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THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY THOMAS SUCANAN REID.

The maid who binds her warrior's such
With smiles that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One steady tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who greets her husband's sword,
"My little one, who sleep in wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dream to hear,
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief
Kneeling the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her sweetest near,
To know the pain that weighed upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

GOKE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me sweet and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With rosy lips, yet with breath of prayer;
That I feel, but cannot hear.
The dimpled hand, and ringlet of gold,
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air I strangely hold,
And my vigil alone I keep.
There's a slender brow with a radiant crown,
A d'arid laid down in the dust,
There's a smile where never a shade come
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent gaze.
Ah well! and as I'm coming again,
I sighing her same old song sing,
But ah! it seems like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er hearts of the world's great throng.
There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there
The laughing eyes and amber hair,
Of the loved one gone before.

THE PRESS-GANG'S VICTIM.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Some time during the month of June, 1869, the American brig *Sarah*, of and from Norfolk, Va., entered the port of Liverpool with a full cargo. She was commanded by Capt. William Brown, and his first mate was Tom McDonough, a true-hearted Yankee sailor, who hailed from somewhere in the little State of Delaware. After the brig had been duly entered at the custom-house, she was soon cleared of her cargo, and within one week after her arrival she was loaded for home.

One pleasant evening—the one preceding the day on which the brig was to sail—Tom McDonough took a stroll up into the town, was seized by a press-gang, and in less than half an hour found himself on board an English frigate, which lay at the mouth of the river.

"A fine set of men," said the English captain, as he ran his eyes admiringly over the stalwart forms of the impressed seamen. "They will just fill up the list of our main topmen."

"Are you the commander of this frigate?" asked Tom, addressing the man who had just spoken.

"Captain Downie, at your service," replied the commander, with mock gravity.

"Then, sir, if you demand my immediate release, I am second in command of an American brig now ready for sea, and no power in England can legally detain me."

"That won't go down, youngster," returned the captain, with a sneer. "You are little too young for such an office. The King needs men, and you must take your chance with the rest."

"Do you mean to say that I am to be detained on board your ship?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir," replied Tom, while his eyes flashed fire, "you will do it at your peril. Already have you your people run up a heavy reckoning, and the day shall yet come when your King shall have to settle it. I am exempt by your own laws, from imprisonment, and you know it."

ger as our hero spoke, but turning to one of his lieutenants, he said:

"Mr. Monson, have these men's names entered, and then station them and mess them;" and without further remark he walked aft to his cabin.

In a moment Tom's mind was made up, and without resistance or remark of any kind he allowed his name to be entered on the purser's books, and his station and mess to be assigned him, after which a hammock and bedding were served out to him, and he was directed to "turn in" as soon as possible.

The frigate was well guarded by sentries, there being two upon the poop, one at each gangway, one on the fore-castle, and one on the bow-sprit, besides those which were stationed at various posts below, so that no further notice was taken of the new comers, after they had received their bedding, excepting to give the sentries additional caution with regard to watching well that no one left the ship unless he was passed by the officer of the deck.

Tom's hammock was already clewed, and having hung it up, he turned into it without undressing. The night was warm and sultry, and as a means of giving a circulation of fresh air, the gun-deck-ports were lowered, and from the place in which our hero swung he could look out upon the water, as it sparkled beneath the beams of the bright moon. Tom lay quiet until midnight, but as yet he could think of no means of escape.

Shortly after that hour passed, he heard the relief guard called, and in some ten minutes the corporal of the first guard came down upon the gun-deck and unshook the hammock which hung next to his own, which operation being performed, he proceeded to undress himself, hanging his clothes, as he did so, upon the folds of his hammock. The four our duty had given the corporal an excellent appetite for sleep, and in five minutes after he touched his mattress; he began to snore.

"Now, or never," thought Tom. "Is my chance," and with this idea in his mind, he slipped quietly out from his hammock, and proceeded to divest himself of his own clothes, which having been peacefully substituted those of the snoring corporal in their place, and then sat down upon the breeching of a gun to meditate further upon his plans.

One ball struck, and the sentries passed the usual "all's well." Then Tom heard the corporal, as he started to go his rounds, and ere long he descended the main-hatch ladder to visit the posts below. No sooner had the marine officer passed beyond the galley, than our hero sprang up the ladder and gained the spar-deck.—The officer of the deck was aft upon the star-board side, the sentries were walking their posts with regular tread, while the old quarter-master stood upon the poop, with his night-glass under his arm. The sentries performed their walk upon gang-boards raised even with the bottom of the hammock nettings, and running forward from the ladders.—The larboard gangway was shaded from the light of the moon by the awnings, and walking deliberately up the ladder, Tom looked over the ship's side.

"Sentry," said he, in a mumbleing sort of tone, "what boat is that at the boom?"

"The second cutter," returned the marine, showing by his manner that he had no suspicions of the spurious corporal.

Tom immediately walked aft to where stood the officer of the deck, and being quite assured by the mistake of the sentry, he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and, touching his visor respectfully, remarked:

"I should like to overhaul that second cutter, sir, for I think there is rum aboard of her."

Tom knew he was playing a desperate game, but liberty was to be the result of success, and he flinched not a hair.

"Ha! the villains," uttered the lieutenant. "Up to their old tricks again. Go, corporal—get down into the boat, and if you do find rum in her, they'll catch it."

Tom started quickly forward, but just as he got abreast of the fore-hatch-way, he saw the *Simon* pure corporal's head rising above the combings. The marine ascended no higher, for with one blow of his fist, Tom sent him back from whence he came, and then sprang quickly out through

the port upon the swinging boom and having reached the place where the second cutter's painter was made fast, he hauled the boat up and leaped into her. The flood tide was setting up the river very strongly, and quick as thought Tom cast off the painter, and rapidly dropped astern.

"Help, help!" shouted our hero, at the top of his voice, "the boat's got loose!"

"Get out a couple of oars, you lubber," cried the officer of the deck, as he jumped upon the poop on hearing the cry, where he arrived just as the cutter was sweeping past the quarter. "You can hold her against the tide."

Tom did get out a couple of oars, but the moment he got them balanced in the rawlocks, he commenced pulling for dear life, and to the utter consternation of the lieutenant, the boat began rapidly to shoot up the river. All the sentries on deck were immediately called upon the poop, and their muskets were fired at the deserter, but though two of the balls whistled near the boat, yet none of them did any harm, and on the next moment Tom heard the third cutter called away, but he knew the men were all sound asleep in their hammocks, and so he felt secure.

It was ten minutes before the third cutter cast off from the ship, and long ere they reached Tom he had gained the shore, and was running at a remarkable speed towards the city, which he reached in safety, and before two o'clock he was on board his own brig.

The next morning the *Sarah* dropped down with the ebb tide, and as she passed the frigate, Tom saw the second cutter swinging in her usual place, and as he gazed upon the proud flag that floated at the Englishman's peak, he muttered to himself:

"If I live, I'll some day take the pride from those proud tyants."

How literally that saying fulfilled! Tom McDonough had fulfilled Decatur's favorite midshipman at the siege of Tripoli, and wherever Decatur led he dared to follow. Subsequent to that brilliant chapter in the page of our history, occurred the event which is embodied in our sketch; but five years afterwards, on the 11th of September, 1814, Thomas McDonough met one of England's proud fleets on Lake Champlain. At the first broadside, the British Commodore, Downie, fell, and at the end of a fight which lasted two hours and twenty minutes, without intermission, Commodore Thomas McDonough was the conqueror of Champlain! He had gained a victory—he had indeed humbled the pride of the tyrant, and that day's achievement forms one of the brightest pages in the history of America.

Commodore Thomas McDonough—the hero of Tripoli—the conqueror of Champlain! He was a noble and true-hearted man, and a terror to all enemies of his country. Peace to his ashes, and everlasting honor to his memory!

[New York Ledger.]

HEAVY ON BACHELORS.—The operations of the Homestead Act have raised the question as to what constitutes a "family" in a legal sense. The first section of said Act provides that whenever the real estate of any "head of a family" shall be levied on under any *mesne* or final process, if such be the "family homestead, shall not be liable to attachment, levy and sale." A Georgia exchange says an application had been made before the Ordinary of Coweta County for a homestead, from a bachelor sixty years of age. The creditors of the bachelor filed their objection to the passage of an order assigning a homestead in this case, on the ground that the applicant was not the "head of a family," in a legal sense. It was admitted that he had neither wife nor children, but had servants in his employment, and it was contended that this fact constituted him the head of a family. The objections were sustained, and the applicant appealed. Miserable bachelors.

A wealthy bachelor of Sacramento having had one or two law suits for breach of promise, now replies to any young lady who wishes a "few minutes' private conversation": "No you don't, madam. It cuts me to the heart to be compelled to doubt the honorableness of your intentions, but that sort of thing has played out. My rule is imperative; and if you have any business with me, it must be transacted in the presence of two witnesses!"

Make Farm Life Attractive.

Just now, when the cotton mania prevails so extensively, and men are not disposed to heed Solomon's advice about making haste to get rich, we publish the following beautiful and *truthful* extract from a speech delivered by Hon. H. Seymour, at an agricultural fair last year, with the hope that it may induce some poor voyager to pause ere he wanders too far from his moorings.—Eds. So. Cult.

It is not unfrequently happens that a man of fortune who has given himself up to the love of gain, or who, may live in a magnificent house, well filled with costly articles, after all this may still be the dweller of a dreary, unfurnished world. His poorer but more intelligent neighbor may see from his porch greater beauties and objects of deeper interest than wealth can give.

We can see, then, why country life is dreary to one and full of pleasure to another. We can see why we have not put the farmer upon the highest grounds when we have merely taught him the skill of a husbandman or the art of making money. These do not meet the demands of nature when our vital powers begin to give way. They do not meet the call for mental interest when time shall have laid its hand upon us and disabled us for physical toil.

To lift up agriculture to its best and highest estate, those who follow it must have a measure of taste and of education which will make them happy upon their farms through all periods of their lives. If these are wanting men will abandon the country for the excitement of towns. We now see why the great men to whom I alluded sought homes amid the remote scenes of nature. We also see whence springs this hurtful and unhealthy passion for city life. But it may be said that all men cannot become learned in the mysteries of nature. It would indeed be a mockery to tell the man who begins in the humblest position, without the aid of early education, and who is toiling on to write out a support by his farm labor for himself and family, that he must become either an astronomer, or a geologist, or a botanist, to be happy in his home. Nor are those things necessary. The Almighty has been too kind to demand of any for their happiness that which is beyond their reach. But he does require them, if they would enjoy the beauties of His world, that they should open their eyes and look. He does demand, if they would have habits of thought and mental pleasures, that they should cultivate their powers of observation and learn the lessons which He tries to teach them in every bush or flower, in every stone or stream, and in all animated nature that surrounds them. It needs no more knowledge than every man can gain who will look and think, to make rural life full of enjoyments. He who will not do this cheats and wrongs himself. In the order of nature a love of the country is a natural enjoyment in our declining years. All men should bear in mind that their tastes outlive their intellectual power. They should therefore cultivate those tastes which can be easily gratified, that are not inconsistent with weakness of age, which make no heavy demands upon our powers, or which we hold by an uncertain tenure. Objects of art or wealth are frequently stripped from men when their powers begin to fail, but he who loves God's works is happy in the scenes of nature, and has pleasures more certain and lasting than fortune can give. It's a good investment to cultivate the tastes. I care not how humble they may be. The man is untrue to himself, amidst the labor of the farm, when following the plow or busy at any other work, who does not teach himself to love what is beautiful, and who does not exercise and strengthen his mind by observing all there is about him. He lives in the midst of God's great museum of wonders, and he cannot say he was never taught, for all the world about him is teaching, if he will but learn truths that will make him content with his lot, that will strengthen his mind, purify his taste, and lift him up in his whole nature. I have seen and know much of men of all conditions. I have listened to the stories and the prayer for pardon of the criminal in his cell. I have enjoyed the intercourse of men marked for their virtues, their

abilities in high social and official positions. Beyond most men I have had a chance to study human nature in all its phases, and I do not hesitate to say as one of the results of life long observation, that virtue, health, and happiness are best promoted by cultivating a love of nature. Its teachings, next to the teachings of religion, do most to make men wise and contented here and hereafter.

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.

HOW LOVELY LADIES LOOK IN THE SALT SURF OF THE SAD SEA.

About half-past 10 o'clock the white flag is raised, which is the signal for bathing, when preparations for that rare sport are immediately commenced, and small parties start for the booths of the beach; these booths are mere board houses, about four feet square, just large enough for a well-developed crinoline to get in. They resemble pig-pens more than dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen, but they are all alike, and answer the purpose. You will see a fashionably attired lady or gentleman enter one of these narrow dens, and in a few moments emerge minus all the "toggerly" that contributes to make up the inviting exterior, clad in a flannel jacket and pants, the latter coming only to the ankle, generally in their bare feet, with an old straw hat tied down in the most ludicrous and uninviting manner to prevent the wearers from being sun-burned, the reflection of the sun on the water being quite severe. Bathers when dressed for the bath, all look alike; but those clad in such meagre habiliments for the first time are generally nervous, and act very much as if they were ashamed of themselves, and glance down at their pants, especially if they are ladies, in a manner that is highly amusing to all veteran salts. They venture in the water cautiously and not unlike young ducks, but, finally, after being buffeted and tossed about by the surf for a half-hour or so, they invariably put on a bold face and march out of the water as if they were "no novices."

Here is an excellent opportunity for a single gentleman matrimonially inclined to see what amount of frauds there are upon the market. The young lady who may appear to possess a handsome figure, and is always gotten up on the expansive principle, with a profusion of false hair, hoops, pads, and all the paraphernalia known to female genius and penetration, may prove to be a mere skeleton when she is disengaged and extricated from the mysterious and complicated concerns which surround her. While upon the other hand, if the lady is inclined to *embonpoint* and is laced up daily with a block and tackle in order to make her waist appear small, or compress her proportions into an unreasonably small quantity of dry goods, the fact will reveal itself the moment she is well saturated with the surf. She can take none of her "make up" into the water with her. The ocean is honest. While the bathing-dress will not adhere to the skin it will do so readily to any other substance, like a corset or ———, I shan't tell what else, for the reason that I am not *au fait* in such matters. But the woman is before you, devoid of all deformities and you can form an adequate idea of what you will be called upon to disburse your stamps for, should you enter into a matrimonial alliance with her. It would be a great consolation to know these things in advance. The water is a great leveler of distinction. It treats all of its patrons precisely alike; the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, are all swayed to and fro, knocked down or thrown upon the beach by its resistless wave, as if they were mere blocks of wood. Every one is in the best of humor, and if any unlucky novice in sea-bathing should swallow a mouthful of salt water and stop to cough, and the succeeding waves take him amidstships, and send him sprawling towards the shore, his mouth wide open, to receive a fresh supply, the crowd, as well as the hundreds on the beach, will shout with delight.—*Journal.*

PUT A HOLE THROUGH IT.—One night Gen. ——— was out on the line. He observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was the signal light of the enemy, he told his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it. Whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said: "Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it."

"The Corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready, he looked up and said:

"General, that's the moon."

"Don't care a cent; put a hole through it any way."

The lowest class of society—

Secretary Rawlins, is dead.

SECRETARY RAWLINS, IS DEAD.

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ABOUT BABIES.

In one of the street-cars of the metropolis, a few evenings since, was a lady with a baby.

One of the blue-eyed, crowing happy babies, disarranging its white robes, and rumpling its blue ribbons with all the abandon of a baby that is secure in ever-fresh supplies, both of love and clothes. The mother was evidently a stranger to the other ladies in the car; yet all of them smiled when they looked in her direction, and many of them spoke to her and seemed to love her for the sake of the beautiful child.

The opening instinct of womanhood seems to be the love of the babies, and the girl must be a very little one who does not want a doll to which she can play the sweet part of mother. The depth and purpose of the instinct are revealed to us in the petition of the little miss of five years, who happens to be an only child—"Mamma, I want a baby to play with, a meat baby, mamma."

No kinder blessing was ever bestowed, than in the case of Fanny Fern's letter to the then newly-married Princess Royal of England: "And when, brightest of all others, the crown of maternity shall descend upon your youthful brow, God grant you that nicest of all places on earth to cry in—a mother's bosom!"

Yet, while the instinct of maternity is peculiar to woman, and marks her sex more plainly than rounded limbs or gentle manners, it is not to women and girls alone that the love of babies is confined.

It was once the lot of the writer to dwell in the white tents of Camp Harrison, in Georgia, in the lower part of the State, where families are always far between, and much more so in war times. For long weeks we had not seen a woman or child.

At last the railroad through the Camp was repaired, and in the first train there was a lady, with such a wide-awake, kicking baby, as the latter one of the metropolis. Some hundreds of rough soldiers were around the cars, and Captain Story of the 57th Infantry was the biggest and roughest among them, if we may judge of the tree by its bark.

The lady with the baby in her arms was looking from a window, and he took off his hat and said, "Madam, I will give you five dollars, if you will let me kiss that baby." One look at his bearded face told her that there was nothing bad in it, and, saying, with a pleased laugh, "I do not charge anything for kissing my baby," it was handed over. The little one was not afraid, and the bushy whiskers, an eighth of an ell long, was just the play-house it had been looking for.

More than one kiss did the Captain get from the little red lips, and there was energy in the hug of the little round arms. The other voices said, "Pass him over here, Cap!" and before the train was ready to move, half a hundred men had kissed the baby. It was on its best behavior, and kicked, and tugged at whiskers, as only a happy baby can. It was an event of the campaign; and one giant of a mountaineer, who strode past us with tread like a mammoth, but with tread dimmed eyes and quivering lips, said, "By George, it makes me feel and act like a fool; but I've got one just like it at home."

Other lands have owned the power of this young immortality, and the Hindoo hails the little stranger with the words, "Young child, as thou hast entered the world in tears when all around thee smiled, so live as to leave the world in smiles while all around thee weep."

A man had a sign-up—"Cheap ladies, shoes for sale here?" He found that not a woman entered his shop. No wonder; the ladies don't like to be called cheap—they want to be called *dear*.

It was a solemn hour and a lonely walk for the old bachelor on his way home of a dark night, after Jerusha told him he "needn't come again."

They say in Paris that Patti-Caux is—well, as some ladies love to be.

Blacque Bey plays the best game of whist at White Sulphur Springs.

The pinnacle of style—a fashionable lady's coiffure.

The lowest class of society—