

GILLMORE'S SWAMP ANGEL

THE GUN THAT POURED SCREECHING MISSILES INTO CHARLESTON.

The First Messenger from the Masked Battery in the Marsh—Accuracy of the Gunners—Incidents of the Cannonading.

A Fuse Shell.

There are a good many people in Charleston, who had an intimate but somewhat unpleasant acquaintance with the Swamp Angel. One calm night in August, 1863, a strange noise was heard in the air. It was a wail, but one that to the women and children in Charleston was entirely unknown.

The watchman at St. Michael's steeple sounded the alarm, and the firemen and other people hurried out in haste. The shell came from a masked battery, which Gen. Gillmore had ordered to be constructed on the western border of Morris Island, and on the western border of the creek which separates Morris from Folly Island.

The battery had been constructed under the greatest difficulties, and in what was considered an impossible place. The idea of a gun throwing a projectile a distance of five miles had not at that time penetrated the minds of the average public, and the arrival of the first messenger from the Swamp Angel was as unexpected as it was unpleasant.

The battery was the famous Swamp Angel. It consisted of a single 8-inch Parrott rifle mounted in the center and surrounded by an earthwork of circular shape. It burst at the thirty-sixth round, and that was the end of the Swamp Angel proper.

Gen. Gillmore's gunners soon attained a wonderful accuracy in firing their guns. It was said that the Swamp Angel shells were loaded with "Greek fire," but this was never verified.

The fire department was promptly called, but it was a matter of fact that the people who remained during the bombardment became accustomed to the sound that they could tell by the sound when a gun had burst.

The accuracy which the Swamp Angel gunners attained was remarkable. On one occasion the buildings on Brown's wharf were fired during the day. The fire department was promptly called, but it was a matter of fact that the people who remained during the bombardment became accustomed to the sound that they could tell by the sound when a gun had burst.

Perforation shells were used by the Swamp Angel gunners for over a year. During this time the people of Charleston had abundant time to study the peculiarities of the percussion Parrott shell. The shell, of course, could only be exploded when it came in contact with a hard surface, and was, therefore, almost impossible to explode in the air.

In 1864 there was a startling change in the condition of things. By this time those who were compelled to remain in the city had become used to the Swamp Angel. Up to this time more than two or three people had been killed, notwithstanding the fact that fully five thousand had been almost constantly under fire, and that the exposure of the firemen, who, besides doing military duty at night along the water front, were called upon frequently to subdue the flames in the shelled district.

The boom of the alarm bell and the bright glare of the fire invariably caused the Swamp Angels to wake up and redouble their attentions to the "doomed city." An engine, the Phoenix, was on its way to the fire, dragged by a dozen or more mules. In Haynes street a crowd of people stood still and listened. A few seconds after the boom came the peculiar and execrable "whistle" which marked the passage of the messenger through the air. The whistle was not familiar. There was an indescribable something about it that made one shiver. It was not the old familiar percussion shell scream. A few moments later and the mystery was explained. Just as every one was "lying low," awaiting the crash, there was another explosion very near, followed by a dozen baby screams and a dozen sharp reports, while a flash of light illuminated the scene. This it was realized was our friends, the enemy, wanted blood. It was a fuse shell, something which no man could dodge.

A WOMAN'S SONG.

She took her song to beauty's side, Where riches are and pomp and pride; There in the world amidst the crowd She found out hearts by sorrow bowed; And amidst a dream of light and dress She saw the pain of loneliness.

Her voice's magic held a tear, She made the weary ones draw near; And all the passions of the throng Were melted into peace by song. She took her song along the street, And hushed the least of passing feet; And tired toilers stopped to fill Their hearts with music at her will.

The Rights of Inventors. When an inventor brings out something that accomplishes a useful purpose not before accomplished, or does this better or more economically than it has been done, it is reasonably certain he has invented something in the value of which he has an interest.

Tobacco Growing in England. Tobacco has been grown experimentally in England during the last year or two under a license, or something equivalent to it, from the inland revenue authorities.

Got Angry by Telephone. A recent decision in Germany is worthy of record for the benefit of American telephone patrons. One unfortunate telephone user lost his temper at being kept waiting by the central office, and when explanations were made he told the telephone official per telephone to shut his gab and not lie about it.

An Enraged Hack Driver. Jack Allprey has a large foot—a phemonally large foot—wears No. 13 shoes—and he has also a phenomenally cool way of repudiating his debts.

Artesian Well Power. Heavy machinery is now run by artesian well power in many parts of France, and the experience of the French show that the deeper the well the greater the pressure and the higher the temperature.

Method in Her Madness. Bachelor (whom Brown has brought home to dinner)—Does your wife always kiss you, Brown, when you return from the office? Brown—Yes, always, never fails.

Ahead of the Doctor. Doctor—I'm afraid you don't take the baby out doors often enough. Mother—Nonsense. She catches cold every time she goes out. I'm sick of this air bath foolishness.

It Is in the Bible. "You mustn't say 'feller,' Johnny, remarked that young gentleman's Sunday school teacher. "It is in the Bible." "Well, I don't care, it's in the Bible," exclaimed Johnny. "Isiah xiv, 3: 'Yes, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the oaks of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down no feller is come up against us.'"

How to Be Happy. Jabber—Hello, old man! Spring cleaning up at your house this week? Jiber—No, not much! Jabber—Not how in the world do you get rid of the pesty thing? Jiber—Easy enough. We move into a new house on the first of May—Burlington Free Press.

A Novel Movable Dam. A Pittsburg mechanical engineer has invented a movable dam, by the use of which he claims a boating stage of water may be obtained in shallow rivers at all seasons of the year. The invention has been examined by old river men and pronounced practical. The inventor is 82 years old.—Frank Leslie's.

Preachers' Healing Power. Flossie (aged 4)—Bobby, why do they call ministers, doctors? Bobby (in a lad of considerable information)—'Cos they make folks better.—The Epoch.

A good piano player makes the best typewriter, but after six months' practice on the "writer" no girl can pick out a tune on the piano. She runs to "dear tips" and "yours truly's" instead of notes.

TASTE AS TO NAMES.

CONDITIONS ON WHICH THEIR GRACE AND BEAUTY DEPEND.

How a Commonplace Surname May Be Transfigured by a Happy Prefix—Parental Stupidity—Initials—Selection of Names for Children.

Tastes differ as to names, of course, and it is impossible to draw a line, with all the sheep on one side and all the goats on the other. Some people think that John and James are excellent names, while others consider them ugly and commonplace.

The grace and beauty of a full name or title depend on certain uncompromising conditions. It should be rhythmic; it should not be tautologous; it should contain a sufficient quantity of vowel and consonant sounds; it should be easily pronounced; it should not suggest unpleasant associations.

Since these conditions are so obvious and so easy of fulfillment, and since the choice of names is so wide, the prevalence and persistence of harsh, awkward names must be a constant source of wonder and disgust.

Again, the matter of initials comes in for consideration as a feature of minor, but still appreciable, importance. No one likes a smooth or high sounding one's name may be, it will dull the edge of his self satisfaction if the initials spell some offensive word.

By all means let the children have euphonious, well balanced names. If the names should be short and abrupt, the baptismal names should be poly-syllabic and flowing, and vice versa.

Trochic surnames, which are the most numerous of all, are not so easily balanced as the foregoing. Three trochees in a line is a frequent combination, and not a bad one, by any means.

The German barber on his native heath differs radically from the German barber with American improvement. In the ordinary provincial town of Germany a man is seated in a cane bottomed chair, without head rest or foot rest. His head is tipped back in such a manner that the chair back is raised just above the collar.

The past week has been one of unusual excitement in town over a fracas in journalistic circles. Mr. Clinch seems to have applied to himself one or more paragraphs that appeared in our last issue, and on Friday last he followed us into Messrs. Murdoch's grocery store and asked us to whom they were meant to apply.

The shaving proper is performed with more of the proverbial "ferocious deliberation" than most of us are willing to go to a customer's house and shave him four times a week for twenty-five cents a month.

As an addition to funny incidents on the stage you should bear about the scrub woman who made her debut in "Martha" the other night. It was in the forest scene. The main part of the costume of the new character was an old red shawl, and her general appearance left no doubt about her duties. She thought she was walking across the stage behind a screen, but she was in full view of the tittering playgoers who made the singer blush and falter because he thought they were laughing at him.

A STORY OF BLACKMAIL.

Experience of a Gentleman Who "Came Down" and Got Out.

A gentleman who was staying at a hotel in Saratoga was one morning passing down a corridor which led from his room, when a lady who stood in the door of her room accosted him.

The woman turned back into her chamber, but instantly who stopped into the chamber. "I am very sorry to trouble you," she said, "but my clock is stopped, and I do not know how to set it. I have an important engagement in about an hour, and I shall be extremely obliged if you will set it for me."

The gentleman kindly and rashly acceded to her request and stopped into the chamber. On the mantel stood an ordinary traveling clock. He went up to it, took out his watch again and laid it on the shelf, while he proceeded to set the clock. The lady followed him and picked up the time piece.

When this tale was recited at the club the gentleman who told it related it as a sad venture which had befallen a friend of his. When he ended some one asked: "But why in the name of common sense didn't he ring the bell or kick up a row?"

Admiral Porter's Life and Ways. The chief officer of the navy, Admiral David G. Porter, is 74. His father, brother and uncle preceded him in the same office on the flag on the sea.

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DON'T READ THIS!

Unless you want to know where to get the Best "Cash" Bargain in

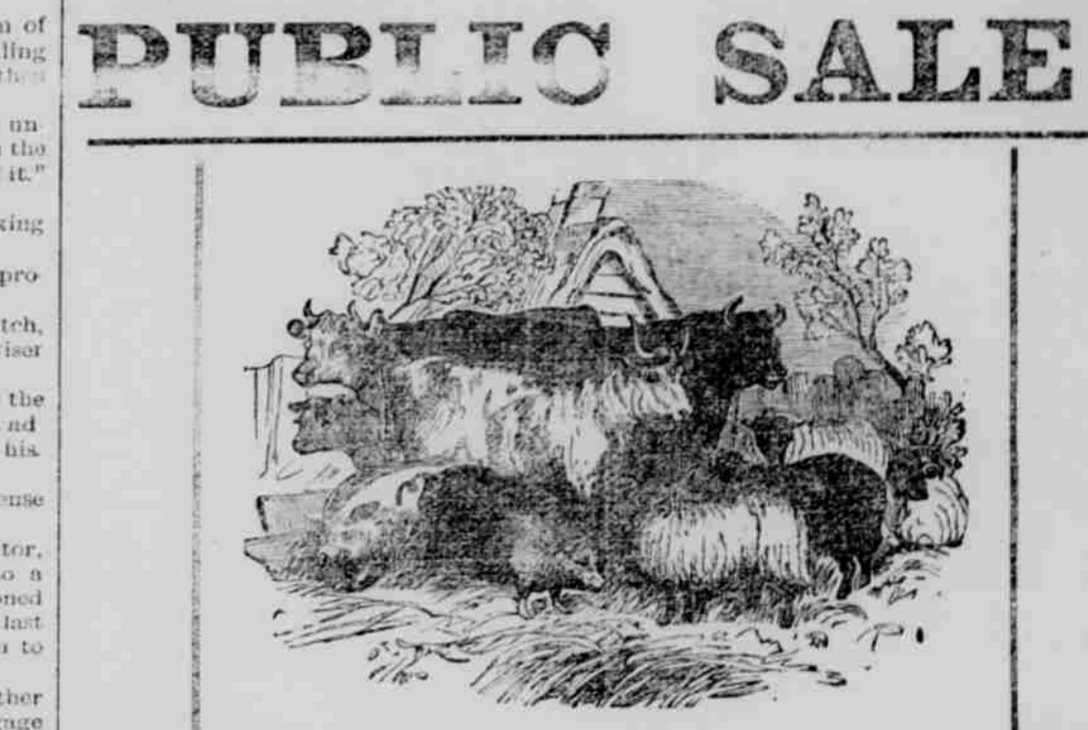
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W. A. BOECK & CO.

PUBLIC SALE!



As I have sold my farm and have a lot of horses, cows, pigs and farming utensils that have to be sold, I offer them at public sale on

FRIDAY, JUNE 1st, '88,

at 10 o'clock a. m., at my farm, three miles west of Plattsmouth. The following is a partial list: Six fresh milk cows, twenty cows and heifers, two Polangus heifers, one yearling Polangus bull, thirteen breeding sows, two broode mares, four work horses, two yearling colts, one single buggy, one set of single harness, spring wagon, hay racks, harrows, bob-sleds, mowing machines, seeder, stock cutters and corn shellers, a large number of chickens, and a number of articles too numerous to mention. All have got to be sold.

WM. NEVILLE.

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

Will be one during which the subjects of national interest and importance will be strongly agitated and the election of a President will take place.

Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

of this year and would keep abreast with the times should

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Daily or Weekly Herald.

Now while we have the subject before the people we will venture to speak of our

JOB DEPARTMENT.

Which is first-class in all respects and from which our job printers are turning out much satisfactory work.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.