

The Palmetto Herald.

VOLUME I.
No. 14.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1864.

PRICE
Five Cents.

THE PALMETTO HERALD

IS PUBLISHED BY

S. W. MASON & CO.

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT PORT ROYAL, S. C.

Office cor. Merchants' Row and Palmetto Avenue.

Terms:

Single Copy.....Five Cents.
One Hundred Copies.....\$3 50
Per Annum to any Address.....\$2 00

Payment invariably in Advance.

A limited number of ADVERTISEMENTS received at Twenty-five Cents per Line. JOB PRINTING executed neatly and promptly.

A NEW ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

It is well known that Col. Seth Warner, of revolutionary memory, who, with his noted regiment of Green Mountain Boys, as rear guard of St. Clair's retreating army, after the evacuation of Ticonderoga, beat back a whole brigade of the hotly-pursuing British, in the battle of Hubbardstown, and thus saved, probably, that luckless General's entire forces, hurrying on just in front, from rout or capture—who came down like a thunder-bolt on the flushed foe in mid-battle at Bennington, and secured the victory for the wavering and half-beaten Stark, and who finally was everywhere known as one of the best-looking, most heroic and accomplished officers of the Cumberland Army—that Col. Warner was an especial favorite of Gen. Washington.

The preliminary, however, is here introduced less on account of any particular pertinency most of it may have to the subject than for the purpose of explanation, and securing a readier appreciation and credence of the interesting personal anecdote which is about to be related, and which, it is confidently believed, has never before appeared in print.

One son of Col. Warner still survives, or was surviving a few years ago, an unpretending resident of Lower Canada, from which—though then seventy-five years old, but very active, and in full possession of all his strong native faculties—he came to the capital of Vermont with the object of petitioning the Legislature for compensation for some lands formerly granted to the heirs of Col. Warner, but unwittingly entrenched upon by subsequent grants; and it was there and then that the writer of this reminiscence was introduced to him, and held several very interesting conversations.

In one of these conversations, while speaking of the private affairs of his father, Colonel Warner, he frankly said that the Colonel was very thoughtless about pecuniary matters; that he not only expended in the cause of the country, or aiding the needy families of his soldiers, all his available property, but contracting many debts, which finally compelled him a short time before his death, to place a mortgage on his homestead, amounting at least to over nine hundred dollars, and causing the family a great deal of depression and uneasiness. But of this depressing load they were at length suddenly relieved in the occurrence of a most unexpected incident, and one which formed, as well it might, quite an era in the family history. But we will let Mr. Warner, whose Christian name, we believe, was that of his father, Seth, relate the memorable incident in question in his own language; which, by the aid of the minutes before us, we know we can repeat substantially, and we think very near literally, as he made use of it.

"It was," he said, "in the month of September, 1789, the fall that General Washington made his tour through the Eastern States. We had kept ourselves tolerably well posted about the progress of this tour, and heard that he was to be in New Haven or Hartford, Connecticut, somewhere near the time at which the event I am going to relate to you took place. But as either of those places was quite a number of miles from Woodbury,

where he lived, we had no more idea of seeing him than the man in the moon. My elder brother, Israel Putnam Warner, then a man grown, and myself, a lad of twelve or thirteen, were both living with my mother at that time. And at the particular time of the day I refer to, Israel was in the yard grooming father's old war-horse, which he had been compelled to go with father through all his campaigns to take charge of; for the fiery and proud old fellow would never let anybody but his master, the Colonel, and his son Israel mount or come near him, though he had now got so much tamed down by old age that he would behave quite decently with me or anybody. I was in the house with mother, who happened to be unusually downcast that day, and was brooding over our family embarrassments, and had just been saying:

"Oh, no, Seth, I can never pay, nor, with our means, hardly begin to pay this dreadful mortgage. And, as I hear it is about to be foreclosed, we must now soon be driven from our pleasant home, where we have lived so long, and, until your father's death, so happily. My husband, the Colonel, fought as well as the bravest of them, and did all he could, and more than his part, for the good cause, they are willing to allow; and I know very well that he wore himself out in the service, and was brought to a premature grave. And yet here is his family almost on the verge of beggary."

Tears here started in mother's eyes, which so touched me that I rose and went and looked out of the window, when, to my surprise, I saw entering the yard two well-mounted stranger gentlemen, whom, from something about their general appearance, I took to be old military officers of pretty high rank—or at least one of them, who was large and had a very commanding look. Having significantly beckoned mother to my side, she eagerly gazed out at the newcomers a moment in silence, when she suddenly gave a start, and, with an excited air, exclaimed:

"Seth! just take notice of that noble-looking one! Why, he looks ever so much like the picture I once saw of —. But no; that surely can't be!"

"Well, at any rate, mother, he must be a man of some consequence; for, see! brother Israel, who acts as if he knew him, is swinging his hat from his head clear away at arms length, and bowing lower than he would to a king! Israel is quite too stiff-necked to do that for any common man. But they are beginning to talk; I will just open the door here a little mife, and perhaps we may hear what they are saying."

I did so, and the first words I distinguished were those of the personage who had so attracted our attention, and who, addressing my brother, and pointed to the horse, by the side of which he was standing, asked:

"Is not that the horse Col. Warner used to ride in the war?"

"It is, your Excellency," replied Israel, again bowing low and very respectfully.

"Ah yes, I thought so," resumed the former turning to his companion, or *attache*, and pointing to the old war steed with that interest with which he was known ever to regard fine horses. "I thought it could be no other. Just glance at his leading points—shapely head, arched neck, deep chest, haunches, and limbs. I have seen Colonel Warner riding him on parade, when I noted him as a rare animal, and thought the rider, taken together—for Warner was a model of a figure, and several inches taller than I am—made a military appearance second to none in the Continental army. But my business is with your mother, my young friend, and I will, if you will take charge of my horse a few minutes, go in at once to see her."

Hearing this announcement, mother and I hastily retreated to our former

seats, and, with the curiosity and excitement which what we had witnessed naturally raised in us, silently awaited the entry of the expected visitors. We had been thus seated but two or three minutes before he came in, and, bowing graciously to my mother, said:

"I take this to be Mistress Warner, the widow of my much esteemed friend, the late Col. Warner, of the Continental army?"

"It is sir," she replied tremulously.

"Will you permit me to introduce myself to you, madam?" he resumed, with that winning sort of dignity I had noticed in him from the first; "I am Gen. Washington. And after I arrived in this section of the country, a few days ago, I made,—and I hope you will pardon me the liberty I took with your private affairs—I made some inquiries about you and the situation of your family; when learning to my deep regret, that your late husband, in consequence of his long-continued absence from his home and business, while in the service of his country, and his subsequent shattered health, resulting from the hardships of war, left you laboring under pecuniary embarrassments, I was prompted to come and see you."

"I had little dreamed of such an honor and such kindness, General," she responded, nearly overpowered by her emotions and the imposing presence of her august visitor.

"There is a mortgage," he rejoined, without responding in any way to her last remarks, "a rather heavy mortgage on your homestead."

"I am sorry," she replied sadly, "very sorry to be compelled to say there is; a much heavier one than I can ever pay."

"So I had ascertained," he proceeded; "and I have also, before coming here, been at the pains of ascertaining the exact amount now due, and required to cancel this, to you, doubtless, ruinous incumbrance, and I propose now to leave with you the sum of money you will need for effecting that desirable object."

"Does the money come from Government, sir?" she asked, doubtfully, and with a look that seemed to say, "If it does, then all right."

Washington looked at her, and hesitated a little at first, but soon, while taking up the valise he had brought in with him, slowly responded:

"In one sense it does, I may say, madam, if you have delicacies on the subject, I am in receipt of a liberal yearly salary from Government, from which it is discretionary with me to impart aid sometimes to deserving objects; and I certainly know of none more so than one which will relieve the family of so meritorious an officer as your late self-sacrificed-husband."

Without waiting for any rejoinder to these remarks, he opened his valise and took from it a bag of silver money, and deliberately proceeded to draw out and count from it till he had reached the sum of nine hundred and some odd dollars, which afterwards proved to be precisely the sum demanded, in principal, interest, and fees, for the discharge of the mortgage on our place. He then, after returning the money to the bag, and setting it aside for the purpose he had designated, and taking the hand of my mother, who seemed inclined to remonstrate, but could not force the words for it from her quivering lips, tenderly, but with an air that seemed to forbid any attempt at refusal, said to her:

"Accept it, don't hesitate to accept it—take it and get the mortgage discharged at once: and then all your immediately pressing anxieties will be relieved, and soon you will find those brighter days the God of the widow has kept in store for you. And now, as my time is quite limited, it only remains for me to say, as I do most sincerely and kindly, Heaven bless you, dear madam, Heaven bless you! Farewell!"

I was present during the whole of this interview between Gen. Washington and my mother, heard every word they both said, and saw all the money counted down on the table, and feel confident that I have neither taken from nor added to anything that there took place.

On leaving the house, Washington immediately mounted his horse and rode away, leaving us quite unable for a while to realize this unexpected visit and the still more unexpected benediction of the illustrious visitor.

As Mr. Warner was ascertained to have been a man of integrity, and of an unbroken memory, there need be but little doubt respecting the truth and authenticity of the above related incident, which, while it involves testimony highly honorable to the heroic leader of the Green Mountain Boys, furnishes a new and beautiful illustration of the elevated and benevolent character of Washington.

A NOVEL "DEAD HEAD."—On Conductor Kincade's train, on the New York Central last night, a lady with a vast circumference of hoop, occupied a whole seat as the cars went out of this city. Taking up tickets the conductor evidently suspected something when he came to this lady, and politely requested her to rise, as he thought she was sitting on something which had been left on the seat. She demurred and he insisted. She said she wouldn't and he said she must, and finally she did, and not only that but she stepped out into the aisle, blushing tremendously and insisting that she "didn't know it," when, lo and behold! a bouncing babe of the male persuasion, only sixteen years old, was discovered curled up on the floor! How the delightful creature had got there was a mystery to her, of course—as much so as was the presence, to Joseph, of a chicken in Joseph's hat. The lady was about to anathematize the young gentleman in the most approved manner of injured virtue, but he took the words out of her mouth by pleading piteously, "Please now, Auntie, pay my fare." Auntie did.—*Schenectady Star.*

LORENZO DOW was an eccentric preacher. On one occasion he commenced his sermon by reading from St. Paul: "I can do all things." The preacher paused, took out his spectacles, laid them on the Bible and said, "No, Paul, you're mistaken for once, I'll bet you five dollars you can't and stake the money."

At the same time putting his hand in his pocket, he took out a five dollar bill, laid it on the Bible, took up his spectacles again and read, "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"Ah, Paul," exclaimed the preacher, snatching up the five dollar bill and returning it to his pocket, "that's a different matter; the bet is withdrawn."

It is reported that Stephen R. Mallory, ex-United States Senator and the head man of Jeff. Davis' Bureau of Piracy or (in rebel parlance) "Navy Department," has absconded from the Confederacy and is in Paris.

"I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" said one friend, quizzing another. "Democrat; my father was democrat," he replied. "And what is your religion?" continued the other. "Protestant; my father was Protestant," was the answer. "And why are you a bachelor?" said the other. "Because my father was a—oh confound it! don't bother me with your stupid questions."

MR. JENKINS was dining at a very frugal table, and a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him, "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. Don't be afraid of it." "No, indeed, madam—I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not scarce me a bit."