

The Newberry Herald.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.]

FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF USEFUL INTELLIGENCE.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1869.

NO 26.

VOL. V.

THE HERALD

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
AT NEWBERRY C. H.,
BY THOS. J. & B. H. GREENE.
TERMS, \$3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
RECEIPTS FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS
OR PROVISIONS.
Payment required invariably in advance.
Marriage Notices, Funeral Invitations, Ob-
ituaries, and Communications subscribing private
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I am Dying.

The following beautiful poem is taken
from the Memphis Bulletin. It is rarely
found such contributions to the
columns of a newspaper. It is sweetly,
beautifully said:

Raise my pillow, husband dearest—
Faint and fainter comes my breath,
And these shadows stealing slowly,
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand,
You that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.
For your God and mine—our Father
Shall ever lead me on,
Where upon a throne eternal,
Side His loved and only Son;
I've had visions and been dreaming
Of the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.

Dreams of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride—
How my heart thrilled with love's triumph
In that hour, and all the earth-chords
Dreame of thee, and all the earth-chords
Fringed with a heart-beat—
Oh! the bliss, the burning anguish,
When I first knew we must part.

It has passed—and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend;
He'll be with you to the end.
There's no shadow e'er the portal
Leading to my Heavenly home—
Christ has promised life immortal,
And He that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And he's chiding willows swell,
Don't think Heaven that I'm spared them,
But let them feel that "all is well."
Bring our boys into my bedside;
Let them blossom let them keep—
But they're sleeping—do not wake them;
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake;
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Glasp my hand still closer, darling,
This, the last night of my life,
For tomorrow I shall never
Answer when you call me "wife."
Fare thee well, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath the chastening rod;
Throw your strong arm 'round our children,
Keep them close to thee—and God!

Bread Upon the Waters.

"Please, sir, will you buy my
chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts! No!" returned
Ralph Moore, looking carelessly
down on the upturned face, whose
large, brown eyes, shadowed by
tangled curls of flaxen hair, were
appealing so pitifully to his own.

"What do I want of chestnuts?"

"But please, sir, do buy 'em,"
pleaded the little one, reassured
by the rough kindness of his tone.

"Nobody seems to care for them,
and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and
Moore, who had been on the point
of brushing carelessly past her,
stopped instinctively.

"Are you very much in want
of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the
child, mother sent me out, and

"Nay, little one, don't cry in
such a heart-broken way," said
Ralph, smoothing her hair down
with careless gentleness. "I don't
want your chestnuts, but there's
a quarter for you, if that will do
you any good."

He did not stay to hear the de-
lighted, incoherent thanks the
child poured out through a rain-
bow of smiles and tears, but strode
on his way, muttering between
his teeth:

"That cuts off my supply of se-
gars, for the next twenty-four
hours. I don't care, though, for
the brown-eyed object really did
cry as if she hadn't a friend in the
world. Hang it! I wish I was
rich enough to help every poor
creature out of the slough of
despondence!"

While Ralph Moore was indulg-
ing in these very natural reflec-
tions, the dark-orbed little damsel
whom he had confronted was dash-
ing down the street, with quick,
elastic step, utterly regardless of
the basket of unsold nuts that
still dangled upon her arm. Down
an obscure lane she darted, be-
tween tall, ruinous rows of houses,
and up a narrow wooden staircase
to a room where a pale, neat-look-
ing woman, with large, brown
eyes like her own, was sewing as
busily as if the breath of life de-
pend upon every stitch, and two
little ones were contentedly play-
ing in the sunshine that tempora-
rily supplied the place of the ab-
sent fire.

"Mary! back already? Surely
you have not sold your chestnuts
so soon!"

"Oh! mother, mother, see!"
ejaculated the breathless child.
"A gentleman gave me a whole
quarter! Only think, mother, a
whole quarter!"

If Ralph Moore could only have
seen the rapture which his tiny
silver gift diffused around it, in
the poor widow's poverty-stricken
home, he would have grudged still
less the temporary privation of
segars to which his generosity had
subjected him.

Years came and went. The lit-
tle chestnut girl passed as entirely
out of Ralph Moore's memory, as
if her pleading eyes had never
touched the soft spot in his heart;
but Mary Lee never forgot the
stranger who had given her the
silver piece.

The crimson window-curtains
were closely drawn to shut out
the storm and tempest of the
black December night; the fire
was glowing cheerily in the well
filled grate; and the dinner-table
all in a glitter without glass, rare
china, and polished silver, was on-
ly waiting for the presence of
Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains
papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair,
handsome matron of about thirty,
as she glanced at the dial of a tiny
enamelled watch. "Six o'clock,
and he does not make his appear-
ance."

"There's a man with him in the
study, mamma—'come on business,'"
said Robert Audley, a pretty boy,
eleven years old, who was reading
by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs.
Audley, stepping to the door.

But as she opened it, the bril-
liant gaslight fell full on the face
of an humble-looking man in worn
and threadbare garments, who
was leaving the house, while her
husband stood in the doorway of
his study, apparently relieved to
be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley,
whose cheek had paled and flush-
ed, "who is that man—and what
does he want?"

"His name is Moore. I believe,
and he came to see if I would be-
stow upon him that vacant mes-
sengership in the bank."

"And will you?"

"I don't know, Mary—I must
think about it."

"Charles, give him the situa-
tion."

"Why, my love?"

"Because I ask it of you as a fa-
vor, and you said a thousand times
you would never deny me any-
thing."

"And I will keep my word, Ma-
ry," said the lover husband, with
an affectionate kiss. "I'll write
the fellow a note this very even-
ing. I believe I've got his ad-
dress somewhere about me."

An hour or two later, when
Bobby and Frank and little Min-
nie were tucked snugly up in bed,
in the spacious nursery above stairs,
Mrs. Audley told her husband why
she was interested in the fate of a
man whose face she had not seen
for twenty years.

"That's right my little wife!" said
her husband folding her fondly to
his breast when the simple tale was
concluded, "never forget one who
has been kind to you in the days
when you needed kindness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting, the self-
same night in his poor lodgings,
beside his ailing wife's sick bed,
when a liveried servant brought
a note from that rich and prosper-
ous bank director, Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha!" he ex-
claimed joyously, "as he read the
brief words; "we shall not starve
—Mr. Audley promises me the
vacant situation!"

"You have dropped something
from the note, Ralph," said Mrs.
Moore, pointing to a slip of paper
that lay on the floor.

Moore stooped to recover the
stray. It was a fifty dollar bill,
neatly folded in a piece of paper,
on which was written:

"In grateful remembrance of
the silver quarter that a kind stran-
ger bestowed on the little chest-
nut girl twenty years ago."
Ralph Moore had thrown his
morsel of bread on the waters of
life, and after many years it had
returned to him.

How I Came to be Married.

It may be funny, but I've done
it. I've got a rib and a baby.
Shadows departed—oyster stews,
brandy juleps, cigars, boxes, boot-
jacks, absconding shirt buttons,
whist and dominoes. Shadows
present—hoop skirts, band-boxes,
gaiters, long stockings, juvenile
dresses, little willow chairs, crad-
les, pap, sugar tates, paragonic,
hive syrup, senna, salts, squills
and doctor's bills. Shadows future
—more blessed babies, hive
syrup, etc. I'll just tell you how
I got caught.

I was always the darndest, most
tea-custard bashful fellow you ever
did see; it was kinder in my line
to be taken with the shakes every
time I saw a pretty gal approach-
ing me, and I'd cross the street
any time rather than meet one.
I wasn't because I didn't like the
critters, for if I was behind a fence,
looking through a knot-hole, I
couldn't look at one long enough.

Well, my sister Lib gave a party
one night, and I stayed away
from home because I was too bash-
ful to face music. I hung around
the house, whistling "Old Dan
Tucker," dancing to keep my feet
warm, and watching the heads
bobbing up and down behind the
window curtains, and wishing the
thundering party would break up,
so I could get to my room. I
smoked up a bunch of cigars, and
it getting late and mightily un-
comfortable, I concluded to shun up
the door post. No sooner said
than done, and I quickly found
myself snug in bed. "Now,"
says I, "let her rip! dance till
your wind gives out!" and cud-
dling under the quilts, Morpheus
rabbed me.

I was dreaming of soft-shell
crabs and stewed tripe, when some-
body knocked at the door and
waked me up. Rapped again. I
laid low. Rap, Rap, Rap!

Then I heard a whisperin', and
I knew there was a raft of girls
outside.

Rap, Rap!

Then Lib sings out:—
"Yas, are you in there?"
"Yis, says I."

Then came a roar of laughter.
"Let us in," says she.

"I won't," says I; "can't you let
a fellow alone?"

"Are you a bed?" says she.

"I am," says I.

"Get up," says she.

"I won't," says I. Then came
another laugh. By thunder! I be-
gan to get riled.

"Get out, you petticoat scare-
crows!" I cried.

"Can't you get a beau without
hauling a feller out of bed? I
won't go home with you—I
won't—so you may clear out!"

Then throwing a boot at the
door, I felt better. But, presently,
oh! mortal buttons. I heard a
still, small voice, very much like
sister Lib's, and it said: "Jack,
you'll have to get up, for all the
girls' things are in there!"

Oh, Lord, what a pickle? I think
of me in bed, all covered with
shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks,
and twenty girls outside waiting
to get in! If I had stopped to
think, I would have fainted on the
spot. As it was, I rolled out
among the bonnet wire and rib-
bons in a hurry.

Smash! went the millinery in
every direction. I had to dress
in the dark—for there was a crack
in the door, and the girls will peep
and the way I fumbled about,
was death on straw hats. The
critical moment came. I opened
the door, and found myself right
among the women.

"Oh my leghorn!" cries one;
"my dear darling winter velvet,"
cries another, and they pitched in—
they pulled me this way and
that, boxed my ears, and one
bright eyed little piece—Sal—was
her name—put her arms right
around my neck, and kissed me
right on my lips. Human nature
couldn't stand that, and I gave
her as good as she sent. It was
powerfully good.

I believe I could have kissed
that gal from Julius Caesar until
the fourth of July. "Jack," says
she, "we are sorry to disturb you,
won't you see me home?"

"Yes," said I, "I will."
I did it, and had another
smack at the gate, too.

After that, we took a turtle-
doving after each other, and both
of us sighed like a barrel of new
cider when we were away from
each other.

"Twas at the close of a glorious
summer day—the sun was getting
behind a distant hog pen, the
chickens were going to roost, the
bull frogs were communing their

evening songs, the polly-wogs in
their native mud puddles were
preparing themselves for the
shades of night—Sal and myself
sat upon an antique back-log, list-
ening to the music of nature such
as tree-toads, roosters, grunting
pigs and now and then the mellow
music of a distant jack was wafted
to our ears by the gentle zephyrs
that sighed among the mullen
stalks, and came heavy laden with
the delicious odor of hen-roost and
pig-styes. The last lingering rays
of the setting sun, glancing from
the brass buttons of a solitary
horseman shone through a knot-
hole in the hog pen, full in Sal's
face, dying her hair in an orange
pale hue, and showing off my
thread bare coat to a bad advan-
tage—one of my arms was around
the waist, my hand resting on the
small of her back—she was toy-
ing with my auburn locks of jet
black hue; she was almost gone
and I was ditto. She looked like
a grass hopper dying with the hic-
cups, and I felt like a mud turtle
choked with a cod fish ball.

"Sal," says I, in a voice as mu-
sical as the notes of a dying swan,
"will you have me?"

She turned her eyes heaven-
ward, clasped me by the hand, had
an attack of the heaves and blind
stagger, and with a sigh that
drew her shoe strings to her pal-
late, said, "Yes!"

She gave clear cut then and squat-
ed in my lap. Cork-screwed, and
I kerfumed. I hugged her till
I broke my suspenders.

Well to make a long story short,
she set the day, and we practiced
every night for four weeks how
we would walk into the room to
be married, till we got so we could
walk as gracefully as a couple of
Muscovy ducks.

The night, the company and the
minister came, the signal was
given, and arm in arm we marched
through the crowded hall. We
were just entering the parlor door
when down I went kerslap on the
oil cloth, pulling Sal after me.
Some cussed fellow had dropped a
banana skin on the floor, and it
floored me. It split an awful hole
in my cassimers right under my
dress coat tail.

It was too late to back out; so
clasping my hand over it, we
marched in and were spliced, and
taking a seat I waited the kissing
of the bride operation. My groom-
sman was a little tight, and he
kissed her until I jumped up to
take a slice, when oh, horror! a
little six year old imp had crawled
behind me and was pulling my
shirt through the hole in my
pants, had pinned it to a chair,
and in jumping up, I displayed to
the admiring gaze of the aston-
ished multitude, a trifling more
white muslin than was pleasant.

The women gighed, the men
roared, and I got mad, but was
only put to bed, and there all my
troubles ended.

WOMAN.—Is it not strange, after
all the Bible says of woman and
women, ladies should be preferred
by any of her sex. "She shall be
called woman," is the first intima-
tion we have of her name. We read
of the gentle, loving Ruth, the
queeny Esther, and Elizabeth, the
mother of John, all as women,
and she, who was the most exalted
of all, Mary the mother of Jesus.
If lady had been a superior title,
or something equivalent to it, it
surely would have been conferred
upon her. True, she was poor,
the wife of a carpenter, her babe
was born in a manger, yet the
angels rejoiced, and the morning
stars together, as she (a woman)
held the child in her arms. Who
bathed the Saviour's feet with her
tears, and followed him to the
cross and tomb, and received the
first blessings of the risen lord?

Woman—ever kind and compas-
sionate, the very name seems to
breathe of love and adoration. In
all ages, noble heroic women were
the mothers of true, brave men.
Our grandmothers were all wom-
en they loved their husbands
taught their children, and made
home happy; their sons grew up
and called them blessed. The
words woman, mother, home and
friends form the golden links that
keep society together; there seems
a comfort in each word, but the
word lady brings to our mind's
eyes sickly children, little graves,
a disorderly house and a bankrupt
husband. It is this love of show
that is running the American
people; we want women, good and
true, to preside over the homes of
their husbands and children, to
fill the places that God intended
them to fill, directing the minds
of sons and daughters to future
usefulness for themselves and
their fellow-creatures.

A Contretemps at a Ball.

At one of the firemen's recent
balls a little incident occurred,
which, while it reveals the treach-
ery of the sterner sex, sufficiently
attests the cunning of those dear
delightful descendants of Adam's
help meet. A gentleman, some-
what noted for his partiality to
the sex, had made many excuses
to his lovely young wife for not
being able to attend to her festi-
vities. He regretted so much that
business would detain him at his
office, and if she would only fore-
go the pleasure this time, he would
make ample amends in the future.
There was a quiet look of incred-
ulity on the little matron's face as
she accepted his protestations,
which argued no very implicit
faith in her lord's declaration.—
Nevertheless he thought it was
all fixed, and he hurried away.—
The wife immediately donned her
mask, and accompanied by a party
of friends, proceeded to the
ball. It was not a great while
before she perceived in the throng
her truant liege. Secretly masked,
she quietly watched his move-
ments. Very soon, one of her friends
approached him, and begged the
privilege of introducing him to a
most fascinating lady, and the un-
suspecting lady-killer was duly
presented to his own better half.
Never dreaming that he was prac-
ticing his greatest persuasiveness
upon one whom he had an un-
doubted right to please, he exerted
all his fascinations.

"Oh, sir, you quite put me out
with your flattery! I suspect you
are a married man," said the lady.

"No, indeed; but I confess a will-
ingness to get married since I
had the pleasure of seeing you,"
was the gallant reply.

"Indeed! but you haven't seen
my face yet!"

"No, but I know it is beautiful.
The exquisite grace that accom-
panies everything you do and say
tells me as much."

"Indeed!"

"I think so; but you will no longer
deny me that gratification;
for I assure you, lady, I am deeply
in love."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. Until I met you
to-night women have looked to me
honestly and commonplace."

"Oh, you are jesting!"

"Indeed, I am not."

"And you never loved any one
before?"

"Never." Your sex to me ap-
peared always deceitful, and my
heart refused them all sympathy,
but for you I feel a passionate at-
traction I have no power or incli-
nation to resist."

"Can this be true?"

"It is, indeed!"

"And you wish to see my face?"

"I am mad with impatience,
since it will be the only face my
heart will ever mirror. It has
upon it now no rival impression."

"You are so persuasive I can no
longer deny you the privilege—
look! and the mask was removed.

"The devil!" said the discomf-
ited benedict, indulging in a pro-
longed whistle.

"Oh, no, my dear, only the face
that has no rival impression on
your heart!"

"Say, Mary, let's call it square,
and go home."

"I think we'd better," and they
went. But it is a noticeable fact
that since then our friend has
talked but little of his triumphs
with the sex.

LABOR.—No great man can be
an idler. The world is teeming
with work for us all, and no one
can do that which God has given
another to do. We seek amuse-
ments to pass away the time, when
every hour is crowded with human
destinies, and we have not one
moment to waste. The seconds
of time are the woof of eternity—a
moment mispent and there is a
flaw in the web.

We must work. Not all be
reapers, not all gleaners; but all may
do something. Day after day
humanity is stretching out her
hands for help, poor erring souls
going down to ruin, because men
and women love self more than
God. You who lounge on luxu-
rious couches, who boast of your
lily-hands, tell me what those
hands have ever done for others?

The poorest day laborer who
walks the streets is greater than
you. Not all kings wear royal
robes or sit on thrones; and he is
far more kingly and noble, who
earns his bread by the sweat of
his brow than he who wraps about
him his purple and fine linen, and
boasts of his millions.

"I wish, Sally," said Jonathan,
"that you were locked in my arms,
and the key was lost."

Have Mercy on Women.

We have probably all of us met
with circumstances in which a
word heedlessly spoken against
the reputation of a female has been
magnified by malicious minds un-
til the cloud has been dark
enough to overshadow her whole ex-
istence. To those who are accus-
omed, not necessarily from bad mo-
tives, but from thoughtlessness, to
speak lightly of ladies, we recom-
mend these "hints as worthy of
consideration.

Never use a lady's name in an
improper place, at an improper
time, or in mixed company. Never
make assertions about her that
you think untrue, or allusions
that she herself would blush to
hear. When you meet with men
who do not scruple to make use of
a lady's name in a reckless and
unprincipled manner, shun them,
for they are the very worst
members of the community—lost
to every sense of honor, every
feeling of humanity.

Many a good worthy woman's
character has been forever ruined
and heart-broken by a lie manu-
factured by some villain, and re-
peated where it should not have
been, and in the presence of those
whose little judgement could not
deter them from circulating the
foul braggart report. A slander
is soon propagated, and the smallest
thing derogatory to a woman's
character will fly on the wings of
the wind, and magnify as it cir-
culates, till its monstrous weight
crushes the poor unconscious
victim. Respect the name of wo-
man, for your mother and sisters
are women and as you would have
that fair name untarnished and
their lives unembittered by the
slanderer's tongue, heed the ill
that your own words may bring
upon the mother, the sister, or the
wife of some fellow creature.

COUNTRY GIRLS.—Meta Victoria Fuller, in a sisterly way, thus talks to country girls:

"The farmers' daughters are
soon to be the life as well as the
pride of this country—a glorious
race of women which no other
land can show. I seek not to
flatter them; for before they can
become this, they will have to
make an earnest effort of one or
two kinds. There are some who
deprecate their condition, and
some who have a false pride in it,
because they demand more consid-
eration than they merit. A want
of intelligence upon all the sub-
jects of the day and of a refined
education is no more excusable in
a country than in a town-bred girl,
in these days of many books and
newspapers.

"Many girls are discouraged be-
cause they can not be sent away
from home to boarding-schools;
but men of superior minds and
knowledge of the world, would
rather have for wives women well
and properly educated at home.
And the education can be had
whenever the desire is not want-
ing. A taste for reading does
wonders; and an earnest thirst
after knowledge is almost certain
to attain a sweet draught from
the 'Pierian spring.' There is a
farmer's daughter in this very
room in which I am writing—a
beautiful, refined, and intelligent
woman—in whose girlhood books
were not so plenty as now, and
who obtained her fine education
under difficulties which would
have discouraged any but one
who had a true love for study."

[Ohio Cultivator.]

DEFINITION OF BIBLE TERMS.—A day's journey was thirty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was
about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet
A cubit is twenty-two inches
nearly.

A hand's breadth is equal to
three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breath is equal to one
inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty
cents.

A shekel of Gold was \$8.09.
A talent of silver was \$538.32.
A talent of gold was \$13,609.

A piece of silver, or a penny,
was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.
A gerah was one cent.
A mite was one cent.

An epha, or bath, contains seven
gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two
pints.

A firkin was seven pints.
An omer was six pints.
A cab was three pints.

It took an Iowa lady one hun-
dred and one years to discover
that she was a sinner.

An Overworked Journalist.

THE CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF THE
HON. HENRY J. RAYMOND.

A New York letter says:

The story of the sudden death
of Mr. Raymond, of the Times, is
but a repetition of that told of the
quick ending of the lives of many
men, and not a few of note, in
this great city, during the past
few months. "Apparently in per-
fect health, he dropped dead."—
Study the New York papers from
day to day, and you will remark
the alarming frequency of this
sentence in their local columns.
Why is it that sudden deaths oc-
cur so often here? Is it because
life is so terribly earnest in New
York? Perhaps so. Men who are
"in the harness" here never
rest. Men who keep even pace
with the world of New York
are forever working. Men like
Mr. Raymond who lead New
York, journalists, who direct pub-
lic opinion here, man the helm
and keep a perpetual lookout for
breakers ahead, never take the
harness off. Their brains are
ever active. They are forever
driving; forever overtaxing their
energies.

As I stated in my dispatch, no
one of Mr. Raymond's associates
for a moment dreamed that he
would die as he did; and when
the news of his death came they
could not reconcile themselves to
it or understand it at all. But
now an explanation is given.—
Last winter when in Washington
on a brief visit, just before the in-
auguration, I believe, he met with
a severe fall which injured him
about the head and shoulders so
much that he was obliged to keep
his bed for several days. The
physicians now say that in this
fall the sensitive veins connecting
with his brain were hurt much
more seriously than was thought
at the time. And their theory of
his death is this: That through
the constant working of his brain
since then these injured veins had
gradually become more and more
delicate, thinner and thinner, un-
til the quick rush of blood to his
head, when he leaned over to fix
the lower bolt on the door of his
house on that Thursday night,
burst them, and caused his sudden
death.