

# The Kershaw Gazette.

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## Dead Days.

Looking at my life with last years gone—  
I must look back to what I used to know,  
And looking weep;  
I must remember that my double life  
Of happiness is now a single strife,  
And that you sleep  
All through the longest days of summer glow,  
And through the longest nights of winter snow.  
Love played with us in childhood, and it came  
Along with us in after days the same,  
With joy and rest;  
The pleasant months grow into changing years,  
And changing pleasures chided little fears  
From our sweet nest:  
I must remember that my whole life grew  
In fairer, purer ways, because of you.  
I cannot help my heart; my tears must flow—  
And though the sun is on me, I must know  
A day that died;  
The frightened clock ran down—oh, bitter  
spell!  
Fo'twelve at noon to twelve o'clock at night;  
And fever-eyed,  
I lie in bed, but my heart is dead,  
Like a dead leaf upon a spider's thread.  
My dearest, the days shall dawn again,  
And partly shall come because of pain—  
The hours shall rise:  
Old tears shall be prophetic of the true,  
And clouds of white shall float beneath the  
blue:  
And your brown eyes  
Shall open on me for our long love's sake,  
And under your sweet gaze I shall awake.

## A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, built of brick, that had grown dingy with age. Great tall chestnut trees grew by the road that led to the door, and about a mile distant you could see the village spire over the top of the foliage.  
This mansion was the home of Sylvester Grahame, and in yonder large square room on the left hand of the hall door you can see him sitting in a ponderous chair, with a multitude of books at his feet. Not laid down carefully, but dashed upon the floor with a nervous and desperate hand, and scattered in such confusion as to betray the fact that a heart no longer at peace with itself beat painfully in the bosom of the man who inhabited that old room.  
We must look upon this person with something more than a casual gaze. Sylvester Grahame is not an ordinary being, and his life has been the purpose of a school of novel writers.  
He has cast the volume he held upon his knee, and as he raises his head and draws a long breath, you can watch the shadows that pass over his countenance. Sunshine loves some there. Apparently he is thirty years years old, about medium stature, and certainly does not weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds. His hair, which was once of a rich black color, is beginning to be permanently streaked with gray. He allows it to grow long, so that it falls upon his shoulders. There is no curl in it. It is as straight as an Indian's; of a pale olive hue is his face, and hard, deep lines are traced across his brow, and extend from the corners of his eyes down his cheeks. Those eyes, ah! what volumes they have spoken are now. They are forever restless; even when he is reading every few moments they are raised from the page to dart a hurried and electric glance about him.  
Reader, did you ever have a pair of eyes fastened upon you, that seemed to search the very depths of your soul? Did you ever encounter one of those beings whose gaze gave you a sort of uneasiness? In short, a man whom you would sooner have direct his attention to others than yourself. You are conscious of your own integrity; you have no defrauded your neighbor, nor are you guilty of any crime, or, perhaps, guilty of any sin, but you seem to stand upon a precipice that is turning away from you.  
Sylvester Grahame had just this moment from the dark orbs that glittered under his bushy brows. A gleam of pain would steal across his face, and as his hand became subdued by some ghostly recollection, his countenance would appear to possess a tranquility and sweetness that really caused him to smile. But an instant more, the soft influence would disappear, and those eyes would dart an electric and sinister light, that one had well to beware of crossing his purpose, if he could be so easily won.  
Men were better read than Sylvester Grahame, and scarcely was there found in any gentleman's house a library more copious than his.  
He had received a brilliant education, and in his college days he had been an idler. When he came out of Cambridge men desired to place him at the head of the British politics. They failed in vain; however, for Sylvester Grahame went to the Continent, and for seven years he never stood upon his feet. When he returned he had acquired himself a thorough mastery of the languages of Europe. Had he desired it, a mercenary corps was open to him, for he had powerful family influence, backed by enormous wealth. He had sold himself to some of the despotic rulers of the world, and he had passed his time after

It was in the year 1844, pursuant to a promise long given, that I went to visit Sylvester Grahame. We had been boys together, and had not seen each other since the day we came out of college. Grahame was never a general favorite among his classmates, but they respected him for his intellectual qualities. He had very few what might be called intimate friends, for his was not a nature to win the confidence of others, and he rarely bestowed his on any one. Still he had a few chosen ones who knew him well enough to trust his word even under the most adverse circumstances, and I was fortunate enough to enjoy his regard.  
It was verging well on towards winter when I alighted at Houghton Begis, the place where he lived. The leaves of the maples were already turning fiery red, and the wind swept by in mournful gusts, that betokened a coming storm.  
Sylvester Grahame met me at the threshold and shook my hand with a hearty welcome. He had changed very much since our college days. He looked much older than I expected to find him, but his great, mysterious eyes shot forth the old electric glances that would have enabled one to single him out among a thousand.  
The first few days I passed at Houghton Begis was chiefly spent in exploring Grahame's vast library, and taking short strolls with him about the country. One day we were seated together, when I asked him how it came that he had disappointed the expectations of his friends of leading a retired life instead of entering the political arena.  
He shook his head. "No, no," he replied. "Once I nourished that dream, but 'tis past. The years I passed abroad cured me of any ambition I might have entertained on that score. It was in the shepherd's hut and peasant's cot I learned the value of true contentment. To tell you the truth, Charley," and he laid his hand impressively on my shoulder, "I changed all my youthful aspirations at the bidding of a poor girl whose father tended a few sheep. You start. Don't be surprised. If you ever come to know your own heart well, you will be astonished to discover how weak your nature really is, even at the moment you deem it strongest. I loved this poor little maid, though she was dying of an incurable disease. One winter year I lingered by her side, and then the angel of Death came and took her away in all her beauty. I remember her words. True joys are only to be found in a life of retirement."  
"Now, my dear fellow, you are one of the very few who possess the key to my mode of living. Perhaps you may not appreciate my motives, but 'tis all the same. No persuasion will ever tempt me to come out of my shell."  
"And do you never intend to marry?" I asked. "Never," he replied with an emphasis so deep that I knew his mind was firmly fixed on that point.  
The conversation having taken a gloomy turn, I adroitly changed it, and began talking of our college days.  
"Many is the good fellow that has passed away from earth since then," I remarked.  
Grahame suddenly started, and without replying to my remark, abruptly arose, and going to a closet, brought forth a box, which he unlocked, and took from it a sovereign, and laid it upon the table.  
"Charley," he said, with just a slight twinkle of humor about his mouth, "did you ever recollect of my owning a green umbrella at Cambridge?"  
I looked at him with some surprise.  
"Really it would be impossible for me to recall such a trivial fact, after so many years," I answered with a laugh.  
"It's the same case with myself," he replied; "but I will tell you a story. The occurrence happened last summer, and I have laughed many times since when recalling it."  
"I was sitting in this room, by the window, musing upon the sublime mysteries of the weather, and impatiently longing for the cool days to come again, when a stranger entered, and abruptly made his way to my chair.  
"There was nothing very remarkable in the figure of my visitor—as far, at least, as it met my view. His features, however, were characterized by an air of frankness and intelligence that would have interested a physiognomist; and his manner might be said to indicate at once the modern follower of fashion, and the disciple of philosophy. Over all was cast an expression of correctness, and perhaps of enthusiasm, that gave somewhat of a romantic interest to his demeanor, and excited in no slight degree my curiosity respecting the motive of his visit.  
"Before I had time to inquire what this motive was, the stranger, bowing with the air of a man from whom an explanation is expected, thus addressed me:  
"Mr. Grahame, I believe?"  
"I bowed in my turn, with the air of a man who cannot deny a proposition.  
"Mr. Sylvester Grahame?" pursued the stranger in an inquiring tone, and with suitable emphasis; as though his knowledge of mankind had led him to suspect there might be more Grahames than one in the world.  
"This point being settled, he proceeded:  
"In the year 18—, you were, if I am not mistaken, a student of Cambridge?"  
"I replied that I was, and begged him to be seated.  
"The stranger declined the proffered chair, and carelessly resting one arm

upon the back of it, resumed his notes of interrogation.  
"I was at that time a fellow-student of yours, but fate has since compelled me to abandon the field of my youthful labors, and forbidden me to cultivate the hopes and promises that were then and there planted. Raphael is now no more to me than Shakespeare. I should as soon think of following Milton as Michael Angelo. Art is only interesting to me as a representation of nature. She had attractions of her own once. But I am forgetting the real object of my visit."  
"I again asked him to take a chair.  
"In the autumn of the year I have mentioned," continued my visitor, without noticing my invitation. "It is a long time ago, and circumstances may have driven such an event from your memory—but, about the autumn of that year, you lost—"  
"I did," said I, interrupting him. "You are perfectly right; I am far from forgetting it. But it was a distant relation. Her property has been nearly swallowed up by a raging lawsuit. You bring me, perhaps, intelligence upon this subject," and I once more pointed to the vacant chair, and fancied that I recollected having seen his face before.  
"He smiled and shook his head gently. It was a smile that plainly intimated that I was mistaken in my surmises.  
"The loss which has at length procured me the pleasure of this interview," he replied, "is not of so important a nature as you seem to anticipate. Indeed, among the events you refer to, it is more than probable that you have entirely forgotten it. This prologue may appear ridiculous, because the circumstance I am about to mention is trifling; but trifles are of importance when identified with principles. About the period stated, then, in one of the rooms of Cambridge, you left—or in plainer language lost—did you not, an umbrella?"  
"An umbrella?" I gasped.  
"Yes, sir—a green umbrella?"  
"It is possible," I replied, somewhat disappointed, "that I may at some time or other have sustained such a loss, but whether in France or Italy, at the Pyramids or on the Nile, is a mystery it would be difficult to unravel."  
"Not at all," answered the stranger. "The umbrella that I allude to was yours; your name was engraved upon the handle."  
I tried to call to mind some recollection of the occurrence, and I confessed, therefore, without affectation, to the loss.  
"I have been," resumed the stranger (without stating why the eventful umbrella was detained in the first instance, but leaving me to infer that it fell into his hands), "I have been in ill health, and was for some years absent from England. This must be my excuse to you for not waiting on you before. I do so now for the purpose of requesting that you will state what you conceive to be the value of the umbrella, and that you will allow me to pay you for what was unquestionably yours."  
"I was so startled by this proposal that I made no immediate reply to it, and before I could pronounce my resolution not to hear of such an arrangement, my inquirer had made another attack upon my memory, by asking whether the umbrella was a cotton or silk one.  
"Here a little difficulty arose. If I described it as a silk one (which I was certain it must have been, as I always detested those of contrary quality), it was like increasing its value, and might look like a desire for remuneration. To confess, on the other hand, to cotton, would have been a triumph over pride too philosophic for my spirit. I saved my decision by shortness of memory.  
"This forgetfulness, however, was by no means satisfactory to my conscientious fellow-student. I could only reply to his urgent offers of indemnification, by assuring him that, as I had never wanted what was lost, I considered upon Othello's principle that I had not lost anything. That having once forgotten the circumstance, I could not think of receiving a recompense for recollecting it. That I had purchased many umbrellas since, in place of the one he alluded to; and lastly that I considered myself fortunate in the loss, as it had obtained me an introduction to one who evinced so fine a perception of the distinction between *meum* and *teum*.  
"My arguments were without avail; he persisted, and I declined. The contest might have lasted till this morning, had not the stranger finding my negatives invincible, thrown upon the table a piece of gold, and scarcely allowing himself time to articulate a hope that the amount would repay me for the loss, darted suddenly out of the door.  
"Stay," I cried, "but one moment. And my curiosity to know who he was having considerably increased, I rushed rapidly after him, and caught the echo of his 'good-by,' mingled with the sound of his horse's hoofs.  
"I cannot suffer you to leave this," I shouted. "I really must not allow—at least let me know to whom I am indebted for—"  
"My voice fell on the still air; the stranger had vanished."  
The Mexicans want back pay to the extent of \$100,000,000 for injuries committed on the west side of the Rio Grande by American citizens. A contemporary suggests that they must have gone back and included the damage inflicted by Scott's and Taylor's armies during the Mexican War.

The Jersey Shoreman.  
The *Tom's River Courier* says that the Jersey shoreman is sometimes a farmer, and when the season permits, often produces good crops. While some do well in this business, many others do not. Generally speaking, the farm on the shore is not a paying institution. There are several reasons why this is so; one of them is because more time is spent at the store than on the farm.  
The dealer by the seaside depends largely on the bay for his subsistence. He is as familiar with the channels and tides of the bay as the fish that swim in them. He takes the young oyster from its native bed and plants it miles away, where it will grow faster and open faster. His sagacity is wonderful; he seems to know what is better for the oyster than it does itself. He knows where to get mussels to fertilize his seed, and uses many boat loads annually for this purpose. He thoroughly understands the various modes of catching oysters, sometimes he is seen tugging, at other times raking; and during the long summer days, when the tides are low, he may be seen diving for them. He is also well posted in the mysterious art of taking eels from their native mud with a spear, and knows how to remove their outside covering in a skillful manner afterwards. He carries as a gunner, and knows the best places to lay for wild fowl; and woe to the unlucky goose or duck that gets within range of his gun.  
As a fisherman, the shoreman has no superior. Long practice has made him familiar with the habits and peculiarities of the finny tribe. Fishing is an important branch of business on the shore. Every year large quantities of fish are taken from their native element. The men who live on the shore are generally very ingenious, and handy with tools, and there are many good carpenters there who never served an apprenticeship. In fact, it is almost impossible to enumerate their many accomplishments. Almost as familiar with the water as the fish, he can guide his craft through intricate channels, and bars, and over the flats, with a dexterity that is almost marvellous.  
The shoreman is a shrewd, temperate, and industrious man. He is difficult to cheat, and he is not easily deceived. He is a man of few words, and he is not easily moved to anger. He is a man of few words, and he is not easily moved to anger. He is a man of few words, and he is not easily moved to anger. He is a man of few words, and he is not easily moved to anger.  
Danbury Notes.  
There is nothing that will change a man so much as a great grief, unless it is shaving off his mustache.  
There is no position dearer than that of a carpenter's apprentice in a village where there is no town clock.  
There is nothing a man will so stoutly deny as the possession of an umbrella.  
At a recent funeral in Danbury there several organizations were in attendance, no crape badges were provided for a female society. The president, after fidgeting about in a manner peculiar to her unfortunate and unhappy sex, suddenly blurted out, "I declare! I don't enjoy this funeral one bit!" The announcement cast a gloom over the entire gathering.  
Where there is a will there is a way. A young man who can neither sing nor play, treated his girl's bedroom window late Monday night to a recitation. The piece selected was that which so vividly calls attention to the boy who stood on the burning deck, which, considering the temperature of this season, is full of comforting passages. His fervid oratory and graceful gestures, as he stood there alone up to his knees in snow, made one of the most precious events in our history as a village.  
A Slawson farmer was negotiating with a workman for his labor. He represented that \$15 a month and board was sufficient pay. The man demurred. "But, consider," said the farmer, argumentatively, "the location. There hasn't a man died on this farm in ten years. Health is something." A bargain was made.  
QUEER PRACTICAL JOKE.—A man, in Paris, pretending to be a police inspector, lately obtained the arrest of a wine merchant and several of his customers. The *sol-disant* inspector having suddenly disappeared, it became necessary to release the captives, and the police agent, who had been deceived into a hasty step which his superiors appeared to regard with no little displeasure, naturally look great pains to discover the person who had imposed upon him. He soon succeeded in his search, when the offender, being called to account for this practical joke, stated that, having had several warm arguments with the wine merchant's customers, he could think of no better means of retaliation than the stratagem he had so successfully carried out.  
A Boston paper thinks that civilization will not be complete until some substitute is found for buttons.

A Boston Liquor Raid.  
Large Quantities of Liquors Seized at the Leading Hotels.  
The Boston constabulary recently made a raid on the leading hotels of that city. A report says these first selected were Young's, the Tremont and the Sherman, and the aggregate quantity of proscribed fluids which was confiscated amounts to about eighteen thousand dollars.  
The raid upon Young's Hotel was attended with more excitement than the others, and at one time there were anticipations and serious fears of a bloody riot. The officer in charge of the seizure visited the barroom and asked the barkeeper if Mr. Young was in. The barkeeper immediately sent for the proprietor of the hotel. Mr. Young, accompanied by the steward, immediately put in an appearance. Mr. Constable showed his authority, and said he was ready to take away whatever he could find on the premises that was in the least calculated to intoxicate or stimulate. The barroom was first cleaned out, the bottles, decanters and demi-johns being speedily removed to an express sleigh which was in waiting at the door.  
They next wended their way to the wine cellar. The work of removing the immense stock which they encountered was no easy task. There were barrels, casks and kegs by the dozen of choice wines and liquors, and there were hundreds and hundreds of cases. Having surveyed the work before them, the officers secured the services of a dozen or more teamsters, and then the work of seizure commenced in earnest. The sidewalks were literally blockaded with barrels and wine cases, and half a dozen teams were required to transport the stock to the storehouse in Bromfield street. Champagne, foreign wines, common liquors and ales were all confiscated in one common lot. Some of the wines, of rare brands, had been on hand for upwards of fifteen or twenty years.  
The work of removal occupied about three hours, and the value of the goods taken is roughly estimated at \$18,000. The officers made a clear sweep of everything.  
The news of the raid was rapidly disseminated through that section of the city in which the hotel is situated, and it was not long before some thousands of people were in the vicinity. The officers, accompanied by a large force of indigenous epithets, groans, sasses, and other unmistakable evidences of disapprobation on the part of the crowd were loud and numerous. One man was so unwise as to allow his feelings to get the better of his judgment, and he went for one of the officers in a most fierce and determined manner. His action at one time threatened to encourage others, and an anti-riot riot was momentarily imminent. Sympathizers crowded around and shouted loud words of encouragement, and snowballs and pieces of ice were hurled in abundance at the heads of the officers.  
The officers drew their revolvers, and this proceeding momentarily intimidated the crowd, and the leading offender and assailant was borne to the Tombs in Court square. Before resuming the work of confiscation an additional force of officers came upon the ground to grapple with any further resistance that might be made. There were no forcible demonstrations, and the multitude still kept up its tirade of words. When the work of removal was completed, some fellows, who are evidently hostile to the prohibitory law, obtained access to the roof of some buildings adjacent to the hotel and tumbled a few hundred pounds of snow down upon the heads of the industrious constables.  
At about the same time that Mr. Young's house was being raided on, another squad of officers was occupied in going through the Tremont House. About \$5,000 worth of stock was taken from here, including nearly everything on hand. The majority of the goods seized consisted of choice wines, the quantity of common liquors in store being unusually light. The time occupied in confiscation and transporting away was about an hour, and during this brief period a crowd of several thousand collected in the vicinity. Their demonstrations were mostly of the same kind as Young's, but not so violent or prolonged. As soon as the wholesale dealers could send up another supply of beverages the bar was opened again, and business proceeded as before.  
The Sherman House, in Court square, did not escape attention, and the officers cleaned out the barroom of about \$500 worth of various common liquors, and while thus engaged Mr. Hull looked up the other apartments where he had liquors stored.  
An officer went up to Pemberton square and consulted with his chief, and the latter advised the subordinate to use no violence. The warrant under which the seizure was made permitted a search of the entire premises, and authorized the breaking in of doors if necessary; but the fears of a riot prevented the exercise of full powers.  
Mr. Hix.—A rude Sophomore of Yale scooted one of the Japanese students with "What's your name?" The gentleman from Japan answered politely, giving his surname.  
"Oh," rejoined the questioner, "your heathen have but one name, I see."  
"What was the first name of Moses?" was the reply.

Items of Interest.  
An Albany woman applied for a divorce nine years ago and just got it the other day.  
The Governor of Iowa recommends a law exempting capital employed in manufacturing enterprises from taxation.  
One thing, said an old toper, was never seen coming through the rye, and that's the kind of whisky one gets nowadays.  
A Philadelphia gentleman advertises a soap that is destined to wipe out the national debt. "There is probably some 'lye' about it."  
A member of Congress suggests that as a means of preventing useless debates, the cost of printing the speeches be deducted from their salaries. That is not so bad.  
California hotel-keepers, oft deceived but ever trusting, are to be consoled by the passage of a bill making it a misdemeanor for a person to obtain board or lodgings under false pretences.  
Hiram B. Coffin, of Massachusetts, very properly interests himself in death statistics, and he finds that a "gentleman" lives, on an average, sixty-eight years, a judge sixty-five, a carpenter forty-nine, a painter forty-three, and a factory operator thirty-two.  
"Dress," remarks a wise man, "so that no one will remember that you have on." Excellent advice; and we may add to it for the benefit of the average lady at the usual evening party, "Dress so that no one will remember what you don't have on."  
It is not work that kills men, it's worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices.  
Professor Owen has discovered in the London clay at Sheppey a new fossil bird, with teeth somewhat resembling those in the Australian hooded lizard. He concludes it to have been web-footed, and a fish-eater. No evidence of true teeth had previously been known in any bird.  
The engineer who superintended the boring of the Hoosac tunnel declares, after thorough investigation, that the proposed canal through the Isthmus of Darien can be built for \$30,000,000, and as the same machinery have reached from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000, he ought to have the job if he wants it.  
Mr. William Edward Nightingale, the father of Florence Nightingale, died a few days since at his residence in Hampshire, England, in the eightieth year of his age. His paternal name was Shore, but on attaining his majority he assumed the name of Nightingale, after his maternal grand uncle.  
A boy, aged twelve years, was liberated at Amboy, on the Illinois Central Railroad, from an empty box in which he had been imprisoned for six days and nights, without food or water. He crawled into the car at Cairo to sleep. The boy was much emaciated, and had both feet badly frozen. He was sent to his relatives in Chicago.  
When the first time of love is over there comes a something better still. Then comes that other love, that faithful friendship which never changes, and which will accompany you with its calm light through the whole of life. It is only needful to place yourself so that it may come and then it comes of itself. And then everything turns and changes itself to the best.  
There is no place where the real nature of a boy is more readily determined than when he is in charge of a horse. If of an irritable disposition there will be frequent outbursts of passion; but if possessed of a gentle nature, the affection manifested between himself and the animal will be unmistakable. The horse soon learns to love a kind master, and he enjoys his presence, and will acknowledge this pleasure by obedience.  
A Very Cool Woman.  
A paper published in Portland, Me., gives the following account of the demeanor of Mrs. Waite in the courtroom in that city during her trial on the charge of bigamy:  
"Whether Mrs. Waite is innocent or guilty of the charges brought against her is not for us to say. But, in either case, that she is a most remarkable woman there can be no doubt. For a person to sit, as she has, throughout the trial just closed, and to maintain throughout the calmness which has characterized the woman in question, is simply wonderful. Not a single incident has moved her in the slightest degree. The man who claims to be her husband, with his two children, have been in constant attendance, and she has looked at them time and again, but the closest observer has failed to note the slightest token of emotion on her part. She remarked to a friend Saturday evening, that the whole proceedings of the trial had seemed to her like a play. It had been simply amusement for her to sit there and see them bring up persons whom she had never seen or heard of, and for them to relate circumstances of which she knew nothing, in endeavoring to prove that she was some other woman than she really was. Referring to the little girl, she said, 'Do you think that she looks like me?' The friend remarked that she thought she did very much. She smiled and said she was a 'bright looking child, and any mother ought to be proud of such children as she and her little brother.'