

The Newberry Herald and News.

A Family Paper Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1884.

No. 52

VOL. XX.

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SMALL VOICES

Some times shake a Nation of people and arouse them to action. Expositions similar to the following, from a well known Druggist of Atlanta, sent from sections where B. B. B. has been used.

ATLANTA, June 12, 1884.

I am a firm believer that B. B. B. is the Blood Purifier on the market. We are selling four or five bottles of it to one of any other preparation of the kind. It has failed in no instance to give entire satisfaction. Merit is the secret.

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This is the only blood medicine known that combines quick action, certain effect, cheap price and unbounded satisfaction.

All these things Mr. Chirrup pondered as he sat looking out of the window in Lawyer Ledgerly's office, which was on Fifth street, just opposite Union Market. And our hero—if little Mr. Chirrup can be called anybody's hero—grew glummer than ever, and beat the "Devil's tattoo" on the window-sill, as glum people generally do. For the sight of the market stalls crowded with Christmas luxuries, was not exactly calculated to cheer up a man in Mr. Chirrup's circumstances.

He was still gazing moodily at the well-filled market stalls, at the crowds of people, jostling and elbowing each other, when he suddenly started and peered sharply from under his eyebrows, as if he had seen some one he knew.

That short, sleek-looking gentleman in the nobby hat and overcoat, with a huge market basket in one hand, and a gold-headed cane in the other. Surely that was Mr. Chirrup's elder brother, Rothschild!

As he made the discovery, Mr. Chirrup—Mr. Rothschild Chirrup that is—was evidently pricing a turkey; a monster turkey it was, too, the biggest that Mr. Chirrup—either of the Mr. Chirrup—had seen in the market. And the would-be purchaser held it up, pounced it, turned it around and held it up again for all the world as if he were exhibiting it for the benefit of his brother, looking gleefully down from the window opposite.

But in reality he was deciding only in his own mind that this was really the biggest, the plumpest, the tenderest and most tempting looking fowl he had seen yet, and therefore he would take it. And plump it went, forthwith, into Mr. Rothschild Chirrup's huge market basket, which seemed yawning to receive it.

Mr. Chirrup—our Mr. Chirrup this time, came as near sneering as he had ever done in his life, when the turkey disappeared in his brother's basket. For a bitter estrangement had existed between the two brothers from time immemorial—or thereabouts.

"No doubt he can buy turkeys," thought Mr. Chirrup—Caleb his name was. "No doubt he can buy tur-

THE BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
It is really come again.
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of yew twining
With the holly-wreath to-night,
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen to the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices bleated
In the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the shining
Of the crown on each child's brow,
There would be no sign to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This it nevermore can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glow,
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory,
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

Mr. Chirrup's Christmas.

Mr. Chirrup was glum. Any one else, any one with a less amiable disposition, that is, would have been "cross" under the same provocation. But Mr. Chirrup was never cross, and he was seldom "glum."

However, when it comes to the day before Christmas and you have no money to buy your wife a Christmas gift, or anything to put in the children's stockings, and no prospective turkey, or mince-pie, and plum-pudding for your Christmas dinner, you are excusable for being glum.

So, at least, thought Mr. Chirrup, as he sat looking out of the window of Lawyer Ledgerly's office, where he was employed at a by-no-means-extravagant salary. Lawyer Ledgerly was ill—"too ill to be seen," his mother-in-law said. So there was no hope of anticipating his next quarter's salary, as he had sometimes done on similar pressing occasions.

For Mr. Chirrup's salary was so small and his family so large, it was not much wonder there was usually some difficulty in making the salary stretch from one quarter's end to another.

"What—what's this?"

Mr. Caleb Chirrup had ascended to the two second-story rooms he called home, had kissed his wife and babies, shook hands with his sister-in-law, and had hung up his hat and overcoat, preparatory to eating his supper.

There were no signs of glumness here, for Mrs. Patty and her sister, Miss Melissa, looked cheerful and smiling, and wore their faded print dresses as if they had come from the richest silk-looms of the East.

And the young Chirrups had clean faces and pinafores, and looked as happy as if "Santa Claus" was not intending to give their stockings the "go-by" on that particular Christmas eve.

But Mr. Chirrup still felt a little glum, as he thought of the empty stockings and other vexations, and he turned to the tea-table in some impatience. But—"What's this?" he demanded, starting back as if a snake had bitten him. And no wonder he started, for on the table lay a mammoth turkey, plump and yellow-breasted, squads of vegetables, bunches of celery, dozens of ripe bananas, golden-rinded oranges and lemons, piles of candies and confectioneries, and, fragrant and blooming, a pot of crimson and white chrysanthemums; a familiar-looking market basket also stood on a chair by the table.

Mr. Chirrup was about to pinch himself to see if he was awake, when "Merry Christmas, brother Caleb," sounded in his ear, and forth from some mysterious corner came Mr. Rothschild Chirrup himself, sleek and well-kept looking—nobby hat, gold-headed cane and all! "Merry Christmas, brother Caleb," he repeated, extending a well kept hand. "I've been waiting all these years for you to make some advances towards a truce. But since you still remain adamant, I concluded to make them myself. So let bygones be bygones, if you are willing, and let us be friends, hereafter, as well as brothers."

Then turning to the table, he held up the fat turkey, turning it round and round, just as he had done on the market.

"A fine fellow, isn't he? I got the biggest I could find in the market, on purpose for you," he added. "And the pot of flowers, a peace offering to my sister-in-law, if she will accept it," he added, while Caleb still looked on, half dazed.

And the children's stockings were not destined to hang empty after all, that Christmas Eve.

And a better Christmas dinner, on a party to eat it, was not found anywhere that Christmas day. For Mr. Rothschild Chirrup proved to be an old bachelor, and so very willingly

accepted an invitation to dine at his brother's. And Mrs. Chirrup's sister, Miss Melissa, being an old maid, she and Mr. Rothschild very romantically fell in love with each other, and when another Christmas day came around Mr. Rothschild was no longer a bachelor, and Miss Melissa no longer an old maid.

And when Lawyer Ledgerly grew well enough "to be seen" again he was obliged to provide himself with another clerk, as Mr. Caleb had gone into partnership with his brother in the mercantile business. —H. H. Wilt, by Clark.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Eat, drink and be merry would seem to be an appropriate motto for the festive hours of the holiday season, and the hospitable home is gaily decorated with Christmas greens and the bustle of social entertainment pervades every nook and corner. It is a gala time with the children, who are on the tip toe of happy expectation, for Santa Claus never forgets his little people, but always brings them some good thing, and the Christmas tree will surely be on hand with its foliage rich and rare, a happy custom, for which we are indebted to the "Faderland."

"Over the sea there's a wonderful tree;
We heard of it first in Germany,
But now old England calls it its fruit,
And here in our soil it has taken root."

In some homes four Christmas trees, one in each corner of a big room, are used. The parents have one corner, the older children one, the babies the third corner and the servants the fourth. A German Christmas combines a religious festival with the gift giving. The children are taken in to see the illuminated tree, but not to receive anything from its well-laden boughs until they have sung the sweet Christmas carols of their country. They all sit at the base of the tree in their little quaint costumes, their soft hair neatly disposed of in Marguerite braids and their round, grave faces, shining with expectancy, for however trifling the gift Kris Kringle brings them they are taught to be thankful, and they are sure of a white sugar apple with one very red side to it, and a waxy green stem, the only part of it they may not eat.

There are no waits—boy singers—to rouse us at midnight here, with their weird, sweet, carol singing, and their clamor for gifts.

"God rest you, merry gentlemen;
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day."

But the bells chime at midnight and ring out the old tender story that eighteen hundred years ago the Chaldean shepherds started on their mission of peace, and everybody makes merry in his or her approved way.

It is in England that Christmas has its full value. There it is both a holy day and a holiday. The roast beef of old England and the plum pudding of national reputation, are renowned in story and song.

"They serve up salmon, venison and wild boar,
By hundreds, dozens and by scores,
Florets of honey, kidlets of mustard,
Plum puddings, peacocks, apple-pies and custards."

The boar's head unwreathed with rosemary is the processional dish of the old manorial halls and the Oxford feasts and is borne in with solemn state upon its decorated platter. The Christmas goose is a favorite dish of the common people, turkey being more of a New Year's treat. Christmas week is a season of jollity and hospitality and a culmination of all the blessings is reserved for the day itself.

THE HOLLY.

The use of holly for religious festivities probably began with the introduction of christianity into England. It had been adopted by the early christians at Rome, for the inhabitants of that city held the tree in great veneration, and this is hardly to be wondered at, as Pliny says there was growing in his time a famous holly near the Vatican; upon it was a brass plate bearing an inscription recording its age. This tree was older than Rome itself, and has stood there 800 years. Many branches must have been given for the festivals that were held in honor of the god Saturn, for the people considered it an emblem of peace and friendship. The decoration of houses with holly is also a custom that was originally copied from the Romans, although we had not such a pretty reason for it as they had. They believed, (as you have probably learned), in gods who lived in the woods and forests; holly was the only plant that kept up its brightness and beauty in the desolate winter, so they brought

the boughs into their homes, "that the sylvan spirits might repair thither and remain untripped by frosts and cold winds until a milder season renewed the foliage on their darling abodes." I think, after this pretty reason for decorating, you will always fancy a dainty summer fairy is peeping at you from behind the holly branches, and very likely is laughing at you when you pull a long face about children's or lessons. A real fairy, of course, cannot feel pain, so she would not understand your concern. As the holly held such power over the minds of the Romans, the christians adopted the custom of using it at christ mas, and thus avoided shocking the prejudices of newly-made converts. There were some people once who had a curious theory about our winter evergreen; they asserted that the sun never caused this tree to throw a shadow, and having it thus associated with extreme brightness and light, and sprinkled the face of newly-born children with water impregnated with holly.

DANGERS TO METHODISM.

AN IMPORTANT DISCUSSION IN THE CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE.

BALTIMORE, Md., December 13.—Yesterday was a lively day in the Conference. Indeed, the interest is growing daily. The members are becoming acquainted with each other, and a kind of home-feeling makes them easier and add to the general comfort of all. There is scarcely any good that has not its attendant evil, however. This easier feeling makes the patient reader to speak, and that patient spring attachment, which throws men to their feet so readily during the time for discussion seems to be a general possession now. A great deal of eloquence must be over till the next Centennial. The world may not be the poorer in fact, yet, no doubt, some of the yearning minds who go home unrelieved of their surplus talk will think the next century will miss the power of their influence. The five minutes rule gives relief to a good many and gives variety to the discussions. Most of the speakers have to be rapped down by the presiding officer in the midst of their speeches; some hardly get through a well prepared exordium before the heartless gavel falls and they sit down, feeling, doubtless, much like the dog that had his tail cut off close behind his ears. It does seem hard to have a Procrustean rule to which all have to conform. There are some men whom the Conference would be glad to hear for an hour. The venerable Dr. Merriek, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and the more venerable Dr. McFerrin are greeted with applause whenever they rise to speak, and they would be welcome to an hour at any time, but they do not need so much time. They have learned how to express themselves. In truth, they have something to say and they say it. They do not trouble themselves about the expressions, but speak out of their full hearts and minds directly to the point, and neither have yet spoken till the gavel has fallen.

The papers of yesterday were generally strong. Those of the morning session were both excellent. One was by Dr. H. C. Warren of the M. E. Church, North, on the subject "The outlook of Methodism in 1784," and the other by Dr. J. D. Blackwell of the M. E. Church, South, on "The Methodism of 1885 and its outlook?" Dr. Blackwell's subject led him to suggest some dangers to Methodism.

FOUR GREAT OBSTACLES TO THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.

This was taken up in the afternoon by Dr. J. H. Vincent in a paper on "Possible dangers to Methodism." The paper excited a lively debate. This was by far the most interesting debate we have had upon any subject yet brought before the Conference. Dr. Vincent's paper covered a large field and suggested some strong points. He said one of the principal dangers to the Methodism of the future lay in her doctrines. There was danger, he said, first from too great radicalism and unreasonably and unjust pressing of the Word of God beyond their true bounds and intolerance of those who did not agree to all that might be so radically taught. Another danger was from just the opposite course, too great conservatism, the preaching an emasculated Christianity, which, "accepting for doctrines the commandments of men," would allow the things to go out and leave nothing but a pulseless and powerless

accumulation of lifeless platitudes. Again, a timid neutrality which feared to touch any question lest it might err on one side or the other, was a danger. What the church needed was a pulpit bold enough to take hold of error in any form in which it might appear, and pious enough to exalt the spirit of Christ in charity to those who might honestly differ from us.

The second great danger was from the abuse of revival methods. The doctor said he did not discount revivalism. They had been a power in Methodism, but he had no patience with those itinerant religious empirics who tramp over the country and with clap-trap methods count "converts," as they call them, by scores, magnify themselves, fill the minds of the unwary with a semi-religious swash which they call doctrine, discount the pastors who with those who need it most, and then take their departure, leaving behind them a set of phrases which pronounced in a catarrhal rhapsoody, were the sum and substance of the pseudo piety which they taught. The revival methods used by our fathers were abused by these peripatetic vendors of cheap gospel wares.

A third danger was a wrong catering to the poor. Why bring the distinctions of rich and poor into the Church? It was wrong in spirit and fatal in practice. It is as wrong to patronize a man because he is poor, as to lionize him because he is rich. It is the glory of Methodism that she carries the gospel to the poor; but she has a mission also to the rich. Her churches are opened to all, and she should make no distinction.

The fourth danger to Methodism is the failure to use the human elements of power. Dr. Vincent made here a strong plea for the seizure of the Church of every element of worldly power—money, culture, &c., and its use for the glory of God.

THE WORLDLY METHODS OF RAISING MONEY.

The Rev. W. H. Yarow, primitive Methodist, of Brooklyn, opened the discussion in a racy speech. Among the dangers to Methodism he thought the failure to enforce discipline and the introduction of worldly and unworthy methods for raising money. He had known of a manager of a variety show who threatened to bring action against a certain Methodist Church, because he had to pay a heavy license to do what the Methodists were allowed to do free in order to raise money for their church. He thought the Christmas pantomime to be an evil, a poor and cheap imitation of the theatre against which our pulpits preached.

Among the others that now rose to speak was Dr. Merriek, of Ohio a venerable man, well known in the Conference. He caught the eye of the Chair, and as he was about to speak a delegate requested absolute silence while he was addressing the Conference, as Dr. Merriek had rather a weak voice. Quietly, and almost tremulously, he said: "There is a point, to which attention has not yet been called, of some importance. If I am not mistaken, there is one possible danger to which no reference has been made. I allude to the possible substitution, to a certain and painful extent, of the love of God—estheticism for experimental godliness. I am no advocate for coarse rusticity, or for anything that would violate good taste, but it does not blind me to a possible danger in the future. I am aware that it is urged that we have these aesthetic attractions to draw people to the churches. They may draw some, but not the masses. Those who are impelled simply by the love of the beautiful will go to the theatre, the concert and the art gallery. The universal, deep-felt want is for that which will give peace to the troubled soul, and that will draw as nothing else will. Who shall deliver Me from the body of this death?" The cross of Christ needs no aesthetic additions to attract the sinner. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," was spoken by Him who knew man intimately.

MENTAL CULTURE CANNOT TAKE THE PLACE OF RELIGION.

Dr. J. B. McFerrin spoke to the point of culture taking the place of religion. One delegate had seemed to lean to the belief that education could take the place of religion, and had said that there was an angel and a devil in every human heart, and we should aid the angel to cast out the devil. Dr. McFerrin does not argue. He deals in plain statement and drives right at the weak point of that which he opposes. He said: "If there

be any one subject of more interest than another to me, it is this one." He then related the story of a lady of his acquaintance who planted a crab-apple tree, and cultivated it for years in an attempt to make it produce sweet apples. "An evil tree can't bring forth good fruit," he continued. "The idea of training children so that they will have no conviction of sin, no regeneration. I was one of the best children that ever lived, but when I grew up I needed conversion. The brother spoke of an angel and a devil in every human heart. I thought of how long it would take that angel to cast out that devil, and if he could do it at all. But the Lord Jesus came along one day and found a man who had in him a legion of devils and no angels, and he cast them all out with a word. 'I tell you, brethren, ye must be born again.'"

A. C. S.

Yesterday's Proceedings—A Paper by a Colored Theologian—The Centennial Volume—A Love Feast.

BALTIMORE, December 15.—The Methodist Centennial Conference resumed its session at Mt. Vernon Church this morning. Bishop Hood, of the A. M. E. Zion Church presiding. After devotional exercises a paper on "Methodist means of grace," prepared by Bishop Hoisey, of the colored M. E. Church, was read by the Rev. F. M. Hamilton, of the colored M. E. Church, of Washington. Bishop Andrews announced that the success of the "Centennial Volume," to contain an account of the sermons and proceedings of this Conference, would not be assured if the brethren did not take more interest in swelling the subscription list. He also stated that the business committee had thought it desirable to have a Love Feast as the finale of the session of the Conference on Wednesday night.

The Rev. A. S. Hunt, Secretary of the American Bible Society, read a paper on "The aim and character of Methodist preaching."

At the afternoon session Bishop Keener presided. Dr. Antoa West read a paper on "The Doctrinal Unity of Methodism," and the Rev. R. N. Davis on "Guards to the Purity of Doctrinal Teaching."

This evening there was a social session in the concert hall of the Academy of Music, where supper was served by the Methodist ladies of Baltimore, and several addresses were made.

A Washington letter says: "The refusal of Gen. Grant to accept a pension is of course understood to be due to his conviction that he should be placed on the retired list of the army. The veto by President Arthur of the bill to place Fitz-John Porter on the retired list would estop him from approving a bill for Gen. Grant, as the principal involved in the President's objection to the Fitz-John Porter bill would apply equally to the case of Gen. Grant. The President held that Congress invaded the constitutional prerogative of the Executive in undertaking to name a particular person for a particular office. He therefore could not be guilty of the inconsistency of approving the bill for the benefit of one person while vetoing a similar bill for another. This was the reason why he recommended a pension for Gen. Grant. It has been suggested that Congress could pass a bill providing for the appointment of a general on the retired list of the army without specifying any name for the position, and the President could then exercise his constitutional right and name Gen. Grant. There are, perhaps, twenty officers on the retired list now who were placed there by specific acts of Congress in their favor—acts which were approved by President Grant and President Hayes without question—and it is not likely that the technical objection of President Arthur would have been raised had the person to be benefited been other than Fitz-John Porter. There is undoubtedly a more friendly feeling for the project of putting Gen. Grant on the retired list, if it can be accomplished, among Democratic Senators and members than among the Republicans. Bills in his favor have been twice defeated through the opposition of Republican members of the military committees. Southern members of Congress have almost universally expressed themselves in favor of such a measure. An intimate friend of Gen. Grant says that he is indeed a changed man since the failure of the firm of Grant & Ward; that the shock was a blow from which even his iron frame and resolute will could not recover. He said that only a few days before the failure, so unconscious was Grant of the impending disaster that he spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of his financial standing, estimating his own wealth and that of each of his sons at a million or two, and also remarking that he had gone into business with the main idea of advancing the to shan company and to prefer being alone, and some of those who have suddenly come upon him have been pained and started to see evidences of tears trickling down that impassive face."