger train have caused more battles in one year than have before been fought in half a century. A blessing in one sense, they have proved a curse in another. We have used them to concentrate troops and move supplies, but they have opened to the enemy all the avenues of approach to the heart of the Confederacy. They have been the grand objective points of every campaign, and when gained, have rarely been released. The war has been a war for the defence of railroads, and two hundred thousand dead men along their track attest the fact. True, this has been one of the natural sequences of the progress of the age, and the old fashioned strategy of European struggles has been forced to yield

to the new influences engendered by that progress.

Still, had there been no railroads and telegraphs, this revolution would never have attained its present magnitude. The country would not have been over-run, the temptation to pierce and occupy our interior would have been wanting, and a few pitched battles along the frontier would have brought our acknowledgement as a free and independent people. In Texas they have but few of these two-edged swords. War on her soil would, therefore, be conducted in aboriginal style. Once in the State, we could never be ousted; and once in, the enemy would never escape. The old principles of military art would again be applied, and long before the war could terminate on this side of the Mississippi by mere force of arms, the victories there achieved through the combination of a hundred influences in our favor, would result in a glorious peace.—*Carolinian*.

### INFLUENCE OF THE AMERICAN WAR IN INDIA.

—The Liverpool Times says the merchants and traders of Bombay have reaped a golden harvest in consequence of the war in this country, through the impetus it has given to the cotton trade in India. Immense fortunes have been made by every one largely engaged in the work of producing and stimulating the growing of cotton. Millionaires abound. Clerks with small salaries have had their fortunes swelled out to gigantic proportions. Even the ryots, the poorest and most depressed of the agricultural laborers in Hindoostan, have partaken so freely of this auriferous manna that they now rejoice in every comfort and luxury the East can supply. Every person however remotely concerned with cotton has made money enough to satisfy the misers' utmost avarice. But there have been drawbacks to this otherwise glowing picture. The price of other articles has correspondingly increased, the value of property, of houses, of lodgings, of the necessaries of life, has more than kept pace with this sudden shower of the precious metals. Persons with fixed incomes now find it impossible to live in the city which has been the scene of this extraordinary change, and the Governor of Bombay, under the fear of being deserted by his auxiliaries, was compelled in self-defence, to increase their stipends, lest they should be overwhelmed and crushed by this plethora of good luck to the comparative few. Cotton has been so remunerative under the new stimulant of high price that the cultivation of grain, rice and other edibles has been comparatively neglected, and the anomaly is witnessed of starvation following in the wake of this sudden and unlooked for prosperity.

**BLOCKADE RUNNING.**—In connection with the closing of the port of Wilmington, the following statistics of the blockade running are interesting:

In 1862, 1863 and 1864, no fewer than 111 swift steamers were built on the Clyde for the purpose of running the blockade of the Confederate ports. Of the whole 111 steamers, 70 have either been captured or destroyed, leaving at the close of 1864, 29 still running while 11 were on their way out. The number running at the close of 1864 was larger than at any previous period in the annals of the blockade. The average number of trips made by a blockade runner does not exceed five, so that enormous profits must be realized per voyage to make this peculiar branch of adventure at all remunerative. Most of the blockade runners become watchers, in which capacity they prove very serviceable. It may be added that notwithstanding the large number of blockade runners captured or destroyed, more new steamers were built on the Clyde in 1864 to supply their places than either in 1862 or 1863, showing that speculators are not at all disheartened.

At to polite rebukes they are not uncommon, and are more easy to administer, Frederick, called the Great, of Prussia, was at least a very great snuff taker. To save the trouble of continually pushing his hand in his pocket, he had a snuff box on his chimney piece of every room in the suit of rooms he occupied. One day, when busy in his cabinet, he saw a page, who fancied he was not observed, unceremoniously testing the royal snuff. He took no further notice at the time, but about an hour afterward he ordered the page to bring him the box. "Take a pinch," said the king; "how do you find it?" "Excellent sir." "And the box?"—"Superb sir." Very well; keep it then; it hardly holds enough for us two."

**A GOOD COMPARISON.**—Dahlias are like the most beautiful women without intellectuality.—They strike you with astonishment by their exterior splendor, but are miserably destitute of those properties which distinguish and render agreeable less imposing flowers. Had nature given the fragrance of the rose or the lily to the dahlia, it would have been the most magnificent gem of the garden; but wanting scent, it is like a fine woman without mind.

### Fire in Savannah.

At a little before 11 o'clock, on the 1st Feb., commenced the greatest conflagration that has occurred in Savannah since 1820, so says the Herald (yankee) newspaper of that place.

Before midnight the ammunition was reached, and then commenced a series of terrific explosions.

The roar and crashing of the exploding shells awoke many a sleeper from his quiet repose. People rushed from their houses half dressed, and ran to and fro in phrenzied excitement.

Between twelve and one the scene was sadly, savagely grand. The flames from the burning piles of building had spread in one lurid sheet over the city with a black cloud of smoke like a funeral pile hovering over them. Every moment hissing, shrieking shells would mount in the air, dashing their hurtling fragments around.

To add to the panoramic beauty of this sublime scene, a shell struck the side of the reservoir, and a jet-de-feu, sprang forth, rivaling in beauty any fountain, and looking in the fiery glare like a shower of molten silver.

About this time we ventured toward the scene of ruin and conflagration, and it was heart-rending in the extreme. Women and children were rushing around in panic-stricken confusion, some striving to save a little of their effects; others wildly escaping the flying missiles. With death staring them in the face, the fire companies were on the spot striving to subdue the devouring elements. What made the moral courage they displayed the greater, a report got currency that several barrels of powder were in the building contiguous, towards which the fire was rapidly advancing.

We saw a few dead and some wounded men lying on the street and being carried away. Women and children were huddled in groups under shelter of walls and houses, trembling both with cold and fear.

In the confusion, families were separated, and it was painful to see mothers rushing back through the flames and flying missiles, seeking their children, and when found, frantically embracing them and bearing them from the living flames.

We have seen towns sacked, we have seen many a battlefield, but so fearfully grand and appalling a sight we have scarcely ever witnessed.

The buildings on both sides of West Broad street, on to Ann street and St. Gaul, with the buildings along Congress street, Pine street, Broughton street, and Zubly's street, are all in ruins, with nothing but tall spectre looking chimneys remaining.

It was a sad sight to see houseless women and children weeping over the ruins of their late homes. They were now outcasts, as poor and shelterless as Lazarus. Many who had contented themselves that they had their comfortable homes spared them from the wreck of war, where they could nestle and toil through the world anew, now felt the cold hand of utter hopelessness press upon them.

**ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.**—Northern bapers intimate that England will soon have trouble in Australia. The people, we see by the Picayune, have determined that their country shall not be made a place of refuge for all the villains of Great Britain, and are persistently urging the Home Government to abolish the system of transportation. For many months petitions and remonstrances, private and official have been sent forward against sending any more convicts to Western Australia. Men of all shades of opinion, and of every class, have taken a part in the agitation, and made a common cause of it. In fact the feeling is unanimous and profound, that the soil of Australia shall no longer be polluted by the filth of England, and that a persistence in the policy will inevitably tend to estrangement and final separation. Since the discovery of gold a better class of population has emigrated to Australia, and with the thrift and enterprise of its people it is becoming wealthy and prosperous. Melbourne, the principal city, which had but a few thousand inhabitants ten years ago, has more than 150,000 population. With a country, three millions of square miles in extent, which embraces every variety of climate, from torrid to temperate, with arable soil, and enriched with the golden treasures of the earth, it is natural that the Australians should seek to remove the stigma which rests on their country as a convict land, and strive for an honorable future.

**FROM WESTERN CAROLINA.**—The last Asheville News says that reports from East Tennessee represent Gen. Thomas, with from fifteen to twenty thousand troops, moving up the country, and repairing the railroad as they advance. Every indication points to the permanent occupation of the country. General Thomas' advance had reached Greenville.

General Johnston is reported to be falling back in a Westernly direction, Sherman following, and General Lee to be in a position, which enables him to concentrate at will. The legions are gathering for battle, and in the tremendous blows likely to be inflicted, we read signs of promise.—*Carolinian*.

### True Remarks.

The Selma (Alabama) Reporter says: The military ought always to be subordinate to the civil authorities, except in districts overrun or adjacent to the enemy. It is a common observation with those who are observant of the signs of the times, that there is now not much law in the land; and, realizing this, all restraint is being thrown off by the dissolute and licentious, and the most daring atrocities perpetrated in the open light of day. We are drifting rapidly into anarchy and barbarism, and unless we bestir ourselves from the stupor which is a tacit license to crime and outrage, such as is stalking abroad unchecked in our midst, we must suffer consequences too horrible to contemplate without a shudder. We must do something adequate to the emergency, if we would purge our community of lion headed rascality and its attendant results.

Several atrocities of astounding magnitude have gone unwhipped of justice within a fortnight past, and if the sanctity of law and the inviolability of human rights continue thus to be trampled upon, the day cannot be distant when our cities will be a bodeful from which honest people will be compelled to fly as from a Sodom ripe for the descending fires of Heaven. Even now there is but a partial security of life: for property there is none except bolts and bars, and these are broken with the easiest facility. It is plain to see that our law abiding citizens will have to organize themselves into vigilance companies for patrol duty and the other offices essential to self protection. Neither civil or military laws affords the adequate protection, called for under the terrible circumstances that surround us: the first is inoperative, while the latter is prostituted by the demoralization in the land.

We hear almost daily of men here and elsewhere being shot down in cold blood, without even the shadow of arraignment or investigation, by military orders. This it will never do to submit to, for such acquiescence in lawlessness involves the absolute ruin of our beloved country. Honest people cannot long respect a country—much less will they fight for it—after it is seen that justice is ignored even by the guardians of the public weal, and good men generally lulled into stupefaction by the infernal vampire which is stealing our senses while it fans us to sleep. We are tottering upon the brink of a precipice which will swallow us up unless we spring backward from its opened jaws! Rogues and assassins are marshalling in battle array to pillage us under the cover of midnight, and they will accomplish their purposes if something be not done speedily to thwart their designs. Are we helpless? If not, let us wake up at once, and confront our perils at home ere we suffer our minds to be diverted by damages that are remote.

**THE CURIOUS.**—A curious man is necessarily endowed with many virtues; or at least, his curiosity stands him in the place of them. Industry and perseverance he must possess in the highest degree. There is no stone which a truly curious person will leave unturned, in order to obtain a bit of intelligence. Queen Sheba performed a tedious pilgrimage merely to get a sight of King Solomon. Actæon encountered a cruel deity to learn what sort of stuff a goddess was made of; or probably to ascertain whether she was as great a prude as she pretended. One woman jammed herself into a clock-case to surprise the secrets of the Freemasons; and many a man and many a woman too, have sacrificed the happiness of their entire life for the mere pleasure of satisfying themselves that they were not loved by their wedded life-partner. What a world of intrigue will a truly curious man bring to bear, for the purpose of knowing the contents of your butcher's tray, or learning what news the postman brought you this morning, or of discovering whether you dine at home or abroad. Another quality essential to the curious man is courage. As all the world have something to conceal, all the world have their hands set against him who would penetrate their secret; and kickings and cuffings innumerable are the reward of that patriotism, which would make itself a substitute for Momus's glass window in the human breast.

**CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.**—No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unite in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandize or his farm fly over the land, sail upon seas, meet difficulty, and encounter danger, if he know that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for bappy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.