

# The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1869.

VOLUME XVI--NO. 45.

## Original Anecdotes of General Jackson.

The following interesting reminiscences of the "old hero of the hermitage," from the pen of Col. T. B. Thorpe (Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter), recently appeared:

"General Jackson not only stood by his friends, but he was slow to believe anything against those in whom he put confidence. One of the most honored and oldest citizens now residing in Washington informed us that just after his arrival in that city, then a young man, Mr. Woodbury, then Secretary of the Treasury under General Jackson, said to him that he was on his way to the 'White House' to inform the General that one of his special appointees was a defaulter. Mr. Woodbury said further, that the General was slow to believe anything against his friends, and that he expected that he, the General, would say or do something unpleasant when he heard the statement. Mr. Woodbury then took our informant along on the pretence of introducing him to the President, but really to divide the expected fee that would be evolved by the real business of the contemplated interview. The General was found in his favorite room, with his feet against the mantel, enjoying the heat of a hickory wood fire, and the solace of his favorite corn-cob pipe. Mr. Woodbury, after a few unimportant remarks, at last stated the object of his visit. The moment the General comprehended Mr. Woodbury's statement he brought his feet to the floor with a crash, sprang up, and almost livid with anger, said that he believed the charges made against his old friend were false. He added: 'This man fought by my side in the Florida war; I know he was brave, and I believe he is an honest man.' Mr. Woodbury, who retreated to avoid the first effects of the explosion, now stepped forward and said that he had been unusually careful to inform himself, and that he was forced to believe that the charges were true. He then added, as if to mollify the General, 'I would like to have you, Mr. President, nominate some one for the place.' 'I will nominate no one,' said the General, interrupting Mr. Woodbury, at the same time choking to keep down his feelings. 'Put in the vacant place whom you please, but mark me, Mr. Woodbury, I shall examine into this case myself, and if my friend has been wronged, I will grind the guilty parties into the earth, just as I do this pipe,' as he threw the old corn-cob on the floor, and ground it up under the heel of his boot. Mr. Woodbury gave his young friend a signal, and the two hastily retreated. 'On reaching the open air Mr. Woodbury said, 'Thank God, that unpleasant duty is performed. I hope I will never have to perform another one of the kind.'"

old General at the allusion, straightened up, his eye assumed some of his natural brightness, and he said, "When my mother fled with me and my brother from the oppression of the British, who held possession of North Carolina, and we settled in Tennessee, we were very poor. My brother had a long sickness (occasioned by a wound received from a British officer, for refusing to do some menial service) and finally died. In the midst of our distress and poverty, an old Baptist Minister called at our log cabin, and spoke the first kind words my mother heard in her new home; and this good man continued to call, and he finally made our house his lodging place, and continued to prefer it, when better ones in the neighborhood were at his service. Years rolled on, and this good man died. Well, Sir," continued the General, with a great deal of feeling, "when the news was brought me that I was elected President, I put up my hands and exclaimed: 'Thank God for that, for it will enable me to give the best office under the Government to the son of the old Minister who was the friend of my mother, and of me in my youth,' and I kept my promise, and, if it had been necessary, I would have sacrificed my office before he should have been removed."

From the Springfield Republican.  
**Rebel Military Genius.**  
LONGSTREET, JOE JOHNSON AND THE VACANT BRIGADIERSHIPS.

The New York Evening Mail takes offense at the casual remark of the *Republican* that "on many accounts it is to be regretted we are not yet far enough advanced to take advantage of the splendid military talent of the South." The *Mail* expresses the opinion that the gallant regular officers, graduates of West Point before the war, who remained true to the flag, would not appreciate such magnanimity. Now, if we may venture to assume to know as much about the regular army as the *Mail*, we would assert that, setting aside the selfish consideration that increasing the number of applicants would diminish their own individual chances of promotion, the officers of that service generally would give a cordial welcome to a fair proportion of appointments from among the distinguished soldiers of the South. The fact does not make it right or desirable; nor did we express ourselves finally or unreservedly in favor of such a course; but only in tended to give expression to a proper and patriotic feeling of regret, that the army of the United States should, from any cause, be deprived of at least one-half the highest military talent of the land.

Our difference with the *Mail* is on two points. The *Mail* understands that the regular army is maintained, if not chiefly, at least among other things, to reward the graduates of West Point who remained true in the recent conflict. On the contrary, we regard it as the purpose of an army to have the most perfect instruments attainable, for an attack or defense against the public enemy. There are seventeen general officers in the army, besides departmental officers holding that rank. Now we do not suppose it possible for any sensible man to assert that seventeen men can be taken from the late Union army, and not include eight, at least (let us be that much patriotic) who are surpassed in every military qualification by citizens of the United States who followed the Confederate fortunes in the war. Nor does the *Mail* seriously believe that if Ewell, Longstreet, Moxley, or Dick Taylor were to accept positions in the United States service, they would, in any such reasonable contingency as it becomes a statesman to consider, plot against the country, refuse to obey the orders of their superiors, or act any otherwise than as brave and faithful soldiers. If this is so, the reason for excluding them must be either to punish them, or to reward loyal officers. As to punish any man, at this time, for participation in the rebellion, the views of the *Republican* are too well known to need statement here. Nor do we believe it at the country can afford to reward even the most faithful and well intentioned officer by promoting him to a position in the military or civil service, when there is a better man for the place. It is right to give a preference, and a considerable preference to Union officers; but when it comes to choice between Joe Johnston and S. P. Heintzelman, the country sacrifices a good deal for the sake of rewarding an indifferent sort of hero, if it chooses the latter.

The second error of the *Mail*, as we conceive it, is regarding the admission of late rebels to the military service as something peculiarly dangerous. But why? Many of the Southern officers, it is true, went with their States in the war; but did any the Southern politicians also? Nay, there was this difference, that almost every Southern officer threw his influence against secession, until it was inevitable and accomplished, while the politicians desired it and plotted it, and forced it upon the people. Take Ewell for example, Lee's ablest Lieutenant after Jackson, whom he succeeded. If there was a man in the South who honestly deprecated secession, he was Ewell, and he stood against it to the last. It was Richard S.

Ewell. Now as between the soldier and the politician in this case, we would trust the soldier, and admit him first to favor. Take Longstreet: there is not a more truly reconstructed man in the South than this bold, vigilant and sagacious soldier. His loyalty is unchallenged, his political disabilities have been removed by special grace of Congress; were he to enter Congress as a Senator from his native State, he would receive a perfect ovation. But it seems to be regarded as something little less than treason to express a regret that the sword of so accomplished a soldier cannot be at his country's command. Now this seems to us something very like nonsense. A disloyal General to day would not be half as much dreaded as a disloyal Senator; yet you shall meet a score of men who will advocate the removal of all political disabilities, to one who dares to speak above his breath of appointing Ewell or Longstreet to commands in the army. We are willing to admit that such a would be a serious one, and should not be taken without ample deliberation; we do not advocate it in any sense as a thing to be done at once or done anyhow but we shall take the liberty to repeat that it is a pity the United States cannot avail itself of the splendid military talent of the South; and we believe that no long time will pass before the sole test in the army or in the State will be ability and present loyalty. Does any body suppose that if the United States were to be involved in a general war, Massachusetts and New York regiments would not fight side by side with the troops of South Carolina and Alabama, and under commanders taken indifferently from the Union and the Rebel armies of five years ago? If it would be safe and proper then, why is it wrong and dangerous now?

Sayings from Madame Switchine.  
We are always looking into the future, but see only the past. The courage with which we have met past dangers is often our best security in the present. Real sorrow is almost as difficult to discover as real poverty. An instinctive delicacy hides the rays of the one and the wounds of the other. He who has never denied himself for the sake of giving has but glanced at the joys of charity. We owe our superfluity, and to be happy in the performance of our duty we must exceed it. Let us never exceed our appointed duties, and keep within our lawful pleasures. We expect everything and we are prepared for nothing. There are not good things enough in life to indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty. We are rich only through what we give and poor only through what we refuse. There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly. The inventory of my faith for this lower world is soon made out. I believe in Him who made it. Situations are like skeins of thread. To make the most of them we need only to take them by the right end. We deceive ourselves when we fancy that only weakness needs support. Strength needs it far more. A straw or a feather sustains itself long in the air. Liberty has no actual rights which are not based upon justice. Her principal duty is to defend it. The lowest class of corn are the most fullest; so the wisest are the most modest. It is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be of merit. You wish to learn to conquer—learn to suffer. The mistake in public business is going into it. It is better to encourage what is right than to punish what is wrong. Frowns blight your children as frosty nights blight young plants. Too much idleness leaves a man less his own master than any sort of employment.

NEATNESS.—A clean, tastefully arranged table, is the half-way house to a good meal. A dirty table cloth, spotted cutlery, absence of napkins, dishes of as many colors and patterns as Jacob's coat, takes the edge off an appetite. It throws cold water all over you. It gives one a true dyspeptic feeling. It is a libel on Christianity. Finally, if you are given to facial expression, it makes you turn up your nose. A housewife should be a chemist. She should also be a general. It requires a vast deal of generalship, sometimes, to get one's troops at the table in due season. In some households there is never a fixed hour for any meal. They come just as it happens, and cold edibles and disorder are the result.

Judge Cannon, of Clay County, North Carolina, recently charged the grand jury of that county that a lawful fence should be "horse-high, bull-strong, and pig-tail long."

## The Cultivation of Corn—Letter from Mr. David Dickson.

SPARTA, GA., January 6, 1869.

Editors Southern Cultivator.—There is a great demand for me to re-write my plan of cultivating corn, preparation of land, &c., by new subscribers, and by persons who are not subscribers to your paper.

In the first place, I refer them to my system of improvement, rest and rotation, given in the *Southern Cultivator* last year. Many inquire, when is the proper time to break up land. I write for this latitude, and every person must make due allowance, as his farm may be North or South of this line. The plowing must be commenced the first day of January, to get it done in time, or as soon as you are done sowing wheat. If I had my choice, and could get all the work done in one day, I would not have the plowing done more than ten days before planting, for the following reasons, derived from actual experience: If it is a dry, cold freezing winter and spring, the fall plowing is the best; in some springs of this kind, as those of 1839 and 1854, I left belts through the middle of a field, which were not plowed until a few days before planting, and I could distinguish the belts all through the year—the corn in them being from eighteen to twenty two inches lower than the rest.—For the crop and improvement of the land, in about one winter out of seven, full plowing is the best. In the cases where the belts were left, when the winter was warm and the rains abundant, the late plowing would be the early plowing twenty-five per cent. in the crop; besides, according to my experience, there is less loss from washing. Land must be well broken before planting, so commence in time to do it—the later it is done the better for the land, taking seven years together, but not so good for teams.

Have good turning plows, and according to your ability, use one or two horses, and subsoil; ride over the field, and lay off the land so that the horses will go round on a level, and the dirt will fall down hill—a team will break up the soil nine inches deep in this way, as easily as they could seven inches, on a level piece of land.—Continue to take the lands in the same way until the field is finished, one team following another—all the time going round the circle; and if you subsoil, have one team between each turning plow, running in the bottom of the furrow. When you finish, the field is ready for planting, if the proper time has arrived. In deciding this point, you must be governed by the weather—it varies from the tenth of March to the first of April. According to my experience, a man only gains hard work and more of it, by very early planting.

Now for the planting. Lay off furrows with a long shovel plow, on a level, seven feet apart. Commence at the opposite end, with a longer shovel, and open out the same furrow. The reason for this, is, you get up to trees and stumps, and make a better finish at the ends. This furrow should stand open seven or eight inches deep. Whether you use compost, cotton seed or guano, let each hand have his three foot measure, and deposit the manure in the bottom of the furrow, just three feet apart. Then drop the corn within three or four inches of the manure, one or more grains, as is your custom—dropping on the near side of the manure, as the dropper goes; then, with a very light barrow, cover the corn one or one and a half inches deep. The barrow should go the same way the dropper goes, to keep from pulling the manure on the grain.

If you cover deep, you lose all the advantages of low planting, (but not the deep breaking) and for this reason: corn, in good weather, will come up from a depth of one to six inches, but will strike out roots about one inch from the surface of the ground, and all below that will perish. This is one reason why I am opposed to dirting corn as soon as it comes up—it brings the root of the stalk to the top of the ground. My plan is to finish the first working from the 20th of April to the 10th of May. Sometimes I have not finished before the 25th of May. With the land well turned, very little grass and weeds will come up, except in the bottom of the furrow, and this is easily managed.

For the first plowing, have a heavy twenty-two inch sweep, with the right wing set, that its back end will not be more than one inch above the ground. This is to run near the corn, and should fill the furrow within one or one and a half inches of the general surface. Break out the middles with the same sized sweep, with the back of both wings turned up, if the plowing is well done, four furrows will finish out—four hands completing fourteen acres every day, by going sixteen miles a day. Second plowing—have the wing of the side sweep turned a little more than half up; run close to the corn, leaving nothing for the hoe; for if the plowing is well done, there is no use of a hoe. Break out the middles with three furrows, to make a good place to plant peas. From the first of June to the 30th is a good time to plant peas. Proceed in this manner. After the second plowing, run a shovel furrow in the middle of a corn row—drop one bushel of peas to every eight acres—say six or eight pees to a hill. You can

## plant sixteen acres per day, and will use two bushels to each plow—cover with a harrow.

Third and last plowing—pair your hands, one to side the corn, and one to side the peas; the hand that sides the corn will need a twenty-two inch sweep, right hand wing well up, and it should run close to the corn—not going more than a half inch deep; the left wing should be nearly flat. The hand that sides the peas, will need a heavy twenty-six inch sweep, with the right wing set at medium height, and should run it near the peas, and fill the pea furrow up entirely; the left wing should be up, to push the dirt near the corn.—This is the last plowing, and if well done, the ground will be as smooth and level as a floor, with not a spear of grass to the 200 acres, nor a weed to be seen in the field. In old times, I required every hand to clean the crop as he went—what the plow left, to be removed with the foot and hand. From thirteen to sixteen miles, according to the condition of the crop, was a day's work.

Such pine land as mine, (some of it very poor) should average 20 to 25 bushels per acre; and wet or dry, if the work is rightly done, there is no such thing as a failure, as my many visitors, from all parts of the country, will testify. Messrs. Editors, I have been too lengthy in describing the preparation of land and cultivation of crop, to give my reasons for a choice of manures. I use, after a long experience, Peruvian Guano, Dissolved Bones, Lard Plaster and Salt, and have them mixed at home.

I wish the *Southern Cultivator* was in every man's hands. It would pay good dividends. Very respectfully,  
DAVID DICKSON.

## The Borrowing Nuisance.

A correspondent of the *Northwestern Farmer*, whose righteous indignation has been aroused by those intolerable pests, unscrupulous borrowers, writes to that paper as follows:

My neighbor wanted to borrow my shovel—would return it in the evening. Evening came, but no shovel. The next evening it was quietly returned to its accustomed hook in the wood house, the blade covered over one-half its surface with a coating of dry mortar. I pride myself on my clean and bright shovels and hoes. Half an hour's work with an old knife-blade, and the use of a sheet of sand paper restored it.

Another time he was building a pig pen. The posts were too long, and they were very hard, and his saw very dull. Of course he borrowed mine, and he sawed off a nail with it—the posts had been used before. He sent his little boy to return the message—"Pa would 'a' sent it and got it filed, but he knowed you alshs filed your own saw, and it wouldn't take but a few minutes to sharp it again."

Another neighbor "borrows" the privilege of getting water at my well. The well is deep, and we draw with a windlass. It is hard for my wife to draw a bucketful for she is feeble, and to save her, I usually fill the bucket before going away to my business. As the well is in an out kitchen I leave the filled bucket hanging in the curb. My neighbor sneaks in, empties the bucket, and is mean enough to go away without refilling it. Wife and I conclude it is better to suffer wrong than have a difficulty with a near neighbor, and so for the sake of peace, we submit to this wear and tear of soul and body. When the same person borrows flour, for the best article, a poor one is returned. Eggs, matches, "a drawing of tea," are never returned.

I might increase to great length a record of these examples, but my object is only to illustrate the position taken, that the habitual borrower's code is a lax one. This may be partially accounted for by the fact that the independent, self-reliant portion of the community seldom borrow, and the practice is mostly left to people of the opposite kind. The unscrupulous borrower usually belongs to one of two classes: The easy, shiftless sluggard, or the greedy, grasping victim of avarice. The first borrows with a dim expectation of paying some time, and the hope that he may be able to do so; the other borrows with a full design never to make an honest return if he can avoid it—it shall be clear gain, if he can make it so. Both are knaves, and unreliable in all matters of trust.

A mong honest men, borrowing may be made a convenience, and mutually beneficial. Yet I think the question is worth considering, whether it does not demoralize a man—weaken his self-reliance. A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.—Last winter a little boy of six or eight years begged a lady to clean away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs. "Do you get much to do, my little boy?" "Sometimes I do," said the boy, "but often I get very little." "Are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?" The child looked up with a perplexed and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of his meaning, and troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "I don't say that God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in Him, but does the best he can."

## From the Christian Observer. One Less to Meet Us.

One less to meet us, Oh! yes, one more  
Do we miss beside the hearth—  
One more we loved, one more that loved us,  
Has passed away from earth;  
Her brow grew cold one autumn eve,  
When the sun slept gently down,  
The spangled web of the amber sky,  
And the clouds were purple and brown.

Her life went down like the setting sun,  
And the clouds of a starless night  
Spread over the earth as a misty haze  
Creeps o'er the moon's soft light;  
The weird winds rose and sadly fell  
With a weary cry of pain,  
As we looked our last on that marble brow,  
Where we ne'er may look again.

Her home is now where the weary rest,  
And the rustling of the trees  
Shall break not the silence of her years,  
Nor the breath of a summer breeze  
For the winter's snow is not more cold  
Than she who once would greet;  
With a smiling face and a tender glance  
The friends whom now we meet.

One less to meet us, Ah! yes, one less,  
Than we met one year ago,  
One less we loved, one less who loved us,  
We can hardly think it so;  
Yet, 'tis but a passing tone,  
So mournful, and so gentle, we,  
Had deemed it like her own.

Oh! she went as we, ere the dews came down  
To kiss the fading flowers,  
Or the stars looked out from their home with  
God.

On this weary world of ours;  
And the day died out like a fading hope  
Which we have nursed for years,  
Dies out in the wail of a broken heart,  
And is washed away with its tears.

## Fighting at a Funeral.—A Clergyman Stoned.

A singular religious quarrel occurred on York street, not long since, culminating in the arrest of three parties on one side, who were charged with stoning a German Lutheran clergyman, because he refused to perform the regular funeral rites over a deceased member of the church, who died accused of a misdemeanor, for which he would have been suspended had he lived a few days longer. The clergyman, Rev. Henry Fair, is a pastor of the German Lutheran Church in Rockport, Ohio. In the neighboring town of Parma there is another German Lutheran church. At the time the clergyman was attacked, he was at the late residence of Mr. Koch, on York street, a deceased member of his church, to officiate at the interment. Koch, having become the proprietor of a saloon, violated one of the rules of the clergyman's church, and would have been brought before that sacred tribunal for examination had he lived a few days longer. Finding the deceased ready for interment, with this sin upon his head, the clergyman hesitated about including "sanctification" in the service, and upon that rock the funeral split. The service was to have taken place at one o'clock P. M., but the wrangling between the Rockport and Parma branches delayed the interment two hours. The wife of the deceased was willing that her husband should be buried without "sanctification" and so were many of his friends and the members of his church. The Parma branch, however, not being in the minority very much, and taking a worldly view of the case, insisted that "sanctification" should be included in the bill. The house of mourning was soon turned into a den of pugilists. Women, unaccustomed to battering opponents with anything but brooms and pokers, pursued the clergyman as he sought refuge in flight, belaboring him with sticks, and the men hurled boulders from the pavement that would have been considered very dangerous weapons when machinery was in vogue for throwing them in ancient warfare. A neighboring house was not a sufficient shield to the man of God against the furious onset of the mob, so he fled from it, taking refuge in a buggy, and escaped without serious injury. The funeral took place without "sanctification." A few days ago the minister returned to the late residence of the deceased to offer the consolation afforded by his clerical capacity to the widow and children, when he was attacked the second time, and fled from the scene, as before, to save his life. Three of the leaders of this raid—William Kaiser, C. Forrester, and John Kaiser—were arrested and brought before Judge Tilden, of the Probate Court, and were required to give bail in the sum of \$100 each to keep the peace.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Paper.*

## Current News.

### DOMESTIC.

Another attempt at a co-operation grocery is to be made in New York. Hitherto none of them have co-operated or operated in any other way.

The Radical Methodist negroes of Macon have burnt down the Antislavery Church of that city, which they have held by force since the close of the war, and which was recently adjudged to the Church South as their lawful property.

Louisiana and New Orleans both intend to beg Congress to give them the valuable property occupied by the New Orleans branch of the United States Mint. The State wants it for a capitol, and city for a court house.

A well known Californian Irishman named James M. Quinn, has turned out to be an Irish earl. The papers, proving his right to his title and his estate, were preserved for many years by an old negro in Charleston. Quinn is about to sail with a lawyer to claim his heritage. He will be the Earl of Dunraven.

In the House, on Monday, a motion to increase the salary of the President to forty thousand dollars was rejected. Butler, in opposing it, said that the President was now furnished with a "tree house, fuel, light, servants, &c." He was furnished with free music, and free people to listen to the music.

The National Theatre, in Washington, was used on Sunday night for religious purposes, and an English preacher, named Sherman, presided. In the course of his remarks, he alluded to President Johnson as "the man who had his trunks packed for Tennessee," and a portion of his audience hissed. He then indulged in a strong denunciation of the President's abuse of the pardoning power in Deshay's case, whereupon half of the audience rose to their feet and hissed him and then departed.

## Current News.

### DOMESTIC.

The Michigan Lunatic Asylum is provided with a green house, in which there are at all times flowers in full bloom. Men brought to the institution in irons, and manifesting the most violent symptoms of insanity, have been suddenly calmed down to a condition bordering on sanity by the presentation of a bouquet gathered from the greenhouse. Music is known to possess the power of calming the most violent lunatic. Between music and flowers, it would appear that all cases of raving mania can be modified and ameliorated, if not thoroughly cured.

RALEIGH, N. C.—It well understood that the Supreme Court sustains the injunction against the Chatham Railroad. It is supposed that this decision cuts off nearly twelve millions of recent appropriations.

The Fourth National Bank of Philadelphia has closed. The deposits amounted to \$500,000. The failure is attributed to the defalcation of the cashier.

At Nihil's one night last week, a fellow who went to see the Forty Thieves raised a row and got his money back because there were but thirty on the stage by actual count.

A lace dress which costs \$6000 in gold at Brussels, appeared at a recent reception in New York.

A flag made entirely of silk grown and manufactured in California is to be raised over the capitol of that State.

The Catholics of Columbus have resolved to build a cathedral to cost \$25,000, and the money has been raised.

The decision of the North Carolina Supreme Court, adverse to the Chatham Road appropriation, has the effect to reduce the State debt many millions of dollars.

No quorum of the Georgia Legislature could be obtained the other day on account of a large auction sale of condemned Government horses, which was in progress in Atlanta.

The Mormons had an execution last week. The criminal was brought ironed into the court-yard, where there was a crowd of some four hundred, and seated in a chair. He then read aloud a chapter from the New Testament, the iron were taken off his hands, and at a signal from the sheriff, he was shot dead.

Some idea of the immense extent of the petroleum trade of this country may be formed when we state that the production for the year 1868 amounted to 3,715,741 barrels, of which there were exported 2,660,030 barrels, leaving for home use 1,055,711 barrels. Add to this the decrease in the stock, 217,073 barrels, and we find that the total consumption in this country of Pennsylvania oil in 1868 was 1,268,184 barrels; the production of West Virginia and Ohio, about 125,000 barrels, were arrested and brought before Judge Tilden, of the Probate Court, and were required to give bail in the sum of \$100 each to keep the peace.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Paper.*

The Nashville Union says: There remains on Hardin Pike, twenty miles from Nashville, Mrs. Bink Yess, a widow, lady, who is now verging on her one hundred and fiftieth year. She is vigorous and healthy, and is, though almost incredible, still able to ride horseback and attend to her personal wants. She has been married three times, has over four hundred descendants living, and has been a widow for twenty-three years. She has

one great-great-grand-daughter three years of age. She has a daughter named Mrs. Sawyer, who is in her ninetieth year. Each one of her husbands served in the revolutionary war, for which she draws pensions.

General Grant, in declining to ride with President Johnson during the inauguration ceremonies, is following the example of John Quincy Adams, who declined to ride with his successor, Andrew Jackson, on account of the Miss Eaton scandal. Jackson rode to the capitol alone.

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The Philadelphia Press tells what the members of the present Cabinet propose to do after the 4th of March. Seward is still ambitious, and will undertake a new role as tourist and navigator. McCulloch will migrate with his family to New York. Keudall will remain in Washington and practice law. Wells will go home—Washington life being too expensive. Browning is inclined to remain in Washington; Evans, if he leaves the Cabinet, will return to New York, of course, and Schofield will be subject to orders as an army officer.

Cardinal Cullen, in his regulations for Lent, published in England, warns his people that if Freemasons, Ribbonmen, or Fenians, they cannot be admitted to the sacraments.

One of those simple improvements in the construction of a long known article, has recently been announced in England, in regard to the gumming of envelopes, consisting in applying the mucilage to the lower part of the envelope, instead of the flap. On moistening the edge of the flap, as usual, and pressing it down upon the gummed surface below, a very thorough adhesion takes place, without the objection of getting the taste of the gum in the mouth, or removing a part of it by the tongue.

O'Hara Rosenski, a young Japanese sent to this country by the Japanese Government to be educated for the diplomatic service, has made public profession of his faith in Christ, and on Sunday, the 10th inst., joined the Reformed (Dutch) church on Lake Owasco, in this State. With the pastor of this church, Rev. S. R. Brown lately a missionary in Japan, he is now staying. His examination before consistory was full and satisfactory. His first religious impressions were received before his arrival in this country, for while stopping at Shanghai on his way to New York he wandered into the printing office room of the Presbyterian Board of Missions in that city, and was offered any book he fancied. He selected a work in Chinese entitled "The Heavenly Way," and in reading it received his first impulse toward Christianity. After reaching this country he was led gradually to inquire and to learn the way of God more perfectly. This has finally resulted in his public profession of the Christian faith.—*New York Observer.*

Cairo, Illinois, still asserts its claims to a brilliant future. Vessels are now, for the first time, being loaded with grain at that point for direct shipment to Liverpool.

The wealthiest man in America is said to be young Stevens, son of the late Edwin A. Stevens, of Hoboken, who, when he reaches his majority, will be worth \$150,000,000, by the advance of his estate in New Jersey.

During a recent visit of the Chinese Embassy to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, one of the mandarins was standing with his back to a cage wherein was confined a chimpanzee. The Chineseman's pigtail hung temptingly down his back; the mandarin animal saw his advantage, seized the tail, and pulled it towards him, dragging the head of the unfortunate man against the bars of the cage. The crowd shrieked with laughter; the captured owner of the pigtail shrieked with pain; threats and questions were sent to no purpose—the animal would not let go his hold on his prey until he was taken to the rescue with his tail. Once released, the Chineseman required the services of his toilet, and then joined the other mandarins by a hissings if not a symphonical howl.

A Savings Bank has been organized in Columbia, S. C.