

# The Newberry Herald.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF USEFUL INTELLIGENCE.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

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## THE HERALD

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tuary and Commemorative notices, private  
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## MOTHER'S GRAVE.

By G. D. PRESTON.  
The trembling dewdrops fall  
Upon the shining flowers, like souls at  
mourning.  
The stars shine gloriously, and all  
Have seen an hour.  
Mother, I love thy grave!  
The roses, with its blossoms, blue and  
white,  
Wave gently round it. When will it wave  
Above thy child?  
'Tis a sweet flower, yet must  
Wither and leave to the morning tempest  
its bow.  
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—dust  
Is on thy brow.  
And I could love to die—  
To leave untraced life's dark, bitter  
struggles.  
By thee, as erst in childhood, I'd  
And share thy dreams.  
And I must leave here  
To stain the plumage of my stately years,  
And stain the hope of childhood dear.  
A little longer here,  
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,  
Whose last fruit fell but minutes ago,  
Went down with thee.  
Oh, how I love to dwell  
In still communion with the past, I turn  
And gaze upon thee, the only dove  
In memory's urn.  
And when the evening pale  
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue  
sea,  
Lest to hear the night wind's wail  
Around thy grave.  
Where is thy spirit now?  
Is it above thy lowly bed, or is it  
in the air.  
Oh, come, while I live  
To kneel upon thy grave, and in those  
hush  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bless, bless thy child!

## The Newberry Delegation.

Lee A. Nance—Colored, who headed the convention ticket in Newberry District, was born the property of Drayton Nance, deceased, at his plantation on the line of Laurens and Newberry Districts. While quite a boy, he was brought by his master to his residence in the town of Newberry, where he remained as a servant of the household until the death of Mr. Nance and the sale of his property in the Fall of 1836. Lee was bought at that sale by Mr. Robert Holman, a native of Newberry, living in Mississippi for the very unusual price, then, of fifteen hundred dollars. He remained the property of Mr. Holman, living sometimes in Noxubee County, Mississippi, and sometimes at Newberry, where the surrender of the Confederate armies found him, still in the service of Mr. Holman. A great many other trusted slaves remained for months in the service of their former owners, but Lee had cherished a desire to be free from early youth, and he was not slow to avail himself of his liberty. Mr. Nance was a humane master, and very considerate of the welfare of his slaves. Lee was a favored servant and had the fullest confidence of the family, was always regarded truthful, honest in purpose and singularly exempt from the lower vices. He is the son of a negro man and a mulatto woman; so that there is a small mixture of white blood in his veins. He is about 35 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches tall, rather stout built, active, industrious, sober, respectful and good looking, with more than ordinary intelligence. He avows a desire to live in harmony with the white race, and since he has become a law-maker, advocates a "Conservative" policy. B. Odell Duncan—White, is about thirty years of age. He was born on Duncan's Creek, in Newberry District, of wealthy, respectable, and States' rights parents. There is no record of the juvenile Odell beyond the facts that he ate, drank, and played like the

rest of mankind, attended country schools, and finally studied at the Furman University, in Greenville, South Carolina. He was eminently "fair" at college. After graduation he was sent to Europe by his relative James Duckett, a man of wealth and integrity. For about three years he plodded in Germany and in France, in blissful obscurity—unknown equally to his compatriots who studied, and those who frolicked. Just before the secession of South Carolina, this cosmopolitan philosopher wrote to Governor Wright, then minister at Berlin, to secure him lodgings in that city. The Governor, had the unpardonable audacity to inform *Sieur Odell* that he was not sent to Prussia to hunt up rooms for boys! But Odell lodged in Berlin and elsewhere for a long time, preferring the innocuous labours of reading and beer-drinking to the distasteful perils of starving and being shot at. At last he pushed his philanthropy so far as to insist upon his father's selling all the slaves to which he was entitled, and sending him the money thence to be derived, and capped the climax by consenting to feed upon United States' paper, and perform the duties of United States Consul at Carlsruhe! Till the close of the war, *Sieur Odell* suffered on wine, schweitzer, beer and tobacco; and then returned, to bless even his enemies—his relations and benefactors, and the companions of his youth—by placing them under the sway of sweet-scented Africans and righteous Radicals. He even forgives his family (who were secessionists), and deigns to eat their bread, and tell them how wickedly they have behaved. He is self-denying, for he objects to confiscation, which would deprive him of the only property he expects in this wicked land. *Saint Odell* inhabits, for the present, a tallish, slimy body, wears a red beard, and hair of the same brilliant hue, talks a sort of Dutch English, and sees through glasses darkly. He is exceedingly nervous, but this fact may be easily accounted for. He struggles on, with the pitiful remuneration of eleven dollars a day, greenbacks, bearing ever aloft the banner on which is inscribed the glorious motto: "Nigger and No. 1, now and forever, one and inseparable!" James Henderson, *alias* Johnstone, *alias* almost anything—James—or as he calls himself, Jeemes—is a half-and-half, an equal mixture of white and negro blood. Whether, like Melchisedeck and Topsy, he just "grows," is a question shrouded in impenetrable obscurity. He made his appearance in Augusta, Georgia, some twenty-five years ago, and lent the light of his countenance to the turf. He was subsequently purchased in that city and carried to Newberry Court-house, where he still condescends to dwell. "Jeemes" was a very apt boy; he learned his business quickly, and (when he chose) performed his tasks satisfactorily. He made himself, before long, a carpenter, a shoe-maker, a brick-mason, a cooper. But his chief strength lay in gibbness of tongue and dexterity of fingers. By means of the former he beguiled his acquaintance with many ingenious fables—especially when he was caught in a scrape—and by means of the latter he relieved his dusky confederates of all their superfluous cash, in the noble game familiarly entitled "old sledge," or "seven up." He is said to have labored under one little weakness—and no longer ago than last year there was some talk, in the District Court at Newberry, about a certain "bunty" hen found in his yard, which was alleged to be the property of another. At present, Jeemes devoted himself to two matters—statesman-

ship and the fair sex; statesmanship "without a master, and the fair sex without stint. Yet he is exceedingly moderate in both. His views in politics only extend to the subjection of the white to the African race, confiscation of white property and disfranchisement of white Southern men; and his desires in regard to the "fair" are generally satisfied by the possession of two or three wives, and never extended to more than six. Jeemes increases and multiplies according to the original patriarchal style. Jeemes is brave and generous; he severely handles his wives on pro-vocation; yet, when a dangerous man comes about him, he is said to add discretion to the list of his virtues and betake himself to the bushes. Jeemes is, notwithstanding all the foregoing, probably, the most intelligent delegate from Newberry. The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, under date of the 4th instant, writes: Since the reinstatement of Mr. Stanton, the President has persistently refused to hold any official communication with him, and of this he complains bitterly to his friends in Congress, and, in compliance with his repeated solicitations, the Military Committees of the two Houses are jointly endeavoring to perfect some measure which will restore to the War Minister a portion at least of the absolute power which he has for years wielded. The interesting and exciting feature of congressional proceedings to-day was the presentation to the House of the correspondence between General Grant and President Johnson in regard to reinstatement of Mr. Stanton, and the retiring of General Grant from the war office, as has been alleged, in violation of his express agreement with the President. This correspondence was called for by a resolution of the House yesterday, and the Secretary of War was requested to furnish it. Why he should have been called upon to do so, when he was not interested as a correspondent, is a question for those in the full secret to determine. As soon as the speaker presented it to the House all other business was suspended, the further consideration of the pending bill was postponed, and the reading of the letters was ordered. That some rich developments were expected was indicated before a word was read, by the unusual quiet into which the members at once retired. The buzz of conversation was instantly hushed, and amid a silence noticeable on account of its rarity the clerk commenced the introductory letter of Secretary Stanton, in which he said he had had no communication either through or with the President since his reinstatement by the Senate. Then followed the spicy correspondence between the President and the General-in-Chief. When Grant's letters were read the republicans smiled and rubbed their hands with a satisfied air. Mr. Thad. Stevens sat in Mr. Van Wyck's seat, near the clerk, and Mr. E. B. Washburne, as the sentences of the General-in-Chief were read, indicated that they felt, if they did not say, "Now, you have him foul." But then came the President's version of the same matter, and the mention by him of the names of Cabinet officers as witnesses in his behalf and as authority for his statements created a sensation. After one of General Grant's letters had been read there was a slight manifestation of applause, which was promptly checked by the speaker; and when the letter of the President followed, and the Republicans looked a little blank, Mr. Eldridge, from his seat, taun-

ted them with the remark, "Why don't you laugh now?" General Grant, however, had the last say, for his reply to the President's communication was dated only yesterday, the day upon which the resolution of inquiry was offered, and the question naturally arises whether the whole thing was not got up as it was for the purpose of giving General Grant's views last to the country and before the President could have an opportunity to reply. After the reading the correspondence was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction. The issue is now plainly made up between the President and the General-in-Chief, and there is a direct question of veracity between them, and each is equally positive that he is correct and that his opponent is mistaken. The issue is direct and plain. General Grant says positively that he did not say and do what the President is equally positive in saying he (Grant) did say and do, and the question to be determined is who gives the correct version of the whole interesting transaction. While General Grant relies entirely upon his own assertion, the President backs his with proof, and gives the Cabinet officers, who, he says, will testify to the correctness of what he states. It is expected that some further rich developments and spicy correspondence will follow this matter. A CHINESE GOD-FACTORY.—The Rev. Mr. Allen, a Methodist missionary of the Southern Church, in a recent letter, describes a visit to a manufactory of this kind at Wu-Sih, a large, walled, inland city of China. Here, also, I observed numerous good-factories and their zealous devotees shaping out of shapeless clay their forms so terrible. Thousands were already mude and set up to dry. Others were being polished, painted, or gilt, and prepared for market. Others, again, were being manufactured for toys and dolls—the primers of idolatry, by which the infant mind becomes familiar with its superstitions and terrors, and is trained by its guardians, not "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," but in the way of death and darkness, with a zeal and efficiency which should make many a Christian mother blush. I appeared curious and on expressing astonishment at the undaunted familiarity with which they treated the gods and goddesses of war, wealth, thunder, fire, water, mercy, revenge, they, with the utmost sang froid, replied that they were yet powerless, being destitute of the Ling, or "Spirit." Those designed for toys, therefore, are never endowed with that living principle, nor are the others until the time of their installment as a reigning divinity. At that time, however, they are possessed of the "Ling" by means of a small hole in the centre of the back; if the idol be diminutive, or a large, oblong one, in the more august, in which there are deposited pearls, gems, or some of the more precious metals, such as gold and silver of various estimations. The hole is then closed and sealed, the god perfected, and henceforth worshipped, as well by his makers as those more ignorant of his origin. This fact will also assist us to account, at least in part, for the iconoclastic fury of the rebels. They were to despoil and destroy them, not so much because they loved the idol less, but because they loved the gold his back contained the more. The American Republican regretfully declines a communication because the editor cannot read it. If he could make out even the first sentence he thinks he might possibly manage to guess at some of the balance, but he stalled on the first line.

A Terrible Scene on a Railroad—Destruction of a Sleeping Car in Rapid Motion. The Chicago Republican gives the particulars of the burning of the magnificent palace sleeping car "City of Chicago," on the Burlington, Quincy and Chicago Railroad, a few nights ago. It says: The train was moving at good speed, when suddenly a kerosene lamp in the rear end of the car exploded, and instantly that part of the coach was in flames, which, with frightful rapidity, seized the bedding and woodwork. Had it been the forward lamp, and the flames been driven back upon their prey, there is little doubt that several lives must have been lost, with such fierceness did the devouring element make progress even against the headway of the train. Mr. Bishop our informant, was sleeping in the middle section, and answering the first alarm, sprang for the door. Returning to get his boots from beneath his berth, he was driven back in haste by the flames and stifling smoke. For a few minutes the utmost alarm prevailed, and one or two of the passengers were with much difficulty saved from their own frantic efforts to leap from the train. All, however, safely reached the car in front, but most of them left behind in their berths such articles of apparel and valuables as they had laid aside in disrobing for the night. This brought two unfortunates out in their light undress uniform, for a winter night, of cotton shirts and drawers—a state of affairs which instantly called for contributions from the bosoms of their fellow-passengers. While all this was transpiring in the escape of passengers, the flames had taken possession of the entire ill-fated car, forward and aft, and were leaping and streaming through the rear windows, presenting a most extraordinary spectacle, as the train kept on its way with heightened speed, it having been decided, on short consultation, to make for the water station at Buda, a run of twelve miles, where it was hoped the flames might be drowned out. Vain hope! for the unfortunate car, instead of being rescued, dragged the water station and an adjoining wood pile to share its fate, all being burned together. The instance is full of warning that none will take earlier than the managers of the Fullman line, to instantly and forever banish the fatal kerosene from these splendid cars. They were chosen, we know with a view to securing a brilliant light, and adopted with the best and most secure of known appliances. But this recent proof is enough to demonstrate their peril and decree their banishment. The "City of Chicago" was a magnificent coach, built at the Aurora shops, at an original cost of over twenty thousand dollars. SYMPATHY.—If the image of my friend rises up spontaneously, as it were, in the mind, and dwells there like an actual presence, so that every lineament of the countenance, every glance of the eye, is represented as vividly as if they were indeed before me, and the sound of their voice is in my ear, I firmly believe that at the very moment that person is thinking of me. This is sympathy. Why, if this is not the case, does that phantom rise up uncalled for by any previous word, thought, or association? Impressed with this delightful conviction, I hold sweet communion with the absent, and in the atmosphere of thought enjoy the purest sensation. When a young gentleman kisses a young lady, she very naturally says, "Oh, Dick, the idea?" And he, also naturally replies, "No, love; not the eye, dear; but the cheek."—Which is perfectly true.

Plant Corn. It appears from statistics published in the Charleston News, that over 1,000,000 bushels of corn were imported into South Carolina during the past year, the recurrence of which we earnestly hope, we shall never have to chronicle. Corn is needed, whether cotton is high or low, and should not be looked upon as a marketable article merely. We mean, it ought to be the endeavor, beyond any reasonable contingency, to raise so much of it as is necessary for the maintenance of the farm or plantation. The experience of the past year, as well as the suggestions of sound principles clearly indicate that less cotton should be planted. At the present price of cotton and breadstuffs, it is obvious that every farmer should raise his own provisions; but it is his interest to do more than this, if he wishes to enhance the value of his cotton crop. When breadstuffs are dear, the large majority of people in the world are compelled to buy less clothing, to be able to purchase food, and the demand for cotton, and other things being equal, its price also, will be proportionally lessened. It is always the true interest of the cotton planter, therefore, to keep provisions as cheap as possible. At the present time, taking the world at large, breadstuffs are not abundant, prices rule high, and cotton raisers feel the effect on the price of cotton. We do not intend to say that this is the only cause of the depression in the cotton market; but we are sure it is one of the causes, and one which our cotton raisers can, in part, remove. We unhesitatingly advise, therefore, an increase in the grain crop. [Lancaster Ledger.] INTERESTING NEWSPAPER SUIT.—Quite a novel case was tried last week in the Supreme Court of New York before Judge Mullin. "The World Newspaper Company against Charles P. Clinch," in which some points of great importance to the journalistic profession were decided. Inasmuch as every newspaper published has frequent-ly had to pass through similar ordeals, we condense the results of this trial: Soon after the death of Col. Corcoran King, who, it will be remembered, committed suicide by jumping off a ferry boat into the East river, the plaintiffs inserted an advertisement several times in the World offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the recovery of the body. The advertisement was sent to the office with the name of the defendant and two other custom house officials attached. The present suit is brought for the sum of one hundred and eighty-eight dollars, the price of the advertisements. The advertising agent of the World testified that Mr. Clinch had told him to insert the advertisement. Mr. Clinch admitted that he did, but alleges that he told the agent it was for the benefit of the heirs. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs for the full amount claimed. "Where's the Labor?" "Fas est ab hoste doceri." The old classic proverb tells us that we should not disdain to learn even from an enemy. It is not pleasant to see ourselves as others see us, but it is sometimes very wholesome to perform the autopsy. Many of our readers have doubtless heard of the Radical satirist Petroleum V. Nasby. P. M., etc., who, under the guise of a Kentucky Democrat, throws hot shot into the ranks of the "Copperheads," and Southerners, and occasionally gets off a good thing. One of his last letters is dated from Montgomery, Ala., and gives his experience and adventures at the head centre of Southern un-

constitutional conventions. He hits off the foibles of some of the young men of our best families in this wise: "Why," said John Guttle, Jr., "the old man when he departed this life, left me a thousand akers of land, but was wuz it good for? I had no niggers! The accursed whelps refused to work without wages, and that Iwoodent pay em on prinisple. Finally they comenst makin offers for land, in patches uv from the toffy akers, and croel necessity compelled me to accept it. The money I reserved I wuz compelled to live on, until my paternal akers wuz redooost to a scant hundred. The produx uv a hundred akers would support me, but it won't perdoose. I hev no labor—where kin I git the labor?" "Yes," exclaimed all of the dozen young men, rollin over onto tother elbow. "Guttle's case is our own. We all hev land, but where's the labor?" I wuz about to commiserate em when the barkeeper struck in. He wood sejest, he remark, that possibly, under the circumstances, it would be better if, instid uv laying on their elbows, askin "where's the labor?" they shood go and do a little uv it themselves. Troo if they shood do it, he woodent see ez much uv em, but they wood be able to pay suthin for the likker they consoomed. PRINTERS.—Printers are unlike others classes of men. Their vocation imparts to them an intelligence that does not result from any other business. Dealing with language exclusively, its combination of letters, words, sentences, paragraphs, they are constantly brought into communion with thoughts and their working, and thus insensibly become imbued with the ideas of those minds whose creations they help to embody into those forms that give them to the world. They literally get grammar at their fingers' ends while picking up the types that form sentences that are grammatical. Spelling comes to them as naturally as breathing, for they fall into correct orthography through force of habit. The characteristics of printers are not so favorable to personal thrift as those of other professions. They partake of the nature of artists in some degree, and are generally liberal to a fault, thoughtless of the future, and frequently improvident for the present.—Flash with a good situation, and dead broke when on a tramp. They may be the working Bohemians of the world of operatives. [—Exchange.] CIRCUMLOCUTION.—An English paper tells of circumlocution in the British War Office. It says there is a tradition, said to be historical, concerning a clerk in the War Office, who once wanted a peg whereon to hang his hat. To save the expense of a carpenter, he applied for a hammer and nail with which to drive it in himself. Six months passed before he received any answer to his request, and he had long ago set up a peg of his own, when a special messenger of the Tower arrived in Pall Mall with a hammer sent to him at last through the medium of numberless requisition and authorizations. At the same time he was informed that it was not the province of the Tower officials to supply nails, but that these would come to him from Woolwich; and after a few months further waiting, they really did arrive—a pound of nails, brought by a great ambulance wagon, with its half dozen horses and its dozen attendants. A Western paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list because they were hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.