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Original Story.

BERKLEY HALL.

BY "LA CAROLINE."

CHAPTER X.

"Yes, give me the land that hath soil and song, To tell of the night with the wrong."

More than ten years have passed away, and even now a throb of anguish thrills my heart as memory recalls that sad year of disaster which sealed the death-warrant of our short-lived nationality—the Southern Confederacy. The gallant Hood casting our all upon a hazardous venture had marched into Tennessee, and Gen. Sherman, the American Attila, found it an easy matter to possess himself of the defenceless South from the mountains to the sea. His pathway through Georgia and Carolina was marked by devastation and suffering. Burning cities, plundered farms, defenceless, homeless, half-starved women and children were left behind him as monuments of victory! But either to blame or defend Gen. Sherman is not our object in these pages—to history we leave him. His soldiers were men with passions like our own, and oftentimes the Federal and the Confederate were children of one mother. Then let us not judge our fellows, but examining our own hearts and marking all the evil of our sin-polluted soul, thank God that he raised up for us wise, humane, christian leaders, and it may be that in denying us the triumph of our cause, a triumph so ardently coveted, so earnestly prayed for, He has in love and mercy delivered us from a terrible temptation—the temptation to trample upon a fallen foe!

But to return to our story. Although the Southerners had but too good cause to dread the approach of Sherman and his myriads, yet in that army, there were some whose names are to-day household words in many Southern homes and Southern voices speak with eloquent gratitude of the gentle courtesy and generous protection afforded the suffering and defenceless. One like unto these truly brave men finds a place in our story. He was a very young man of grave and lofty bearing, high courage and untarnished honor. He was held in great respect both by subordinates and commanding officers, although few were familiar with him, and many regarded him with envy and malice because his honorable deportment formed so marked a contrast to theirs, whose plans for illicit gain and outrage he often foiled. His sobriety among his envious fellows was "the modern Don Quixote," and more than one Southern woman had cause to remember with gratitude their chivalric protection from insult and wrong by the grave young Colonel.

The conquering army had marched through the "Empire State" with fire and sword, and had scourged with remorseless hate the devoted Palmetto land. Women and children trembled with fearful abhorrence at the words "Sherman" and "Yankees," for the cords which had bound us in the ties of a once glorious brotherhood were broken and forgotten, and rapine and murder ruled the hour. Few remembered or thought of the truth and holiness of the sentiment so sweetly expressed by the noble poet:

"The drying up a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Before daylight one morning the inhabitants of the little town of C—, in the up-country of Carolina, were alarmed by the exciting rumors, "the Yankees are coming!" In a comfortable cottage on the outskirts of the same town Mrs. Maham and her daughter had found a pleasant place of refuge with a patriotic and kind-hearted lady who lived alone, her husband and only child (a son) being both of them in the Confederate Army. Mrs. D—, although not wealthy, lived in generous ease and affluence, and it was for companionship in her loneliness as well as her desire to show a kindness to poor refugees that she afforded an asylum to the strangers.

The change in the winter from the low country to the cold and rainy climate of the up-country had proved unfavorable to Mrs. Maham's health. She contracted a violent cold which culminated into typhoid pneumonia, and for weeks her physicians and friends deemed recovery almost impossible. Only a few days before the invasion of their town, her symptoms had become more hopeful, and the Doctors had said that with close, careful nursing and perfect quiet she might overcome the disease. Much of the suffering her people had been enduring under Federal military rule had been concealed from her. Poor Marion! In her mother's room she wore a smiling, hopeful face, while her heart was bowed down in anxiety for that precious mother's recovery; with grief for her country's woes, and the most painful solicitude for her soldier brother, of whose welfare they had not heard one word since leaving Berkeley.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. D—, hurriedly entering the parlor, where Marion was resting on a lounge after administering an opiate, and seeing her mother fall into a deep, calm slumber, "what shall we do? how can we keep your dear mother quiet? There is no doubt of it, the Federals will be in C— before evening, and then who will insure to Mrs. Maham the quiet which she needs to save her life?"

"Missie! Missie! the Yankees are in town! See, some of them are in sight! they are coming right here!" cried Nellie, Marion's maid, rushing into the parlor, and speaking in a voice almost breathless with fear and excited curiosity.

"O, my child! my dearest child! what

ment she drew from her pocket, which was concealed in the folds of her skirt, a Smith and Wesson's pistol, cocked it, and presenting it with a steady hand and calm dignified manner, said: "The first man who advances one step nearer will lose his life by a woman's hand. I appealed to you as men and soldiers; you have replied like fiends and robbers! I have six balls; I am a practised and sure shot; and, above all else, the God of Heaven is my shield and defence."

All men, even barbarians, respect bravery, and these rude men, the brutal Captain not excepted, gazed admiringly on the girl, seemingly awed by her courage, which grew greater with the increasing danger, and spell-bound by her beauty, which the excitement had made radiant.

"By Jove, I will not be foiled by such a chit!" exclaimed Capt. Bennett, fiercely, awakening suddenly from the momentary trance into which he had been thrown by the girl's courage and beauty. "I, too, can show a pistol. Dare you oppose us? we are seven men, and soldiers of the conquering Sherman! You are but a slender girl. Your resistance is vain; it will but cost you your life."

Scornfully the red lips curled: "Were I a soldier or a man, I would deem myself heaven-created to fight women! Death is ever the welcome friend of the oppressed; he comes but once, and I do not fear him," she boldly replied.

Irritated by the heroic woman's fearless scorn, the Captain drew his pistol, but before he could present it, a voice in tones of stern command, exclaimed:

"Hold!" The astonished ruffians turned and beheld with evident consternation on the first step of the stairway a young man of lofty stature and commanding bearing, dressed in the uniform of a Federal Colonel.

"Soldiers," he said, in tones of reproachful admonition, "you whose banners are inscribed with Atlanta and Savannah—victories bravely won over gallant men—I now find you engaged in the cowardly work of insulting and pillaging defenceless women? My brave boys, this should not be. Shame upon the man against whom a timid woman finds it necessary in self-defence to gird her with a soldier's weapon and a soldier's courage! Return to your command, and act so as to make yourselves worthy the proud names of 'soldier' and 'man.' You, Captain," he continued, after first casting an admiring glance at the young girl, which glance was quickly changed into an expression and smile of mingled irony and contempt, as he addressed Captain Bennett, "may make yourself easy; your ambitious thirst for fight and fame (if our scouts report true) will be indulged full soon by an encounter with a more numerous though scarce a more valiant foe! 'Tis said the gallant Hampton will cross our path ere long. Seven to one, and that one a woman, is hardly a brave or a fair fight!"

"Yes, 'tis the way we Southerners ever meet your swarming myriads," said the girl quickly.

"You have got the woman's tongue for your pains, Colonel," sneeringly replied Capt. Bennett, touching his hat, "Good-morning" as he went down stairs, and muttering in low tones: "Hubert Gray shall yet rue this day or my name is not Jonathan Bennett."

"Marion! Miss Maham! why do I find you here?"

"God bless you, Colonel, for your timely aid!" said Mrs. D—, with a long drawn sigh of relief, interrupting Col. Gray's exclamation. Then, offering her hand to the Federal officer, she said: "I do not often desire to clasp the hand of a Yankee, but we Rebels as you call us, Colonel, know how to appreciate a true man and a brave man in friend or foe!"

Marion, now that all danger was over, had shrunk again into the retiring, timid girl; but the loud and fervent blessings poured out by the hitherto frightened and silent Mrs. D—, gave her courage to express her gratitude. Hastily putting down her pistol on a chair near by, her beautiful eyes suffused with tears, and her lovely face glowing with excitement, she approached Colonel Gray with both hands extended, and exclaimed: "My brother's friend, and our deliverer! how can I thank you?"

"You owe me no thanks, dear Miss Maham. I am only too happy in being permitted to serve my old friends and the friends of Walter Maham. If you are indebted at all it is to your servant Croppo. The faithful fellow recognized me as I was riding through the town, endeavoring to check the work of destruction in which our soldiers are engaged. He came up to my horse, and putting his hand respectfully but firmly upon my bridle, stopped the horse and said in a low and agitated voice: 'Mass Hubert, your member me? I see Croppo from Buckley Hall; Col. Maham's servant. My luby young lady, Miss Marion, is in a bad place. Come wid me quick, Colonel, but don't let your sengers know Croppo send you.' The sweet memories of Berkeley, and the thought of Walter Maham's sister in danger stirred my soul! I lost no time, but quickly followed the faithful slave. Just before we reached the gate, he pointed with his hand saying: 'Dat is de house; go up stairs,' and then disappeared. He is evidently afraid of our soldiers. But where is your gentleman?"

"Ah! dear Maham, I must go to her. She has been and is still very sick. It was to prevent your soldier from entering her chamber that you found me in such warlike attitude. Mamma will be anxious to see your Walter's friend—When may we hope to see you again?"

"If it be not too disagreeable to you, ladies, to accommodate a Yankee officer," he answered confusedly, "I would like to make this house my headquarters while we remain in C—." Then, as if in

apology, he added: "It is the best, and indeed the only way I can secure you from intrusion."

"This is Col. Gray, the friend of my brother Walter, of whom you have heard mamma speak so often," said Marion, turning to Mrs. D—, and introducing the Colonel. Then, addressing Colonel Gray, she said: "Mrs. D— is the lady of this house, and our kind hostess. You may be able to arrange with her for accommodations. I must return to mamma."

Col. Gray found Mrs. D— not only willing, but only too delighted to furnish the courteous and friendly Yankee Col. with a chamber in her house and a seat at her table. "He," she afterwards privately confided to Marion, "I do sincerely believe to be the only real gentleman that any contains, and as much out of his element as 'righteous Lot' must have been in Sodom."

Marion returned to her mother's room, and found her beloved patient just awakening from a refreshing sleep, and ready to greet her child with a bright and cheerful smile. Not one word had she heard of the terrible fracas which had passed so near her, and had almost proved a bloody tragedy.

"Dear mamma, you look so much better! Have you really been sleeping all this while? I am so very glad of it! Just think of it, mamma, the Federals are in C—. They have come at last, and your desire to see Hubert Gray will be gratified in a few hours. He lodges here to afford us his protection." Marion spoke rapidly, trusting by the mingling of bad and good news to break the shock of the enemy's advent in C—.

She spoke what she considered such dreadful tidings in a calm and matter of fact voice. The ruse succeeded admirably.

"Hubert Gray! my child, my Walter's friend!" exclaimed Mrs. Maham. "Bring him to me! Let me bless and thank him for his kindness to my dying boy!"

In her eagerness to see her son's friend Mrs. Maham seemed to have ignored the presence of the dreaded and dreadful army, and the anxious daughter found another cause for gratitude in the renewal of her acquaintance with Col. Gray.

"Col. Gray says the army will not trouble us very long," continued Marion in an ordinary conversational tone. "We are truly fortunate in being provided with a guard, and in securing the Colonel as a boarder. He says he will return here in an hour or two, and will be most happy to renew his acquaintance with you. He is much changed, mamma. I did not know him until he spoke, and then I recalled the full rich tones of his voice. I have heard the Western people are remarkable for their full, rich voices. He has grown much taller, too, or appears to be so, and the lines about his face are stern, hard and care-worn. He has entirely lost his joyous, boyish look." Thus Marion continued to chat and amuse her invalid, while her heart swelled with gratitude to Him who had sent her help in her terrible need.

Mrs. D— having satisfied herself that her sick friend had suffered no injury from the noise of the soldiers, hastened down stairs to prepare for the entertainment of her new guest. From room to room she went, and what a scene of confusion met her sight. Feather-beds and mattresses ripped and their contents scattered on the floors, bureau drawers pulled open, chairs turned upside down, many of them thrown out of the windows, crockery broken, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, &c., torn into shivers; everything indicated that the sacred precincts of a quiet, well-kept and orderly home had been invaded by rude, coarse men, who were actuated by an evil spirit of wanton malice. She rang the house bell again and again, but no servants answered the Mistress's call. She went into the kitchen, and there a like scene of disorder, waste and destruction met her view. All of the servants—men, women and children—had left the premises, attracted to the Yankee camps by a "divine call," as some really, but the majority feigned to believe. They wildly declared the first blast of Gabriel's Trumpet had blown.

Mrs. Maham's carriage-driver alone remained at his post, and even he seemed doubtful whether he was acting right in holding back when the glorious summons had reached them of a wonderful freedom offered to him and to all, for which no price was to be paid by him, save the faithless abandonment of his suffering and much-loved mistress in her hour of sorrow. Croppo had borne the reproaches of his fellow-servants, and had bravely declared his resolution to stick to his "white folks," but left alone, anxious, irresolution and fidelity fought a terrible fight in the breast of the faithful but ignorant slave. His home at old Berkeley, the sports of his boyhood with "Mass Harry," who was the very pride of his heart, the whoop and halloo after the fox and deer by the old Santee, all came back to the poor fellow's vision, clothed in bright colors, and he determined to be faithful Croppo. But, then, again, "these gentlemen—the Yankees—had come all the way from the Nor'ard to give poor nigger freedom."

It was true, Croppo was a gentleman's servant, and he did not think his friends behave much like gentlemen, but his black brethren said the good Lord had sent them, to call his people out of Egypt; and freedom must be a great thing since he was told Marster and Mass Walter had lost their lives for it.

"Well, well," he murmured, after battling with contending feelings, "I will stand by my good Missus as long as she is in furrin parts."

Mrs. D— found him crouched up in the darkest corner of the wide kitchen chimney, his head clasped between his hands in an attitude of sorrowful abandonment. Instinctively she read his feelings, and approaching him offered her hand, saying: "God bless you, Croppo, for your noble fidelity to your mis-

ter! Fear not, my good fellow, but you will be richly rewarded both here and hereafter!"

"It was nuttin, nuttin Ma'am, to speak of—only Croppo's duty."

It was "only Croppo's duty," but the sweet words of commendation had fallen like oil on the troubled waters of his heart, and before them the evil spirit of irresolution melted away. It was "only Croppo's duty," but his faithful performance of duty had been appreciated, and he was ready to say, "faithful unto death."

bled to dust, and oblivion may have swept away names of those they were intended to perpetuate.

In a political point of view he has a reputation, and has assumed a high position which even the kings of the earth, who sit upon their thrones surrounded by all the splendor which royalty can give, their palaces shining with precious stones, and abounding in diadems and crowns, sparkling with jewels and diamonds, do even envy.

He helped to lay the pillars upon which this mighty Republic has rested for the last one hundred annual revolutions of this earth, and formed a nation which has no parallel in point of success, in the annals of history. Her flag floats proudly and triumphantly over every sea, and is not only respected but feared by every nation upon this globe. This flag has floated upon the breeze ever since it came as the insignia of the free and the home of the oppressed of all nations.

This is what the immortal George Washington intended it to be; but I blush to-night, and my cheeks are mantled with shame, when I am forced to say that one of the original signers of this brilliant constellation of which historians have proudly written, poets have sweetly sung and orators have eloquently proclaimed, is dimmed by oppression and obscured by misrule. It has been taken out of the hands of the descendants of our Marions, our Sumters, our Howes, our Hays, our Hammonds, our Calhouns, and our Fletchers into the hands of a set of foul vulgar and cormorants, who are this night feasting on its very heart's blood, and are forcing burdens on us through the tax-gatherers, which would have made the great heart of Washington beat tumultuously in indignance; and he would have entered by the God that rules on high that he would be free. The effects of their misrule and dishonesty is felt and seen by all, for our once happy and prosperous State is now being ground to powder beneath the tyrant's wheel; our academies, colleges and universities are dwindling into insignificant villages, towns and cities are becoming old and dilapidated; our railroads are becoming dangerous and almost impassable, whilst a cloud of gloom and despondency, as dark as Egyptian darkness overshadows our once beloved and prosperous State from the ocean to the mountains, and the stork and eagle of carpet-baggers and scoundrels stalk at large like the demons of the infernal regions, inciting the ignorant masses to commit crimes so cruel and flagitious in their nature, as if it were possible to make demons blush, or strike gratingly on the sympathy of friends.

Let every honest man here to-night rally round the Democratic banner, and not to be deceived by the siren song of independent candidates, or of reform in the Republican party, as those are great rocks against which the ship of State has been wrecked for the last five years. But let us hasten to the heaven to-night that we will recall this State during this great centennial year, and that we will be free, or that the last sun that rises this year shall shine upon our newly made graves. If our State was reformed, and we had a glorious government, and a bright and happy future would soon shine upon us; our old fields and waste lands would soon bloom like a garden; the hum of machinery would be heard from all our splendid water powers; villages, towns and cities would spring up every where; and the sympathy of friends would enter on our whole land; the silvery moon, the gentle queen of night, while she forms in order the brilliant stars which bespangle the heavens, and hastens on in her ethereal course athwart the skies, would shed smilingly her gentle and silvery rays upon us, a prosperous and happy people, and a brilliant sun, the fiery king of day, as he rides in his heavenly chariot, dispensing heat, light and blessings on all mankind, would not shine upon a better country than South Carolina.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Speech of Dr. W. C. Brown before the Anderson Democratic Club.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I rise to-night to thank you for your presence, and to return my most sincere thanks to the members of the Democratic Club of Anderson Court House for the unmerited compliment which they have thought fit to confer on me by selecting me to address you on this the one hundred and forty-fourth anniversary of the birthday of the great George Washington—the father of his country. This night one hundred and forty-four years ago the winds that swept over Westmoreland county, Virginia, sang lullabies to its infant greatness, whilst the cataracts, which thundered from the steep gorges of the snow-clad summits of the Alleghany mountains, whose peaks towered up in the distance amid the clouds, hastened to swell the waters of the beautiful Potomac, which rushed its meandering banks, accompanied by the howl of the wolf and the whoop of the savage, to join in the common melody.

His parents, no doubt, rejoiced over his birth, never dreaming of his future glory and greatness. Little did his mother think that she was cherishing a prince, who, in after times, should wield a power too mighty for the throne upon which the King of England then sat, and against which he would hurl the thunderbolt of his future vengeance.

Little did she think that he was to break the chains and yoke of the tyrant of the mother country were then forging; but such was the fact. He soon grew up to be a mighty conqueror. Not like an Alexander, who conquered the world and wept that there was not another one to conquer, but whose brilliant and youthful sun was suddenly obscured by the darkening clouds of crime; not like a Hannibal, who led in triumph his victorious army over the lofty and rugged summits of the Alps, which slumber in eternal snow, and upon which the foot-print of man had never before been made, and penetrated the very heart of Rome, and made even the world tremble at his iron tread, but whose brilliant career and consummate generalship was obscured and darkened by luxury and crime; not like the great Napoleon Bonaparte, who banded with empires and kingdoms, and distinguished himself by his military genius, and who became every King of Europe trembled upon his throne, but who deluged all Europe with sorrow, bloodshed and crime, but who, like the brilliant meteor which flashes across the heavens, sunk down and died in obscurity and loneliness.

Like unto whom? Like unto a Washington. For there is none to whom I can compare him, as he has had no superior. In a moral point of view he stands forth in his pyramidal greatness, shining with all the brilliancy of a sun, whose radiant beams of light have never been obscured by the clouds of crime, and his monumental greatness, notwithstanding difficulties arose mountain high before him. Having a small and undisciplined army, badly armed, scarcely fed and poorly clad that their course could be traced over the snow and ice during the winter by the bare feet of the noble band of patriots; but, notwithstanding all this, he carried the American flag, and waved it in triumph over many hardy and honest and blood-stained battlefields of the old world, and his golden wings in glorious triumph over the roaring lion of Great Britain, and forced him to lie in a humble supplicant at her feet. The threats and gold of kings, the clash of the bayonet, the roar of the cannon, the thunder of the drums, and the hum of the musket, all were to him as a child's sports with sticks and stones, and he became every King of Europe trembled upon his throne, but who deluged all Europe with sorrow, bloodshed and crime, but who, like the brilliant meteor which flashes across the heavens, sunk down and died in obscurity and loneliness.

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Resolved, That Wm. W. Belknap, late Secretary of War, be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors in office.

Resolved, That the testimony in the case of Wm. W. Belknap, late Secretary of War, be referred to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to prepare and report, without unnecessary delay, suitable articles of impeachment of said Wm. W. Belknap, late Secretary of War.

Resolved, That a committee of five members of the House be appointed and instructed to proceed immediately to the bar of the Senate, and there impeach Wm. W. Belknap, late Secretary of War, in the name of the people of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors in office, and to inform that body that formal articles of impeachment will, in due time, be presented, and to request the Senate to take such order in the premises as they may deem appropriate.

Mr. Clymer then proceeded to read the testimony of Caleb P. Marsh, taken yesterday before the committee, showing that he had paid Secretary Belknap about \$20,000 in consideration of his appointment as post trader of Fort Sill, Indian Territory. The reading was listened to with intense interest by the members of the House, and by a large audience in the galleries. In the more pathetic portions of the narrative, Mr. Clymer was frequently moved, by his feelings, to pause until his voice recovered from its

no difference manifested here. If fraud has been perpetrated; if criminality exists; if corruption has been proved, let the representatives of the people in this House so declare it, and send the trustee to the court where it may finally be tried; and we are unable to understand, should the guilty be so openly confessed, let the responsibility for that failure rest on other shoulders than ours.

Danforth, of Ohio, another member of the committee, expressed it as his belief that the acceptance of Mr. Belknap as a member of the committee, changed the position of that officer to the country. He disagreed, however, with the statement of the chairman (Clymer) that the conduct of this officer was the legitimate outgrowth of the principles of the party in power, and he expressed the hope that there would be no more change of position to the Republican side of the House against the resolutions.

Kasson, of Iowa, said that a few years ago there had gone from his State a young, well educated and gallant gentleman, to fight the battles of his country, and he was through the war, and the President had afterwards called him to a seat in his Cabinet, placing him at the head of that army of which he had been a humble but somewhat distinguished member. This morning, for the first time, the delegation from Iowa had heard that that gentleman, who had been so much respected in his own State and so much honored by the nation, had been guilty of receiving a compensation for some act of official duty, and that that compensation had been continuous. He did not desire to claim any exemption for Mr. Belknap from all the penalties to which his acts subjected him, but he thought it was a most painful feature of the evidence to be fact that not one word of it touched the officer in question until the death, which broke a heart, had occurred. [Sensation.] He asked the attention of the House to the question whether the House did not need more respect in its own State and so much honored by the nation, had been guilty of receiving a compensation for some act of official duty, and that that compensation had been continuous. He did not desire to claim any exemption for Mr. Belknap from all the penalties to which his acts subjected him, but he thought it was a most painful feature of the evidence to be fact that not one word of it touched the officer in question until the death, which broke a heart, had occurred. [Sensation.] He asked the attention of the House to the question whether the House did not need more respect in its own State and so much honored by the nation, had been guilty of receiving a compensation for some act of official duty, and that that compensation had been continuous. 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