

The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. XIII.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1877.

No. 2.

Poetry.

A SABBATH SONG.

BY MARY J. PORTER.

Oh the gladness and the blessing
Of the opening Sabbath day!
Streams of beauty and refreshment
Seem to warm each golden ray.
All the valleys raise their voice,
All the hills tops now are ringing,
And their burden is "Rejoice!"

Bells their welcome tones are ringing
On the calm, reposeful air;
Walking souls their tribute bringing
To the gates of praise repair.
Holy hymns of faith ascending
Sound the name of heaven adored,
Prayers and melodies are blending
In the presence of the Lord.

Wearied hearts oppressed with sorrow,
In this day find rest and peace.
From their life long strength they borrow,
From their suffering gain release.
Beautiful upon the mountains
Stand the feet of those who show
Rivers from celestial fountains
Filled with joys the ransomed know.

Saints and angels robed in glory
Listen to the sweet refrain
Of the never-ending story
Of the ever-living slain;
Then in choros grandly swelling
Rises one triumphant psalm,
Earth and heaven the notes are telling,
"Hallelujah to the Lamb!"

Selected Story.

How Marion Got His Rifles.

The close of the year 1780 was a sad period for America. The British held the country from Charleston to the upper Santee, and in order to complete their conquest had established a chain of posts throughout the State, each of which was strongly fortified and defended by a good garrison. Organized resistance to the British there was none. On the American side the principal actors in the struggle were the men who composed the famous "light brigade" of General Marion.

The favorite rendezvous of Marion was at Snow Island. This is a piece of high river swamp, as it is called in the Carolinas, and was surrounded on three sides by water, so as to be almost impregnable. Here Marion had his camp. From this fastness he issued forth at pleasure to range the enemy's granaries, or capture a straggling party of his troops. Secure in his retreat, he had no fear of pursuit. In the city of Charleston, the despotism of the British was at its height; the proud spirited people of that capital were held down by a grinding tyranny. Many of them were still open and uncompromising in their hostility to the English, while others, thinking they could best serve the cause in that way, affected a hearty submission to the conquerors, and were seemingly the most loyal of all King George's subjects. Yet, while the English saw this and congratulated themselves upon the good effect it would have on the colonists, these very "loyalists" kept the American commanders constantly informed of all that passed within the British lines, and many a disaster of the English was in this way directly attributable to them.

One of these persons was a lady of fine social position and great wealth. Indeed, there were few persons in all Charleston over whose submission to the crown the British were more elated than they were over that of Mrs. Anne Garden. She was a young and beautiful widow, just twenty-five, and for several years had been the standing toast of the beaux of the Carolinas. When the British took the city, she was one of the first to submit to the king, and since then her house had been the favorite gathering place of the red coat gentry. Many of Mrs. Garden's friends, who were staunch patriots to the last, quietly cut her acquaintance, and shook their heads at her name when mentioned, and when they dared speak at all it was only to condemn the widow's treachery. In the camp of Marion, however, there was one cheek that kindled with pride and not with shame when the lady's name was mentioned; and as for General Marion himself he would have

told tales that would have startled the widow's Charleston friends, had it been safe to do so. While Marion was creating so great an excitement beyond the gates of Charleston, Mrs. Garden resolved to give a ball. Preparations were made on an extensive scale, and the loyal element of the city was in high feather. The splendid mansion of the young widow was dressed with flowers from cellar to garret, and blazed with lights on the evening appointed for the assembly, and the band of the garrison discoursed sweet music to the assembled crowd.

The entertainment was at its height, when the crowd near the door suddenly parted, and a young man came forward hurriedly. He was tall and splendidly formed, and carried himself erect with a proud, martial air. He was dressed in the uniform of an officer of the tory legion, and his general appearance was that of a man who had ridden far and hard during the day. As the young widow saw him, her face flushed and then grew deathly pale, and she sprang forward with a cry of alarm.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, hurriedly.

"You will see," he answered, quickly, in a low tone. "Only, for Heaven's sake, swear black and blue to what I may say!" Then he added, calmly, and in a louder tone: "You see, my dear cousin, I have come back to my allegiance."

"I am delighted to hear it," she replied, warmly, taking the hint at once. "I never thought your heart would cling to the rebel cause."

"Faith," he said, laughing, "if my heart had clung to it, my stomach would have driven me from it. I'm not fond of starving, my fair cousin, and King George lives well, you know. Hereafter, Thomas Wilson lives and dies a loyal man."

Colonel Watson had been standing by, during this conversation, watching the couple closely. Now he stepped forward to the lady's side.

"Who is this gentleman?" he asked, somewhat sharply. "He seems wonderfully familiar."

"Oh," replied the lady, laughing, "he is my cousin, Lieutenant Thomas Wilson, and as you will perceive, is in his majesty's service."

"You seem rather careless of your dress, considering the occasion, sir," said the colonel, tartly. He was annoyed at the great interest which the lady had shown in the new comer.

"My business must be my excuse, colonel," said the young man, respectfully. "I am the bearer of a letter from Major Ganey, and my orders are to lose no time in delivering it. I have ridden hard all day, sir, and upon reaching your headquarters learned of your presence here. This lady being my cousin, I felt no hesitation in coming here at once, trusting to pardon the urgency of my mission."

As he spoke, he handed to the colonel a sealed letter. Watson took it hastily and broke the seal. As he read it, a smile of satisfaction overspread his features.

"This is very good," he said, gleefully. "Ganey is picking up recruits by the hundreds. Wants four hundred rifles, fifty sabres and some ammunition at once. Will I send them? To be sure I will. Have you wagons, lieutenant?"

"No, sir," replied the young man. "Major Ganey was afraid to send them down. There's no knowing when or where one may meet that cursed Swamp Fox and his sneaking cutthroats."

"Very good," said the colonel. "I'll furnish you with four wagons and a guard of fifty mounted men. You will start at sunrise in the morning, lieutenant. Call at my quarters at midnight, and you shall have the necessary orders. Now, sir, you had better take rest, as you will need it."

"First let me offer him some refreshments," said the widow, and she turned to the young man.

"I know, and no guest must leave my house in such a state," said the widow. "Return quickly, then," said the colonel. "I shall be miserable while you are gone."

The young man offered his arm to the lady, and they left the ball-room; but instead of going to the dining-room, she led him straight to her chamber, and then, locking the door, said, anxiously:

"For Heaven's sake, Charles, what is the meaning of this?"

The young man did not answer verbally, but catching her to his breast, kissed her passionately, and, to be frank, the young widow did not resist him.

"It means," he said, at last, in reply to her repeated questions, "that we want arms, and I have come for them."

What else they said matters not now; but before they separated, Mrs. Garden seemed very well satisfied with the young man's explanation. They then repaired to the supper-room, where the lieutenant found ample refreshments, and the lady returned to the ball-room, where Colonel Watson was impatiently awaiting her.

At midnight the lieutenant called at headquarters, and, faithful to his promise, Colonel Watson was there. The necessary orders for the delivery of the arms and ammunition and wagons to Lieutenant Thomas Wilson, of the "loyal legion," were made out, and the colonel also placed in the young man's hand a sealed letter of instructions to Major Ganey.

The rest of the night was spent in procuring the desired articles, and at sunrise the next morning Lieutenant Wilson, with his wagons and their contents, escorted by a guard of fifty men, set out for the "High Hills of Santee," where the tory major's headquarters were located.

The wagons and their escort made good time, and by sunset were forty miles from Charleston. The sun was scarcely half an hour high, when Lieutenant Wilson ordered a halt, for the purpose of camping for the night. The mounted men fastened their horses to the trees, and removing their saddles, prepared to cook their evening meal; the teams were unhitched from the wagons, and the command busied themselves in preparations for a comfortable night. Every one was busy, and no one noticed that while these arrangements were in progress Lieutenant Wilson had drawn off from the party, and disappeared in the woods that bordered the road.

Suddenly there was a crackling in the brushwood, which caused the British troops to spring to their feet in alarm. As they did so, a voice, which sounded not unlike that of the young lieutenant, shouted, loudly:

"Surrender, or you are all dead men!"

General Marion secured his prisoners, together with the arms, ammunition, wagons and horses, and set out, after a rest of a few hours, for "Snow Island." At the request of the bogus Lieutenant Wilson, he sent back one of the red coats to Charleston with a note to Colonel Watson, informing him of the trick that had been played on him by the young officer—who so far from being a lieutenant in the tory legion, was none other than the famous Charles Hampton, a captain in Marion's brigade, who planned and carried out the affair successfully—thanking the colonel for the excellent weapons and other materials he had sent him, and promising to do good service with them.

The British commander was furious when he read the note, and saw the hoax of which he had been made the victim. He went in haste to Mrs. Garden, but the fair widow had sailed for England. He was compelled to swallow his mortification in silence, and a few years later, when the war was over, his obituary was not a little increased by the tidings which reached him, that Mrs. Garden had married the young officer who had tricked him out of his rifles.

Economy is the new fashion, and a very good fashion, too.

Miscellaneous.

THE BAFFLED BOOK AGENT.

He came in briskly and sat down with a jerk. One end of his paper collar reared over his left ear; a queer smell of last week's clothes hung about him. He turned his glass eyes upon us, and loosening his india rubber tongue he began:

"The Universal History of the Universe"—in 2,000 installments—fifty cents an installment—300 engravings—

"Stop, my friend. Restrain the intellectual flow—dam up that torrent of eloquence. Listen to me—do you know what has come to me since I saw you last? It was in Octo—"

"But, sir," interrupted the book agent, "you never saw me before!"

"Never saw you! Impossible! Could one who once gazed on those noble lineaments ever forget them? Could that coy wart on the nose be ever forgotten—or that eloquent mole on your iron jaw? Never, never! It was in October that I met you last. Blessed October—that month of ripeness and of sobered passion! Do you know of all the months in the year October is—"

"Pardon me, sir," exclaimed the book agent, rolling his brass eyelids in desperation, "you are—"

"Pardon me, sir; I cannot allow any man to hold the reins of conversation over me—I will not be interrupted—to resume; my great grandmother was the purest woman of her age that you ever saw. She was one hundred and thirty-two years old, and yet was as chipper as the best of us. My brother, who was an inventive man, put her on a pair of wheels, and it would have done you good to have seen her scot around. I suppose ours was the only family that could boast of a grandmother on wheels, and yet!"

"But, sir, I am in a great hurry, and—"

"You must positively not interrupt me, my friend. As I was saying before, when a man has a family growing up around him, it is hard to say which one he loves best. And yet that boy of mine, with the strawberry mark on his left ear. There's a queer story connected with that strawberry mark that would please you—have you a child?"

"I'm the father of thirteen miserable children," he replied.

"Ah, then, you can sympathize with my story. You have been a mother yourself. Ah, who can sound the depth of a mother's love! It is as deep as an artesian well, as high as a liberty pole. It soars like a Chinese kite, it grovels like a ground hog. It is sweet to be a mother. It gives us a new life and fills us with a broad, deep, sweet—"

"Really, sir, I haven't the time," broke out the perplexed and desperate agent.

"Now, there you go again. You throw me out every time. But to go back to our conversation. I do think he was the sweetest dog I ever saw. Although he was quite young when he was born, he seemed to take to learning naturally. When I would send him to drive the pigs out of the yard, he would take the little pigs patronizingly by the ear."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the book agent, dolefully, "quite a bright dog—quite bright—but would you like this snail?"

"Interrupting me again there! But I didn't matter. To resume: As I said before, the boat was very small and quite cranky. It rocked wildly, and the girl became excited, and it was hard to control her. You have doubtless been on the water and understand—"

Just here the book agent rose, his steel joints snapping viciously. He cast one wild, scared look around him and made for the door. Having reached the door, he turned and looked back hungrily. He brightened up, as if he were going to open the conversation again, but he gulped his sorrow down hastily and fled.

"Come back and see us again," we called blandly over the stairs. "You are such a good listener it's a pleasure to talk to you. Yes, come again! Come during the next centennial!"

HOW A MALE FLIRT WAS PUNISHED.

People who frequent that portion of Broadway between Tenth Street and Madison Square are occasionally astonished to see so many well dressed men promiscuously the street, with apparently no other object in view than to stare at and ogle the ladies who pass by. If they confined their ogling to those who are on the same level there would be no complaint, but as the present fashion permits respectable women to dress rather "loud," some unpleasant experiences are the result. One of these masculine flirts recently annoyed the young lady of a well known millinery by frequently passing by on the opposite side of the street and throwing kisses to the employees. This was kept up with steady regularity for nearly a fortnight, until it culminated in the receipt of a note written by the fellow asking one of the girls to meet him, and name the time and place—a council of war was held, and it was decided the invitation should be accepted, and a lonely spot in Central Park for the rendezvous. The hero of a thousand kisses was promptly on hand, and so were the girls—five of them, accompanied by a male escort. The five all carried short cudgels, and no sooner were they sure of his being the right man, than they proceeded to fling him severely. He ran as for dear life, and a Central Park policeman coming up almost laughed himself blind when he heard the facts. The fellow has not been seen on Broadway since the occurrence.—*New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

The Chicago Journal isn't a particularly bright newspaper ordinarily, but it shall have all credit for the following:

"What is my bill?" anxiously asked a man who had stayed over night at a Philadelphia hotel lately.

"Your bill?" was the calm reply, "how much money have you along?"

"Twenty-nine dollars," gasped the innocent and retired guest.

"Well, that's it—that's your bill," remarked the considerate proprietor.

And as the Centennial visitor started out on foot for his home in Indiana, he muttered thoughtfully to himself:

"So this is the way that tramps are made."

Parson B— was truly a pious man. At the long graces which usually followed the meals, he and the whole family reverently knelt, except the parson's brother, who, being of a much fat, usually stood, with his back to the table and overlooking the garden. One day—it was summer time—the parson was unusually fervent; not appearing to notice the fidgety movements of his brother, who kept twisting about until, finding no end to the thanks, he broke in with—"Cut it short Parson, cut it short; the cows are in the garden playing ball with the cabbages." The irreverent was well timed, and the cows were driven out.

Not long since, a dark, mahogany-colored female obtained a position in a San Antonio family as a cook. A few days after, she met an acquaintance who enquired how she liked her new place? "I've gained a lot," was the answer. "Dey buses you, does dey?" "Dreffe. Wass den foah de bellion. Day looks up all de pervisions and asks foah de change from de market money! Why, dat's no better den stealing!" was the indignant answer.

[San Antonio Herald.]

When three good little boys get together of an afternoon the chances are that there will either be a fight, a window broken, or some stray dog will have a pan toed to his tail.

LITTLE TOMMY'S LETTER.

DEAR MA: I wisht you wood come home. Jonny shunts me up in the clozetz and pinches me awful cos I wont shur aginst him to cut it hurts my hans, an he ses none of the chickens is going to be mine when my hen comes awf cos they was his eggs what she set on. The old black banty tride to set but we diddnt want black chickens, we wanted white, so we chaste her awf evry day, an the wife hen woodnt set till Jonny tide her onto the nest, an she duzzent set she stans. He sed he wood give me One chicken cheap for 25 cents an I want it. Deer Ma I miss you awful. Cant I have some pants of my own an net Jonny's? That der what comes to see Ant Cad here last night. He set on me sofy an Jonny was under the dy but he diddnt po it at awf. When Ant Cad came in the feller ole her ses he they is plenty of time here, an she set down bye now. Then he kist her, not rite away but bine by an she was rele mad an got up an slamed the door. When she came back he kist her agen an she kep telling him to stop, but he diddnt till Jonny run a shaal pin into his leg. Then Ant Cad reect in an hawl. Jonny owt, an boxt his eres an cawled him o you nawty boy, an Jonny cride, an the feller sed it was no matter. The flour what Granma cawls serious blamed the other site. She sent for evry body to come an see it an the bows was ful of fokes an a lot stanning owt on the pavement looking into the window. They was a coming an goen evry minit. They sed it was wunderfull. I thabt it was a nice flour, an Jonny whispered pick it an I pict an I aint got over it yet. I am so soar I cant bare to set down match. Our girl has got a bow. He must be a very rich genel man, he wares such a big long gold chane wound twice around his neck, an then such a wach! with too lids to it, and he ses it is a court economyer wach. When he wants to no wat time it is, if it is in the day time, he just lays it onto a fents or a post an lets the sun shine on it, an then if he staze there till it is noon, he cant egzactly wat time it is. If it is afternoon he has to wat till next day. When the sun dont shine he cant tell enyway, an when it is nite he dont no. Ant Cad ses it is the best court wach he ever saw, I want you to send me too shillin in your nex letter an rite rite away. I want to here from you so much I cant wate.

Your affexnate son

TOMMY.

MEN AND WOMEN COOKS.

There seems to be more natural difficulty for the woman to learn than the man. There is a sweet tooth running through her sex which affects her taste and renders her less trustworthy. She is less exact, at least in the pursuit of this vocation, and does not reason as the man does. If he fails he thinks and tries to find out the cause of the failure, which she is less apt to do. He gives pounds and ounces as to quantity where she gives approximate handfuls. The man is more particular about the food which he consumes himself, which makes him more careful about what he prepares for others. Many women are content provided they have ice cream and sweet cake, or something equivalent thereto. Count de Nijac, a man of some authority concerning the table in Paris, avors that the interest and traditions of the kitchen can only be confined with safety to men, and that if the women guests at a table were not under the eye of the stern sex they would begin dinner with the dessert. As may be conceived, this is a painful mistake for a Frenchman to make, but a sense of duty doubtless rises above all other considerations. Notwithstanding, even if men be superior to women in this calling, if any widespread movement is to come about the movement must come from them, for the kitchen is virtually in their hands.

HOW MULES CAME INTO FASHION.

Few of the farmers of this country are aware what a depth of gratitude they owe George Washington for the introduction of mules into general use for farm purposes.

Previous to 1783, there were very few, and those of such an inferior order as to prejudice farmers against them as unfit to compete with horses in work upon the road or farm. Consequently there were no jacks, and no disposition to increase the stock; but Washington became convinced that the introduction of mules generally among Southern planters would prove to them a great blessing, as they are less liable to be injured than horses by careless servants.

As soon as it became known abroad that the illustrious Washington desired to stock his Mount Vernon estate with mules, the King of Spain sent him a jack and two jennets, from the royal stables, and Lafayette sent another jack and two jennets from the island of Malta.

The first was a gray color, 16 hands high, heavily made, and of sluggish nature. He was named the Royal Gitt. The other was called the Knight of Malta; he was about as high—lithe, fiery, even to ferocity.

The two different sets of animals gave him the most favorable opportunity of making improvement by cross-breeding, the result of which was the favorite jack, Compo, because he partook of the best points in both the originals.

The General bred his blooded mares to these jacks, even taking those from his family coach for that purpose, and produced such superb mules that the country was all agog to breed some of the same sort, and they soon became quite common. This was the origin of improved mules in the United States. There are now some of the third and fourth generation of Knight of Malta and Royal Gitt to be found in Virginia, and the great benefits arising from their introduction to the country are to be seen upon every cultivated acre in the Southern States.

FRIGHTENED CHILDREN.—A little girl whom we knew was thrown almost into convulsions at the sight of a dog or a cat. The parents would not allow either animal to be about their premises; and with equal good sense, would never permit the child's terrors to be spoken of in her presence. If, by chance, one of the obnoxious animals approached her, she was always taken up, as if by accident, and her attention diverted. After a time, she gained courage enough to look at the causes of her terror, when their beauties and good qualities were pointed out to her, though she was never asked to touch them. Now the child has grown to be a young woman, conspicuous for her fondness for all animals, and especially for dogs and cats. Had her parents abruptly attempted to make her conquer her antipathy, its impression would, in all probability, have been so deepened that she could never have risen above it. In a similar case, of which we have been told, the child died in convulsions, induced by being compelled to touch a horse, the object of its nervous terror. On the other hand, by weakly humoring such fears, talking about them in the presence of those subject to them, and thus allowing, or leading their minds to dwell upon them, the unfortunate may be all their lives subject to the bondage of an unreasoning terror.—*Scribner's.*

Becher, in his newspaper, asks people to write to him for advice on morality. He says: "If you are perplexed and want light or counsel—write us. If you are puzzled respecting Bible interpretation or practical duty, write us."

The latest instance of "married in haste" was that of a couple united in matrimony on an express train while it was humming along at the rate of forty miles an hour.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and notices of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special notices in local column 15 cents per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch

Terms Cash.

NEATNESS AT HOME.—Most young girls, nowadays, desire to marry rich husbands, and in view of that pleasant destiny, neglect to fit themselves for the humbler walks of life. In the country, we admit that girls are sometimes brought up with an idea of work, and with a suspicion that each may chance to wed a sober, steady, good-looking, industrious young man, who will be compelled to earn by severe labor the subsistence of himself and family. But city girls rarely cherish such lowly ideas. From the highest to the lowest class in life, the prevailing idea with all is, that marriage is to lift them, at once, above all necessity for exertion; and even the servant girl dresses and reasons as, if she entertained a romantic confidence in her Cinderella like destiny of marrying, if not a prince, a wealthy man, at least. It is because girls cherish these false ideas that young men are afraid to marry. The young women they meet with are all so imbued with notions of marriage so utterly incompatible with the ordinary relations of life in their station; they are so wholly inexperienced in the economy of the household; they have been taught, or have taught themselves, such a "noble disdain" for all kinds of family industry; they have acquired such expectations of ladylike ease and elegance in the matrimonial connection, that to wed any one of them is to secure a life-long lease of domestic unpleasantness, and purchase wretchedness, poverty and despair.

DISAGREEABLE HABITS.—Nearly all the disagreeable habits which people take up come at first from mere accident or want of thought. They might be easily dropped, but they are persisted in until they become second nature. Stop and think before you allow yourself to form them. There are disagreeable habits of body, like scowling, winking, twisting the mouth, biting the nails, continually picking at something, twirling a key or fumbling at a chain, drumming with the fingers, screwing and twisting a chair, or whatever you can lay hands on. Don't do any of these things. Learn to sit quietly like a gentleman, I was going to say, but I am afraid even girls fall into such tricks sometimes. There are much worse habits than these, to be sure; but we are only speaking of very little things that are persisted in. There are habits of speech with 'you see,' or 'you know,' 'now a,' 'why-a,' 'I don't care,' 'tell ye now.' Indistinct utterance, sharp nasal tones, a slow drawl—avoid them all. Stop and think what you wish to say, and then let every word drop from your lips just as new silver coin. Have a care about your ways of sitting, standing and walking. Before you know it, you will find your habits have hardened into a coat of mail that you cannot get rid of without a terrible effort.

[Little Corporal.]

It is apt to shake a man's confidence in his wife to awake in the early morning and find her sitting on the edge of the bed going through his pockets. And it is apt to shake a woman's confidence in her husband to find nothing in her pockets but a larger beer check, a piece of bologna sausage, a variety show ticket, and a performed note signed: "Ever yours, Julia."

A wedding was delayed in Wisconsin lately on account of the bridegroom suddenly remembering that he had not fed his horse. The ceremony waited till the animal was cared for. He explained that a good horse couldn't be found easily, but thirteen girls were willing to be married to him.

People are never made so ridiculous by the qualities they possess as by those that they affect to have.

Naturalists say that a single swallow will devour six thousand flies in one day.