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Cotton.

It is a singular anomaly of the war that cotton has proved at once our best and worst friend. Its absence from the markets of the world has stirred the great heart of manufactures and commerce—has stimulated exertions in all countries to produce a suitable equivalent, but without reward—has caused starvation, suffering, and death, and in brief, proven, as has been so often asserted, that our cotton is king. Scant as our supply through the blockade has been, it has brought to us the material for clothing our soldiers, for stocking our machine shops, filling our laboratories, building our Floridas and Alabamas, and relieving our most grievous necessities. It has drawn to us the attention of the commercial world, to whom we were before apparently a *terra incognita*, and, in combination with other aids, has wrought for us a mixture of moral and selfish sympathy that may hereafter play its part in our independence. To this extent our king has not been unworthy of his throne. But when we see bale after bale going into the hands of the enemy, to run his mills or be sold for two hundred dollars in gold, and be placed to his credit abroad; when we are told that his falling credit is sustained only by these spasmodic recuperations through our Southern specific; when we are assured that before the fall of Savannah the Yankee bubble was ready for the bursting, and that the twenty-five thousand bales of cotton there captured were sufficient to keep it intact another year; when we remember that in the panic of 1850 it was nothing but Southern cotton which saved the country from bankruptcy, and that the North are endeavoring to make it do the same in 1865, we say that common sense should dictate the common duty. Every pound of Southern staples which reaches the North, be it of cotton, rice or tobacco, tightens the rope around our necks. These are equivalents of gold the world over—and excepting its pinch-beck manufactures, the only equivalents which the North can give. Hence the endeavors to obtain them—the swarms of speculators on the heel of every army—the benevolent shiploads of Boston crackers, and amiable Christian gentlemen in immaculate black, who pray you out of purgatory with one hand and pick your pocket with the other.

Viewed in this light—and it is not a novel one—it is a wonder that the subject has not been dignified with a treatment worthy of its merits. After the fall of Savannah, a more strenuous policy was adopted by the Government, it is true; but unless the planters and owners of the staple themselves take the matter in hand, and determine that the South shall no longer contribute to pay the expenses of her antagonist, we shall witness from time to time a repetition of the mortifying capture at Savannah, with all its humiliating results to ourselves and valuable consequences to the enemy. Let our king rule for—not against us.—*Chester Carolinian.*

NEVER GET ANGRY.—It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves him to see that he has been a fool; and he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others, too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbor, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in the same state of mind as if they were living next to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything goes by contraries, will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the ground more productive, the markets more favorable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only in the bosom of fools, why should it be indulged in at all?

There has been a snow storm in the South of France, such as has not been known before in the memory of man. Several lives were lost by

An Arkansas Girl's Resentment—Giving a Fellow the Sack.

A green, awkward girl, the daughter of wealthy parents in Arkansas, having come to Massachusetts, to be educated, a young dentist, named Brown, conceived a notion that his shortest road to fortune would be to marry her. But then she was the laughing stock of the seminary, because she was so gaunt, masculine, and ungenteled in her dress, and Brown felt that it would require all his nerve to stand the ridicule of several of the young pupils with whom he had flirted until he was satisfied that they had no money or expectation of any.

However, he consoled himself with the reflection that he should speedily obtain influence enough over her to enable him to become, in a measure, her adviser in the manner of costume, manner, etc. The foremost thought was to amend her long, lank form, by the aid of cinoline, which she had never worn, and his flattery had no sooner secured him a confidential place in her good graces, before he ventured to make her a present of a patent skirt or sack, together with a hint to fix up pretty handsomely for a ball, to which he had invited her.

The night arrived, the party were assembled and the Arkansas damsel made her grand entrance from the ladies' dressing-room, amid the titter and laughter from the school-girls and village belles. The hoop-sack was shockingly out of shape, projecting in front like the spouting horn of Nahant; but that was nothing to the expose it made of somewhat incongruous black hose, the fascination of which were somewhat augmented by the yellow rosettes of her white satin slippers (men's size) encasing her delicate feet. To complete Brown's horror, her flaxen head and freckled face were "set off" with profusion of green and yellow bow nois of formidable size intended to do execution as bean catchers.

Madder than sixty, the disappointed dentist went through the first dance with her, taking little or no pains to conceal his disgust, and then hurried away to the whist room to escape the compliments and sarcastic ridicule of his old flames.

The unfortunate partner, who was clear grit, was deeply incensed when informed of his abandonment and some of the sympathizers advised her to "give him the sack," i. e., dismiss him at once. "I'd be doctored if I don't do it 'fore the ball crowd," she replied in a boiling passion, and making for the dressing-room, and followed by a bevy of laughing girls, soon emerged again with the hoop-sack in her hand, and threw it at Brown's feet. "Dear, you mean, good for nothing shaker out of old snags? Take your old sack and wear it yourself, and if I catch you speaking to me again, I'll buck ye within an inch o' yer life; you'd better believe it."

Rears of laughter followed this spirited conduct, and tooth-puller was left to make his escape. The next day he left the village, and has not returned to it. The Arkansas girl became a pet, and finally made a very respectable appearance in society.

A new ambassador, Lord S., whose fact was highly spoken of, arrived at the court of Louis XIV. The King, wishing to test his politeness, invited him to a shooting party. At the moment of starting to drive to the wood, the King, drawing back, gave him the precedence, saying, "Get into the carriage, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur." Lord S. did not wait to be told twice to do so. Instead of humbly retreating and attempting to decline so great an honor, he obeyed at once; thus treating the royal invitation as an order which he was not permitted even to discuss. The King, who was the politest man of his day, perfectly appreciated the move, and remarked with a smile, "Decidedly, Lord S. is a well bred man." It is often, therefore, the truest politeness simply to do what you are requested to do.

Judge Willey, as he was called, was once presiding in San Augustine county when a legal bully attempted to intimidate him.—Thomson having succeeded in "packing a jury" to suit his purpose turned his attention to the court and remarked:

"If your honor please, here is the law which governs this case," at the same time drawing a Bowie-knife of an unusual size and laying it before him across an open book.

"Forewarned, fore-armed," said Judge Willey, and drawing from beneath his hunting shirt, not a coin but a horse pistol, he very calmly rejoined:

"This sir, is the constitution and is paramount to the law."

Mr. Thomson peaceably acquiesced.

A New York paper states that the famous Jennings estate, which has been in the English Chancery Court for many years, has at last been turned over to the American claimants—one of whom settled in Virginia and the other in New Hampshire. The property is estimated as worth several million pounds sterling.

Rules for Home Education.

The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous position in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do anything show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the like circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.

GREY IN HIS DYING MOMENTS.—Abbot de Vernot, in his History of the Revolutions in Portugal, gives the following, as an instance of intrepidity and greatness of soul displayed by Muley Moluc in his dying moments.

When Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muley Moluc, Emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children, and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers that, if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, and rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, than finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter; where, laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

A gentleman walking near Oxford, was met by some students of the University, one of whom addressed him with,

Good morning Father Abraham.
I am not Father Abraham, said he.
Good morning Father Isaac, said a second.
I am not Father Isaac, was the reply.
Good morning Father Jacob, said a third.
I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses and lo! I have found them.

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.—"The affection of a woman is deeply planted in her bosom, and though it may not be conspicuous amid the sunshine of life, yet when the dark clouds lower, and danger or difficulty menaces the object of her attachment, this noble feeling stands forth revealed, and gives a tone to every action. It is this deep, enduring feeling that urges her to attempt deeds from which the soul of man would shrink; it has been well said that man may indeed write on constancy, but how truly can woman act it!"

TRULY A HOT BATH INDEED.—A poor woman of Douai, France, being ordered by a physician to give her child a hot bath, put a large kettle of water on the fire, and putting her child into it began to pile on fuel liberally. A neighbor coming in, shortly afterwards, asked in surprise what she was about. And on being told that the doctor had ordered a hot bath, she rescued the little one from its imminent peril, and gave the mother some "needed information."

A CRUSADE AGAINST CATHOLICS.—Russia the "liberal and enlightened friend and ally of the United States," having quelled the insurrection in Poland, has lately turned her attention to the equally commendable work of suppressing religious institutions in that unhappy country. Our readers do not need to be reminded of the cringing toadyism displayed by the "loyal" public about a year ago, when some Russian naval officers were visiting this country. They cannot have forgotten the noble sympathy that surged in every "loyal" breast when the Russian Admiral informed a body of Loyal Leaguers, that they (his countrymen also) had a rebellion on their hands. Russia has suppressed the Polish rebellion, and is now engaged in suppressing the Catholic monasteries and convents. The inmates of these institutions are mainly Poles by birth, and for the heinous crime of sympathizing with their countrymen in their late effort to emancipate themselves from the yoke of Russian despotism, those good men and pure women have been driven from their cloisters. No less than one hundred and fifteen religious houses have been closed by imperial decree, four of which were convents. The property of these institutions has been confiscated, and many of the inmates sent out of the country. Russia is evidently advancing in civilization. She has exiled the Circassians from their native country, and now the sacred houses of God's teachers are closed by decree of his imperial majesty, Alexander II. She is, indeed, a worthy ally of the most enlightened nation on earth. What does the Tribune think of these European Catholics sympathizing with the rebellion? Does it recommend the "friends of freedom" to follow the example of their illustrious ally, and make war upon the Catholics here when the "rebellion" is disposed of.—*Record.*

LINCOLN'S ORDERS REGARDING TRADE.—By order of Lincoln, Seward has issued an order, declaring that all persons now or hereafter found in the United States, who have been engaged in holding intercourse or trade with the insurgents by sea, if citizens of the United States, shall be held prisoners of war until the war closes, subject nevertheless to prosecution, trial and conviction for any offence committed by them as spies or otherwise against the laws of war. The order directs that all nonresidents and foreigners who are or shall be found in the United States, who have been engaged in violating the blockade of insurgent ports, shall leave within twelve days from the publication of this order, or from their subsequent arrival in the United States, if on the Atlantic side, and forty if on the Pacific side of the country, and shall not return during the war. Provost and civil marshals will arrest and commit into military custody all offenders who disregard this order, whether they have passports or not, and detain them in custody until the close of the war, or until they are discharged by order of the President.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.—There is no prettier picture in domestic life than that of a daughter reading to her aged father. The old man, while listening to her silvery notes, goes back to other times when another one sat by his side, and whispered words he never will hear again; nor does he wish to do so; for in soft evening light he sees her image reflected in her child, and as one by one gentle emotions steal over him, he veils his face, and the daughter thinking him asleep, goes noiselessly in search of other employment. Virgin innocence watching over the cares and little wants of old age, is a spectacle fit for the angels. It is one of the links between earth and heaven, and takes from the face of the necessarily hard and selfish world many of its harshest features.

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of the new minister.

"Why, do you understand those languages?" he replied.

"No, but we pay for the best and we ought to have it."

Gloves should fit like a second skin, and be worn buttoned at the wrist. A French author, Alphonse Kerr tells you to take a gentleman's hand with your own ungloved, in token of frankness and sincerity, but to keep your glove on when you touch a lady's is a proof of the respect with which you regard her.

The London journals state that placards were posted in large numbers in London, with flaming letters, announcing the fall of Charleston, headed "Babylon is Fallen," and followed by the 6th and 8th verses of the 14th chapter of Revelations. Illuminated and intended as a commentary.

The St. Louis Republican says that, on the 7th, eight or twelve men were engaged in removing the wreck of a train on the Bardston Road, a single guerrilla took them all prisoners, robbed them of their money, paroled them, and then walked off, whistling.