

# The Horry Herald.

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

VOLUME II.

B. SOUTON, Editor.  
J. G. ROGERS, Publisher.

CONWAY, S. C., THURSDAY MAY 17, 1888.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

NUMBER 44.

## HOURS WITH MEN AND WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

### The Last of Washington's Life Guard.

(Copyrighted, 1888, by Frank & Wagnall.)

"The third time always conquers," declares a "wise saying." I found it verified in my attempts to obtain an interview with the latest-known survivor of the famous corps known as "Washington's Life Guard," which was formed, in the spring of 1776, of trust-worthy men of the Continental Army for the protection of the person, papers, and baggage of the Commander-in-Chief. Of this corps the unfortunate martyr, Nathan Hale, was an original member. It consisted of one hundred and eighty picked men from different regiments. Its first commander was Caleb Gibbs, of Rhode Island.

A new organization of the Guard occurred at Morristown, New Jersey, at the close of the spring of 1776, when its numbers were increased and a part of the Guard were mounted as cavalry. Washington required these men to be, in stature, not more than five feet ten inches, nor less than five feet nine inches—sober, young active, and well made." Gibbs was yet their commander. He was succeeded at near the close of 1779, by William Colfax, of New Jersey, the grandfather of the late Vice-President Schuyler Colfax.

The uniform of the corps consisted of a blue coat with white facings, white waistcoat and breeches, black stock and black half-gaiters, and a cocked hat with a blue and white plume. Their flag was of white silk, on which was painted one of the Guard holding a horse, and in the act of receiving a banner from the Genius of Liberty, personified as a woman leaning upon the Union shield, near which was the American eagle. Upon a ribbon was the motto of the corps—CONQUER OR DIE. This flag (which I have seen and sketched) was made after national banner of the United States—the Star and Stripes was adopted in June, 1777.

Informed that Sergeant Ural Knapp, the probable last survivor of Washington's Life Guard, and Major Robert Burnet, one of the General's escort into the city of New York on the morning when the British evacuated it in November, 1783, were living not far from Newburgh, on the Hudson, I made three attempts to visit them. The first effort was a failure; at the second I had a brief interview with Major Burnet, and the last resulted in an interesting conversation with both of the veterans, on a pleasant September afternoon. I rode first to the residence of Major Burnet, whom I had visited on a hot evening in August. Approaching his house by a green lane, shaded by ancient willows planted by his own hand, I greeted the old patriot as he sat in his arm-chair just inside the wide-open front door of the spacious entrance hall of his dwelling. Seated there, I was entertained for an hour by his reminiscences of the old War for Independence. He gave me a graphic account of the great meeting of officers at "The Temple," on the camp-grounds of the Continental Army, not far from Newburgh, where, in a dignified address, Washington gave a scathing rebuke of the unpatriotic and seditious spirit manifested by the famous "Newburgh Letters," in the spring of 1783, which were the occasion of the assemblage.

"Washington entered the Temple unattended, after the Officers were seated," said Major Burnet; "took a seat at one end of the long room, and in a few minutes he rose with a paper in his hand. Taking from his waistcoat, pocket a pair of silver-framed spectacles, he said, in his usual deliberate manner of speaking as he placed them before his eyes, 'You see, gentlemen, that I have not only grown gray but blind in your service.' These words powerfully touched every heart and from that moment every soul in the room was loyal to the chief and the cause."

Major Burnet's father was a Scotchman, and his mother was a native of Ireland. He was a lieutenant of artillery, and was in charge of a bat-

tery at West Point at the time of the discovery of Arnold's treachery. He was afterward promoted to major, and was one of the officers delegated to attend the meeting at "The Temple" just alluded to. He continued in the army under the immediate command of Washington, and was one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati. When the Americans marched into the city of New York, accompanied by Washington on the day of the British evacuation, he commanded the rear guard. He was also present at the final parting of Washington with his officers at France's Tavern in Broad street.

Major Burnet was then eighty-seven years of age. He had seen what few men in modern times had beheld, namely, the living representatives of seven generations of his kindred.

Sergeant Knapp lived a short distance from Major Burnet. While we were in conversation, the venerable Sergeant, Burnet's senior in age, rode by at a brisk pace, homeward. The Major said, with a trace of jealousy in his tone, "See how carelessly that man rides; he will have a fall yet that will kill him. I ride as well as he, but more carefully."

I bade Major Burnet farewell, and arrived at the house of Sergeant Knapp just as he had alighted from his horse. He left the steed in care of a laborer and invited me into his dwelling. I felt sure that he could tell me more about events at Washington's headquarters at New Windsor, than any other living person, and with very little preface, after we were seated, I asked:

"Were you with Washington all the time that he was at New Windsor?"

"Certainly," he replied; "I was one of the Guard, and I believe I am the only one living."

"When did you join the Guard?" I asked.

"Not long after the battle of Monmouth Court-house," he replied. "I joined the army when I was eighteen, and my first battle was at White Plains. I was afterward with General Wooster in the affair at Ridgefield, in Connecticut, where he was killed. Then joined the infantry under Lafayette, fought in the battle at Monmouth Court-house in New Jersey on that terrible hot Sunday in June, and was chosen a member of the Commander-in-Chief's guard a month afterward."

"Where did Washington reside at New Windsor?" I inquired.

"In a plain, old-fashion Dutch farm-house, built by the father of Simeon De Witt," he answered. "It was not large, but comfortable in cold weather," he continued, "and there General and Lady Washington lived and entertained company from some days before Christmas in 1780 until the spring of 1781. That house stood in the village and was pulled down many years ago. Great officers of the army with their wives were entertained there, and there were lively times there on the Christmas after Lady Washington came."

"How were the Guard housed that winter?" I asked.

"First in tents and then in huts," he replied. "The weather was very mild. The river did not freeze up at Newburgh until after New Year. The Bay was as clear of ice as in May. The water-guard boats could go and come as they pleased. Why, only a few days before Christmas, Washington ordered Colonel Humphreys to take as many of the water-guard as he might think necessary and attempt to bring off the Hessian General Knyphausen from Morris's house, on the upper part of York Island, or general Clinton from the city. He went with two whaleboats and a barge, and twenty-five or thirty men, including officers, but did not succeed, owing to high winds."

"You say General and Mrs. Washington gave entertainments occasionally. Were you ever at headquarters at such times?" I asked.

"Always, as special guard at the door of the house, or on duty there. I shall never forget the Christmas dinner at headquarters, a few days after Lady Washington came."

"Why do you call her Lady

Washington?" I inquired.

"We soldiers always called her so. She was a real lady, if there ever was one," he answered.

"Well, as I was saying, it was Lady Washington's first entertainment there. There was trouble at that time in getting poultry for headquarters, particularly turkeys, for the camp had lately been established, and the farmers in all directions had been robbed of their fowls by the bad soldiers. As I knew all the farmers in the neighborhood, I was sent to procure poultry for this occasion. I had traveled far without success, when I called at the house of General James Clinton, who was then in the Northern Department. His wife Molly, one of the best of women, had locked up several turkeys for her family's use, but gladly let me have three of them for the General, with which I returned to headquarters."

"Who were at that Christmas dinner?" I inquired.

"I cannot remember all," he said, "sitting in silence for a while in morning memory to the front."

"There were two young officers from Rochambeau's army at Newport; Governor George Clinton and his wife or daughter; some gentlemen and their wives from the neighborhood; Molly Clinton, you know, was the mother of De Witt (Clinton) and the staff officer of a laborer and invited me into his dwelling. I felt sure that he could tell me more about events at Washington's headquarters at New Windsor, than any other living person, and with very little preface, after we were seated, I asked:

"Were you with Washington all the time that he was at New Windsor?"

"Certainly," he replied; "I was one of the Guard, and I believe I am the only one living."

"When did you join the Guard?"

"Not long after the battle of Monmouth Court-house," he replied. "I joined the army when I was eighteen, and my first battle was at White Plains. I was afterward with General Wooster in the affair at Ridgefield, in Connecticut, where he was killed. Then joined the infantry under Lafayette, fought in the battle at Monmouth Court-house in New Jersey on that terrible hot Sunday in June, and was chosen a member of the Commander-in-Chief's guard a month afterward."

"Where did Washington reside at New Windsor?" I inquired.

"In a plain, old-fashion Dutch farm-house, built by the father of Simeon De Witt," he answered. "It was not large, but comfortable in cold weather," he continued, "and there General and Lady Washington lived and entertained company from some days before Christmas in 1780 until the spring of 1781. That house stood in the village and was pulled down many years ago. Great officers of the army with their wives were entertained there, and there were lively times there on the Christmas after Lady Washington came."

"How were the Guard housed that winter?" I asked.

"First in tents and then in huts," he replied. "The weather was very mild. The river did not freeze up at Newburgh until after New Year. The Bay was as clear of ice as in May. The water-guard boats could go and come as they pleased. Why, only a few days before Christmas, Washington ordered Colonel Humphreys to take as many of the water-guard as he might think necessary and attempt to bring off the Hessian General Knyphausen from Morris's house, on the upper part of York Island, or general Clinton from the city. He went with two whaleboats and a barge, and twenty-five or thirty men, including officers, but did not succeed, owing to high winds."

"You say General and Mrs. Washington gave entertainments occasionally. Were you ever at headquarters at such times?" I asked.

"Always, as special guard at the door of the house, or on duty there. I shall never forget the Christmas dinner at headquarters, a few days after Lady Washington came."

"Why do you call her Lady Washington?" I inquired.

"We soldiers always called her so. She was a real lady, if there ever was one," he answered.

At Newburgh of an historical event. There was a civic and military procession. I was invited to ride in a barouche with Sergeant Knapp and the orator of the day. The Sergeant and I were invited guest. He had a conspicuous seat on the platform, and when the orator had finished his address was invited to introduce the venerable guardsman to the people. The audience testified their respect and reverence for the hero by hurrahs which almost brought echoes from Beacon Hill and the Storm King, looming up from the Hudson not far off, on the crests of which Sergeant Knapp had seen signal fires blazing during the old War for Independence. And when, an hour later, this last survivor of Washington's Life Guards arose at the public banquet to depart, with a solemn but firm voice he invited the whole assembly to his funeral. Just five days from that time, a little past ninety-six, he took his last breath at the feast were held. His remains were laid out in the tall flagstaff headquarters at Newburgh. He stands a venerable man of brown sand-tinted hair, of the eminent company of the Guards, in the year 1800.

Lossing, LL.D.,  
Editorial Vote.

Presidential year, and teaching for the wise men to be fixing the contest in November attach the electoral college in several States. Those who take an interest in such matters should paste this table in their hat, or place it in some convenient spot for reference:

Alabama.....	10
Arkansas.....	9
California.....	8
Colorado.....	3
Connecticut.....	6
Delaware.....	3
Florida.....	4
Georgia.....	12
Illinois.....	22
Indiana.....	15
Iowa.....	13
Kansas.....	9
Kentucky.....	13
Louisiana.....	8
Maine.....	8
Maryland.....	8
Massachusetts.....	14
Michigan.....	13
Minnesota.....	7
Mississippi.....	6
Missouri.....	16
Nebraska.....	5
Nevada.....	3
New Hampshire.....	4
New Jersey.....	9
New York.....	36
North Carolina.....	11
Ohio.....	23
Oregon.....	3
Pennsylvania.....	30
Rhode Island.....	4
South Carolina.....	6
Tennessee.....	12
Texas.....	13
Vermont.....	4
Virginia.....	12
West Virginia.....	6
Wisconsin.....	11
Total.....	401

Necessary to an election, 201. Cut this out and preserve.

### The Moon and the Weather.

During a long storm persons who are well versed in weather lore are often heard to console themselves with the prediction that there will be a change of weather when the moon changes. Nasmith and Carpenter characterize as a popular error, in its most absurd form, this belief that the gradual turning of the moon's face toward and away from the sun could, at certain points, upset the existing condition of our atmosphere, generate clouds and pour down rains. In England (and the same may be said of much of America) the weather changes about every three days, and there is a change of the moon every seven days, so that many coincidences must occur. Those who believe that "the moon rules the weather" always credit such coincidences to lunar influence. But the theory is untenable unless it applies to every case and unless the same effect is always produced by the same cause. To suppose that a change of the moon will turn dry weather to wet, or wet to dry, indiscriminately, is the merest childishness, and contrary to all meteorological records.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Australian savages are passing out of existence faster than other aboriginal race.

## A CHINESE METHODIST.

### Sia Sek Ong Now in Attendance on the M. E. Conference.

A prominent and interesting figure in the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, which is now being held in New York, is the delegate from China, Sia Sek Ong. He is the presiding elder of the church in that country. His history is a remarkable one. Born in an ancestral house, nine miles from the city of the Foochow, he was taught at an early age to read diligently the Confucian books. For ten years he continued this schooling, and, being naturally of an introspective disposition, the spiritual side of his nature rapidly developed. When he was 16 years old his mother suddenly died. His father's burdens were growing heavier and heavier, his brothers and his sister were too small to take care of themselves, and so he resolved to teach school in order to increase the family income. It was while engaged in this pursuit that he first heard of those who believed in Jesus. They were called Hang Kaw, i. e., adherents of doctrine. One day while on a visit to a friend's school he met a Christian.

His interest was excited by the talk that ensued; his heart was ready to believe, but his intellect rebelled. Then followed a long period of introspective thought. A year passed by. One day he heard an eloquent missionary preacher. Sia Sek Ong was deeply affected. But it was not until the death of his first-born child that he generally became a Christian. His friends and relatives gathered round and endeavored to persuade him to worship idols in behalf of the child, but he stood firm. When the child died reproaches were heaped upon him for doubting the power and efficacy of the idols. From that day he believed.

In the spring of 1862 he was received into the church. He was still a school teacher, and the knowledge that he had adopted Christianity proved very detrimental to his interests. He became the object of endless persecutions. His own family became his bitterest enemies. His neighbors threatened to confiscate his property and turn him from his home. Yet all this time he continued to preach the doctrines of Christianity whenever he found an opportunity. In the autumn of 1866 he was appointed to the Hok-chiang circuit. In 1869 he was ordained by the Bishop Kingsley, and sent out to travel the Hok-chiang district.

While engaged in performing this duty his life was endangered several times. In the city of Hok-chiang an old man came to the chapel with a knife hid in his sleeve with the avowed intention of killing him. Sia Sek Ong received him so kindly, however, that he could not summon up courage to carry out his purpose. A year afterward the evangelist entered upon a work which after many trials and discouragements led to the greatest triumph of his life. It had been his ambition for some time to make the church in China self-supporting. He now resolved to take the initiative step. He withdrew from the Chinese mission's pay list and began to lead the church members to support their preachers. In the spring of 1870 he was appointed to hold the quarterly meeting at Kenkiang.

The season was rainy. It is difficult to conceive of the poverty and misery of the little congregation. The chapel was very small, had a wet mud floor, and no ventilation except such as the door afforded. Yet even this dismal place was preferable to the wretched houses that served as homes for the church members.

Consequently they gathered together in the chapel to smoke and chat. It was in this place that Sia Sek Ong says he had a vision akin to that which came to Saul of Tarsus. Since 1870 he has persevered in his labors without the aid of a foreign dollar. He has proved that the missionary churches abroad can be made self-supporting, and may have many interesting things to say upon the subject at the present conference. Sia Sek Ong is a man of gentle, spiritual mind and dignified bearing. His conversation is sub-

dued and simple, but when speaking before an assemblage he bursts forth into noble flights of oratory. Among Methodists he is considered the greatest of Chinese orators. But listen to his own estimate of himself: "I think of myself as a manikin, a mere image of wood which moves only by the power of a living hand."

### Origin of Earrings.

By the way, talking of earrings, puts me in mind of an eastern legend which I heard a short time ago about their origin. When Hagar ran away to escape the wrath of Abram's wife, so the story goes, Sarai vowed that if her husband ever returned she would cause her to be mutilated, thinking thus to destroy her beauty and prevent her causing any further domestic infelicity. Time, however, had the effect of so cooling Sarai's wrath that when Hagar came back and pleaded with her she decided to forego her vengeance and restore her ex-handmaid to favor. But an oath was not a thing to be trifled with, and as Sarai had solemnly vowed to mutilate Hagar she was in a quandary to know how to do this without injuring her or marring her fair face. Finally she hit upon the expedient of piercing a small hole in each of Hagar's ears, and it is said that Abram, to offset the pretty handmaid's punishment, presented her with two beautiful jewels to suspend from the holes. Her appearance thus adorned so excited the admiration of the other women of the tribe that the wearing of earrings soon became general among them.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

### How to Become Learned.

Any man of mature years who has enjoyed all the advantages of a free public primary, grammar and high school, a preparatory academy, a college, and a professional school, will testify that what he has learned by himself is of infinitely more value to him than all he ever acquired in all the institutions of learning he ever attended. Books on all subjects are now so cheap and plenty, public libraries are so large and numerous, instruction in special studies is so easily obtained that any person who can read, write and compute numbers may become as learned as the wisest. He can study what he knows or thinks will afford him the most pleasure or profit. He can cultivate his head, hands, or heels, his eyes, tongue, or ear, his manners, morals and language to any extent he desires, at an expense not exceeding what a young man ordinarily spends for cigars or a girl for candy. If a person wishes to become learned there is little trouble in accomplishing what he wishes.—*Chicago Times.*

### Superstitions of the Negro.

Never dig a grave until the day of the burial; for, if left open over night, the gaping mouth will call, an I call, and call for a whole family to follow that way. Neither must the burying of the dead be after sundown, for doing the deed on the wane of the day will place a direful spell upon all the dead one's family and friends to follow soon to the last rest. One must never count graves, nor ever point at a grave. A house must never be swept out after sunset; there is some woful potent attached to the act; nor must a broom, used with cleanly intent, touch the floor while a corpse lies cold within the house. When a grave is filled, the tools used thereabout should be laid on either side of it and left until other use absolutely requires them; if taken straight from the new grave, the anxious spirit will seek them. Nor should an old grave be freshened and re-mounded when a new one is dug.—*Eli Shepard in the Cosmopolitan.*

### The Offense of Lying.

President Elliott struck the right note the other day when he characterized lying as the one unpardonable offense which the faculty of Harvard would not forgive. West Point always acted on this principle, and to such an extent that the cadets themselves will not wink at and condone the lie. They are taught to expose the liar, under the feeling that in their after lives in the army, truth is the only basis on which they can live with one another and administer discipline. Nor are these the only institutions that are determined to ostracize the lie. Rutgers college not long ago actually expelled a student for the one offense of lying to cover up his agency in the perpetration of a college trick.—*Christian at Work.*

### Women, Delays are Dangerous!

Madame Revere's Female Pills for Women never fail to give speedy and certain relief. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Sent by mail, securely sealed, in plain wrapper, for only ONE DOLLAR, three boxes for TWO DOLLARS. Particulars in letter for four cents in postage stamps. Address Mrs E. REVERE, Box 288, Jersey City, N. J.

## Contagiousness of Human Emotions.

Every day's experience may supply fresh illustrations of the immense influence of contagion in the development of all human emotions. Nor is it by any means to be set down as a weakness peculiar to or characteristic of a feeble mind, to be blindly susceptible of such contagion. Even the strongest wills are bent and warped by the winds of other men's passions, persistently blowing in given directions. Original minds, gifted with what the French call *esprit prime sautier*, are perhaps, indeed, affected rather more than less than commonplace people by the emotions of those around them, because their larger natures are more open to the sympathetic shock. Like ships with every sail set, they are caught by every breeze. It is a question of degree how much each man receives of influence from his neighbors.

Moreover, be it carefully noted, it is only contagion, and not by any kind of authority or command, that emotions can be communicated. It is a matter of common observation that any effort to direct the emotions to order has a tendency to produce the opposite effect to the one intended. To challenge a man to be brave is to make him nervous; to bid him admire a person or a work of art is to suggest to him to be critical; to commend a young man or woman to love the elect of their parents is to chill any nascent inclination in the desired direction, and to make it a duty for Montagus to hate Capulets is to start the loves of Romeo and Juliet. We must give the feeling we desire. We cannot possibly impose.—*Fortnightly Review.*

### Exercise for the Billions.

As a simple illustration take the man of sedentary occupation prone to what is called biliousness. He is assured that he needs exercise, and so enters upon the practice of walking four or five miles, or even longer distance daily. He improves, it cannot but be a benefit to him. Still were he to devote a part of the time given to walking to a more varied form of exercise, he would find it less of a task and the gain still greater. To get the greatest good out of a walk one must fling his arms around and so carry himself as to bring every muscle of the body into play. But few people would care to indulge in such an exhibition on a public street, and so when the generality of them walk they do so almost entirely with their legs, in other words, only the lower half of the body is much exercised. The bilious patient, especially, needs to exercise all parts alike, and so draw the blood from the liver into the muscular system, relieving that important organ, which is more or less congested.

Again, to mechanically compress the liver and assist it to empty itself is necessary. When a man rides horseback, the liver is actually churned, as it were, and that is why bilious patients derive so much benefit from that peculiar form of exercise. If a man who walks four or five miles a day could give no longer time to physical work than that, he would do better if he walked half distance and spent what remained of his time in a gymnasium, or in sawing wood.—*Boston Herald.*

### Some Man to be Lost.

"Why, sir," said a Kansas man, enthusiastically, "there are half a dozen fortunes in every corner lot in this town. Take that one there you're looking at now—eight feet front. Man bought that lot three years ago for \$200. Five months I paid him \$2,000 for it; in ten days I sold it to a Wichita man for \$5,000; inside a week he shoved it on a Kansas City man for \$8,000, and before the moon was old, that fellow sold it to a real estate man from Boston for \$15,000 spot cash."

"And what did the Boston man get?"

"Oh, he got the lot. Say, here's a little piece of the earth I want you to look at, and if there's not a gold mine in every foot of it you may bury me in it.—*Burlotte.*"

### Going Shopping.

"Where are you going?" asked a husband of his wife.

"I am going shopping. Can you let me have some money?"

"Yes. Where are you going?"

"Oh, to Cashley's, and Ribbin and Newbell's, and the Palais Royal, and Smifkin's Emporium, and a whole lot more places."

"All right. How much money will you want?"

"Well, to make sure, you had better give me about fifty cents. I want several different colors of worsted."—*Mer Trav.*

A newspaper printed in Gaelic, the only one of the kind in the country, has been started in Brooklyn.