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BY JAMES A. HOYT. ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1866. VOLUME II.--NO. 22.

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BY JAMES A. HOYT.

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From the Metropolitan Record.

"No Monuments."

"No monuments intended to commemorate the rebellion, will be permitted to be erected," etc.—By order Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan.

Brave old Ireland! how it strikes home to the hearts of those who regard thee with filial love as their mother country, to find names illustrious in thy annals ever associated with unworthy deeds. "No monuments permitted." O, cavalry Sheridan? Why did you not remember the land of your fathers ere you profaned the name you bear, by signing that order making war upon the noble dead? Before entering on your unequal struggle with the "spirit that seeks to glorify the rebellion," why did you not through some good Yankee medium call up the unquiet ghosts of all the despots, the Plantagenets, the Lancasters, the Yorks, the Tudors, the Stuarts, the Brunswicks, and, more brutal than all, the Republican Cromwell—who for seven centuries have been trying to deal with the same "spirit" that, thank God! still lives in desolated, impoverished Erin? Have you no family traditions of rebels in whom you glory? Or do you, perchance, boast that your kindred were loyal Irish, of that class which Tom Moore denounced as "that meanest thing—an anti-Irish Irishman?" Did you never hear from a father's lips the story of those countless sons of Erin whom "no monument" commemorates, but to whose memory altars are erected in millions of hearts that glory in offering to it the reverential homage conquerors never receive—the worshipping love due to those who to the title of hero add the more sacred one of martyr. Have you never lingered beside a dear mother, hour by hour, listening with breathless interest to old legends, heard in her childhood when, with an eager little band, she sat by an Irish fireside and brought in her faithful memory to the new world to delight and instruct her children in turn, inspire them with glowing love for the dear old land—more dear for its wrongs and sufferings, for that the royal diadem that once encircled its brow is replaced by the crown of thorns? Did you never bend with glistening eye and throbbing brow over Emmet's last speech, and feel, while every nerve was quivering, that no monument could "commemorate" his rebellion like his proud request to the world for "the charity of its silence?" the lofty spirit whose fire and hope not all the tyrant's power could quench, bursting forth in the impassioned appeal: "Let my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." And though a hundred monuments bore aloft the name and image of the young martyr-hero, how tame the feelings they could inspire compared with those aroused when some "sad exile of Erin," with the tremulous tones and earnest pathos of a full heart, chants the simple lament for the uncommemorated:

O breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.
But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Will brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Will long keep his memory green in our souls."

"No monuments to commemorate the late rebellion!" Ah! it needs none. What monument, though lofty as St. Peter's dome and imperishable as the Pyramids, could worthily commemorate that rebellion? Nor, although despotism will hold commanders "strictly responsible for the faithful execution of this order," will the rebellion cease to be commemorated. You may crush the fairy germs of what you call "returning loyalty;" it is but a little plant, hardy by nature, feeble from continual ill-usage, striving patiently to root itself in a narrow cleft of the wayside rock; the sun pours his scorching rays full upon it, cold winds chill and fierce tempests prostrate it; meekly it bears the pitiless storm, bravely it lifts its head when a lull ensues; it is starting again into more vigorous growth, when, alas! a careless footstep brushes it rudely aside. Again the sturdy little thing essays to root itself more firmly in its doubtful place of refuge, a poor shelter at best, offering little protection and no fostering care.

Yet it thrives, and begins to think of sending out little rootlets in a bolder venture for life—when lo! a herd of cattle grazing by must needs go out of their way to torment it; some snatch rudely at its fairest leaves, others crush it against the hard rock with their cruel hoofs. Surely it cannot survive this attack; its stalk is bruised and bent, its leaves wilt; it lies there a helpless, prostrate, perishing thing. But no! the root is yet sound; a friendly shower revives it; again the brave little plant puts forth its energies; the stem, that had been growing so tall and vigorous, is broken hopelessly, but side shoots peep out, and soon budding leaflets tell of its perseverance and success. It is living still! Hedged in from the heedless or hostile, nurtured with the least show of loving care, it might grow to a noble tree, extending its welcome shelter far and wide; but, exposed and uncared for, every moment may see it trampled upon and crushed beyond all possibility of restoration. But "the spirit which seeks to glorify" a righteous cause, clinging to the living who ennoble and the dead who sanctify it—that spirit immortal as the soul itself, born of the free, unconquerable will that acknowledges but one Master—how vain the power of man to tame it.

"Seek to bend
The chainless and unbidden wind,
Oppose the torrent's headlong course,
And turn aside the whirlwind's force;
But deem not that the mighty wind
Will cower before the blasts of hate,
Or quail at dark and causeless ill;
For though all else be desolate,
It stoops not from its high estate—
A Marius 'mid the ruins still."

Strange, indeed, would it be if the South, after giving to the page of history a story unsurpassed, if equalled, in she world's annals—a record where the purest patriotism, the noblest courage and the most heroic endurance, the proudest attribute of man and woman's most winning excellence—all blend like the hues of the rainbow to form an arch of glory that will span the Southern sky while time endures—if she were first to inscribe the terrible story of a people's degradation; to tell that she alone among the many conquered nations was unworthy of the noble blood freely poured out in her defense, since at the bidding of authority she could meekly hush her lamentations and eulogies, and consent that her graves—the dearest possessions remaining to her—should be neglected, and the memories that cluster around them forgotten. No! the South can never cease to honor her glorious dead. Though poverty—hardest of masters—may join with government officials to forbid the erection of the memorials she yearns to see pierce her sunny skies, telling to the world her heroes' glory and her gratitude, yet the grandest, most enduring monument is theirs.

Humble may be the resting place of the Confederate soldier, unmarked his lowly mound; but around it twine the tenderest, proudest feelings of millions of true hearts. Thither comes his gallant comrade, no longer wearing the gray, but treasuring in his unconquered soul the lofty pride and love of country that kept him faithful through cold and hunger and hardships, the heart that throbbed fearless and free beneath the ragged gray jacket; the noble matron who with Spartan firmness and christian gentleness, has given her first born and her youngest darling to their country; the gentle maiden who has forced smiles to the trembling lips that bade adieu to an honored father, an idolized brother going forth to the tented field; the loving bride whose holiest earthly affections were laid unshrinkingly, a worthy sacrifice, on her country's altar; the little child proud in remembering its soldier-father, and instinctively hushing its merry prattle at sight of the green hillock, to ask in softest tones if this is a soldier's grave. Oh! while such mourners bring the heart's own tributes, what need has he of other memorial! And what monument, though glistening with marble and dazzling with gold, so beautiful and touching as the floral decorations a whole people unite to offer to their departed heroes? Beautiful custom, honorable alike to the living and the dead.

Bright flowers, the fittest offering
At the tomb of the brave and true.
The purest things from earth that spring,
Impearled with heaven's dew.

Fair flowers ye hold within your cup,
The lavish gifts of Southern skies—
Here yield your gathered sweetness up,
Here spread your rainbow dyes.

Wind fondly round the hallowed spot
Where childhood's sunny tresses wave,
And manhood weeps, and woman prays,
At the Confederate's grave.

Oh! those graves—those graves! Well may tyranny, though encased in steel, triumphing insolently over the living, vaunting its resistless power, tremble at thought of their silent, motionless tenants. Well it knows that

"Freedom hath arisen,
Oft from statesmen's strife,
Oft from battle flashes,
Oft from hero's life,
Oftenest from his ashes!"

"No monuments!" Perhaps it is as well, and the Confederate people gazing on the uncommemorated graves of their martys, may feel with the prophet bard of young Ireland at the grave of Wolfe Tone:

"In Bedenstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter's wind rave;
Far better they suit him—the rain and the gloom,
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb."

INTEGRITY.—Truth has all the advantages of appearances, and many more; and, upon every account, sincerity is true wisdom. As to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the arts of dissimulation and deceit. It is much plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way; it hath less of trouble and difficulties of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out at last, when deceit and cunning, which continually grow weaker and less effectual, will finally fail us.

— It is said that the negroes of Mobile established a savings bank a short time since, and it got along swimmingly until a circus came along, when the depositors drew all the money out in order to attend.

Impeachment.

THE ONLY FOUR CASES IN THE HISTORY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The Detriot *Advertiser and Tribune* gives the following succinct statement of the only four cases of impeachment which have occurred since the foundation of the Government. It is a radical sheet, and in giving this somewhat interesting record, it of course anticipates the impeachment of the President:

1. William Blount, of Tennessee, for some years Governor of the territory South of the Ohio River, having been elected to the United States Senate, was, in 1799, expelled from that body by a vote of twenty-five to one, and declared to be "guilty of a high misdemeanor entirely inconsistent with his public trust and duty as a Senator." His offence was an attempt to seduce an United States interpreter from his duty, and to alienate the affections and confidence of the Indians from public officers residing among them. It was believed that he instigated the Indians to assist the British in conquering the Spanish territory adjoining the United States. Two points were made for the defence. 1st. That Blount had not done these evil deeds in his capacity of a public officer, but as a private citizen. 2nd. That his being a United States Senator screened him, for an officer elected by a State Legislature, and neither chosen, nor appointed, nor removable by the General Government, could not be a "civil officer of the United States" within the scope of the impeachment clause of the Constitution. On these technical grounds, the Senate "let him down easy," by dismissing the case. Blount had many friends and backers, the South-west being then corrupt and turbulent to a degree that foreshadowed the great rebellion lately quelled by the North and West.

2. In 1804, John Pickering, Judge of the United States District Court of New Hampshire, was impeached before the Senate, by order of the House, for drunkenness and profanity on the bench, and refusing to perform his duties in a case where he was called to enforce the revenue laws of the United States. The Judge did not appear, but his son sent a petition, setting forth that his father was insane, and asking leave to be heard by counsel. This was granted, and several depositions were put in going to show insanity. The reply was that he had brought "rum craziness" on himself. Judge Pickering had raved and blasphemed on the bench in open court; cursed the parties; called people (sometimes perfect strangers) to come up and sit beside him on the bench, threatening to cane them if they refused. We can find no evidence that he compared himself to the Saviour of mankind, or his blackguarding that branch of the Government which voted him his "bread and butter," or called for the hanging of those who differed from him in opinion. But, perhaps, the whiskey of those times was not so fiery as the Presidential beverage of to-day. Judge Pickering having exercised judicial authority during insanity, and not offering to resign, the Senate voted him guilty, and removed him from office—yeas twenty, nays six. All the Federal Senators voted in the negative; just as the Democrats of our time, having swung clear "round the circle" in political principles, would now vote on Johnson's case, if he were to be impeached.

3. In 1805, Samuel Chase of Maryland, an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was impeached by the House (73 to 32) and tried by the Senate. He was a grey-haired old man, of powerful intellect, vast legal learning and irreproachable morals. He had sat in the Congress of '76, and signed the Declaration of Independence, and had by his zeal and energy done wonders in redeeming Maryland from British and Tory sway, and bringing her over to the side of American liberty. He had, by hard work, sharp "figuring" and legal shrewdness, secured for his State a debt of $650,000 due her in England before the Revolution. Not a man of greater ability and patriotism then sat on the judicial bench in our land. His faults were ultra Federal notions, an abusive tongue and a quick temper. The great public services of the accused; the national eminence of the tribunal; the excited state of party feeling, well represented by the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, as accuser on the part of the House, and the continuance of the trial for nearly a month—all these things combined to make a most notable and interesting case. It was a State trial deserving the brilliant descriptive pen of Motley or Macaulay. Judge Chase was allowed one month to prepare his defence, and, in consideration of his age and infirmities, he was seated in the centre of the arena of the Senate chamber, in front of the Vice-President. That officer was the "black sheep" of our early politics, Aaron Burr, who, with prospects and reputation blasted by his Southern filibustering and his murder of Alexander Hamilton, yet presided with all his wonderful dignity, tact and grace. There were eight articles of impeachment. Large numbers of witnesses were examined on both sides, and the forensic displays remind one of Warren Hastings' trial in England, ten years before. Chase's counsel were three most able lawyers—Luther Martin, of Maryland; Charles Lee, late United States Attorney-General; and Robert Goodloe Harper, a former Federal leader in the House. Randolph had six Representatives to help him manage the case, and he never had a more exciting theme for his peculiar sarcasm.

Article I charged Judge Chase with unfairness and oppression at the trial of John Fries for treason, in 1800, whereby the accused was condemned to death without having been heard by counsel in his defence. On this article, there were 16 Senators for conviction and 18 for acquittal. Article II charged him with arbitrary ruling in regard to a juryman, at the trial of James T. Callender for libel on President Adams, in 1800. There were 10 Senators for conviction and 24 for acquittal. Article III charged that at the same trial the Judge had unjustly excluded the evidence of a material witness for the defence. For conviction, 18; for acquittal, 16 Senators. Article IV charged him, at the same time, with "manifest injustice, impartiality and intemperance," in refusing a postponement; in the use of "unusual, rude and contemptuous expressions towards the prisoner's counsel," "in repeated and vexatious interruptions," and in "indecent solicitude" for the conviction of the accused. For conviction, 18; for acquittal, 16. Article V charged him with illegally refusing to admit Callender to bail. Acquitted unanimously. Article VI charged the Judge with illegally hurrying up Callender's trial at the term of court when he was indicted. For conviction, 4; for acquittal, 20. Article VII charged him with "descending from the dignity of a judge and stooping to the level of an informer," by refusing to discharge a grand jury at New Castle, Delaware, because they did not indict a seditious printer. For conviction, 10; for acquittal, 24. Article VIII charged him with making a "highly indecent, intemperate and inflammatory political harangue" to a grand jury at Baltimore, attacking the legislation of Congress, and opposing certain reforms in the State Constitution in Maryland, thus "prostituting the high judicial character with which he was invested, to the low purpose of an electioneering partisan." For conviction, 19; for acquittal, 15. A two-thirds vote of the Senators present not being given in support of any article of impeachment, Judge Chase was acquitted throughout. He held his seat on the Supreme bench during the remaining six years of his life.

The impeachment, though it fell through in a legal point of view, yet had a good result in checking that judicial arrogance, insolence and spirit of brow-beating which some magistrates displayed, as though the majesty of the law needed intellectual ruffianism to support it. No judge, for the last sixty years, excepting two or three in fugitive slave law times, has ever dealt out political slang from the bench, or attempted to persecute opponents by his ruling.

4. The last case of impeachment was that of James H. Peck, Judge of the United States District Court of Missouri, in the winter of 1830–'31. He was charged with "illegal, arbitrary and oppressive conduct" in his office as a judge, towards one Luke E. Lawless, an attorney, by imprisoning his person and depriving him, for eighteen months, of the practice of his profession. Lawless had published a sharp criticism on Judge Peck's decision in an important land case, in which he (Lawless) was counsel, and the pugnacious lawyer was dealt with as above for "contempt of court." The matter was brought before Congress as an unconstitutional interference with liberty of speech and of the press. The House impeached Judge Peck, 23 to 49. After a wearisome six weeks' trial, the Senate voted 21 for conviction, 22 for acquittal.

WHEREABOUTS OF GEORGIA POLITICIANS.—An Augusta, Georgia, correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* furnishes the following information about prominent public men of that State:

Governor Jenkins is acceptably filling the position to which he was unanimously elected, and is busy in providing ways and means—no easy matter—for the care of the poor and disabled. Many of our people would starve but for the State aid. Mr. James Johnson is yet in Columbus, but it is thought will soon remove to Savannah, where he has been offered the collectorship of the port. This gentleman it will be remembered was the provisional Governor of Georgia in the early days of that reconstruction that it now seems must be begun again *de novo*. Mr. Johnson is a lawyer of eminent ability and has never been prominent in politics, on account of a disagreement in sentiment with the vast majority of the people on national topics. Mr. Joshua Hill, also a leading Union man, is quietly attending to the practice of law, and was in the Superior Court now in session here, during the present week. Mr. Ben. Hill is now resident at La Grange, and likewise deep in the law. At the downfall of the Confederacy he was counsel in a great cotton case here, one involving some millions of dollars, and is said to have received for his able services an *honorarium* of about $150,000. Alexander H. Stephens is at home at Crawfordsville, and devoted to law and literature. It is understood that he may some day give the world a history of the late great civil war, and meantime may have issued, by a leading *literateur* of this Slate, some biography of himself. Mr. Herschel V. Johnson, Mr. Stephens' colleague as United States Senator elect, is at the bar in this city, and equally aloof from politics and devoted to his profession. Howell Cobb is busy with his clients. Clayton, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Confederate States Treasury, is occupied as a banker and financier in this city. Ex-Governor Brown at the bar at Atlanta; Toombs in foreign parts, and the balance of those once occupying high places are now pursuing among us the even tenor of their ways, rebuilding broken fortunes and sharing in uncomplaining patience, the common lot of us all.

— "What flower of beauty shall I marry?" asked a young spendshrift of his governor; to which the governor replied, with a grim smile, "Mari-gold."

The Haversack.

Under this caption, in the *Land We Love*, Gen. D. H. HILL spreads before his readers every month a series of anecdotes and incidents of the late struggle. The following are extracted from a recent number of that excellent magazine:

The Southern soldiers had but little reverence for the clergy, who visited them when comfortably quartered in some safe place, but were not to be seen in time of danger and privation. Such a man as the chaplain of the 23d North Carolina regiment, who trudged alone on foot in the mud and dust, or such an one as the chaplain of the —th South Carolina Regiment, who remained with his charge amid the heat, stench and carnage of Battery Wagner, would command their love and respect, while they had but little regard for the "occasional reverends" though possessing the learning of the doctors of the Sorbonne, or the eloquence of the D. Ds. of Protestantism.

An anecdote or two will illustrate the feeling of the soldier towards their flying visitors.

A distinguished clergyman came to preach to —— brigade, when the enemy was "all quiet along the Potomac" after a pretty sound drubbing. Some one had made him a present of real cheese and crackers, the spoils of some United States sutler's wagon, which he was quietly enjoying by the roadside, while the troops were marching past. It was not long before the rebel sharpshooters opened fire upon him, "I wonder if the parson's in the blockade running business," "Mister, I'll whistle Yankee-doodle for you, if you'll gin me a smell of that thar Yankee cheese." "I haint had nothing to eat in three days, please sir let me have a slice of that crumb on your whiskers." Absorbed in his pleasant duty and perhaps in his meditations, the reverend gentleman had not heard at first the pattering shot around him. But when he became conscious that he was the target for all this desultory fire, he began to beat a retreat. Just then a long-legged, and gaunt specimen of rebeldom stepped up to him, took off his old slouch hat, made him the most horribly awkward bow and said, "not any for me, thank you kindly, parson, you are powerful good, but that thar cheese would be too excitin' to my feelins."

When Meade advanced upon Lee at Mine Run, two of the "occasionals" were on a visit to the incorrigible jokers of Rode's old brigade. One was very long, and the other very short, but both were very desirous to see how a battle was managed. They accordingly pressed forward to the front, where the artillery was coming into battery. Everything was new to them, their curiosity was unbounded and their satisfaction equally so, at all they saw and heard. But alas! it was a short-lived pleasure; a puff of smoke arose just opposite them, a shrieking shell whirled past, then another and another. They encoiled themselves behind a bank, but even their sorrows were not over.—For an empty flour barrel happened to be near and a mischievous Alabama boy struck it with the butt of his gun. The startled fugitives thought a shell had exploded by them, and once more took to their heels, cheered on by the shout "run big preach, little preach will catch you."

A soldier sends a tribute to a brother soldier, and we use his own words: "At the battle of Williamburg, May 5th, 1862, the 13th North Carolina troops were lying down behind felled timber in front of fort Magruder, having driven back the first advance of Hancock's troops.

Many dead and wounded Yankees were lying in close proximity to our lines, and the moans of the wounded were truly heart-rending. The enemy, however, was peppering away at long range, and it was almost certain death to raise one's head above the timber. A Yankee was heard crying out, "water, water, friend or foe, water." Private Beck of the 14th North Carolina jumped up, and spite of the remonstrances of friends and the orders of officers, walked a distance of fifty yards, and gave the sufferer his canteen, and returned unhurt, though exposed to the fire from the front and rear. He said that the "God bless you" of the wounded man paid him for all his risk.

While the Jeff. Davis Legion of cavalry, belonging to Hampton's brigade, was encamped on the Virginia Central Railroad in 1862, a wild trooper more fond of ducks and chickens than of military duty, went out foraging among the coops of a farmer, whose house stood near the camp of the legion. The next morning, the good man of the house came over to the tent of Colonel Martin, complained bitterly of the outrage and asked for a guard. Colonel Martin directed a guard to be sent with strict orders to watch the feathery treasures by day and night. A common punishment in our regiment was putting offenders on extra guard duty.—But on this occasion, the most exemplary men were chosen to perform the delicate task of protecting the poultry against midnight marauders. Young L., a handsome Mississippian, was one of the guard selected, because of the uniform propriety of his conduct. Knowing that there were some very pretty girls in the house, he had dressed himself up in his best clothes, and with sabre drawn was pacing up and down on his sentry post, in all the conscious pride of being a protector to fair ladies, a well-dressed soldier and a fine looking man. But his happiness was not to last forever. A pond of water was near the house, at which the troopers watered their horses. Private R. who was believed to have stolen the chickens, rode up to the pond, and seeing the evident enjoyment of L., cried out loud enough to be heard by the girls, "So you have been caught at your tricks at last, and Colonel Martin has put you on guard to punish you; I told you to let the chickens alone, but you would not mind me," and then putting spurs to his horse, dashed off before the bewildered sentinel could deny the charge.

The sole survivor of the incident gives the following: "Previous engagements had so thinned out the line officers of the First North Carolina infantry, (State troops,) that at the battle of Malvern Hill, companies C and E of the regiment were both under command of one subaltern, a second lieutenant. Company C was our color company, and when we moved into action, five corporals, the remnant of the old color guard, marched with our flag.

Our attack was made up the face of a steep hill, and through the yard and garden of a parsonage. The fire of the enemy, both with artillery and small arms, was exceedingly heavy, and upon our gaining the crest of the hill, its effect was too severe to be endured. We did not fall back, however, but rushed forward to the road beyond, which had been worn down so as to afford a very fair cover to the troops in line of battle. The distance to the road from the top of the hill, was not more than 75 yards. But during the time we were making this short run, Corporal Latham was shot dead with the colors in his hands; Larier took them and instantly fell mortally wounded; Wiggins seized them and had his knee shattered; Herring took his place, but to fall also with a wound through the body; finally Corporal Calvin Jones took the flag and held it while his life lasted. He was a fair, delicate boy of sixteen, from the county of New Hanover. A ball shattered his arm. I said, 'Go to the rear and give me the flag.' 'Oh, no sir! I can carry it yet!' The one arm does double duty. Another shot mangles his girl-like face. 'Let go! I can hold it yet.' Another ball pierced his noble breast.—'Take it, Lieutenant! I can carry it no farther!' His officer, with the assistance of Evan Atkinson and George Lumsden (both whom had been since killed) laid the brave boy behind a bank, safe from farther mutilation, where as noble a soul was breathed out as ever animated mortal mould."

Two gallant cavalry generals, a friend tells us, were in the habit of joking each other about the poverty of their respective States, General G——, of North Carolina, was accustomed to taunt General Y——, of Georgia, with the whortleberry proclivities of his people. The other would retort by alleging that the "tar-heels" lived on persimmons. These jokes never alienated the heroic brothers-in-arms, but their mutual good feeling came near being broken off on one occasion. As General G—— was putting his brigade into camp, he observed a squad of men drawn up under a persimmon tree, near the spot which he had chosen for his own tent. "Who are you, and what are you doing?" asked General G——. The sergeant saluted him with his sabre, and said in the most respectful manner, "I have been ordered by General Y—— to guard this persimmon tree until General G—— should come up, and then turn it over to him for the use of his brigade!" The sergeant made good his escape, but, it was a long time before the practical joke was forgiven by General G——.

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT OLD DEBTS.—A friend related to us the other day an incident which is an illustration of a new way, not to pay, but to collect old debts. We are informed that it was a veritable occurrence.

Just before the war, in —— county, Mississippi, a young man (whom we will call Smith) became indebted to another, (whom we will call Brown,) in the sum of twenty-five dollars. Not having the money convenient, he gave his note payable on demand. Both of them went into the army, and both survived the war. Soon after the termination of hostilities, Brown applied to Smith for the payment of the money. Smith was able to pay, but refused to do so. After repeated refusals, Brown at last told him that he would not go to law about it, but that he intended to whip him every time he caught him in town, and to credit the note by five dollars for each "licking," until the whole amount was paid off. Soon afterwards Smith, who lived a mile or two in the country, came to town, and Brown, true to his word, jumped on him and gave him a good "mauling." He them deliberately took out the note, called for pen and ink, and credited it "by one whipping, five dollars." Smith kept away from town for some time, but venturing in at last, Brown tackled him again. But Smith made a better fight than before, and it was only after a long and hard fight that Brown made him cry "enough." "You made such a good fight this time," said Brown, "that I will credit the note by ten dollars," which he did. Smith, knowing that he would be whipped again if he was caught in town, finally concluded to pay the money, and send it to the creditor by a friend. Brown cancelled the note, and returned fifteen dollars of the money, saying he had that much worth of satisfaction out of the other's hide, and it was a proper credit. This is certainly a new way to collect old debts.—*New Orleans Crescent.*

— The Louisville *Journal* says if the Southern States were to adopt negro suffrage next week they would not be admitted into Congress. In that event, the Radicals, as soon as they should recover from their astonishment, would invent some new pretense to cover their settled purpose. Their invention is exhaustless, as their purpose is relentless.