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The Capture of Richmond.

Yankee Accounts!

We have been kindly placed in possession of the Cincinnati Enquirer, of the 6th of April, from which we call the following telegraphic summary of events in Virginia:

THE TERRIBLE FIGHT.

NEW YORK, April 5.—The Herald's correspondence has the following account of operations on Sunday:

At midnight of Saturday, General Wilcox had orders to demonstrate on the right of his line, so as to draw the rebels from the left preparatory to operations in that quarter. The next morning, Admiral Porter and all the artillery in the works on the right were also set to work. Wilcox's skirmish lines were advanced, the rebels were aroused, and soon sharp volleys of musketry were heard, indicating that they were at work. Amid the noise and smoke the skirmishers pushed on until reaching the outskirts of Petersburg, when they met a heavy body of rebels advancing upon them.

A brisk engagement followed, but our numbers were so small that we were compelled to withdraw. Wilcox then got orders to attack Fort Monroe, on the left. He massed a column for the purpose. While this was being done, similar dispositions were making further on the left, and a system of cannon signals had been agreed upon to fix the moment of starting, that all might assault simultaneously. Owing to a mist which hung over the field, the preparations had been concealed from the enemy. At 4 o'clock the signal was given. The men advanced quickly and in perfect order, with fixed bayonets. That they went to stay was indicated by being accompanied by a detachment of heavy artillery, prepared to turn and work the enemy's guns.

Presently musketry was heard, and the rebel picket line was reached, now a hearty cheer, followed by the roar of musketry. The cheering and musketry firing is taken up and rung along to the left, until it is lost in the distance. Instantly the artillery on both sides is at work, and two hundred big guns peal forth their thunder. But the work is quickly done. Harriman, of the 97th Wisconsin, Acting Brigadier General, gave the order to charge up, and away the noble fellows went, over the breastworks, rifle-pits, abattis, chevaux-de-frise, the parapet of the fort, into the main works, and the deed was accomplished.

For one moment the thunderstruck rebels looked, and then took to flight; but our fellows were too quick for all of them, and captured 250. Nine guns were found in this fort, and quickly trained, were set at work annoying the rebel batteries. This, with the simultaneous operations further to the left, cut the rebel line in two, took from them commanding positions, and a large amount of valuable artillery. Scarcely were we in quiet possession of the fort, when the rebels having reorganized their forces and picked up some reinforcements, came up with a determined effort to retake the fort.

They made a most desperate effort—assaulting up against terrific discharges of grape and canister, and withering volleys of musketry, but it was to no purpose. Four times during the day did they attempt to retake this important position, but were each time sent reeling back in disorder, losing heavy each time. It was in one of these assaults that the rebel General A. P. Hill lost his life, seeking in person to lead his men up to the works. Meantime the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Corps, having broken through the rebel lines in their front, were swung around to the rear, and coming down both upon their rear and flank, it was evident that Petersburg was lost to the rebellion. The movements of the Sixth Corps were so rapid that Gen. Lee himself narrowly escaped capture. As it was, his headquarters fell into our hands.

The Tribune's correspondent recounts the operations on our left. At 4.30 Sunday morning the Sixth Corps left its lines to attack the enemy's left centre. It moved in echelon, so as to enable the Corps to throw forward its left, and flank the works of the enemy, one after another. Soon a battery of four guns opened upon the First Division, but, by a rapid change of the Twelfth Brigade, it was immediately captured.—The batteries of the enemy, now opened from every point, but on went our gallant braves. The left soon reached

some works in their front, and one by one they fell into our hands. At 10.30 a grand picture of war presented itself.

The line of corps, with its left in advance, was sweeping on toward two heavy forts. The rebels plied their guns vigorously, and shells burst thickly over our lines. On pushed the left division until it struck the Southside Railroad. Against the two forts swept the Second Division, our artillery playing upon the forts from commanding positions incessantly, until our men were close up to them. Then a dash was made upon the works, but it was repulsed. Again it was tried, and this time it met with success; but so resolute were the rebels inside, that some of them used the bayonet for a short time, as these works fell into our hands.

A loud cheer rent the air, and the enemy were seen hastily retiring to their second line, which opened sharply in an effort to stay our advance. About this time Sheridan appeared on the field, and was received with loud cheers by the Sixth Corps, who look up to him with great respect. At this moment, too, our entire line was changing its long front to the right, and slowly before it the broken line of the enemy was falling back upon their rear defences.

Against the line to which they fell back, a heavy force was now pitted, composed of parts of the Twenty-fourth, Sixth and Twenty-fifth Corps, and nearly all fresh troops. A lull took place, and when the force was ready to move it was plain that a distinct action was to be fought. Dusk stole over the scene, and the attack was deferred for the next day.

While the above fighting was taking place, the Sixth Corps and cavalry, under Sheridan, turned the right wing of the rebel army, taking from 4,000 to 5,000 prisoners.

The Second Corps, connecting with the Fifth, was also victorious, notwithstanding they had, perhaps, the roughest ground to fight over, and a brave, determined foe in the rebel Third Corps.

The line of defenses in front of the Ninth Corps was stronger than those at any other point. It delivered many assaults during the day, and suffered severely. At night it found itself close up to the main line of the defenses, but unable to go further. The First Division of the Tenth Corps aided the Ninth greatly.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The War Department has just received the following order:—The Examining Board, of which Major-General Cassey is President, will immediately adjourn to Richmond, Va., at which place he will resume its present duties.

Major-General Cassey, will, in addition take general superintendence of recruiting and mustering colored troops in Richmond, Va., and the adjacent country.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—Hon. G. W. McLellen, Second Assistant Postmaster General, today received the following dispatch:

RICHMOND, April 4.—I have taken possession of the Richmond Postoffice in the name of the Postoffice Department of the United States. I found a large quantity of United States property; pouches, locks, safes, &c. Mails that should have left the city to-day are all here pouched and filled. I have not yet had an opportunity of conferring with the military authority, but the Provost Marshal has kindly placed a guard over the buildings and effects.

D. B. PARKER, Special Agent.

GREAT SWELLING WORDS.—"That was a masterly performance," said Mr. Balloon to his friend, Mr. Jones, as they emerged from the church where the Rev. Gassman had been discoursing on the Relation of the Infinite to the Impossible.

"Yes—no," replied Mr. Jones, "I suppose it was very fine, but it was out of my depth. I confess to being one of the sheep who looked up and were not fed."

"That's because you haven't a metaphysical mind," said Mr. Balloon, regarding his friend with pity; "you've got a certain faculty of mind, but I suspect you haven't the logical grasp necessary for the comprehension of such a sermon as that."

"I am afraid I haven't," said Mr. Jones.

"I tell you what it is," continued Mr. Balloon, "Mr. Gassman has got a head. He is an intelligent man. I hardly know whether he is greater as a subjective preacher, or in the luminous objectivity of his *argumentum ad hominem*. As an inductive reasoner, too, he is perfectly great. With what synthetical power he refuted the Homolousian theory! I tell you Homolousianism will be nowhere after this."

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Jones, "I went to sleep at that long word, and didn't wake up until he was on the theodicy."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Balloon, "that was a splendid specimen of ratiocinative word painting. I was completely carried away when, in

his singular terse and narrow style, he took an analogical view of the anthropological."

But at this point Mr. Balloon "soared aloft" so high that he left the more terrestrial Mr. Jones.

Circumstantial Evidence.

That circumstantial evidence cannot always be strictly relied on, is proved by the melancholy fact that innocent men and women have been legally murdered in England; witness Eliza Fenning, Ambrose Gwynett, and many other cases.

THE BROTHERS.

Who has not heard of 'the story of the two brothers?' Twenty different versions exist, many of them equally incorrect. They traveled to a seaport town together; an argument, vociferously conducted, ensued after dinner; they slept in a double-bedded room; one of the brothers rose at 3 o'clock, of a fine summer morning, and wandered to a cliff. He was seized by smugglers, whom he detected in buying punchons of spirits. They were too amiable to murder him, and merely put him on board a vessel which was bound for the West Indies. Meanwhile his brother, who, after his port wine and altercation, had slept the calm sleep of innocence, awoke in the morning to find his brother's pillow covered with blood, and his brother missing. It can be easily believed that when he rang the bell and summoned the landlord, his protestations of innocence were fruitless, and he was soon in the hands of the myrmidons of the law. Stains of blood were traced from the bed-room to the edge of a cliff, where marks of a scuffle were found. He was indicted for murder, and defended by counsel. Every effort was made to save his life, and his life was saved—but not in the way our readers may imagine.

The interest of this terrible drama is enhanced by the fact that the unfortunate man was engaged to a beautiful young girl, who was present at his trial, believed to the last in his innocence, and left him, after a heart-rending interview, in the condemned cell.

In those good old days, men were not hanged in front of country jails but on an adjacent common considered suitable for the spectacle. The victim, in this instance, was taken to the place of execution and constructively strangled. When the law's last vengeance had been wreaked, a shepherd, wandering near the spot, heard a low moan, and cut down the pendant half-choked man. He re-animated, in his rude way, this creature whom Providence would seem to have saved by means miraculous as ever such interposition could be. He assisted his escape, and communicated with his now still more frantic betrothed, whose relations supplied the necessary money for flight. He was placed on board a vessel in the channel bound for Barbadoes; and the first man he met in Bridgetown was the brother for whose murder he had been wholly convicted and half-hanged. Their interview may be imagined. Earnest had left Walter asleep; he had been seized with a violent fit of bleeding at the nose, which would account for the blood upon the pillow, and for similar stains which, as I have stated, were traced to the cliff. How he fell into the hands of smugglers has already been narrated. This, of course, well authenticated, but rather improbable story, proves the infallibility of the 'twelve intelligent men.' It is human to err, and it is human to err on the side of mercy.

THE ELOPEMENT.

About forty years ago, a gentleman was tried and convicted upon circumstantial evidence of the murder of his niece. She was heard to exclaim, 'don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me!' and that instant a pistol or fowling-piece was fired off. Upon these circumstances the gentleman was convicted and executed. Near twelve months after, the niece, who had eloped, arrived in England; and bearing of the affair, elucidated the whole transaction. It appeared that she had formed an attachment for a person of whom her uncle disapproved. When walking in the fields, he was earnestly disreading her from the connection, when she replied, 'that she was resolved to have him, or it would be her death; and therefore said, don't kill me, uncle don't kill me. At the moment she uttered these words, a fowling-piece was discharged by a sportsman in a neighboring field.' The same night she eloped from her uncle's house; and the combination of these suspicious circumstances occasioned his ignominious death.

The Sabbath is the green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, when after the week day's journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose; where he rests beneath the shade of the lofty palm trees, and dips his vessel in the waters of the calm, clear stream, and receives his strength to go forth again upon his pilgrimage in the desert with renewed vigor and cheerfulness.

IMPORTANT TO CHURCH GOING PEOPLE.—The gentleman at Church may be known by the following marks:

1. Comes in good season, so as to neither interrupt the pastor nor the congregation by a late arrival.
2. Does not stop on the steps nor in the portico, either to gaze at the ladies, salute friends, or display his colloquial powers.
3. Opens and shuts the door gently, and walks deliberately and lightly up the aisle or gallery stairs, and gets his seat as quietly, and by making as few people move as possible.
4. Takes his place either in the back part of the seat, or steps out in the aisle when any one wishes to pass in, and never thinks of such a thing as making people crowd pass him while keeping his place on his seat.
5. Is always attentive to strangers and gives up his seat to such; seeking another for himself.
6. Never thinks of defiling the house of God with tobacco spit, or annoying those who sit near him by chewing that nauseous weed in church.
7. Never unless in the case of illness, gets up or goes out during the time of service.—But if necessity compels him to do so, goes so quietly that his very manner is an apology for the act.
8. Does not engage in conversation before the commencement of service.
9. Does not whisper, or laugh, or eat fruit in the house of God, or lounge in that holy place.
10. Does not rush out of the church like a tramping horse, the moment the benediction is pronounced, but retires slowly in a noiseless, quiet manner.
11. Does all he can by precept and example to promote decorum in others, and is ever ready to lend his aid to discountenance all indecorum in the house of God.

EXHAUSTION OF CONVERSATION.—Count Goufflonier, in his account of his long imprisonment, writes: Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; during nine, I was alone. I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate, we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away, I never knew where, to execution or liberty. But I was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than his pale, vacant face.

CURE FOR SMALL-POX.—The German Reformed Messenger has received a letter from a friend in China; in which it is stated a great discovery is reported to have been recently made by a surgeon of the English army in China, in the way of an effectual cure of small-pox. The mode of treatment is as follows:

When the preceding fever is at its height and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs. This is said to be now the established mode of treatment in the British army in China, by general orders, and is regarded as a perfect cure.

A friend has kindly sent us the following leaf from a Scrap Book:

"Kiss me and go," said the maid of my heart,
As she proffered her lips as my pay to depart,
"The morn is approaching; my mother will know—
My dearest and kindest, oh! kiss me and go!"

She gave me the blessing in such a sweet way,
That the thrill of pleasure enticed me to stay;
So we kissed till the morn came in with its glow,
And she said every moment, "Oh, kiss me and go!"

RECIPE FOR THE ITCH.—Dr. C. Dupre has originated a specific for the cure of itch, which, because of its value in curing this disease, I take pleasure in furnishing your readers, that those so afflicted may be benefited by its use. Three days' use is sufficient for a radical cure.

R.—Calomel, 30 grs.
Pulv. Camphor, 20 grs.
Lard, 1 oz.—Mix well.

Directions.—Wash the part affected thoroughly with strong soapwash once a day. Then rub the ointment well into the diseased parts twice daily.

Why are young ladies like arrows? Because they are in a quiver when the beaux come.