

# The Newberry Herald.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.]

FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF USEFUL INTELLIGENCE.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. II.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14, 1866.

NO. 40.

## THE HERALD

IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
At Newberry C. H.,  
By THOS. F. & B. H. GRENEKER.  
TERMS, \$3 PER ANNUM IN CURRENCY,  
OR PROVISIONS.

Payment required invariably in advance.  
Marriage notices, Funeral Invitations, Obituaries, and Communications subserving private interests, are charged as advertisements.

[For the Herald.]  
**MACHINE POETRY.**  
"GROINED OUT BY A MAN WHO HAD A  
"CURL AND FEVER."

Make up a fire quickly my dear,  
I'm about to have a chill;  
I feel it coming in fingers and toes,  
Tingling here and there as it goes.  
Ere now, in 'the very end of my nose—  
Oh! what a terrible throil!

Phew! was there ever such a disease,  
To contract our muscles and liver;  
It curdles the blood, and frizzes your hair,  
Makes one blue, who before was fair,  
Tho' drawn to the fire ever so near—  
Oh! it's not so make you shiver.

Comforts and blankets, hot-water and bricks,  
Oh! stir up the fire again;  
I'm about to believe to go into fits,  
Or to shake myself into endless fits,  
Now water, and mustard a bushel at least,  
Till I burn out the life of this terrible beast,  
Who makes of my flesh and blood a feast,  
With his crab-claw fingers, Oh!

My head will burst with the blasted pain,  
My bones, be smashed, I know;  
My legs and arms—well, its no use talking,  
In spite of all efforts, my knees knock knocking,  
And—graciously, I've dropped a shoe and stockings,  
With this shak'g ague, Oh!

Tip up my head as tight as a drum,  
With bankercief,—vinegar—so;  
Now water, and mustard a bushel at least,  
Till I burn out the life of this terrible beast,  
Who makes of my flesh and blood a feast,  
With his crab-claw fingers, Oh!

O, yet indeed, a thousand clavs,  
Won't be too many, to count them;  
For I feel their grip from head to toe,  
Squeezing out every minute a terrible O!  
From my puckered mouth, and blue lips, ho!  
Give me something to rout them.

Ah! they are leaving now, for I'm getting warm,  
And a fever of course, will follow;  
With a head-ache as hard as any wedge,  
As ever was driven in log, by sledge,  
To produce those shapeless things with an edge,  
Call'd rats, by Arch-bel, Oh!

My pulse has been trotting for fully an hour,  
And now it goes in a gallop;  
My mouth is as dry and as hot as fire,  
My fever increases, higher and higher,  
My head's in a whirl!—good gracious get Meyer,  
And seven ponds of jalap.

Oh Doctor, you laugh at my sending for jalap,  
And tell me I must have been dreaming;  
If I did, I saw the strangest things—  
Circular, oval, square and in strings;  
Fishes in carriages under the sea,  
Dogs with their heads, where their tails ought to be,  
A dignified elephant holding a court,  
And curious characters making him sport.

A queer little man, in black, in the run,  
Whom the elephant said, was called the sun,  
But stranger things I saw in a church,  
Where no one would look, in making a search,  
For bottles or corkcruses, sugars and spice,  
All these I saw, with juleps and ice,  
And some other things not quite so nice—  
To a man with the chill and fever.

But the perspiration is running fast,  
Through every pore of my skin,  
So I'll soon be through, with this fever and chill,  
Then after a nap, and a big blue pill,  
I'll pour in the quinine with right good will,  
And keep my head in a din.

For the Newberry Herald.  
**FROM NEWBERRY TO SALEM, N. C.**  
BY VOYAGEUR.

There was nothing of interest to note on the route from Newberry to Columbia except the varied hues of the Autumn foliage which to the lover of nature affords pleasure, and especially during such bright, soft Indian Summer as we have been having this month. My fellow-traveller, a young female relative, just entering her teens, as well her first journey of any extent, especially by rail, found much to interest her, and I rather envied her her freshness and simplicity. We were advised by a friend on the train, to stop at the Shiver House (formerly Roache's) on account of the "Miss in her teens" as the landlady of that house is very kind in taking care of young ladies travelling alone. I found this to be the case in the instance of my young friend, for she was taken into the apartments of the family, and my own quarters were just opposite on the same floor, where I was quite comfortable. This House is very conveniently situated in the business-part of the town and yet has an air of quiet retirement. It is very neatly kept. The rooms are comfortable if not splendid, and the table is well furnished. We walked out through the town to see its desolation, and without any affectation of sentiment, the aspect of Columbia is very sad-

ing. It is a melancholy and practical comment upon war. Such a metamorphosis in a place I never saw. It is no longer the place I once knew it. One might well fancy himself in some California town of twenty years ago, when he sees the numerous small booths and shanties with their wares displayed to attract customers, and to think that the stores there were almost palatial two years ago. The State House looks like a premature ruin, with the air of neglect around it added to the dismantling effects of war. As I sat on one of the granite blocks in front of it, I thought of Marius at the ruins of Carthage. The most ruthless act of vandalism in the destroyer was the mutilation and shattering of the carved capitals and marble entablatures, which had been wrought by the chisel at so much pains and expense, for the adornment of our beautiful and magnificent State House. There they lie a confused heap of beautiful ruins, the work of cruel and fanatical iconoclasts. During the first part of our peregrinations through the desolated town we had a most interesting cicerone in the very pretty daughter of our landlady, whose style of beauty, softness of tone and languid manners is very Italian, and her intelligence with her little out-bursts of patriotic indignation, rendered her quite invaluable as a guide. We went through Sidney Park which, even in neglect, is still beautiful. Nature has done much for it and its capabilities (as a landscape gardener would say) are considerable. There are several springs, fountains or wells, (whichever the reader may choose to call them,) and the principal one is beautiful in its square granite and marble basin, covered over with a high arbor with grape or muscadine vines trailing over it, which makes one think of Italy, with her vine embowered arbors and the light Saracenic style of the pavillions generally gives them an oriental look. The walks and banks or terraces are still beautiful in many places. We walked through the new market on our return from the State House. It is in a new locality and is a more attractive place than the old one, with its neat, well filled stalls.

Amongst the very best the California looking booths or mushroom stores of Columbia, as it is, is the store of our former townsman, E. E. Jackson, whose superiority as a druggist is well known. His store is handsomely fitted up and is well filled. How different have I seen Columbia look in such beautiful weather as this soft, Indian summer, on occasions of former visits. I was not prepared however to see so many new buildings erected on Main street, although inferior, most of them, to former structures. But to proceed on my journey, there was nothing of the slightest possible interest to chronicle between Columbia and High Point, except the beautiful and luxuriant sleeping car for the use of the occupant pays extra. I merely walked through it to look at its arrangements which are very inviting with its plush-covered, elongating seats with neat linen caps tied atop and with each panel between the seats lined or ceiled with polished mirrors. The staging from High Point to Salem, a distance of eighteen miles, was performed during the small hours of the night, and we reached the quaint old place shortly after sunrise. I found Salem almost the identical place I left it twenty years ago, without the shadow of change so far as I remember, except the creation of a fine new Academy in addition to the original buildings which have so much the look of a convent or nunnery. The new one is built in a line with the others, but is handsomer, and higher, and with a more imposing facade. The visit to the

Academy with the principal, Mr. Grunest, was not so interesting as on former occasions, when it was more novel, but its conventional appearance and arrangements struck me even more forcibly than formerly, especially when I was shown into the Church which connects with the new Academy by a private stair-case by which these temporary nuns or novices have access to the galleries of the Church on Sundays when they are marshalled in procession and file into their places or seats in due order of succession. The organ in the Church seems to have considerable power and compass as was exhibited to me by the principal, who, like all or most Germans, plays as well as teaches and preaches. Salem seems to have stood still, or to have slept like Rip Van Winkle for so many years during which it has not kept up with the progress of the age, but has still the same grotesque features of years long gone. It is like a German town, and very like the towns in the valley of Virginia, which were settled by Germans. There is great similarity in the construction of the houses even to the very locks on the doors. We passed by the old Hotel at the top of the hill, which looks precisely as it did twenty years ago, but charges as high as our finest City Hotels. We went to a smaller house of accommodation, which is really better and more comfortable, with only half the charge. We were installed at once in a small, neat, cheerful and comfortable sitting room where a fire was burning which was most acceptable on account of the chillness of the early October morning. Mr. Brietz and his pleasant, cheerful companion, made us feel quite at home, and we were told by other guests who had tried the hotel, that we had "struck the nail on the head," in going to this house. We found the table most excellent and the rooms neat and comfortable. The quaintly constructed house looks only like a Salem house can look or rather a Dutchman's house with all the neatness for which that thrifty people are proverbial. During an early morning walk I saw the housekeepers or the servants washing the floor and even the stone steps. The town is built mostly on one street and the stores are very scattering instead of being built or located together as with us. They alternate with residences or sometimes numbers of residences between the stores. During my walk I strolled up the beautiful avenue of cedars which leads to the Cemetery. It is wide and bordered on either side with smooth grass and in its morning freshness was a pleasant promenade, especially as the walk is covered with soft tan bark as of old. This cedar avenue runs parallel with the Main street, and within a few yards of it, but there is no access to it, except at the two ends, where, a gate at one end and steps at another, give access to the pedestrian, but many of the back enclosures and buildings of the lots adjoining abut upon the avenue. The cedars do not seem to have grown any since my former visits, and their boxes hang drooping down just as they did twenty years ago. There do not seem to be any, or many, more graves in the Cemetery than there were then. Each grave, (they are very close to each other in rectangular rows) is covered with smooth grass or ground and the only monument is a small slab of about eighteen inches square generally, upon the head of each grave but all lying flat on the grave. Such is the principle of equality which has always been inculcated and practised by this sect or community, and which is called in distinction from other sects, United Brethren. I think the distinction of society and caste never have been encouraged here at all, and

the principle of a community of goods seem to have been once practised. Formerly there was but one store allowed in the place, but one hotel, but one shoe shop, and so on with all occupations and trades; but that was done away with after a while. Those trades were then conducted for, and under the supervision of the Church. The streets of Salem are paved from one end to the other with rock or brick, and the internal arrangement or economy of the houses is very different from ours. The hills around Salem are well timbered and the woods are many-hued in their autumn dress, whilst the hay fields and meadows interspersed give the landscape a very rural or mystic appearance. There was a funeral in Salem, on Saturday evening, of an elderly lady, whose death (as the custom there is,) was announced to the inhabitants of the town early on Friday by the death horns, which played a dirge from the cupola of the Church. A band of young men were the performers. The coffin was borne to the Church upon a bier or tressel upon the shoulders of four men, and was covered with a white cloth. The friends and relatives followed in procession, but the coffin was deposited in the dead house adjoining, till the funeral services were performed in the Church. Hymns and chants were sung to the music of the organ by the choir, a sermon was preached, and a small written memoir of the dead, by one of the family, was read by the minister after the sermon. The bier or tressel was deposited on the pavement after the services and a chant was given out by the minister, accompanied by the music of the horns, whilst the long procession was duly marshalled, which took some time, as the scholars from the Academy were very slow to muster. I followed in the wake with some male citizens, and as the procession moved along the cedar avenue, where the ground is undulating, it was an imposing sight to those in the rear. The marshalling of the procession in the cemetery along the walks was done in a very orderly and quiet manner, from long practice. Every thing at the Cemetery is rectangular. It is intersected at right angles, with walks like a garden, and the dead are buried in rows close together, and each year or years has its division which correspond to a garden bed.

At the corners of these beds, where the walks cross, there are four large cedars planted. There was a funeral service read and some chants sung, accompanied by the band, after which the procession retired in quiet order from the cemetery, but each went his way after he had entered the avenue. I attended service in the Church on Sunday. They have a prayer-book with a ritual by which the services are conducted, and a good deal of chanting to the music of the organ. The men generally sang base very well, and the responses were full and audible. The Church was built in 1800, and looks primitive, though it is large. The windows are large but very high above the floor, with an elliptical arch instead of the Norman or Gothic. White is the prevailing color in the Church but is relieved by the green Venetian blinds to the windows inside, and the too sombre drapery of the pulpit which is black. The seats are prim, high backed benches of poplar, kept scrupulously neat and clean as is the floor, and no mark of destructive urchins or restless whittler's knife, is to be seen upon these seats which have probably been forms since 1800. I do not like to close my reminiscences of Salem without paying another tribute to my boarding house, where I was made to feel so much at home, that I lingered a day longer than was my original

intent. Mr. Charles Brietz and his amiable companion (who is of Protestant Irish extraction, and bears the physiognomy of the North of Ireland) are most agreeable people to stop with, and I would like to particularize some of the special articles of the cuisine, especially the deserts or pastry, for the benefit of housekeepers, but the dread of being compared to the voluble and talkative Miss Bates, (a character in one of Miss Jane Austen's novels) who entered so much into particulars about every day matters, and to whom I have been compared by some of my privileged lady friends, restrains my pen and inclination in this instance. Mr. Brietz is sensible and unobtrusive but attentive and kind, while his better half is kindness itself in actions and manners. The rates at this house are only two dollars per diem, whilst the rates of the Hotel are four dollars a day. I walked out to see the new town of Winston, hard by Salem, and the boundaries are so blended and indistinct that I was reminded of a certain line of a hymn

"Where does hope end and where begin the outlines of despair?"

On my return I was invited by my landlady to partake of vesper, a relic of German customs, which commonly obtains on Sunday with most families. It is to partake of coffee, with a particular kind of sweet cake; why it is called vesper I did not learn, as the hour I partook of it was about half past two in the afternoon, about two hours after dinner. The last morning of my stay in Salem I walked to the cemetery and going out of a gate at the back, found that I had entered upon a more modern one which was of great extent, and magnificent in gorgeous woods of aboriginal growth, in all their superb autumn dress. A deep ravine intersected this repository of the dead, and a terraced walk wound round this ravine in the form of the letter U. Other smaller ravines also diversified the grounds, and beautiful enclosures with groves tastefully adorned. One large vault belonging to the family of 'Fries' with the simple surname upon the front, was built into the side of a hill. On one grave, a most beautiful cross of bright fresh flowers of glorious form and hue, rested. Adjoining this cemetery are the handsome grounds of the Academy, which have in the centre a very fine pavillion which is furnished with seats, but the structure is very much defaced by scribbles. The walks and mistic seats and alcoves, with the magnificent trees and covered fountains in the grounds, render the place a delightful retreat and place of recreation for the young novices. This last walk closed my visit in Salem. On my return I stopped at Nickerson's Hotel in Columbia, with which I was much pleased, both as to its locality and accommodations. It is certainly a first class Hotel.

**A GOOD PEOPLE.**—The Sheriff of Calhoun County, Ala. has resigned because the people are too lenient to sue each other, and was about to starve to death on the proceeds of the office, which he says are just about nothing at all. We admire the good sense of both the people and the Sheriff—the first for giving him nothing to do, and be for declining to do it. He says in his letter of resignation: "When I went into the office, I determined to try to make a good sheriff, and give satisfaction, but found it impossible to do so without money or assistance.—And now I ask what else could I do under these circumstances, but quit sheriffing, go to work, try to make something to pay my debts, and prepare to marry before it is too late?"

The Legislature of Mississippi convened in extra session on Monday last. Gov. Humphreys, in his message to the Legislature, says he considers the Constitutional Amendment an insult to the whole South, and says he presumes that it will only be necessary to read it to the Legislature for that body to reject it.

**THE LAST HOURS OF JOHN VAN BUREN.**  
The Telegraph has announced the death of Hon. John Van Buren, which occurred on Board the *Scotia* on his passage home from England, whither he had been for the good of his health. The mails bring the following details of his last hours:

**A TOUCHING SCENE.**  
On Friday the supreme anxiety of Mr. Van Buren for the restoration of the Union showed itself in an instance which is probably one of the most remarkable in mortuary history. He was feeling physically better. His mind showed, however, no increase of directness or clearness upon general topics, or upon any at all, excepting that singular intensity with which he contemplated the distracted condition of the country. While half reclining, half sitting up, supported by the arm of his daughter and niece on either side, Mr. Van Buren's eye lighted up with unusual brilliancy, and even in this position he seemed to expand to the eye with the pride and port of the orator of other days. The narrow cabin became a vast auditorium to his view, the few friends a mighty audience, but more than all, the interests of the country rose supreme in his mind and compelled utterance. He began a speech on national affairs, and concluded it not until he had spoken without interruption two and a quarter hours. The gentlemen around his bed say that it was in all respects worthy of, and in some superior to his happiest efforts. At the first he rapidly and perspicuously photographed the progress, the purposes, and the problems of the late war, and emphasized the pledged faith of the government that it could and should ultimate only in a secured Union of free and equal States. He then adverted to the efforts of Mr. Johnson to carry out that pledge in letter and spirit, and to have for his inspiration and guide the unmistakable commands of the Constitution, and the generous magnanimity of the people. This part of the most remarkable address was followed by a scrafication of Congress in terms of satire, eloquence and reproach, of which none were so capable as he. A rapid review of the policy of reunion and disunion next ensued, and he thought he was once more addressing his fellow-citizens in his native State. The subject was presented with a splendid reference to the material interests and historic greatness of the Empire State, imperatively demanding that she plant herself square on the side of a perfect Union, of equal and honored States. At the close Mr. Van Buren pronounced an eulogy upon the worth, the talent, the integrity of Hon. John T. Hoffman, such as only a man of his strong intimacy with the subject of his praise, and that intensity of personal attachment, of which he developed such a remarkable amount, could so gracefully, so sincerely, and so magnetically pronounce. As a piece of composition, whether viewed as a literary, an argumentative, or an oratorical production, his dying address was in all respects no less a credit to the national reputation of the speaker than it was a vindication and tribute to the cause and motives that evoked its utterance.

The Clarion and Standard, in noticing the departure of a swarm of Yankee "school marm's" from Jackson, says: "One of them is known to have bathed in Pearl river, for she was trying to learn her pupils, male and female—between the ages of 20 and 45—the accomplishments of swimming on a beautiful evening in May. And bad luck to the urchin who stole their clothes from the bank. Oh! how rude to make such a party wait under the bank of the river exposed to the gaze of the fishermen in their boats until a new supply of apparel was brought."

Virginia proposes to build up Newport News as a rival to New York.

## CIRCULAR

OF THE HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL BAZAAR ASSOCIATION.

The Ladies of the HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION propose holding a BAZAAR in Richmond, Va., in February next, for the purpose of raising funds to enable them to carry out their plans in care of the Confederate Dead. It is their wish that each of the late Confederate States, with Maryland, should be represented in this Bazaar, as the Association is interested equally in all the deceased Soldiers of the South, from whatever State they may have come, who are buried at Hollywood.

An Agent or Agents will be appointed in each State, who will notify the public that State of their readiness to receive contributions of money, or of articles that may be disposed of at the Bazaar.

It is hoped that in this undertaking, which appeals so touchingly to the Ladies of the South, and those who sympathize with them, there will be manifested a becoming enthusiasm, and that the Bazaar will illustrate how nobly these States can emulate each other in love and good works on this occasion of so much interest to all.

The following named Ladies have been appointed Officers and Executive Committee.

All money and articles of value from Virginia should be transmitted to them; contributions from other States should be reported to the State Agents for their direction.

An efficient Committee of Gentlemen will act in concert with the Ladies in the careful management of the funds.

MISS MARTIN, Columbia, S. C., Agent for the upper part of South Carolina.

PRESIDENT.—MRS. LEWIS N. WEBB.

VICE PRESIDENTS.—MRS. L. D. CRENSHAW, MRS. JAMES LYONS, MRS. DR. HAXALL, MRS. ROBERT OULD.

SECRETARY.—MRS. WM. BROWN. TREASURER.—MRS. C. GENNET.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—MRS. Dr. C. G. Barney, Mrs. Jefferson Archer, Mrs. Lucy Walker, Mrs. Wm. Bell, Mrs. W. M. Elliott, Mrs. E. F. Semmes, Miss R. Myers, Miss Isabella Webb, Mrs. Wellington Goddin, Mrs. Thos. H. Ellis, Mrs. T. W. Doswell, Mrs. Dr. Higginbotham, Mrs. Alfred Harris, Mrs. Benjamin Smith, Mrs. R. A. Mayo, Miss Mary Sherrard, Miss Lizzie Nicholas, Mrs. Nannie Bruce, Mrs. T. Brockenbrough, Mrs. Charles McGruder, Mrs. J. B. McMurdo, Mrs. John Purcell, Mrs. William Jenkins, Mrs. J. S. Wellford, Mrs. Thos. H. Wynne, Miss Jennie Ritchie, Miss A. E. Pellett.

We are promised a law suit of extraordinary magnitude, in which the mother Church of the Episcopal denomination in this country will figure as the defendant. Queen Anne granted large tracts of land on Manhattan Island to the corporation of Trinity Church. This property has been built over and most of it is in the heart of the city. The heirs of one Anneke Jans, an honest burgher of the old Dutch times, lay claim to this same property, and stand ready to prove the defects in Trinity title. The heirs number many prominent families, and propose to push the prosecution with vigor. They had a meeting on Monday night, when two hundred of them, including ladies, were present. Judge Hopper, of New Jersey, reported that Trinity seemed anxious to come to a compromise with the heirs. He valued the property in dispute at \$200,000,000. Mr. Astor, who holds leases from Trinity, refuses to give up the property until the Church makes its claim good. The lawyers will enjoy a rich harvest in this litigation.