The Newberry Herald.

TERMS—$1.50 FOR SIX MONTHS, IN ADVANCE.

Devoted to the Dissemination of Useful Intelligence.

EDITORS {T. F. GRENEKER. R. H. GRENEKER.

VOLUME II. NEWBERRY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1866. NUMBER 5.

THE HERALD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

At Newberry C. H.,

By THOS. F. & R. H. GRENEKER,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS, $1.50 FOR SIX MONTHS, EITHER IN CURRENCY OR IN PROVISIONS.

(Payment required invariably in advance.)

Advertisements inserted at $1.50 per square, for first insertion, $1 for each subsequent insertion. Marriage notices, Funeral invitations, Obituaries, and Communications of personal interest charged as advertisements.

The Old Bachelors New Year.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

Oh, the spring hath less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastly whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer blossoms quicken,
Nor does autumn fruitage thicken
As it did—the seasons sicken
Every year.

It is growing cold and colder
Every year,
And I feel that I am older
Every year;
And my limbs are less elastic,
And my fancy not so plastic—
Yes, my habits grow monastic
Every year.

'Tis becoming black and blacker
Every year;
And my hopes are waxing weaker,
Every year;
Care I now for merry dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing?
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Oh, the days that I have squandered
Every year,
And the friendships rudely sundered
Every year;
Of the ties that might have twined me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Sad and sad to look before us
Every year,
With a heavy shadow o'er us
Every year;
To behold each blossom failed,
And to know we might have made it
An immortal garland braided
Round the year.

Many a spectral, beckoning finger,
Year by year,
Chides me that so long I linger,
Year by year;
Every early comrade sleeping
In the churchyard, whither, weeping,
I—alone unwept—am creeping,
Year by year.

"Reconstruction." So-Called.

We have rarely if ever encountered a more capital or cutting burlesque than the following "document," gotten up by the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, supposed to be the report of Thad. Stevens's "Reconstruction Committee," after their return from their proposed visit to investigate the loyalty of the southern people:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1866.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives:

Your committee, appointed to visit the States lately in rebellion, and investigate and report upon their condition as to loyalty and fitness for readmission into the Union, have performed the duty assigned to them, and beg leave to make the following report:

"Naturally, the first place visited by your committee was Richmond, Virginia, the capital of the late Confederacy. Our coming had been heralded in the newspapers there, and the demonstration at the railroad depot on our arrival may be taken as, in some degree, indicative of the popular sentiment in that city. We found a large concourse of citizens of African descent awaiting us, and as we disembarked from the cars, they hailed us with shouts of welcome, mingled with 'This way to the Spottswood House.' 'Here's your buss for Continental.' 'Here's your cab for any part of the city.' 'Baggage to the hotel, gents,' etc. It was grateful to the hearts of loyal men to be thus welcomed in a city so lately the headquarters of the rebellion, while at the same time we began to feel convinced already that the only truly loyal people of the South were of the colored race. We could not decline the hospitalities so generally tendered us, and accordingly we selected two carriages from the large number placed at our disposal. We were driven to the Spottswood by our hospitable friends, who charged us two dollars apiece and half a dollar extra for baggage. After so much kindness from the colored race, we were unprepared for the harsh treatment which we subsequently received from the white oligarchs of Richmond. The proprietor of the Spottswood gave us rooms in the fifth story, back, saying to his clerk as we have been informed by a faithful African who had blacked our boots for a quarter a pair, that they were good enough for Yankee radicals. The same spirit of disloyal hate was manifested to us in the dining-room, where, in response to our repeated call for codfish and pumpkin-pie, we were served with nothing but bacon and hot cakes. We asked why this was done, and were told by a loyal waiter, to whom we had just given a postal half dollar, that Mr. Spottswood said he didn't keep a hotel for the accomodation of Yankees, and, therefore, persistently excluded codfish and pumpkin pies from the bill of fare. Your committee do not deem it necessary to dwell upon this evidence of smouldering disloyolty, nor to compare it with the hastily formed opinion of Gen. Grant respecting southern sentiment. Our object was to get beneath the surface of things in the South, to find the true character of the sub-stratum. We remained in Richmond a few days to study the character of the people. On all hands we found evidences of distinction on account of color, except in a freedman's colony, where the blacks received the whites on an equal footing with themselves. We alone noticed a disloyal disposition to speak of Stonewall Jackson and Gen. Lee in term of praise and commendation, while Gen. Butler's name was only mentioned in contemptuous connection with silver spoons, and occasionally a little plated ware, and he himself seemed to be better known as the Bottle Imp of Bermuda Hundred, than in any other way.

"Our next visit was to Atlanta, Georgia.—Here we had a long consultation with a Treasury Agent, who had had ample means of information on the subject of Georgia loyalty. He gave his opinion that to admit the southern States to representation at this time would be highly injudicious. He did not believe there was a white native in the State loyal enough to take his place, and asserted that to remove him and others similarly situated, would be not only dangerous to the welfare of the country, but would be also the height of ingratitude to men who had risked character and reputation for the patriotic cause of cotton and ten or twelve thousand a year. Your committee concurred entirely in his opinion.

"While in Atlanta your committee heard many expressions of sentiments which go to show how far Gen. Grant is mistaken in what he says in his report. On one occasion especially we heard what convinced us that the lava of secession still burned in the southern bosom. The case was that of a young gentleman from Massachusetts, of poor but honest parents, who had come to the South in the capacity of a freedman's school-teacher. He had casually made the acquaintance of a southern lady of two score and ten, whose husband had fallen under the southern flag, leaving her a widow of handsome estate. The young gentleman, desirous of matrimony, and plantations, pressed his suit, and was progressing, as he thought, most favorably, when one evening the widow told him at a tea-party, in the presence of a large number of people, "that she'd rather be buried alive than marry a Yankee." The patriot school-teacher no longer plied the rod of chastisement over refractory freedmen. The star of his hope has gone down, and he has gone back to Boston, a wreck of his former self.

"Your committee went to Montgomery, Alabama, where, as at Richmond, the colored citizens flocked to meet us, and vied with each other for the carrying of our baggage. We paid them fifty cents a carpet sack from the depot, and they were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of loyalty, in receiving the currency from us. In this city evidences of disloyalty meet us on every hand. A Vermont missionary had been insulted a few days before our arrival for attempting to introduce 'John Brown's Body,' and 'We'll hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree,' as Sabbath school hymns. A hop had just taken place at the leading hotel, to which whites only were invited, and from which the freedmen were excluded on account of color. The consequence was an indignation meeting of the freedmen, at which equal rights were demanded. A repetition of balls and hopes exclusively white in their character, will lead to Jamaica insurrections and Haytien rebellions magnified a thousand times in their dreadful results. At Montgomery, as at Atlanta we met a Treasury Agent, who was opposed to immediate re-union, and warmly in favor of a territorial condition for the Sonthern States. He mentioned incidentally that he had a son-in-law in New Hampshire who would make an excellent Provisional Governor, and a cousin who would do for a territorial delegate to Congress. Above all things, he hoped Congress would not listen to the hypocritical cries of Alabama loyalty. He assured us that there was no loyalty in the State, except in his office, and said it would be base injustice to supersede him till he had finished the making of $1000,000.

We next proceeded to Charleston, South Carolina. Here we had a long interview with a northern gentleman whom we know to be in every way reliable. He had responded to his country's call, in the early days of the war, with a suttler wagon full of Yankee notions, and had been unvarying in his devotion to the cause ever since, except at intervals when Gen. Grant had ordered sutlers to the rear. Since the cessation of armed hostility he had been down South to see what could be done in the way of buying southern lands. He had found the people of South Carolina so rebellious at the heart as to refuse to sell their plantations for twenty cents an acre in Federal currency. He convinced us that an armed force ought to be kept in Charleston for many years to come, and that he ought to be appointed sutler, as he had much experience in the business. He found in this hot-bed of secession and cradle of rebellion a decided preference for gray over blue, which extended itself even to the ladies' petticoats, many of which your committee carefully examined. It is proper to state that the articles thus scrutinized were hanging on a line to dry and had no ladies in them.

"Your Committee next visited Savannah, where they found disloyalty manifesting itself unmistakably on all sides. We met an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, who gave it as his opinion that the war was only half over, and that unless the powers of the Bureau were enlarged so as to give him controll of all the cotton exported from Savannah, the glorious emblem of our national liberty would not float unmolested very long. He had not been invited to a single tea party, though he had lived in Savannah for a year, while returned Confederates were cordially greeted by brothers, sisters, mothers and sweethearts. He himself had been on intimate terms with a young lady who represented many thousand bales of cotton, but of late a one-armed rebel had come home, and he of the F. B. had been discarded in favor of him who had raised his parricidal hand against the old flag. Here was preferment for services rendered to the rebel cause, and there are many such cases which your committee regret to find Gen. Grant has omitted entirely.

"Your committee do not deem it necessary to go into further particulars to show that the spirit which animated the rebellion still exists in the South, and that the time has not yet come for the readmission of the Southern States to the Union. "THADDEUS & Co."

A simple invention was exhibited at the late Birmingham cattle show for making butter by atmospheric action, the air being forced by a plunger into the midst of the milk or cream, which is contained in a cylinder, the result being that in a few minutes butter is made, leaving the milk perfectly sweet for family use.

The Two Andrews.

"I say, I say, General Jackson, for fear you should think I have some axe to grind, because I try so hard to keep you at my poor house all night, I will agree to keep you free of expense!" expostulated the landlord of the only inn in the village of Jefferson, Ashe Co., North Carolina, to General Jackson, late one evening in the autumn of 18—, as he entered his carriage to pursue his journey toward Tennessee. "The Blue Ridge is infested with banditti, and you will certainly be robbed, and possibly murdered before morning. I beseech you stay!"

"You are very kind sir, and I thank you, replied the General, "but I shall proceed, and try and reach the Tennessee line at all events. I have no fears of being molested. Drive on, Ned, briskly. Adieu, gentlemen, all!" and the old hero drove off at a rapid pace.

"Hilloa, there, youngster!" cried the landlord, to a slim, weary, flaxen-headed stripling, standing in the motley crowd in front of the tavern, "if you are going to Tennessee, you had better jump up behind and go along with the General; it's as cheap as walking."

"Sure enough, I reckon I'd better, and thank you," replied the young man, jumping up behind the coach as it drove off.

They rode on quietly for some hours, until they began to ascend the mountain, when the General hearing a slight cough behind, called out sternly: "Who's that?"

"It's me, sir, Andrew Johnson. I am a traveller on my way to Tennessee, and I thought I might get a lift on your carriage, sir. I beg your pardon, sir."

"You are quite welcome, sir, to my carriage. Come forward, and take a seat with me."

"Thank, you, sir; but as the mountain is very steep here, I'll jump off and walk up."

He walked forward up the mountain side, in advance of the carriage, but had not gone far before he saw a man ahead of him, ascending the mountain; he appeared to be intoxicated. He lurched this and that way, staggering backward and forward; now his knees would double up, and he would miss a step, as if the earth had suddenly vanished before him, then he would cross his legs, and a lurch would send him diagonally across the road. He stopped and braced himself up, so as nearly to fall backward, and then drifted helplessly along. Presently he turned an angle in the road and was out of sight.

"That fellow is beastly drunk," remarked the General.

"Drunk! Not much, sir," laughed the young man. "He's no more drunk than I am. He's playing 'possum, and means mischief. Look there! he's lying in the road."

As they drove up, he raised himself lazily and hailed them: "Hic! ah—I say, gentlemen, can't you give a man a lift? I—I—hic! can't walk; I'm loaded too heavily with d—d mean whiskey."

"Then stay where you are and get rid of it," sternly repled the General."

"The devil!" exclaimed the man, springing to his feet with the agility of a cat. He gave a keen whistle, and planted himself in front of the coach. Three men sprung out from the bushes and made a rush for the carriage.

Quick as thought the General sprang upon one of them, and they rolled over in the road together. A dull, crashing sound was next heard over the road, and a second one rolled over in the dust, propelled by the loaded whip in the powerful hands of the driver. The young man, by a timely shot fired and brought down a third, and then sprang to the assistance of the General, who still fought manfully with the herculean antagonist, while the driver engaged the remaining robber.

"Stand back! stand back!" cried the General to the young man; "we are man to man, I'll give the villain fair play. By the Eternal, I have you now!" and he threw his antagonist over, apparently lifeless.

"Are you hurt, my boy?" asked the General. "And you, too, ned? Where is ned?"

"Here, massa," replied the boy, puffing up the road. "My robber coward, he run. I golly. He! he! he! I save one, massa save one, and de young gentleman save one. He! he! he!"

All this occurred in less time than it takes to record it.

"But you, General, are you hurt?"

"No; nothing but a few bruises, thank God! But look here; one of them is stirring. You, sir, and Ned, pinion his hands, while I examine the others."

None of them were found to be dead. Two were only stunned, and the third had received a pistol shot through the shoulder, and was crouching in affright. They were all soon pinioned, and a council was held, when it was determined to disarm them and let them go, rather than be detained on the road. No further incidents befell our travellers during their jaunt. On their separation in Tennessee, the General gave the young man much good advice. He recounted to him his own history, and bade him aspire to be good and useful. The General continued en route for his home in middle Tennessee, and the young man stopped and settled in the Town of Greenville, Tennessee, as a journeyman tailor. Of his subsequent career it is needless to speak; it is a part of the history of our country.

M. E. D.

Jonesboro, Tenn., Nov., 1865.

A TRIBUTE TO STONEWALL JACKSON FROM A FEDERAL OFFICER.—Major George McKnight, of New Berne, N. C., having, on behalf of the citizens, applied to the commandant of that district for permission to hold a benefit for Mrs. Jackson, received the following reply, which does honor to the head and heart of its writer:

HEADQ'RS, DISTRICT NEW BERNE,
NEW BERNE, N. C., Jan. 13, 1866.

Mr. George McKnight—SIR: The colonel commanding the district directs me to inform you, in reply to your communication of this date respecting your proposition for the benefit of the widow of 'Stonewall' Jackson, that the United States military authorities can never object to a charitable action. All soldiers owe a tribute to gallantry and honor. It is presumed that every officer of this command will esteem it a privilege to be permitted to engage with you in the assistance of a lady whose husband was so respected and so renowned.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. R. ELLIS,
Acting Ass't Adj't Gen'l."

Waterloo the day after Battle.

On the surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter and beaten into the earth, and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewed with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered firearms and broken swords; all the variety of millitary ornaments, lance, caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plumes and penons; musical instruments, the aparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field?—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amidst its delolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers, and wives, and children, for days were occupied in that mournfull duty; and the confusion of corpses—friend and foe intermingled, as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and sometimes impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, making the spot some British square had occupied, exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lance curiassiers were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in bootless essay by the muskets of the inner files. Further on you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the gray chargers which had carried Albion's chivalry. Here the Highlanders and tirraileur lay, side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the polish lancer. * * * * * *

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with the dead, and trodden fetlock deep in the mud and gore by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick strewn corpses of the imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favored corps, on whom his last chances rested, had been anihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable in masses of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for the Old Guard attempted to meet the British and afford time to their disorganized companions to rally.

LOANS TO SOUTHERN PLANTERS.—This is a matter of such great importance to the whole country that we advert to it again, in connection with the presence in this city of Dr. Samuel Bard, late Superintendant of Public Education in the State of Louisiana, and long connected with the South-western press; and who is now here as the representative of many planters whom the war has left without the means necessary to the successful planting of cotton.

The Southern lands are as rich as ever; laborers may be obtained, and in many instances agricultural implements are not wanting. But the money wherewith to pay the laborer, to feed and clothe him, to stock the plantation, and to meet its other current expenses; is wanting. It is this want which Northern capital should seek to supply, so that the whole energies of the Southern planters may be successfully directed to the production of cotton and other Southern crops. This will cause our shipping to whiten every sea; stimulate every branch of the national industry; establish the foreign exchanges in our favor; enable the country to sustain, uninjured, the burden of the national debt, and avert all danger of a national crisis. A full crop of cotton will do more to restore the prosperity of the country than all the political speeches that can be made in a decade.

It is for the National banks and the capitalists of the North to effect these good results, and they should do it at once. We are glad to learn from Dr. Bard that he is succeeding in the object of his visit. He will remain here a few days longer, and may be seen at No. 71 Broadway.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—The season for buckwheat cakes having arrived, we re-print, from the American Agriculturist, the following receipt for making them after an improved method:

The finest, tenderest cakes can be made by adding a little unbolted wheat or Graham flour to the buckwheat. Less than a quarter will do. Mix with cold, sour milk, or fresh (not sweet) butter-milk, which is best. The soda (emptyings are dispensed with) when put in cold batter will not act satisfactorily. Bake at once. The heat will start the effervesence, and, as the paste raises, it will bake, thus preventing it from falling. Hence the culminating point of lightness is attained. The batter rises snowy and beautiful, and the pancake will swell to almost undue dimensions, absolutely the lightest and tenderest cake that can be baked with not a touch of acid. More salt, however, must be added, than usual, to counteract the too fresh taste when soda alone is used. Thus the bother of emptyings is dispensed with. Pancakes, in this way, can be baked at any time, and on the shortest notice. We keep our flour mixed, the Graham with the buckwheat, ready for use.

THE EDITORIAL TREAD-MILL—The Home Journal thus describes the editor's burdens:

"It is one of the hardships of our profession that its working wheels—brains and heart—are not allowed to lag for sickness, or to stop for calamity or sorrow. The judge may adjourn his court, the school and the workshop may close shutters, the mourner may veil his features, and turn friend and stranger from the door; but the journalist must forget before to-morrow the sorrows of to-day, must write gaily and freshly as a newsmonger on the trifle of the hour, whatever burden has been laid upon the same hour by Providence, or his brains as a man. It sometimes tries and mocks as the world that reads what is thus written would never dream of. The public looks upon the editor's labors as the Indian did upon the man that was cutting hay. He finally gave as his opinion that it was 'easy to see the white man mow.'

THE DEAD BODY OF SLAVERY.—There are some simple-minded people, and some demagogues, and perhaps some very honest people, in Kentucky, who are disposed to look with suspicion upon the man or the paper advocating the policy of removing what may be called the dead body of slavery, and giving it a decent burial. It is a little singular, too, that such opinions should be ascertained when it is seen that the people of the Southern States, who had a much greater interest in the institution than we had, are now, as they have for some time been, engaged in removing all traces of slavery. They can see no good result to come from clinging to the debris of the defunct institution, and are removing it with commendable despatch.

As an evidence of the spirit which actuated them, we quote from the Memphis Avalanche, always one of the most extreme and uncompromising of all pro-slavery journals, the editor of which wore a sword and rode by Bedford Forrest's side during the greater part of the war. He fought to keep the life, if possible, in the institution, but, now that it is dead, he drops his sword, and with his pen pushes the dead body from his path, and proceeds to other duties.

"For Heaven's sake," says the Avalanche, "let the South take measures to terminate the controversy, and bury the corpse of slavery out of sight, with all its odious appendages. Until this be done, the country will have no peace, and the Southern people no security. We shall have the negro again in Congress, a new rally of the worshippers of the ebony idol; a new cohesion of Northern fanaticism; a new combination against the peace and interests of the South. The only way to avoid a controversy, which must in the end prove unprofitable to us, is to give to the negro the rights and privileges attaching to his new condition; to thus put the abolition of slavery beyond any line of dispute; to leave nothing for the Northern radicals to use as political capital, or texts of declamation; and then calmly appeal to the conservative portion of the country for the restoration of our rights, and claim the verdict of the country against the Black Republican party as an organization without principles, asserting no new facts, and constructed only for clamor. When the Black Republican party shall be put in this position, its power for evil is gone, and the days of an old and hideous fanaticism, which has clearly outlived its objects, are finally numbered."

CEASE FIRING AT THAT OFFICER.—The Montgomery (Alabama) Mail, dwelling upon the fact that Southerners generally prefer their soldiers to represent them in Congress and elsewhere, says:

"To vote for such men is not to hurl defiance at the conqueror, but rather to exercise the privilege of complimenting gallant men, without a thought whether it may or not please the conqueror. The true conqueror is not only devoid of jealousy, but is willing to share his meal and couch with the vanquished. He has learned to honor his prisoner from the electric sympathy which is always generated by bullets and bayonets.

"At Rich Mountain, a gallant South Carolinian, in command of a section of artillery, had fought his guns well, until he had not men left to work them. Our lines were broken and the enemy was dashing upon him. A shell dismounted one of his pieces, killed his horse under him and shattered his right arm. Gaining his feet, the gallant fellow mounted his remaining gun, and standing erect as it dashed away under a shower of bullets, shook his sword at the enemy with his left hand. Just at this moment, an order came sharp and clear from the Federal line, "Cease firing at that officer!" Such a spectacle of ardent valor drew a spontaneous shout of applause even from his mortal foe. As it was then, so will be hereafter. When the fanatics of the North abuse the men who considered it their duty to obey the mandate of their State, an universal shout will come from the true Union men of the North, 'Cease firing at that officer.'"

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—We have stood beside the mother when the terrifying intelligence of her infant's death was announced to her, and she bent over its lifeless form and wiped away the cold death damp from its brow. We have noticed the deep intensity of her holy affection as she gazed upon its glassy, motionless eye, sunk beneath its half-closed lid, and its graceful limbs livied and stiffened by the touch of death. We have listened to her stifled shriek, and seen her turn away from this last remnant of mortality, a lone, desolate and heart-stricken being. From the first moment of that infant's existence her heart strings had been twining around it, until every holy feeling that a mother's love ever knows, every fond hope that a mother's love ever forms, every cherished idea of purity and virtue and innocence were centered upon it, so that in its death she heard the knell of all her worldly hopes, of all her bright visions of the future. The hope that he was to soothe her sorrow in after years by his filial love was crushed, the cherished expectation that he would watch by her bedside at the hour of departure, to close her aching eyes, to whisper her farewell,—

To breath a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all her love and all her woe,—

was wept away, and she was left, bereft of solace, and sadly convinced that her hopes were "as the baseless fabric of a vision."—Oh, who can measure the extent of a mother's deep and sacred love for her offspring? It cannot know change! It gushes forth in its holy power as she watches the couch of slumbering innocence; it lives in its freshness and beauty when her child had assumed the stations and duties of manhood; and when time wrinkles the features and palsies the hand it ebbs not; her last prayer is that her child may be blessed—her lost look of tenderness is for him alone!

THE TELEGRAPH SUPERSEDED.—A report of a most remarkable discovery comes to us from Italy. An Italian *savant* is said to have discovered a process by which sounds may be transmitted by an electrical process any distance, so that two persons—one in Rome and the other in Paris—may converse together, recognizing the sound of each others voice.

A Virginia clergyman writes to the Post Office Department asking for a mail contract. He states that he does not know that he can take the oath of allegiance, for he has prayed in the pulpit during the war for the success of the Southern cause; but, as the prayers were never answered, he is of opinion that no aid and comfort were given, and therefore he remains a loyal citizen.

SPEECH AT A MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.—The following little speech, which smacks of the poetical genius of Alexander Smith, was made in Memphis, recently, by a bridegroom at the wedding supper table:

"To-night, I shake hands with the past. I live henceforth in future joys. An unknown door is opened wide, and I enter an abode of perfect beautitude. These two persons, whose lives have been well spent, have reared and trained, in love and kindness, the sharer of my future joys and woes. If my life be blissful, I will owe them much, in that they have imbued the mind and heart of their adopted child with lessons of purity, kindness, truthfulness and love. I am confident of the future. The shadow of the present shall fall upon it, even when my bride and I have grown old, and invest it with sunset glories. The man who, in youth, knew some soft, soul-subduing air, melts when age in he hears it sung. Although it is not half so touching, yet it awakens sweetest echoes in dreamland, and to age it repeats the story of youthful hopes, passions and love. I may not deserve the good I have won. Love is not won. It gives itself, and if not given, no wealth, genius, beauty, state or wit, no gold of earth or gem of Heaven, is rich enough to purchase it. Loving thee, my bride, my heart shall keep its old memories like the sea-shell its wonted melody. But away with forebodings on a wedding night! Love's music steals on us like dawning light, which over all the heavens spreads and invests the world with beauty and glory. The road that leads on through the unknown future was dark and dreary, but a celestial splendor now lights up the gloom, and the fair bride, her spirit-self a Peri at the gates of Paradise, invites me onward and upward to a life of purest pleasure and duties of beneficence."

THE JUDGMENTS OF WOMEN.—In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of the church, he made this fine observation: "We will say nothing of the way in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the *intuitive judgments of women* are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning.

No man that has an intelligent wife, or is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them to decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instincts of the animal races; and yet there seem to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer; that when a man has toiled, step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to tell how she got there. How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prudence or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging.—The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her."

SOUTH CAROLINA FACTORIES.—We take the following items from the Greenville *Enterprise*:

We learn that the Pendleton Factory, near Anderson Court House, has recently changed hands, Messrs. Grady, Hawthorn & Perry, proprietors of McBee's Factory, in this District, being the purchasers. Price, $81,500. It will be started in a few days upon yarn exclusively, to the full extent of its capacity—about 100 bunches per day.

The style of the firm will be Perry, Hawthorn & Grady. Mr. Perry, the agent, is now having the machinery put in good working order, and expects, in a few days, to supply the demands in that vicinity with good yarn.

In our last issue, we made mention of the fact that Messrs. Thomas & Thurston had purchased the Van Patton Factory, some eighteen or twenty miles below Greenville. Mr. James Perry, a well known and energetic machinist and manufacturer, is associated with them. The name of the business firm will be Thurston, Thomas & Perry, the latter gentleman principal operator. Price, $25,000. This factory is now in good running order and condition, turning out about 100 bunches of yarn per day.

GENEROUS SENTIMENTS.—Gen. Grant thus writes in response to an invitation to attend a meeting of the "Union Commission," in the city of New York: "However we may have differed from our Southern brethren in the events of the last four years, we have now become one people, and with but one interest"—"whatever is calculated to increase the friendship and brotherly feeling between the two sections of our country I heartily approve of."

The Richmond *Whig* commenting on the foregoing extract from a letter of Gen. Grant appropriately observes:

It is a striking feature in the development of Northern sentiment, that those who have borne the most prominent and most successful part in restoring the Southern States to the Union, are those now most in favor of healing the lacerations of war, of soothing wounded sensibilities and reuniting the people of the two sections in the bonds of harmonious brotherhood. Those who advocate vindictive and humiliating measures are, for the most part, the men who neither exposed their lives or contributed their services in the cause of the Union. They can only be likened to that wretched class who prowl about the fields of slaughter when all danger is over, to plunder the dead and to slay and rob the wounded. Gen. Sherman fitly compared them to old Jack Falstaff, who feigned death while the fight was going on, but at its conclusion bore off the body of the gallant Percy slain by Prince Hal, to secure the meed of valor."

A GOOD IDEA.—A gentleman in Raleigh has hit upon a novel expedient, to frustrate the attempts of robbers. A few nights since he so arranged a double-barrelled shot gun as to insure its discharge upon any attempt being made to break into his smoke-house—front, rear or sides. About twelve o'clock he was awakened by two tolerably loud reports, and on reaching the smoke-house, he found a hat riddled with buckshot, but the owner was nowhere to be found. The gun was elevated too high; an inch lower and the robber's head would have been riddled.