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ADVERTISING RATES.

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THOUGHTS OF THINKERS.

All philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

'Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty; but much worse not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.—Thucydides.

Let a man be ever so ungrateful, or inhuman, he shall never destroy the satisfaction of my having done a good office.—Seneca.

Satires and lampoons on particular people circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties, than by printing them.—Sheridan.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has all animals the nimblest tongue.—Swift.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.—Locke.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide, for the man is inefficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.—Chatterfield.

A Louisville girl, whose lover called every morning and stayed all day and long into the night, became discouraged at so much attention, and concocted a plan to get rid of him by asking him to move the piano up stairs, and after that was done, changed her mind, and had it moved down.—She had it moved to and fro seventeen times before he discovered the plot.

An Irishman direct from the sod had got into a muss, and was knocked down.

"And to sure ye wouldn't be after batin' a man when he's down?" said Pat.

"Certainly not," said his antagonist.

"Faith, then, I'll just lay where I am."

A Danbury boy, whose imagination had become diseased by too close application to dime novels, started off to seek fame as a slayer of bears and Indians.

He took all his toys with him, including a hand-saw and a snare drum, bade his little brothers and sisters an affectionate farewell, and was gone nearly two hours.

A student of latin, being confined to his room by sickness, was called upon by a friend.

"What John, my boy," said the visitor, "sick, eh?"

"Yes," answered John, "sick sum."

"Papa, are you growing taller all the time?"

"No, my child, why do you ask?"

"Because the top of your head is poking up through your hair."

"Boy, what has become of the hole I saw in your pants the other day?" Young America, carefully examining his unmentionables.—"It's worn out, sir."

A pert little four-year old, in describing a gentleman with a bald head, said he was barefooted on the top of his head.

What is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child? One pours with rain and the other roars with pain.

Our school-boy remarks that when his teacher undertakes to show him what is what, he only finds out what is switch.

"Take her up tenderly, lift her with care—No one knows how dearly she paid for her hair."

An experienced boy says he regards hunger and the chattering rod as about the same thing.—They both make him hollow.

A little boy in school gave one of the best definitions ever given of economy: "Paring potatoes thin."

"Ow! is that for I?" as the bad boy said when the governor surprised him with a switch.

New WELLERISMS.—"Oh! that's tooth in it" as the man said when the dog bit him in the leg.

Never laugh at a man with a pug nose. You don't know what you may turn up.

Fences should be examined and repaired. A nail in time saves nine.

When is a young lady like a whale?—when she's pouting.

A thrilling tale—the rattlesnake's.

A taking paper—the sheriff's warrant.

Ours at home—the baby.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he were about to slap the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the course of Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not to be driven from the citadel in which he had entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said, "I would rather be a coward, than lay my hand in violence on him whom I once called friend."

At this moment light glistly laughter and the ring of merry voices reach the ears of our excited young men, and their relation of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came, while the other two remained where they had been standing.

"Why didn't you knock him down?" said the companion of Wilson.

The latter, whose face was now very sober and very pale, shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed the other, impatiently, and turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party, whose voices had interrupted them, by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands; sat motionless for several minutes. How much he suffered in that little space of time will not be attempted to describe.

The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward in heart. What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering.

Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him. In spite of his better reason he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he half regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment.

They were the moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party for a neighboring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill stream. There were three or four young men and half a dozen maidens; and as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former. These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties, and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling and a generous deportment toward others.

Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly.

An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult; so cutting that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and marched slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavorable. Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment for his unjustifiable insult.—When therefore they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer; and heard the loud, sneeringly uttered word, "Coward!" from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward we instinctively despise; and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment, rather than to do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This

was for him a bitter trial, and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence, that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free to repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves at some distance above in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current, with a fearfully increasing speed, toward the breast of a mill-dam some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a height of over twenty feet. Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands toward their companions on the shore, and uttering heart-rending cries for succor.

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost. The position of the young girls had been discovered while they were yet some distance above, and there happening to be another boat on the milldam, and that night at hand, Logan, and two other young men had loosed it from the shore. But the danger of being carried over the dam, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter hazard. Now screaming and now wringing their hands, and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them, and springing into the boat, cried out:

"Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or all is lost!"

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls were saved it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the shore, and, with giant strength, bore on the moment and for the occasion, from his high, unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, toward the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light skiff sprang forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat.

Both were now within twenty yards of the fall, and the water bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage, was for Wilson, impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water. It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however. In the next instant he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not more than two feet deep. As he did so he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam-crested waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant, his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of

Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current. If he were to let the boat go he could easily save himself. But not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick, hoarse voice.

The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the dam, he sprang into it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light vessel, as it shot out into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful plunge was made in safety. The boat struck the soothing waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool, bearing its living freight unharmed.

"Which was the coward?" The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered with the rest of the company, around Wilson, and the pale, trembling girl he had so heroically saved. Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to another, and in a louder voice than was intended.

"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand of him he had so wronged and insulted. "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was for some moments too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last he said—

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live!"

Afterward he remarked, when alone with Logan:

"It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the milldam."

There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it will usually be found, that the morally brave man is quickest to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

THE LOCKED-UP PARDON.

In the Isle of Man, as I was one day walking on the seashore, I remember contemplating with thrilling interest an old, gray, ruined tower, covered with ivy.

There was a remarkable history connected with the spot. In that tower was formerly hung one of the best Governors the island ever possessed. He had been accused of treachery to the king during the time of the civil war, and received sentence of death. Intoxication was made on his behalf, and a pardon was sent, but that fell into the hands of his bitter enemy, who kept it locked up, and the governor was hanged. His name is still honored by the many, and you may often here a pathetic ballad sung to his memory, to the music of the spinning-wheel.

We must feel horror-struck at the fearful turpitude of that man who, having the pardon for his fellow-creature in his possession, could keep it back, and let him die the death of a traitor. But let us restrain our indignation till we ask ourselves whether God might give his finger to most of us, and say thou art the man. Thou hast a pardon in thine hands to save thy fellow-creature, not from temporal, but from eternal death.—Thou hast a pardon suited to all, sent to all, designated for all.—Thou hast enjoyed it thyself, but hast thou not kept it back from thy brother, instead of sending it to the ends of the earth?—Hugh Stowell.

Talk about men losing their senses when they are drunk; it is not always the case, for some men are all the sharper when they are about so full. A man by the name of Hanafrau, in Detroit, lately applied to the station house in that city to be locked up. The sergeant appeared a trifle surprised at the request, and proceeded to interview him on the subject.—"It's all right, old man, I know my biz. When I'm drunk the old woman can handle me like a child, but I can whollop blazes out of her when I'm sober. Lock me up, for I'm on it tight, an' the old woman is waiting for me to come home. Turn on the bolts, old man." They were turned on.

Miscellaneous.

YOUNG MEN.

Alexander, of Macedon, extended his power over Greece, conquered Egypt, rebuilt Alexandria, over-ran all Asia, and died at thirty-three years of age.

Hannibal was but twenty-six, when, after the fall of his father, Hamilcar, and Asdrabal, his successor, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian army.

At twenty-seven he captured Saguntum from the Romans. Before he was thirty-four he carried his arms from Africa into Italy, conquered Publius Scipio on the banks of the Trebia, routed Sempronius, near the Trebia, defeated Flaminius on his approach to the Apennines, laid waste the whole country, defeated Fabius Maximus and Varro, marched into Capua, and, at the age of thirty-six, was thundering at the gates of Rome.

Scipio Africanus was nearly sixteen when he took an active part in the battle of Cannae, and saved the life of his father. The wreck of the Roman cavalry chose him then for their leader, and he conducted them back to the capital.—Soon after he was twenty he was appointed pro-consul of Spain, where he took New Carthage by storm. He soon after defeated, successively, Asdrabal, (Hannibal's brother,) Mago, and Hanno, crossed into Africa, negotiated with Syphax, and Massanasa king, returned to Spain, quelled the insurrection there, drove the Carthaginians wholly from the peninsula, returned to Rome, devised the diversion against the Carthaginians by carrying the war into Africa, crossed thither, destroyed the army of Syphax, compelled the return of Hannibal, and defeated Asdrabal a second time.

Charlemagne was crowned King of the Franks before he was twenty-six. At the age of twenty-eight he had conquered Aquitaine, and at the age of twenty-nine, he made himself master of the whole German and French empires.

Charles XII. of Sweden was declared of age by the States, and succeeded his father, at the age of fifteen. At eighteen he headed the expedition against the Danes whom he checked; and with a fourth of their number, he cut to pieces the Russian army commanded by the Czar Peter, at Narva; crossed the Dwina, gained a victory over Saxony, and carried his arms into Poland. At twenty-one he had conquered Poland, and dictated to her a new sovereign. At twenty-four he had subdued Saxony; and at twenty-seven he was conducting his victorious troops into the heart of Russia, when a severe wound prevented his taking command in person, and resulted in his overthrow, and subsequent treacherous captivity into Turkey.

LaFayette was a major-general in the American army at the age of eighteen; was but twenty when he was wounded at Brandywine, but twenty-two when he raised supplies for his army, on his own credit, at Baltimore, and but thirty-three when he was raised to the office of commander-in-chief of the National Guards of France.

Napoleon Bonaparte commenced his military career as an officer of artillery at the age of seventeen. At twenty-four he successfully commanded the artillery at Toulon. His splendid and victorious campaign in Italy was performed at the age of twenty-seven. During the next year, when he was about twenty-eight, he gained a battle over the Austrians, in Italy, conquered Mantua, carried the war into Austria, ravaged Tyrol, concluded an advantageous peace, took possession of Milan and the Venetian republic, revolutionized Genoa, and formed the Cisalpine republic. At the age of twenty-nine he received the command of the army against Egypt; scattered the clouds of Mameluke cavalry, mastered Alexandria, Aboukir, and Cairo, and wrested the land of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies from the proud descendants of the prophet. At thirty he fell among the Parisians like a thunderbolt, overthrew the dictatorial government, dispersed the council of five hundred, and was proclaimed First Consul. At the age of thirty-one he crossed the Alps, with an army, and destroyed the Austrians by a blow at Marengo. At the age of thirty-two he established the Code of Napoleon; in the same year he was elected Consul for life by the people, and at the age of thirty-three he was crowned Emperor of the French people.

William Pitt, the first Earl of

Chatham, was but twenty-seven years