

The Letter of Gen. Kershaw.

The burning words of General Kershaw, in the letter addressed to the editor of the *Banner of the South*, will touch to the quick the gallant soldiers who, on many a hard-contested field, fought and bled by his side. The veterans of his regiment, of his brigade, of his division, who followed him through the long campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, these have not suspected him of deserting principle for the greed of office. And the people of his own State know full well that General Kershaw is now, as when he wore the Confederate gray, as true a soldier as ever drew the sword, and as honorable a gentleman as ever raised a voice in the cause of a suffering people.

Here in South Carolina, the most extreme of extreme men have never dreamed of impugning the motives which led General Kershaw, with characteristic fearlessness, to avow his conviction that the changes wrought in the National and State Constitutions, as a result of the war, are accomplished facts, having the force and obligation of law. Than General Kershaw no South Carolinian is more honored and trusted, and his people will not cherish him the less because a rhetorical journalist has utterly misunderstood the generous motives of a Christian gentleman, who, as the only hope of saving South Carolina from degradation and ruin, has aided in upraising the spotless banner of Union and Reform. And we doubt not that there are in Georgia, as in every other Southern State, men enough to vindicate the name of Kershaw from aspersion, whether they do, or do not, agree with him in those political views which have our own most hearty concurrence, and will receive, we firmly believe, the binding sanction of the people of the State.

The letter of General Kershaw is lofty in tone and irreproachable in manner. As a clear and logical statement of plain and obvious facts, it is worthy of the occasion. As an indignant protest against unmerited reproach, it is worthy of the man. — *Charleston News.*

To the Editor of the

Banner of the South: Sir—You have seen fit, in the exercise of the responsible position of a public journalist, to brand me with the imputation of deserting my principles for the greed of office. Your paper finds circulation chiefly among those whose good opinion I value next to the approval of my own conscience. Hasty and uncharitable as has been your attempt to degrade me in the estimation of your readers, you cannot, as a Christian, decline to give me the poor privilege, wholly inadequate though it be, to repair the wrong you have done me, of recording in your paper a simple statement of the facts, that my friends may draw their own deductions.

There never has been an emotion of my heart, or a thought of my mind, not entirely in accord with the principles and opinions which caused me to advocate the secession of South Carolina in 1850, to vote for it in 1860, and to offer my little all for its support, from April, 1861, to April, 1865. That it pleased God that I should survive the war, indicated to me that I had still duties to perform, and to them, as responsible to Him, and not unto man, I have been, am now, and shall henceforward address myself. I could see but one object before me, and that was to alleviate, in any and every honorable way, the sufferings of my countrymen. It was this sentiment which induced me, in July, 1865, to accept the parole of President Johnson as a prisoner of war, and to take, with my brother officers, at Fort Warren, what is known as the "amnesty oath." This oath, which was taken by every voter and every officer under the provisional governments established in the States by President Johnson, pledged the affiant, thenceforth, "faithfully to support and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder," and in like manner, to "abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion, with reference to the emancipation of slaves." When I had taken that oath, I regarded that as a citizen duty required me to deal with emancipation and the surrender of the right of secession "as accomplished facts, having the force and obligation of law."

When the Reconstruction acts imposed negro suffrage upon the people of the South, I believed that it would be fastened upon us as a permanent feature of the American constitution, which required that to bring them in harmony with the Republicanism of other lands. Believing that, I then advocated the policy of acquiescing in the inevitable, and seeking to direct the newly created

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.50 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and \$1.00 for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent. on above.

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who has endured the agony of her subjugation.

J. B. KERSHAW.
Camden, S. C., June 28, 1870.

The Reform Movement and its Platform.

Thus far our exchanges very generally in the State, endorse the action of the late Reform Convention. The movement is opposed by the two extremes in the State. The radical partisan and office-holder, of course, opposes it, because it seeks to take from the hands that have abused and misused it, the power of the State. The extreme Southern man is indisposed to accept the movement, because he deems it inconsistent with his sentiments and his principles. For this class, we have no harsh criticism, nor do we question their motives. There is much to admire in the man who adheres bravely and tenaciously to a line of thought and of action that he believes to be right. Still we are of the opinion that this class of men have missed the mark of political action. Questions in life and in politics not unfrequently change. So long as the reconstruction measures were upon their passage—pending, as it were, in the high Court of the land, we opposed them. So long as the question of negro suffrage was before the country, we held that it ought to be qualified and subject to State action. But these Acts and this unqualified negro suffrage have become "accomplished facts," and now the question changes. The point is now, "What shall we do with it?" We think the answer plain. Our obvious duty is to make the most of the situation in which we find ourselves—that is the most, consistent with our honor and our self-respect. No other course would be wise. This is the duty of our people, as we conceive it. This journal is Democratic, but yet it approves, in good faith, of the Reform movement.

The fact of the matter is, as respects negro suffrage, we deliberately favor accepting it, as the wisest solution of the question. Our Democracy rises higher and spreads far wider than to be confined to opposition to the negro man and his political status. In this respect we agree with the *Augusta Constitutionalist*, when it says:

"It is true that the Federal Government was made by white men for white men; but nothing was done in its formation looking specially to the exclusion of negroes, if any one of the States, for itself, saw fit to admit them to citizenship or other political rights. The Democratic organization, therefore, should be planted upon principles much higher, grander and nobler than bare opposition to the Negro Party so-called. By such a course they would do great injustice to themselves and an injury to their cause. They would sink the sublimity of the eternal truths of their time-honored faith into the miserable instincts of a brutish antagonism of race. The Democratic party is the party of the Constitution. That name will suffice."

If, therefore, any Democrat is disposed to question the platform in its feature of eliminating the issue of negro suffrage from the canvass, he is behind the times. We believe that by the next Presidential canvass, the National Democracy will be disposed to do what we observe Ohio did—viz: let this issue go. For us to resist this wave of universal suffrage is useless, we believe. Better at once accept it, and purify and direct the waters as best we may.

We take it that we are not unlike the Mississippi planter who finds his lowlands overwhelmed by the waters of the great river. The question with him is not whether he shall have the flood or not, but the question is what "shall he do with it?" How best shall he restrain this deluge, and what fertilizing principle can he extract from the waters. This, at least, is the question that we deem it our duty to consider.

[Columbia Phenix.]

THE "AFFAIR" AT FORBACH.—The following details of the affair at Forbach, which has been variously reported as a battle and a skirmish between customs patrol, are published: Two regiments of French hussars and a body of Uhlans (German troops commonly armed with lances) met on the frontier. The French immediately made preparations to receive an attack. At length one of the Uhlans came forward. The French allowed him to approach, regarding him as a deserter or expecting a parley. On coming near, the Uhlans fired at the commander of the French, missed his mark, turned and fled amid a shower of bullets.

Out West, a man who keeps a gentlemen's furnishing store is called a "shirtist."

The Sabre Duel on Bloody Island.

A PLUCKY CONTEST—THE CAUSE OF IT—HOW A FORMER CITIZEN OF MEMPHIS LOST ONE OF HIS FINGERS.

BLOODY ISLAND.

Is historic ground in this locality, for there many an "affair of honor" has been satisfactorily adjusted. Men distinguished in their day and generation have repaired thither to settle their grievances by the code duello, and even the great Benton designed to leave his foot-prints on Bloody Island's sands. Of latter years the march of improvement has been slowly obliterating the quiet spots where gentlemen were wont to adjust their little grievances; and indeed the spaces where such settlements might have been made have been disgustingly used for baser purposes. The bammers, the bruisers, the plugs and the prize fighters have assembled there—not to defend their "sacred honors" according to "the code," but to batter each other's "mugs" for filthy lucre, according to "the rules of the London P. R."

OLD TIMES came again yesterday, and notwithstanding many of our people thought (more of them hoped) they would come again no more. A real, genuine duel took place across the river, but we do not assert that it transpired on Bloody Island proper. It did, however, take place there or thereabouts.

THE PARTIES were first, Major Henry Keith, at present on the editorial staff of the *St. Louis Times*—a genial, kind-hearted, intelligent gentleman; high-spirited, perhaps, but brave, as his record, past and present, will show. The Major served with distinction in the Union army on the Potomac, and was for sometime on Gen. Pratt's staff. He is, perhaps, thirty-five years of age, single, and is a man of fine presence.

Second, Captain Vanstein, known to some as "Capt. Van," who engineered the Jackson Place Rink Tournament, two years ago this 4th of July. Capt. Van was also an officer in the Union service, and, so far as we know, his record is unimpeachable. Since the war, we understand, he has taught fencing. He is a foreigner by birth, of good appearance, and will probably never see forty again.

OUR INFORMATION, in regard to the "unpleasantness" is perhaps, not so full as desirable, as the parties to it conducted their little matter with great privacy. Major Keith, with a reticence creditable than otherwise, refused, courteously yet peremptorily, to give our reporter any particulars; and yet such as follow we believe to be quite or really authentic. The Major also refused to give the name of his antagonist, but, from information at hand, we believe we have committed no error in fixing his identity.

THE CAUSE OF THE DUEL.

From what could be yesterday ascertained, it appears that the affair originated as follows: Major Keith, accompanied by several gentlemen well known in the city, stepped into the saloon of George Bayer, on Third-street, yesterday morning, to get a glass of wine. There they met several other gentlemen with whom they were acquainted. Some of them were French descent, and were speaking of the war at present threatened in Europe. From this the conversation turned upon the French war and finally to sword exercise. Major Keith, who is an expert swordsman, and one of the other gentlemen who, by the way, was formerly a Colonel in the army, stepped out in the open floor and commenced to practice some difficult passes with canos. They then concluded to procure masks and have a bout. Accompanied by several of their friends they accordingly adjourned to a fencing hall where they had a friendly passage at arms. While there they met the other principal in the affair of yesterday.

THE INSULT.

In some manner an altercation occurred between the Major and the fencing master, and the latter finally applied to the Major an insulting epithet, to which he replied with a blow. Satisfaction was at once demanded, and the Major informed him that it would be granted immediately if desired. Sabres were designated as the weapon, and each man was allowed the selection of his own.

A place of meeting was at once agreed upon, and a very short time after the principals, each accompanied by a second, met on the Illinois side of the river, and prepared themselves for

THE COMBAT.

It was found upon examination that the sword of the professional

was nearly four inches longer than that of his antagonist, although the weapon of the Major was much the heavier.

Everything being in readiness the men took their positions and crossed swords. In strength and agility they appeared to be pretty evenly matched. The positions assumed by them, however, were informed by one of the witnesses were strikingly dissimilar.

The Major stood in an easy attitude, with the point of his sword well raised, while the professional swordsman, with rigid body and stiffened arms, held his weapon with a lower point and with a grasp of iron.

SKILLFUL SWORDSMEN.

Both were evidently skillful swordsmen, and cautiously watched for an opening. The Captain was the first to attack, but the blow aimed at the Major's head was coolly and easily parried. Several rapid passes were made, when in parrying a blow, the Major was painfully reminded of a defective sword right by receiving a cut across the right hand, which laid the knuckle of his forefinger open.

The recipient, however, showed no sign of pain, and without changing a muscle of his face, continued on guard. An instant after, in attempting to parry a desperate blow aimed at his head, his wrist, weakened by the former cut, partially failed him, allowing his sword to partially fall under weight of the blow. His agility, however, saved his life, for he sprang back just in time to partially avoid it, although the point of his adversary's weapon touching his forehead, left a gash about an inch and a half in length. As the Professor's sword passed down, just grazing the shoulder of the journalist, the latter, by a movement like lightning, made a thrust at his antagonist's face. The point of the weapon entered the corner of the eye, and the wounded man was forced to his knees upon the ground. While in this position he was told he made several blows at the body and legs of the Major with his sword, which he still retained in his hand.

The Major finding his adversary completely at his mercy, and still holding him with a steady hand, in this horrible position (the point of the sword being still in the fencing master's eye) told the second to take his sword from him and he would grant him his life.

The second at once did so, and the swordsman, almost crazed with agony, was removed and the attention of a surgeon at once secured for him. The eye was forced from the socket and no doubt destroyed.

The Major at once returned to the city, and shocked his friends by his appearance. His shirt, face and outer garments were saturated with blood from the wound in his forehead.

His friends, getting wind of the duel, "interviewed" him persistently, but gained from him no information in regard to the affair, as he told them that it was all over, and he hoped it would be kept as secret as possible. The news, however, spread like wildfire through the city, and we give our readers the benefit of such information as we could gather.

The Radical Convention.

Pending the report of the Committee on Platform and Credentials, the time of the convention Wednesday was spent in listening to addresses from various distinguished colored and white orators. The grand theme of the occasion was the right of the black people to a greater share of the public offices, and white and black vied each other in doing justice to the sublime subject. Mr. Morris, of the carpet-bag organ, the Republican, was called upon and made to too the mark by DeLargo and Delany, whom he had attacked some time since for their anti-carpet-bag doctrines. He apologized for very meekly by saying that he had misunderstood and consequently misrepresented the gentlemen. Neither of the gentlemen, however, seemed satisfied with this servile apology, and DeLargo was going for him, saying that he only wanted about a fifteen minutes' shake at him to show him in his genuine colors. Rev. Cadetship Whittemore reported at this time, as chairman of the Committee on Credentials, and saved the editor from the broadside which would have been poured into him. The Guffin faction from Asheville were declared the properly elected representatives of their country. The Y. J. P. Owens ticket from Laurens was elected, and the delegates chosen by the first convention in Orangeburg.

Next came the nominations for Governor and Lieutenant Governor. Everything, it seems, had been cut and dried in caucus, and Scott and A. J. Ransier, a colored man, were elected without any opposition.

A. J. Ransier was elected Chairman of the State Central Executive Committee, and Chairman of the Executive Committees of each Congressional District and of every county in the State were elected.

The platform is a mere conglomeration of stale platitudes, and dubs Scott's administration as wise, economical and honest. \$5,000,000 is quite an economical year's expenditure for these wealthy citizens, and the thefts of the Land Commission and the open and acknowledged venality of the Legislature, pure morality, in the sight of these colleagues of Whittemore. The Right Reverend has been quite conspicuous in the convention, and has evidently managed to retain or regain his former influence.

[Columbia Guardian.]

The Medication of Nature.

If one is sick unto death, what more effectual medication can be found than the sun, and the south wind, and the all-embracing earth? The children of the poor are healthy, because they sprout out of the very dirt. The sun dispels humors, enriches the blood; and the winds execute a sanitary commission for these neglected ones. They live, because they are of the earth, earthy. The experiment of training a race of attenuated cherubs in the shade, and making them martyrs to clean aprons and clean dickies, is a failure. There is a vast amount of post-mortem doggerel that never would have been written if the cherubs had only made dirt-pies, and had eaten freely of them. Observe the strong tendency of men, even of culture, to court the wilderness and rude energy of savage life. Let one sleep on the ground, in a mild climate, for three months, and even the man who reads Homer is content, often, to sleep there the rest of his life-time.

It is better to tame the savage rather cautiously, and with some reserve, for if he be eliminated wholly, the best relations with Nature are broken off. Evermore we are seeking for something among books and pictures, and in the babblings of polite society, that we do not find. When the blood is thin, and the body has become spiritualized, then it is easy to ascend to the clouds, as balloons go up, and hold high discourse, while the world, under our feet, pulsating even to the smallest dust, and all glorified, if we behold it, is not taken into fellowship, its speech interpreted, nor its remedial forces marshaled as friends, to back our halting and troubled humanity. It has taken almost six thousand years to find out that a handful of dry earth will heal the most cruel wound. In the day of our mortal hurt we do but go back to the earth, believing that in the ages to come we shall go forth again, eternally renewed. — *Overland Monthly.*

War.

"France has declared war against Prussia." How much is contained in this business like announcement! Merely a declaration of war. Who can tell what human sufferings, mental anguish and national woe, it involves? The bridal wreath, must make place for the widow's cap; the songs of joy for the mourner's sigh; the voice of rejoicing for the cries of woe. The voice of the gallant yeoman will not unite with those of the fair maidens, this year, in singing "harvest home." Death will sing the reaper's song, and the sighs of the broken hearted will compose his choros.

Financially, this war must prove disastrous to us. Cotton has already declined, gold, and with it, bread-stuffs, have gone up. Our people were warned, and they were urged to plant less cotton and make more food. But the warning was in vain. If the war continues six months, cotton will be without buyers, and our people without bread. The grain crop, under the most favorable circumstances, would fall far short of our actual necessities, and the unprecedentedly large area planted in cotton, after expense are paid, will leave us without funds to supply the deficiency.

Write "Economy" over your barn doors, good people, or prepare a room for "starvation."

[Chesterville Democrat.]

The yacht Red Hot, of New Bedford was attacked by an enraged swordfish Thursday morning, about twenty miles south of No Man's Land. The fish ran its sword through the bow of the vessel, causing her to leak badly. Her crew was taken off and she was towed into Cuttyhunk.

Koopmanschap will supply any amount of Chinese at \$14 per month.

The Barwell Railroad will be completed by November next.

The Great Earl of Desmond.

It is well known that the great Earl of Desmond, though history pretends to dispose of him differently, lives to this hour enchanted in his castle, with all his household, at the bottom of Lough Guir, in Munster.

There was not, in his day, in all the world, so accomplished a magician as he. His fairest castle stood upon an island in the lake, and to this he brought his young and beautiful bride, whom he loved but too well; for she prevailed upon her folly to risk all to gratify her imperious caprice. They had not been long in this beautiful castle when she one day, presented herself in the chamber in which her husband studied his forbidden art, and there implored him to exhibit before her some of the wonders of his evil science. He resisted long; but her entreaties, tears, and wheedlings, were at length too much for him, and he consented. But before beginning those astonishing transformations with which he was about to amaze her, he explained to her the awful conditions and dangers of the experiment.

Alone in this vast apartment, the walls of which were lapped, far below, by the lake whose dark waters lay waiting to swallow them, she must witness a certain series of frightful phenomena, which, once commenced, he could neither abridge nor mitigate; and if, throughout their ghastly succession, she spoke one word, or uttered one exclamation, the castle, and all that it contained would in one instant subside to the bottom of the lake, there to remain, under the servitude of a strong spell, for ages.

The dauntless curiosity of the lady having prevailed, and the oaken door of the study being locked and barred, the fatal experiments commenced. Muttering a spell, as he stood before her, feathers sprouted thickly over him, his face became contracted and hooked, a cadaverous smell filled the air, and with heavy, winnowing wings, a gigantic vulture rose in his stead, and swept round and round, the room as if on the point of dancing upon her.

The lady commanded herself through this trial, and instantly another began.

The bird alighted near the door, and in less than a minute changed, she saw not how, into a horribly deformed and dwarfish hag, who, with yellow skin hanging about her face, and enormous eyes, swung herself on crutches toward the lady, her mouth foaming with fury, and her grimaces and contortions becoming more and more hideous every moment, till she rolled with a yell on the floor, in a horrible convulsion, at the lady's feet, and then changed into a huge serpent, which came sweeping and arching toward her, with erect crest and quivering tongue. Suddenly, as it seemed on the point of darting at her, she saw her husband in its stead, standing pale before her, and with his finger on his lip, enforcing the continued necessity of silence. He then placed himself at his length on the floor, and began to stretch himself out and out, longer and longer, until his head nearly reached to one end of the vast room and his feet to the other.

This horror overcame her. The ill-starred lady uttered a wild scream, whereupon the castle and all that was within it, sank in a moment to the bottom of the lake.

But once in every seven years, by night, the Earl of Desmond and his retinue emerge, and cross the lake in a shadowy cavalcade. His white horse is shod with silver. On that one night the Earl may ride till day break, and it behooves him to make good use of his time; for, until the shoes of his steed be worn through, the spell that holds him and his beneath the lake, will retain its power. — *Appleton's Journal.*

Remarkable Predictions.

The following extract, which a writer for the *Cincinnati Enquirer* quotes from page 210 of Mr. Calhoun's works, and which was written in 1819, reads like history rather than prediction:

"If it (emancipation) should ever be effected, it will be through the agency of the Federal government, controlled by the dominant power of the Northern States of the confederacy against the resistance and struggle of the Southern. It can then only be effected by the prostration of the white race; and that would necessarily engender the bitterest feelings of hostility between them and the North. But the reverse would be the case between the blacks of the South and the people of the North. Owning their emancipation to them, they would regard them as friends, guardians and patrons, and center accordingly all their sympathy in them. The people of the North would not fail to reciprocate and to

favor them instead of the whites; under the influence of such feelings, and impelled by fanaticism and love of power, they would not stop at emancipation. Another step would be taken—to raise them to political and social equality with their former owners by giving them the right of voting and holding public offices under the Federal government. We see the first step towards it in the bill already alluded to—to vest the free blacks and slaves with the right to vote on the question of emancipation in the District of Columbia. But when once raised to an equality they would become the fast political association of the North, acting and voting with them on all questions; and by this political union between them holding the white race at the South in complete subjection. The blacks, and the profligate whites that might unite with them, would become the principal recipients of the Federal offices and patronage, and would, in consequence, be raised above the whites of the South in the political and social scale. We would, in a word, change conditions with them—it degradation greater than has yet fallen to the lot of a free and enlightened people, and one from which we could not escape should emancipation take place (which it certainly will if not prevented) but by fleeing the homes of ourselves and our ancestors, and by abandoning our country to our former slaves, to become the permanent abode of disorder, anarchy, poverty, misery and wretchedness."

How to Keep Cool.

The Herald of Health for July, gives some directions upon the pertinent problem of how to keep cool. We quote:

1. The diet should be composed largely or entirely of fruits, fresh vegetables, and wheat meal bread, and other preparations of wheat and oat meal. Corn meal bread and cakes should be seldom eaten, if at all, during hot weather. Avoid all stimulating or heating articles of food, as meats, especially fat or salted meats, butter, gravies, and gross food of all kinds, sugar, mustard, spices, &c. Do not eat hot food, and especially avoid eating more than the system requires.

2. Drink nothing but water, and that only a small quantity at a time. Of course this precludes the use of tea, coffee and all alcoholic drinks.

3. The clothing should be light, light colored, loose fitting, and changed often.

4. The entire body should be bathed every day, either in the morning, or at night.—Farmers and others who perspire freely and are exposed to dust should bathe at night.—They will rest and sleep better for doing so.—The whole body can be effectively cooled in a short time by holding pieces of ice in the hands, or letting a stream of cold water run upon the wrist or ankles.

5. Avoid all undue mental or physical excitement.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.—The heat especially out of the shade is insupportable. How to avoid prostration by such weather is a trite, but if the cooling of an old story saves the life or mitigates the sufferings of one individual, it is worth while to tell it. Therefore we say that while this very warm weather prevails, do not be in a hurry about anything, but walk, eat, drink and work slowly. Keep in the shade as much as possible. Patronize ice-water sparingly; likewise animal food. Substain upon the ripe, sound fruits of the season. Bathe with moderation; do not remain in the water longer than ten minutes. Wear light clothing; we mean light in weight, but maintain worsted or flannel undergarments. Do not get angry; anger is a dangerous passion when the mercury has risen above 80°. Do not fret. Avoid worry and anxiety. Sleep at least eight hours out of every twenty-four, and let the hours for sleep be selected from the early part of the night. Above all, avoid intoxicating beverages. They are no use at this season, even when swallowed temperately; they are damaging in the extreme, if taken in extremely warm weather immediately. A couple of drinks of ardent spirits will predispose anybody, the hard working man especially, to sunstroke, apoplexy or syncope. Be temperate in all things, good-natured and chaste, and fear not.

With such men as Butler, Bonham, Kershaw and Hampton in accord with the new political movement in our State, there can be no doubt of its merits. They are not the men to compromise the people's rights and dignities. But they do comprehend the spirit of the age and would save their gallant little State from the hand of the despoiler.

Joseph Ward, of Orwell, Vermont, saved his wife from cloping by keeping guard over her silk dress. She wouldn't clope in calico.

What is fame? Printer's ink.