

The Jersey Herald.

"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

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PIPER AT LEXINGTON.

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 LEXINGTON! Concord! What American boy or girl man or woman has not heard or read of these little Massachusetts villages, where the first earnest blows for American independence were struck and the hot flame of the Revolution first burst out, on the 19th of April, 1775? Among the first objects of my pilgrimage were these two villages.

It was a charming morning in October, 1848, when I traveled by railway from Boston to Concord, seventeen miles northwest of the New England capital. There I spent an hour with Major Barrett and his wife, who "saw the British scamp," and had lived together there almost sixty years. The major seemed robust at eighty-seven and his wife, almost as old, seemed as nimble of foot as a matron in middle life. She was a vivacious little woman, well formed, and retained many traces of the beauty of her young womanhood. They had much to tell me of events their eyes had witnessed.

After visiting the place of the skirmish at Concord, I rode in a private vehicle to Lexington, six miles eastward, through a picturesque and fertile country, and entered the famous village at the Green, whereon that skirmish occurred and a commemorative monument now stands. After brief interviews with two or three aged persons there, I drove to the house of Jonathan Harrington, in East Lexington, who, a lad seventeen years old, had heard the opening of the old war for independence with the shrill notes of the fife.

As I halted before the house of Mr. Harrington, at a little past noon, and saw an old man wielding an axe vigorously in splitting wood in his yard, I entered the gate and introduced myself and my errand. The old man was the venerable fifer.

"Come in and rest yourself," he said kindly, as he led the way into the house.

Although he was then past ninety years of age, he appeared no older than a man of seventy. His form was nearly erect; his voice was firm; his complexion was fair; his placid face was lighted by mild blue eyes, and had but few deep wrinkles; his hair, not all white, was very abundant, and in stature he was of medium height and slender. I took a seat on a chintz-covered lounge, and he sat in a Boston rocking-chair.

"I have come," I said, "to make some inquiries about the battle of Lexington."

"It wasn't a battle," he answered; "only a skirmish."

"It was a sharp one," I said.

"Yes, pretty sharp," pretty sharp," he replied, laughingly. "Eight fine young men out of a hundred were killed; two of them my blood relations."

"I understand you played the fife on that morning," I said.

"As well as I could," he replied. "I taught myself to play the year before, when the Minute-men were training, and I was the only person in Lexington who knew how to fife. That ain't saying much, though, for then there were only eight or ten house in the village beside the meeting-house."

"Did you belong to the Minute-men?" I asked.

"I was a Minute boy. They asked me to fife, to help Joe Burton make music with his drum for Captain Parker's company. Poor Joe! His drum-head was smashed and he lost a finger in the fight. Captain Amos Baker's company was drilled the Mr. It before, for Sol Brown, our a while, neighbor, came from Boston a furniture and said he had seen nine British soldiers walking toward Lexington. Sam Adams and John Hancock were at Parson Clarke's house, where Dorothy Quincy, Hancock's sweetheart, was staying. Gago wanted to catch and hang 'em, and it was believed the soldiers Sol had seen had been sent out to seize 'em at night. A guard of ten men, Sergeant Monroe (who kept a tavern here) were stationed around Parson Clarke's house. At a little past midnight Paul Revere—you've heard of Revere—came riding like mad

from Cambridge, his horse all afoam for the weather was uncommonly warm. He told Monroe he wanted to see Hancock. "He didn't want to be disturbed by noise," said the sergeant. "Noise," did Revere; you'll have noise enough soon, for the reg'lars are coming!" Hancock heard him, and opening a window called out, "Revere, I know you; come in." He went into the house a moment, then came out, mounted his horse, and started on a gallop toward Concord. Very soon everybody in Lexington was astir."

"Were you on duty then?" I inquired.

"No," he said; "I went to bed at eleven o'clock, and as all boys do, I slept soundly. My mother, who was a Dunster and one of the most patriotic women who ever lived, called out to me at three o'clock in the morning, 'Jonathan! Jonathan! Get up. The reg'lars are coming and something must be done.' I dressed quickly, slung my light gun over my shoulder, took my fife from a chair, and hurried to the 'parade near the meeting-house, where about fifty men had gathered, and others were arriving every minute. By four o'clock a hundred men were there. We did not wait long wondering whether reg'lars were really coming, for a man darted up to Captain Parker and told him they were close by. The captain immediately ordered Joe to beat the drum, and I fided with all my might. Alarm guns were instantly fired to call distant Minute-men to duty. Lights were now seen moving in all the houses. Daylight came at half-past four o'clock. Just then the reg'lars, who had heard the drum beat, rushed to ward us, and their leader shouted, 'Disperse, you rebels!' We stood still. He repeated the order with an oath, fired his pistol, and ordered his men to shoot. Only a few obeyed. Nobody was hurt, and we supposed their guns were loaded only with powder. We had been ordered not to fire first, and so we stood still. The angry leader of the reg'lars then gave another order for them to fire when a volley killed or wounded several of our company. Seeing the reg'lars trying to surround us, Captain Parker ordered us to retreat. As we fled some shots were sent back. Joe and I climbed a fence near Parson Clark's house and took to the woods near by. Climbing over, Joe fell upon a heap of stones and crushed in his drum-head. His hand was bleeding badly, and he found that a bullet had carried off a part of his little finger. Eight of our men had lost their lives."

"Where were Adams and Hancock all this time?" I inquired.

"Not far off. When the first shots were heard they were advised to fly to a place of safety, for their lives were too valuable to the public to be lost. At first they refused to go but were finally persuaded, and retired to a thick-wooded hill not far off. Dorothy Quincy went with her lover. They were married in the Fall. It is said Sam Adams, hearing the firing on the Green, exclaimed, 'What a glorious morning for America is this! I have no doubt he said it, for it was just like him.'"

"You said two of your blood relations perished in that fight," I observed.

"Yes," he replied; "they were Jonathan and Caleb Harrington. Caleb and Joe Comes, who lived a mile from Lexington, had gone into the meeting-house to get some powder stored in the loft. They had taken it to the gallery when the British reached the building. They flew to the door, and started on a run for the company. Caleb was shot dead at the west end of the meeting-house, but Joe, though wounded, escaped. Jonathan had stood his ground with the rest. His home was near the meeting-house. He was in front of his own dwelling when the reg'lars fired the third time, when he was shot in the breast and fell. His wife, Ruth, stood looking out of the window with their only child, nine years old, by her side. She saw her husband fall and ran to help him. He raised up, stretched out his arms toward her, fell again, and was dead before she could reach him. Oh, it was too cruel, too cru-

el!"

"There were brave men in that band of patriots," I remarked.

"Brave men!" said the old man, his mild eyes beaming with unusual lustre. "Braver men never lived. Not one of them left his post until Captain Parker, seeing it was useless to fight against so many reg'lars, told them to disperse. There was one man who wouldn't go even then. It was Jonas Parker, of this town. He lived near Parson Clarke's. He had said he would never run from an enemy, and he didn't. He had loaded his musket, put his hat containing powder, wadding and bullets between his feet, and so faced the reg'lars. At the second fire he was wounded and fell on his knees. Then he fired his gun; and, though he was dying, he reached for another charge in his hat, when a big red-coat killed him with a bayonet on the very spot where Jonas first stood. Wasn't that pluck?"

"Rare pluck," I answered. "The names of such men should never be forgotten."

"They never will be," replied the venerable patriot excitedly. Their names are all cut deep in marble on the little monument down yonder on the Green—Robert Monroe, Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Jr., Isaac Murry, Caleb Harrington, John Brown and Ashel Porton. Should that marble perish their names are cut deeper in the memory of Americans."

"You said it was a warm day when Revere rode from Cambridge to Lexington," I remarked.

"Yes, it was a very early spring day. Young leaves appeared on the first day of April. The grass on the village Green was so tall on the 10th that it waded in the light wind that was blowing. At noon that day the quicksilver in Parson Clarke's thermometer rose to eighty-five degrees on the north side of his house, and the door-yards were all bright with dandelions."

"Did you serve in the army afterward?" I inquired.

"No," he said; "farther, went to the war, and I staid at home to help mother take care of things, for I was the oldest boy. I played the fife sometimes after that when the young men in the neighborhood were training for the fight."

By permission, I drew a likeness of Mr. Harrington sitting in his rocking-chair, and under it he wrote with a trembling hand, which condition he attributed to the use of the axe that morning,

JONATHAN HARRINGTON.
 Aged 90, the 8th July, 1848.

His brother Charles, two years younger than he, came in before I had finished the sketch. I could not but look with reverence upon these strong old men, children of one mother, who had borne five sons and three daughters, who had nearly grown to manhood when the war for independence broke out. I bade them farewell, received from the old fifer the benediction, "God bless you," went back to the village Green sketched the monument and called upon their kinsman Abijah Harrington, who was a lad fourteen years old at the time of the skirmish. He saw nearly all of the fight. He had two brothers in it, and had been sent by his mother, trembling on account of her sons, to watch the fray at a safe distance, and to obtain information concerning her brave boys. They escaped unhurt.

From Mr. Harrington's I went to the house of Parson Clarke's, where I found Mrs. Margaret Chandler, a remarkably intelligent old lady, then eighty-three years of age. She had lived in that house ever since the Revolution; had a clear recollection of events at Lexington on the memorable April morning, and gave me a version of the escape of Adams and Hancock somewhat different from that given by the venerable fifer.

On the seventy-five anniversary (1850) of the conflicts at Lexington and Concord, Mr. Harrington rode in the procession with his brother Charles, aged ninety; Amos Baker, aged ninety-four; Thomas Hill, aged ninety-two, and Dr. Preston, aged eighty-four. At the banquet, after the procession, the aged fifer offered the toast: "The 19th of April, 1887. All who remember that day will sup-

port the Constitution of the United States." On that occasion Edward Everett made a speech, in which he remarked that it pleased his heart to see these venerable men beside him and he was happy to assist Mr. Jonathan Harrington to put on his top-coat a few minutes before. In doing so he was ready to say, with David, "Very pleasant art thou to me, my brother Jonathan."

Mr. Harrington died late in March, 1854, when he was almost ninety six years of age, and was buried with public honors, the highest State officers with a military escort forming a part of the funeral procession.

BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D.
 DIVINELY PERFECT.

The following beautiful description of our Savior is said to have been found in a manuscript written by Lucius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Roman Senate, and is well worthy of preservation by those who are his followers at the present time:

"There is at present a man in Judea of a singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The Barabarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtues as to call back the dead from the grave, and heal every kind of disease with a touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped, his aspect mild and reserved. The hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably touching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the tenderness of the Nazarene's. His forehead is smooth and large; his cheeks, without spots, are of a lovely red; his mouth and nose are finished with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the color of his hair, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes large, bright and serene. He rebukes with mildness and invites with the most persuasive language."

"His whole address, whether in words or deeds, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of an exalted being. No man has ever heard him laugh, but the whole world beheld him weep, and so persuasive are his tears that one cannot refrain from joining in sympathy with him. He is modest, temperate and wise, and whatever the phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems a being of excellent beauty and divine perfection.—In every respect surpassing the children of men."

PICTURES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

Professor Drummond gave some graphic pictures of Central Africa, in his address before the American Association for the advancement of Science. He was surprised at the utter lack of vegetable and animal life but a short remove from the water courses. He says: "Not a tree, a shrub, or blade of grass, not a ray of the sunlight upon the white and yellow sand. The unending silence becomes solemnly, weirdly impressive, especially at night, when one gazes upon a boundless sea of sand broken into billows by occasional rocks. Possibly at intervals, in the distance, may be heard the yelp of the hyena or the far away roar of the lion, but the rustle of a leaf or the hum of an insect is an unknown sound. Inland trips were terrible. To move was pain and prostration, and yet to keep in motion was better than to halt. Sleep was impossible, even under canvas. Over the plains the quivering heat rises in waves from hot iron, while the mirage mocks the sense with life like pictures of lakes and rippling waters. The journey was day after day through narrow, oven hot valleys, over bald billtops, with here and there a grove of jungle scattered like islets amid the waste."—*Magazine of American History.*

AWFUL MEDICAL TERMS.

Speaking of the awful law breaking terms which the dermatologists or specialists in skin diseases affect, *The New York Medical Record* says, these gentlemen "may be a little disappointed in their therapeutics, like the rest of the profession, but when it comes to giving diseases names of real, rasping, polysyllabic stridulosity they leave other specialists, including the author of volapuk, far behind." Dr. Hyle has recently reported three cases in which the patients were affected with symmetrical and recurrent or persistent tylosis of the palmar and plantar surfaces, accompanied by hyperidrosis, alopecia, bromhidrosis, and a species of onychia, which the author supposed to be due to the same process in the skin which produced the callosities." *The Daily News* ventures to explain that, in ordinary parlance, these patients were troubled with corns.—*Chicago News.*

THE ANATOMY OF CONCEIT.

(Sunday School Times.)

Every man sees with his own eyes. He discovers in the world only what his capacity and range of vision fit him to see. So every man thinks and judges and estimates other men and himself according to standards and limitations peculiar to his own mind. The eye of the soul has its right measure of his fellow-men, because he measures them by the false standard of his own thinking. Still more men have no right estimate of themselves. Wrong estimates of others and of ourselves are sure to be found together sooner or later; they spring from the root—namely, bad standards, or a faulty application of good standards. In this way a man may either underestimate or overestimate himself. Thus arises conceit. This quality is simply erroneous self-measurement.

Conceit implies a narrow and superficial knowledge of the world. As in perception we determine the size of things by comparison of them with other things, so we estimate men and ourselves by comparison. The earth seems very great to us when we cross its oceans and traverse its continents. But when we pursue the astronomer's reasonings, and learn that there are worlds in comparison with which our planet is little more than a floating particle of dust, our estimates of its relative size and importance is wholly changed. A better knowledge of the universe humbles our judgment concerning our world as a part of the creation of God. In like manner all self-estimates are relative. In self-conceit man dwarfs the universe in order to magnify himself. With a true conception of the vastness of the universe, and of the wisdom and power revealed in it, conceit is impossible. The mind is overwhelmed with the impression of its weakness in the presence of that gigantic system of things in which it finds itself.

It follows that conceit springs from ignorance and thoughtlessness. It is consistent with only narrow views of the world and of life. It makes precisely the mistake of the old astronomy, which supposed our world to be the central and largest one of the system, simply because it knew so little of other worlds. The conceited man magnifies his own importance only because he does not know what real greatness is. He is great in his own eyes only because his eyes can see nothing truly great. Conceit arises from a low estimate of other men. Estimates of ourselves, as well as of other men, are relative. All self-measurements involve measurement of others. It results from this that there is no way by which the conceit can be taken out of a man so effectively as by bringing him into clear comparison and sharp competition with other men. This is the reason why it has become proverbial that school-life (especially college-life) will be likely to cure boys and young men of their conceit. In the class-room they are brought into close competition, in which even the best scholar is sure to be sometimes outdone by other men. This every man is frequently compelled to a tacit acknowledgment of others' superiority, and that in their very presence. This kind of life forbids to men the easy and flattering method of "comparing themselves with themselves," which is the great promoter of conceit.

This is the reason why the process of education tends to cure conceit. The men who recover from it least are the men who have too little perception to discover clearly, or too little sensitiveness to feel keenly, the superiority of others. The same principle holds in the great school of life. No man can remain perpetually conceited who has any adequate appreciation of the merits and attainments of his fellow-men. A man may be conscious that he has done his best, and may feel a keen satisfaction in this fact; but any large knowledge of men will show him how often his work has been equalled and surpassed. The real scholar is compelled to think modestly of his productions, for he well knows how thorough and successful have been the labors of others in the same or similar fields. He who is most likely to suppose that he has done a great service to science is the tyro who does not know what others have accomplished.

We estimate ourselves by comparison. The more widely and truly we know men, the more we shall see that we are frequently equalled and surpassed. Candid estimates of ourselves by comparison with others will make us think soberly, and judge modestly. Conceit has no more fruitful root than a narrow knowledge and prejudiced estimate of the labors and worth of others.

Conceit involves a faulty self-knowledge. It is noticeable that the man who thinks most highly of himself is one of whom others think least highly. The conceited man has only one ardent admirer—that is, himself. The world knows most men better than they know them-

selves, and at this point "this wise word" is mainly right. A true self-knowledge reveals our faults to us, and gives us a true view of ourselves. It lets the light in upon our narrow prejudices, and makes us ashamed of them. It discloses the insufficient grounds of many of our judgements, and unearths the subtle processes of our self-deception. It lays bare the operation of motives, and shows how often conscience itself is made a convenience. Self-knowledge humbles a man. Those who think themselves complete beyond other men commonly stand alone in that opinion. They think themselves complete only because while they keenly perceive others' faults they are blind to their own.

In this view lies almost the only excuse which can be given for the man of inordinate self-conceit. It implies intellectual weakness, an incapacity for keen discernment, an inability to study successfully one's self and others. It may be a mental quito as much as a moral fault, though it is usually both. In both views it is a quality whose development is to be dreaded and checked with the utmost promptness and sternness. No trait of character conveys a more unfavorable impression; none so quickly excites disgust; none provokes such constant and universal ridicule. The ancient proverb expresses the world's verdict on this point: "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

Conceit is a mark of real smallness of soul. It is a phase of selfishness. Conceit is essential littleness. It means small thoughts of the world and of other men; low ideals of character and attainment; weak and narrow conceptions of duty. It is a mark of self-centered life; and the life which makes self the center is as much smaller than the true life as the flea which made our earth the center of the universe was beneath the true conception of the solar system. "Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works," said Shakespeare. The men who have been servants of humanity—the great reformers and philanthropists—have been freed from conceit. They were great in humility; for humility, rightly understood, is essential greatness. Humility is the quality which leads men to serve others; conceit, the quality which leads them to serve themselves.

Traced to its deepest root, therefore, conceit is a fruit of fundamentally defective character. It implies a lack of appreciation of God's greatness, and a selfish every thoughtful mind should stand with reverence and humility, and the proofs of which in the world, in man, and in history might well impress every person with own feebleness and insignificance. It implies a want of generous sympathy and kindly appreciation of others. It gives rise to cynicism and misanthropy. The conceited man helps nobody unless he does it in order that he may thereby indirectly help himself. He is as intolerant of other men's faults as he is tolerant of his own.

ABOUT INDIANS.

The total Indian population of the United States is 247,761.

The estimated number of Indians in Alaska is 30,000.

The Indian agencies of the United States are sixty-one in number.

The number of Indian church members in the United States is 25,669.

The number of houses occupied by Indians in the United States is 21,232.

The number of Indians in the United States living on and cultivating lands is 9,012.

The number of Indians in the United States who wear citizens' dress is 81,621.

The number of Indians in the United States who can read Indian languages is 10,027.

The number of Indians in the United States who can read English is 10,237,495.

There are ten Indian training schools, located in different parts of the United States.

Indian reservations in 1886 in the United States amounted to 212,466 square miles approximately.

The Democrats have a limited range of vision as far as their country is concerned. They cannot see beyond Cleveland.—*Doston Gazette.*

But they can see Cleveland clearly. No Hill obscures their vision.—*Saratoga Eagle.*

STORM PROVERBS.

Red clouds at sunrise indicate storm.

Foxes barking at night indicate storm.

The aurora, when very bright indicates storm.

Soot burning on back of chimney indicates storm.

The weather usually moderates before a storm.

Sound traveling far and wide a storm day will betide.

Peafowl utter loud cries before a storm, and select a low perch.

Domestic animals stand with their heads from the coming storm.

Distant sounds heard with distinctness during the day indicate rain.

North and south the sign of drought, east and west the sign of blast.

Wild geese flying over in great numbers indicate approaching storm.

Cools becoming alternately bright and dim indicate approaching storms.

When oxen or sheep collect together as if they were seeking shelter, a storm may be expected.

It is said that blacksmiths select a stormy day in which to perform work that requires extra heat.

When a heavy cloud comes up in the southwest and seems to settle back again, look out for a storm.

The always boras brighter and throws out more heat just before the storm, and is better during a storm.

A long series of clouds, called a salmon or Noah's ark, east and west, is a sign of stormy weather; but when it extends north and south it is a sign of dry weather.

If the clouds be of different heights, the sky being grayish or dirty blue, with hardly any wind stirring, the wind, however, changing from west to south, or sometimes to southeast, without perceptibly increasing in force, expect storm.—*Boston Journal.*

THE MOSQUITO'S POISON.

Formic acid is the substance which ants, wasps, etc., deposit under the skin, and which produces the intense burning and itching which accompany wounds inflicted by them. This acid is a powerful poison, and if a mosquito was large enough to contain much more of it the bite of that creature would be very dangerous.—*Chicago News.*

MAKING STEEL.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 27.—The Henderson Steel Works, an experimental plant recently established by capitalists here, made steel at 6 o'clock this afternoon for the first time out of Birmingham pig iron, from Birmingham. It is now demonstrated beyond a doubt that steel can be made from North Alabama ore.

It is said the number of languages and dialects spoken in the world is 3,000 and yet a man can't find words enough to express his feelings when he takes a seat on the sidewalk just as he raises his hat to a pretty girl.—*Rochester Post Express.*

Act and Joint Resolutions of the Session of 1887.

The following Acts and Joint Resolutions became laws at the late session of the State Legislature:

An Act to allow Unimproved Lands, which have not been on the Tax Books since 1875, to be Listed without penalty.

Sec. 1. That in all cases where unimproved land, which has not been upon the tax books since the fiscal year commencing November 1st, 1875, and which are not in the forfeited list, shall at any time before the 1st day of October, 1888, be returned to the county auditor for taxation, he shall, before, and he is hereby, instructed to assess the same and to enter upon the duplicate of the fiscal year commencing November 1, 1887, with the simple taxes of that year.

Sec. 2. That all such lands as may be returned to the auditor for taxation, between the first day of October, 1888 and the first day of October, 1889, shall be assessed and charged with the simple taxes of the two fiscal years, commencing respectively on the first day of November, 1888.

Sec. 3. That as soon as practicable after the passage of this Act the comptroller general is directed to furnish a copy of the same to each auditor in the State, and the auditors are required to publish the same in each of their county papers once a week for three months during the year 1888, and for the same period of time during the year 1889; and the cost of such publication shall be paid by the county commissioners, out of the ordinary county tax last collected.