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Mr. Davis' Prison Life—Extracts from the Diary of the Past Surgeon—Thrilling Scenes and Incidents.

The New York World, of the 16th, de-
votes over four columns to extracts
from the diary of Mr. Davis' prison life at
Fortress Monroe, written by the past sur-
geon. We make such extracts from the
World as our space will permit:

THE PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, DE- FINITIVE.

MAY 21, 1865.—The procession into the
fort was under the immediate inspection of
Major General Halleck and Charles A.
Dani, then Assistant Secretary of War;
Colonel E. G. Howard, of the Michigan cav-
alry, who immediately effected the capture, being
the officer in command of the guard from the
vessel to the fort. First came Major-
General Miles holding the arm of Mr. Davis,
who was dressed in a suit of plain Con-
federate grey, with a grey dented hat, and
always thin, and now looking much wasted
and very haggard. Immediately after these
came Colonel Prihoda accompanying Mr.
Clay, with a guard of soldiers in their rear.
Thus they passed through lines of men in
blue from the Engineers, Landing at the
Water Battery Posters; and on arriving at the
escarpment which had been fitted up into
cells for their incarceration, Mr. Davis was
shown into casemate No. 2 and Clay into
No. 4, a number of soldiers being stationed in
the cells numbered three and five, and
each side of them. They entered; the
heavy doors clanged behind them, and in
that clang was rung the final knell of the
terrible, but now extinct rebellion.

Being ushered into his inner cell by Gen-
eral Miles, and the two doors leading there-
into from the guard room being fastened,
Mr. Davis, after surveying the premises for
some moments, and looking out through the
entire casemate with such thoughts passing
over his mind as expressive face as may be im-
agined, suddenly sat down on a chair
placed both hands on his knees, and asked
one of the soldiers pacing up and down
within his cell this significant question:
"Which way does the embrasure face?"

"The soldier was silent."
Mr. Davis, raising his voice a little, re-
peated the inquiry.
"But again a dead silence, or only the
measured footsteps of the two pacing sen-
tries within, and the fainter echoes of the
four without."

On the morning of the 23d of May, a yet
bitter trial was in store for the proud
spirit—a trial severe, probably, than has
ever in modern times been inflicted upon
any one who had shown such eminence
in military glory. This morning Jefferson Davis
was confined to his cell.

It was while all the swarming camps of
the armies of the Potomac, the Tennessee
and Georgia—over two hundred thousand
branded and laurelled veterans—were pre-
paring for the Grand Review of the next
morning, in which he was to enter in suc-
cession before the mansion of the Presi-
dent, the conquering military power of the
nation was to lay down its arms at the feet
of the civil authority, that the following
scene was enacted at Fort Monroe:

Captain Jonathan T. Tilgho, of the Third
Pennsylvania artillery, entered the prison-
er's cell, followed by the blacksmith, who
and his assistant, the latter carrying in his
hands some heavy and harshly rattling
shackles. As they entered, Mr. Davis was
reclining on his bed, feverish and weary
after a sleepless night; the food placed near
to him the preceding day still lying un-
touched on its tin plate near his bedside.

"Well," said Mr. Davis, as they entered,
slightly raising his head.

"I have an unpleasant duty to perform,
sir," said Captain Tilgho; "and as he spoke
the senior blacksmith took the shackles
from his assistant.

Davis leaped instantly from his recom-
mendation, a flush passing over his face
for a moment, and then his countenance
grew livid and rigid as death.

He gasped for breath, clutching his
throat with his thin fingers, and looking
while his wasted figure towered up to its full
height—now appearing to swell with indignation
and then to shrink with terror, his
shackles—he said slowly and with a hoarse
whisper:

"My God! You cannot have been sent to
iron me?"

"Sir, are you aware, sir," replied the
officer, backing the blacksmith to ap-
proach, who stepped forward, unlocked the
padlock and preparing the fetters to do their
office. These fetters were of heavy iron,
probably five eighths of an inch in diam-
eter, and connected together by a chain of
like weight. I believe they are now in the
possession of Major-General Miles, and will
form an interesting relic.

"This is too monstrous," groaned the
prisoner, glaring hurriedly round the room,
as if for some weapon, or means of self-de-
fence. He demanded of the commanding officer,
that he should be permitted to wear some
other kind of shackles, and he was re-
quired to wear the safe custody of a man re-
quired to be guarded in such a form as that
I have now in mind."

"I could serve no purpose," replied Cap-
tain Tilgho, "These fetters are from Wash-
ington, and are the same as those worn by
the President when he was in the hands of
the rebels. You are now in the hands of the
President, and will wear the same."

Davis, enquiring: "There must be some mis-
take. No such outrage as you threaten me
with is recorded in the history of nations.
Beg him to telegraph, and delay until he an-
swers."

"My orders are peremptory," said the
officer, "and admit of no delay. For your
own sake let me advise you to submit with
patience. As a soldier, Mr. Davis, you
know I must execute my orders."

"These are not orders for a soldier,"
shouted the prisoner, losing all control of
himself. "They are orders for a jailor—
for a hangman, which no soldier wearing a
sword should accept! I tell you the world
will see the difference. I have no longer
any country but America, and it is for
the honor of America, as for my own
honor and life, that I plead against this
degradation. Kill me! Kill me!" he cried pas-
sionately, throwing his arms wide open
and exposing his breast. "I will die for
me, and on my people through me, this in-
justice of the world."

"Do your duty, blacksmith," said the offi-
cer, walking towards the embrasure as if
not caring to witness the performance.

At these words the blacksmith advanced
with the shackles, and seeing that the pris-
oner had one foot upon the chair near his
bedside, he slipped his hand resting on the
back of the chair, and in a moment he was
being to slip one of the shackles over the
ankle so raised; but, as with the violence
and strength which frenzy can im-
part, even to the weakest invalid, Mr. Davis
suddenly seized his assailant and hurled
him on his face at the foot of the bed.

On this Mr. Davis had backed against the
wall for further resistance, began to re-
sist, and pointing out in brief, clear lan-
guage, that this outrage was madness, and
that orders should not be enforced at any cost.
"Will you compel me to be silent, to add the
further indignity of personal violence to the
necessity of your being ironed?"

"I am a prisoner of war," fiercely re-
torted Davis; "I have been a soldier in the
armies of America, and know how to die.
Only kill me, and my last breath shall be a
blessing on your head. But while I have
life and strength to resist, for myself and
for my people, this shall not be done."

Hereupon Captain Tilgho called in a ser-
geant and file of soldiers from the next
casemate, in a moment Davis was lying upon
his bed, and before his four powerful assis-
tants removed their hands from him, the
blacksmith and his assistant had done their
work—only securing the rivet on the right
ankle, while the other twined the key on the
left.

"This done, Mr. Davis lay for a moment as
if dead, and then slowly rising, he turned
round, and dropping his shackled feet to
the floor. The harsh clank of the
striking chain seems first to have recalled
him to his situation, and then, propping his
head on his hands, he burst into passionate
flow of sobbing, rocking to and fro, and
uttering at brief intervals, "Oh, the
shame, the shame!"

It may here be stated, though out of its
due order, that we met frequently in the
casemate, the subject of this article, for
some two months later, when frequent visits
had made him more free of converse, gave
me a curious explanation of the last feature
of this incident.

He had been speaking of suicide, and de-
nouncing it as the worst form of cowardice
and folly. "Life is not like a commission
that we can resign when disgusted with the
service. Taking it by your own hand is a
confession of the judgment to all that your
worst enemies can allege. It has often
flashed across me as a tempting remedy for
the sufferings of the prison; but I never
sought my own death but once, and then
when completely frenzied and not master of
my actions. When they came to iron me
that day, as a last resource of desperation,
I seized a soldier's musket and attempted to
wrench it from his grasp, hoping that in the
scuffle and surprise some one of my com-
rades would shoot or bayonet me."

After visiting Mr. Davis on the morning
of the 24th of May, and finding him ill, Dr.
Green visited him.

On quitting Mr. Davis, at once wrote to
Major Church, Assistant Adjutant General,
advising that the prisoner be allowed tobacco
—to the want of which, after a lifetime of
use, he had referred as one of the probable
causes of his illness—though not
complainingly, nor with any request that it
be given. This recommendation was ap-
proved in the course of the day; and on
calling in the evening brought tobacco with
me, and Mr. Davis filled his pipe, which
was the sole article he had carried with him
from the Ohio, except the cloths he then
wore.

"This is a noble medicine," he said, with
something as he said a smile as was possible
for his haggard and sunken features. "I
hardly expected it; did not ask for it during
the deprivation, has been severe. During
my confinement here I shall ask for nothing."

It was now much calmer, feverish symp-
toms steadily decreasing, pulse already
down to seventy-five, his brain less excita-
ble, and his mind becoming more resigned
to his condition. Complaining of the foot-
falls of the two sentries within his chamber,
made it difficult for him to collect his
thoughts; but added cheerfully that, with
this—touching his pipe—he hoped to become
tranquil.

"This pipe, by the way, was a large and
handsome one, made of meerschaum, with an
enamel mouth-piece, showing by its color
that it had seen active service. For some
time—as, indeed, was the case, having been
his companion during the stormiest years of
his late titular Presidency. It is now in
the writer's possession, having been given
to him by Mr. Davis, and his acceptance in-
ferred upon as the only thing he had left to
offer."

Happening to notice that his coffee stood
cold and apparently unattended beside his
bed in his tin cup, I remarked that there was
no contradiction of the assertion implied in the
old army question, "Who ever saw cold cof-
fee in a tin cup?" referring to the expec-
tation with which soldiers of all classes,
when campaigning, seek for and use this
beverage.

"I cannot drink it," he remarked,
"The food of coffee all my life. It is
the poorest article of the sort I have ever
tasted, and if your government pays for
such stuff as coffee, the purchasing quarter-

master must be getting rich. It surprises
me, too, for I thought your soldiers must
have the best—many of my Generals com-
plain of their coffee being too strong. I
am seeking to prevent our people from
making volunteer trade with your soldiers
whenever the lines near each other, for
the purpose of exchanging the tobacco we
had in abundance against your coffee and
sugar."
Told him to spend as little time in bed as
he could; that exercise was the best me-
dicine for dyspeptic patients. To this he
answered by uncovering the blanket from
his feet and showing me his shackled an-
kles.

"Is it possible for me, Doctor? I cannot
even stand erect. These shackles are very
heavy; I know not, with the chain, how
many pounds. If I try to move they trip
me, and have already abraded broad patches
of skin from the parts they touch. Can
you devise no means to pad or cushion them,
so that when I try to drag them along they
may not chafe me so intolerably? My
limbs have so little flesh on them, and that
so weak as to be easily lacerated."

Remarkable Speech in the House of Rep- resentatives.

Mr. Harris of Maryland, Defends the
Right of Secession, and Justifies the
South.—He thinks the Southern States
got out of the Union, and are still out.
—Andy Johnson and a Local Pres-
ident, etc., etc.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, June 11.—
The morning hour having expired,
The Speaker announced that the consid-
eration of the bill heretofore reported from
the Joint Committee on Reconstruction,
entitled "A bill to restore to the States
late in insurrection their full political
rights."
Mr. Harris, of Maryland. Mr. Speaker,
having been up in this period of the
session a silent member from choice, I
deem it my duty now to declare my
views upon some of the political ques-
tions, which are represented for the consid-
eration of this House and the country.
I will consider it a most ignoble act
to win the support or endorsement of
any man by the least concealment or
deception.

I then, sir, declare that in principle I
now stand as I stood before the war; as
I stood after war was declared; as I
stood in the last Congress, when I re-
ceived its crown of glory; as I stood
in prison and before that infernal in-
strument of tyranny, a court-martial. And
as I stand in principle, so will I stand in
practice whenever occasion may re-
quire.

When I indicate that there has been
no change in my principles, this House
and this country, possibly—or the
avowal of them has been attended by an
unexpected notoriety—may infer that
my position now is. I am an old-time
Democrat, and believe in the doctrine of
secession. I believe that the several
States of this Union have the right to
separate from it, each acting for itself.
I believe that abuse and usurpation
have been practiced and threatened to so
great an extent by their associates
and partners in this governmental com-
pact, that the Southern States were
justified in going out; and, sir, I further
believe by their ordinance of secession
that they did go out, and thereby be-
came to this Union foreign States.
Those countries will not change, and
I will not expect to see them removed
from their position. In my opinion they
stand by them as long as a single citizen
of the Confederate States is in chains or
subject to penalty for asserting them.
There is no political or personal consid-
eration which would prompt me to such
a desertion. As the right of secession
is the only thing that secures them from
the charge of treason, my voice shall
ever accord with my convictions, and
never join in that verdict against them.
I should consider myself as assuming a
most infamous position if I did. What,
sir, I believe then, right, I believe that
would have joined them if the sovereign
State of Maryland had said so, to de-
sert them now in their utmost need
when I can legitimately give them such
protection as is in my power honestly to
give—never?

From what I have said, Mr. Speaker,
this House will readily infer that I am
adverse to the reconstruction policy of
the President. I confess that Andy
Johnson has been, in adopting his mode
of reconstruction, consistent with the
views of the late President, with those
of the Republican party that elected
him, and with his own declaration from
the time he abandoned the Democratic
party and joined the Republicans.
These facts do not commend him to me;
but surely it is not his fault that he is
now at issue with many of the people
who raised him to his present station.
In my view the Southern seceded States
have no right to representatives on this
floor or in the Senate, and by my vote I
have heretofore invariably rejected every
application which has been made by
any person claiming such a right; and,
sir, not only do I believe that they have
no such right in their present position to
send Senators and Representatives here,
but I do not think they have the right to
furnish us with a President or Vice-
President. Being a citizen of seceded
and unrepresented Tennessee, Andrew
Johnson is, in my opinion, only Presi-
dent de facto, forced upon the country
by their votes, attended by that very
effective implement, their bayonets.
When I cannot avoid it, I like every
one else, acquiesce in the facts govern-
ments and de facto Presidents; but if it
could be expected by any one that I
could cast my vote at the next Presi-
dential election for Andrew Johnson,
I denounce for that high office, then, at
least, the status of Tennessee herself
must be completely changed.

Mr. Harris proceeded to define his
own views in regard to reconstruction,
expressing his confident belief that the
Southern States are willing to enter
again into the compact, and be subject
to the old Constitution of the United
States. It was not the Constitution
they felt out with, but the perversion of
it by their Northern associates, and their
persistent designs to violate and de-
stroy important rights which were se-
cured by that instrument. Those rights
have been destroyed, and can never be
a source of discord between the North
and the South. Slavery has been abol-
ished, and the seceded states have ac-
quiesced in it; and the negro is placed
in the position which you desired him to
have when you provoked the war. You

Know your proposed amendment of the Constitution cannot be adopted if the Southern States shall vote against it, and I think you must believe that it will never receive their assent. You can never hope for such a result, and they would be slaves should they aid in bring- ing it about. They will reject with scorn the terms of your proposed amend- ment and will await aside the calm and considerate action of the people of this country to aid them in again honorably becoming members of this Union. What is to be gained, under the circumstances, by keeping those out whom you are raving shall stay out, and who are willing to come in? You will certainly not try to humiliate your constituents by pretending to any fear of the physical strength of the South. The Confederacy has not under a single control a single can- non, a single musket, or a single round of ammunition.

You are heaping schemes which seem
to contain nothing but the elements of
mischief and rebuff, leading to a contin-
ued and infinite separation of the
white people of the South. This
last you will not do, and I say it in the
name of the American people, you shall
not accomplish.

But there is something in the spirit of
Southern people which will thwart your
designs. If they have lowered the
standard of their Confederacy they have
not lowered the standard of their pride—
a becoming pride in the estimation of an
honorable enemy. The Southerner has
all around him, without speaking of the
merits of the late contest, tokens of his
endurance, courage, and prowess of his
people—of a spectacle though it be it
will not diminish his tone that he can on
his own soil walk over the graves of
nearly three hundred thousand of his
courageous enemies, and—

"Sanding on the Yankee grave,
He will not deem himself a slave."

But these are not all the difficulties
interposed, some favor an almost in-
definite postponement, urging with zeal
that the South is too ignorant, too un-
civilized to be trusted with any share in
this Republican Government. North-
ern education and civilization must and
should be more extensively spread
among them before their admission to
representation will cease to be dan-
gerous. The honorable member from Min-
nesota (Mr. Donnelly) takes the lead in
this position. In a speech delivered
some time since he declared, "The great
bulk of the people of the South are
illiterate, ignorant, semi-civilized. Their
condition in this respect would be blame-
able to any semi-civilized people, and is
such as to render a Republican Govern-
ment, resting on the intelligent judg-
ment of the people, an impossibility."
But let us criticize somewhat further this
Pharisaism, this claimed and boasted
superiority of the North over the South
in "enlightenment and Christianity."
Education is certainly widely diffused
over the North. Her people are great-
ly enlightened, but they set a great
many false lights. Whence sprang all
these ills, even in this nineteenth cen-
tury, and within the age of the great
reformer from Minnesota? I think the
enlightened and Christian North is en-
titled to credit for them all—Mormonism,
Millerism, Spiritism, Free-loveism,
of all (if it should spread beyond Mas-
sachusetts) Strong-minded-womanism,
have all sprung and spread over that
highly-civilized and Christian region.
The poor, ignorant, uneducated South
was incapable of producing such evils
of advanced and progress. But let us
contrast the contrast a little further.

Booth, the assassin, was not caught,
but bravely shot by a party of soldiers.
He was brought to this city dead, in
order that the reward for his arrest
might be secured by proving his identity.
After that his remains were torn
out and thrown to the dogs; his head
adorns some phrenological museum; his
heart is preserved in spirits; his spinal
column can be seen, which will display
to the learned how much he must have
suffered by the near approach of the
bullet to the spinal marrow; the balance
of his remains are deposited, God only
knows where. We know they were not
handed over to his poor, heart-broken
mother, so that she might exclaim over
his grave in a burst of agony, "Would
God I had died for thee! Oh, Absalom,
my son, my son."

Mary Surratt was convicted, of course.
She was tried by a court-martial. Her
immediate execution was ordered. She
endured for four days to enable her to
overcome the shock and the better to
prepare her soul to meet her God. Not
an hour, thundered forth the voice from
the War Department; and on with the gal-
lows, the coffin and the grave, the angels
of Heaven shall not rejoice over this
repentant sinner. Agents of mercy
sought the ear of higher authority, and
probably a more merciful heart, but
Preston King was janitor that day and
they were excluded. Where is Preston
King? Echo answers—where? She
was thus executed speedily; and not-
withstanding application had been made
in behalf of her heart-broken daughter
for her remains, so that she might pour
forth her sorrows, mingled with a gra-
titude and love which a daughter feels
for a beloved mother, over her grave,
these remains are still in the keeping of
the War Department. Pontius Pilate
delivered the body of Jesus to Joseph

of Arimathea, but a worse than Pontius Pilate is here.

Is this a specimen of Northern civiliza-
tion and Christianity? These things
were done by Northern men without
any denunciation by the great North-
ern, enlightened, civilized and Christian
Republican party. Not one word have I
read or heard from your Phillips, your
Beecher, your Cheevers, your Greeleys,
or your strong minded Massachusetts
women, in rebuke of these most demora-
lizing acts; and as they touch upon
everything which they think vicious,
they probably do not disapprove of
these transactions as coming in the way
of Christian advancement and progress.

Let us now look at a Southern pic-
ture. John Brown was arrested for a
crime kindred to that of Booth. He was
in the most formal manner tried,
being allowed every facility for defence,
no special test oath being urged to pre-
vent the services of any advocate. He
was legally and justly convicted to be
hung. Between his conviction and exe-
cution ample time was given him for
the settlement of his worldly affairs and
for the preparation of his soul for eter-
nity. After execution his remains were
placed in a decent coffin and then hand-
ed over to his friends that they might
observe such obsequies as they might
deem becoming. This took place among
the "civilized, enlightened, semi-civilized"
people called Virginians, who had for
their Governor at the time even Henry A.
Wise. Look upon this picture and
then on that. The North is very learn-
ed, but I do not think she has any
Christianity or civilization to spare.
What she has she had better retain for
home consumption, and, as I hope, for
improvement. She is more learned
than the South, but which is the best
educated? But, sir, denunciation and
revenge must, as was expected, have
their fling against an honorable re-union.
The resentment of the civilized and
Christian North is attempted to rouse
against the unfortunate men of the
South are epithets unbecoming the learn-
ed man or the patriot. They are de-
nominated "murderers," "red-handed
rebels," "conscious traitors." Those
who use these epithets must see, if they
will reflect, that they are not true. They
must know that Jefferson Davis, Robert
E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and the
thousand others who engaged in the late
contest, never could have been guilty
of the charge of murder and conscious
treason. Stonewall Jackson rests in his
grave, and your own eloquent Beecher
has illustrated his character and rescued
it from such an imputation. Time
will defend the character of Davis and
Lee. That their acts imposed upon
them no consciousness of crime I have
no doubt. The parting words of Jeff-
erson Davis, in the presence of the Sen-
ate, breathe the strongest conviction of
rectitude and a desire for peace and to
avoid bloodshed.

A way, then, with these charges that
these people are murderers, red handed
rebels and conscious traitors. They
spring only from unreflecting excitement
or from a depraved spirit of revenge,
and with wise and considerate states-
men and patriots should never be allow-
ed to interpose obstacles to the re-union,
which all such must now desire. A way,
too, with the expectation that the South-
ern people will ever degrade themselves
by freely accepting conditions from the
benefit of which you exclude their own
chosen leaders. Let the people sweep
these obstacles aside, and as we were
enemies in war in peace let us be friends.

THE EMPEROR AND THE FLOWER
GIRL.—A novel incident, according to
the Paris correspondent of the Irish
Times, occurred at the Paris races on
Sunday: "One or two celebrated per-
sonages were present. For instance,
the Emperor was there, and he walked
about for a good hour, familiarly lean-
ing on the arm of the Marquis de La-
vallette, his Minister of the Interior.
Isabella, the flower girl of the Jockey
Club, had between her tapering fingers
one of the loveliest little roses ever seen,
and she looked long and anxiously to-
wards the most powerful man in the
world. 'Courage Isabella!' she said at
last, walking up to the great man, trem-
blingly but gracefully, held before him
the beautiful rose. Napoleon has much
natural kindness of heart; besides, he
never refuses any thing nice from a pret-
ty woman, and so with a bow and a
smile he took her blushing flower from
the blushing girl, and placed it in his
button hole. But the Emperor is not
accustomed to receive favors without
reciprocate, and his hand immediately
sought his pocket. This is the strangest
part of the story, not that the Em-
peror had pockets, but that in them he
had not a single sou. His purse had
been forgotten. Perhaps on that great
course, with its hundreds of thousands
of grouped spectators, the mighty Em-
peror of the French, a man whose civil-
list is twenty-five millions of francs, and
who beside can put his hand in the na-
tional till when he pleases, was the only
person present without gold, silver or
copper in his immediate possession. His
majesty was rather amazed at his situa-
tion, and after vainly feeling in his
pocket, nudged Lavallette on the elbow.
The minister saw at once what was re-
quired, and beckoning to the fair Isabella
to return, handed her a gold twenty
franc piece. Money is no great object
to the flower girl, so she is getting a
little drilled in the coin to wear it sus-
pended round her neck."

GENERAL LEE.—A letter from Lexing- ton, Virginia, to the Baltimore Sun says General Lee is in all respects real, active, working and most efficient President. Besides attending to the general interests and administrations of the institution, his visits, from time to time, the different lecture rooms, attend recitation, and receives weekly reports of the standing and progress of all the students in the several schools, &c. I have been informed, by good authority, that the General keeps such constant and attentive supervision over the affairs of the college that he is always familiar with the relative standing in his classes held by each of the one hundred and fifty students now in attendance.

These students are from Maryland,
Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North
Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisi-
ana, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and
Ohio. They appear very gentlemanly
in their deportment, and are represented
to be remarkably assiduous in their stud-
ies.

In his letter of last August, accepting
the presidency, General Lee used the
following language: "I think it the duty
of every citizen, in the present condi-
tion of the country, to do all in his power
to aid in the restoration of peace and
harmony."

This letter was extensively published,
and its patriotic sentiments emanating
from such a source, had a very salutary
effect upon the Southern mind. Gen-
eral Lee's personal example, in devoting
himself to his present work of impor-
tant practical usefulness, has also done
much to increase the previous good ef-
fects of the sentiments contained in his
letter. Would it not be fortunate for
the republic if these same sentiments, in
favor of the "restoration of peace and
harmony," could enter the hearts of a
majority of the present Congress?

HOW A SOUTHERN LADY PARES IN
INDIANA.—We had the privilege of
perusing a letter from a lady, and a real
genuine sympathizer, from Lafayette,
Ind. In recommending the many indig-
nities she has had to endure, she says for
the simple act of wearing a buttoned
pin she was assailed from the pulpit and
threatened that if she was again seen
with that pin, the preacher would ap-
point a committee of young ladies to tear
it off her. Like a true Southerner,
she writes:

"I have just received a letter from a
lady at her church with that odious pin upon
her bosom, whereupon this preacher of
meekness and minister in holy things,
did appoint said committee, but for some
reason the pin was not displaced. How-
ever, she immediately received a note
from the superintendent of her Sabbath
school, requesting her to retire as teach-
er from said school, for the reason of
wearing an emblem obnoxious to loyal
citizens. Comments are unnecessary.
—Shenandoah Herald.

SEPARATING A MOTHER AND CHILD.—
AN AFFECTIONS SCENE.—In the
Circuit Court in Morgantown, West
Virginia, last week, a deeply affecting
scene took place. It occurred in the
matter of the habeas corpus granted at
the instance of Clerk Beverly against his
wife for the rendition of the body of a
child born to the parties prior to their
separation. After a full hearing the
court gave judgment that the mother
should deliver the child to the father.
The Morgantown Post says:

"It was then that a scene occurred
that beggars description. The mother
pressed her infant to her breast and
clung with all tenacity of life to the ob-
ject of her fond hopes. Her loud sobs,
and agonizing shrieks sent such a thrill
of sorrow to the hearts of the by-stand-
ers as only the voice of women in dis-
tress can impart. The husband en-
deavored to wrest it from her arms, but
could not do it, when the sheriff stepped
forward to carry out the order of the
court, and succeeded in obtaining the
child. The loud cries of the mother,
thus doubly widowed, were heard for
several squares from the court house, as
she was led away supported by her father
and brother."

"SELAH."—The learned are divided
in opinion as to the meaning of, this
word, which occurs so often in the
Psalms. The Targums and most of the
Jewish commentators give to the word
the meaning of eternally, forever. Rab-
bi Kinchi regards it as a sign to eleva-
te the meaning. The authors of the Septu-
agint translation appear to have regard-
ed it as a musical or rhythmic note. Her-
der regards it as indicating a change of
tone; Matheson as a musical note equiva-
lent, perhaps, to the word repeat. Ac-
cording to Luther and others it means sil-
ence. Gesenius explains it to mean,
"Let the instruments play and the sing-
ers stop." Wooler regards it as equiv-
alent to sursum corde—up my soul.
Sommer, after examining all the seventy-
four passages in which the word occurs
recognizes in every case "an actual ap-
peal or summons to Jehovah." They are
called for aid prayers to be heard; ex-
pressed either with entire directness, or
if not in the imperative "Hear, O Jehov-
ah!" or "awake, Jehovah, and like, still
earnest addresses to God that he
would remember and hear, &c. The
word itself he regards as indicating a
blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah
used for Hallel—a Hebrew expression
meaning the sound of vigorous blast, of
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