

# The Newberry Herald.

TERMS—\$1.50 FOR SIX MONTHS, IN ADVANCE.

Devoted to the Dissemination of Useful Intelligence.

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

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**THE HERALD**  
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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS, \$1.50 FOR SIX MONTHS, EITHER  
IN CURRENCY OR IN PROVISIONS.  
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Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square, for  
the first insertion, \$1 for each subsequent insertion.  
Marriage notices, Funeral invitations, Obituaries,  
and Communications of personal interest charged  
as advertisements.

For the Herald.

I am Dying.

I am dying, darling, dying, and my pulses slowly  
beat,  
Soon life's tide will fast flow from me—even now  
the waves retreat.  
I am going, dear one, going, but 'tis joy—I will  
not grieve—  
I'll not ask the grim old monster, Death, to grant  
me a reprieve,  
For I cannot live without thee. What is this  
whole world to me  
With its riches, pomp and splendor, if I cannot  
be with thee?  
What would be a throne—a kingdom, if I knew  
that I must not  
Share it with thee? Ah! then none would envy  
my sad lot.  
Think that I could be happy—that the past  
could be forgot?  
No; a heart's truest affection cannot ever thus be  
bought.  
What to me the wealth of India, what the worth  
of jewels rare?  
Can a heart give up its idol for the price of dia-  
monds clear?  
For the worth of pearls and opals, coral red, and  
rubies bright?  
No; the true heart's sable curtains closing round  
would make all night.  
And the midnight plumes of sorrow, waving ever  
o'er the heart;  
From which everything of pleasure, joy and glad-  
ness did depart.  
Would seem ever to be wisping, as the sighing  
made them move.  
"I have seen a sad, sad burial, here's the grave  
of a lost love."  
So from earthly things I'm parting. Why care I  
to longer stay?  
I'll be nearer to my darling when from earth I  
am away.  
And when met in Heaven as spirits, who so happy  
as we?  
Come, my darling, to the portals, I'll be watching  
there for thee.  
Newberry, May 10th. GSB.

For the Herald.

The Old Academy.

The sun has sunk to rest 'neath the western  
hills, the hum and tread of children's depart-  
ing feet have died away and we are all alone,  
sister and I, in the old Wake Forest Academy.  
It is an old time defaced building, surrounded  
with noble oaks which bow their heads in  
solemn majesty to the passing breeze. And in  
the evening's dusky light the village church  
looms up, rearing its humble spire toward  
heaven's blue dome, as if in mute adoration to  
nature's God.  
Sister is seated by a window watching in-  
tently the golden beed clouds left in radiance  
by the last reflection of Sol's departed glory.  
Her thoughts I surmise are of home and the  
loved ones there, as ever and anon a smile  
of pleasure flits over her face. Now she leans  
her head wearily on her hand and heaves a  
sigh, ah! there is a depth of meaning in a  
sigh, they come from the heart. Sweet sister,  
I would that Heaven had willed thee a bright-  
er lot, but if my love and devotion can all-  
eviate the monotony, or cheer the dark path  
of your life it shall be yours as long as I exist.  
"This true that our lots have been thrown in  
an unequalled spot, but we have found friends  
around the hearthstones of strangers. One in  
particular whose friendship is valued by me as  
a priceless pearl. As I gaze into the silent  
depths of this grove I wonder where are the  
many busy feet which have pressed this sod  
in days of yore.  
Some have gone forth to act their part in  
the great drama of life. Others, alas! rest in  
the quiet city of tombs, sic transit gloria mun-  
di; thus does the revolving wheel of time  
bring changes. A few more months and I  
will bid adieu to Wake Forest and its inmates,  
for other lands and strange scenes. I some-  
times shrink from the fearful responsibility of  
life, but my mission must be accomplished  
and all has been wisely decreed by an omniscient  
present hand. I have spent many hours in  
this old Academy; some were pleasant, some  
were sad; but wherever I roam I will bear  
with me firm, tender recollections, and sweet  
associations connected with this spot.  
When I bet the classic halls of my alma-  
mater more than twelve months ago, little did  
I then think that I would be breathing out  
existence in this secluded spot, but so it was.  
Sherman and his wife followers swept through  
our sunny land like a scouring pestilence,  
and our beloved capital was a doomed city.  
The holy hour of night witnessed the terrific  
scene of destruction, and when morn dawned  
mockingly on the once glittering city, our  
loved, time honored institute lay a heterogeneous  
mass, a blackened pile of ruins. Ah! time  
indeed does bring changes. I thought  
at first I could not exist in this remote region,

For the Herald.

Messrs. Editors: In the "Herald" of May  
24, there is an extract from "New Orleans  
Crescent, 21st April," in which occurs the  
following item as a part of the proceedings of  
the General Conference of the Methodist E.  
Church, South, at its last session:

"A preamble and series of resolutions were  
introduced, protesting against the interference  
of the civil or other power with the church.  
The doctrine of self-preservation is the first  
law of nature was objected to, as opposed to  
the letter and spirit of christian religion, which  
inculcates rather suffering and, if need be, dy-  
ing for its sake. Were referred to the Com-  
mittee on Resolutions."

This does not give a true representation of  
the nature of the preamble and resolution:

1. Instead of a "series" there was but one  
resolution.
2. The resolution did not "protest against  
the interference of the civil or other power  
with the church." It protested at all, it was  
rather a protest against the ambiguity (if  
that is the word) of the church on the subject  
of self-preservation. The resolution proposed so  
to amend the note to the XXIII Article of Religion  
that when the requirements of the civil powers  
conflict with the teachings of the Christian  
Scriptures, we should "obey God rather than  
men."
3. Nothing is said in the Preamble or Resolu-  
tion about "self preservation," &c. In the  
remarks made in support of the resolution it  
was said: "The self-preservation is the first  
law of nature with the lower order of animals,  
and that part of our nature common to them  
and us, yet obedience, active or passive, to  
God, is, to moral agents, the first law of  
Christianity."

Thus much—to correct what may probably  
exist—a false impression, as to the design  
of the resolution. The Preamble, resolution  
and remarks would occupy too much of your  
columns—yet without the whole a part cannot  
be understood.

Yours, very truly,  
SIDNEY H. BROWNE.

For the Herald.

"Do unto others as you would they should  
do unto you."

It has often been said, if we wish to be happy  
we must cherish a beautiful spirit; and  
what spirit more beautiful than that of love  
to mankind, which makes us "do unto others  
as we would they should do unto us." If we  
would possess a heart to enjoy the pleasures  
of this life, let us learn to obey the "golden  
rule." Let us learn to think kindly and for-  
givingly of other's faults, for let us remember  
that all of us have faults to be forgiven. How  
our hearts smite us when we think of the  
dead, if we ever treated them as we would  
not have had them treat us. Every unkind  
word, every ungracious look, every ungentle  
action comes thronging back upon our memo-  
ries and lacerates our souls until we would  
give worlds to drink of the fountain of Lethe. We  
may weave garlands of flowers and place them  
upon the tombs of the departed; we may  
weep sorrowing and repentant tears; yet all  
this cannot console our remorseful hearts.  
Let us take warning by the bitterness of our  
conscience but unavailing tears over the dead,  
and henceforth be more faithful to the living,  
and more obedient to the will of God, who  
has told us to "do unto others as we would  
they should do unto us." GEB.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS IN NEW ORLEANS.—

From a very interesting New Orleans letter  
which appeared in the columns of the Mem-  
phis Appeal, we make the following ex-  
tracts of interest to our readers:

I learn from a general officer of the "re-  
public" that there are twenty-eight doing busi-  
ness here who were the stars and wreath.  
Among them are General Beauregard; Lieu-  
tenant-General Legstreet, President South-  
ern and Western Railroad; General Com-  
pany; General Hood, firm of J. B. Hood & Co.,  
cotton and commission merchants; Lieuten-  
ant-General A. P. Stewart, now Stewart &  
Bross, cotton and commission merchants; and  
Major-General Frank Gardner, draftsman; and  
Major-General S. B. Buckner, of firm of  
Phillips & Co., cotton factors; and editorially  
connected with the Crescent; Brigadier-  
General Henry Hays, candidate for Sheriff; Major-  
General Joseph Wheeler, of the cavalry,  
selling carriages, buggies, &c.; Brigadier-  
General M. Jeff. Thompson, the famous "Sawyer  
Fox," of Missouri, firm of Thompson & Power,  
grocers and commission merchants, who would  
not hurt anybody—and is thoroughly recon-  
structed, and puts up the best article of old  
Bourbon in the market; Major-General Long,  
of Banks & Long, cotton factors; Brigadier-  
General Daniel Adams Legner; Brigadier-  
General Dan Adams Legner; Brigadier-  
General Humphrey Marshall, lawyer, who  
looked as competent and interesting as ever;  
Brigadier-General Garner, Bragg's chief of  
staff, grocer and commission merchant; Brigadier-  
General Frank McDonald, grocer; Brigadier-  
General Hawthorne, cotton factor; General Tren-  
dren, the old artillery officer, now practicing  
medicine; Brigadier-General Frank Arm-  
strong, planting near the city; Major-General  
D. H. Massey, on a turpentine plantation; Brigadier-  
General King of Texas, dry goods clerk;  
General Joe Davis, ship chandler; Brigadier-  
General Higgins, running drays. Tom Scott,  
of the old 12th Louisiana, and Colored Walton,  
of the famous Washington Artillery, are doing  
business here.

Newberry, May 9.—The United States Circuit  
Court was opened yesterday. Judge Underwood  
delivered his charge to the jury, and dwelt  
particularly on the necessity of bringing the leaders  
of the rebellion to trial.

The Index of Education denounces the graves  
of the Confederate dead in the cemetery at that  
place on the 25th at.

From the Anderson Intelligencer.

Letter From Mexico.

We have the pleasure of presenting our  
readers the following letter from an esteemed  
fellow-citizen—Col. Elam Sharpe, who is at  
present in Mexico. His views and comments  
upon the condition, climate, soil and advantages  
of that country, and the inducements to  
emigrate thither, will be found interesting.  
The letter was not intended for publication,  
and we have to return thanks to another  
friend for the pleasure of its re-production in  
this column.

COBAGOVA, MEXICO, March 16, 1866.

This is the most beautiful country in some  
respects, I have ever seen. Our days are  
such as you have in the month of May; the  
nights are cool, and we sleep under two or  
three blankets every night. We have all the  
tropical fruits in abundance; the trees are  
all green and a good many flowers, and any  
amount of birds, and such crawling and sing-  
ing I never heard. We have all kinds of  
vegetables in the market that I ever saw in  
the New-England market, and a great many  
more that I do not know—green corn, peas,  
beans, lettuce, radishes, potatoes and tom-  
atoes, &c., and yet just above us, we have a  
most beautiful mountain, 18,000 feet above  
the sea, with its top always white with snow.  
It is the most beautiful sight I ever saw.  
Sugar cane grows to twelve to fifteen feet  
high and has only to be planted once in nine  
years, and they are grinding it all the year  
round. Coffee grows very finely and pro-  
duces 1 1/2 pounds to the tree when four years  
old. Tobacco grows well also; the ride is to  
plant corn, and when it is pretty well grown,  
to plant tobacco between the rows, and when  
the tobacco is pretty well grown and ready  
to gather, plant corn between the rows, thus  
making three crops during the year; the  
lands are very rich. This is the dry season,  
and said to be the warmest weather we have,  
the wells here are about sixty feet deep;  
there are some running streams but very few.  
We have had two or three good shows since  
I have been here, the rainy season will  
commence in May. The lands are exceed-  
ingly thickly covered with bushes, vines and  
shrubs; it costs five dollars an acre to clear  
them. There is a good deal of stone upon  
the ground; the timber is generally small,  
but in some places is sufficient for cross-ties  
for Railroads. The whole country bears  
evidence of laziness and neglect, and the  
country is all over-grown for the want of work;  
there are the ruins of large haciendas all over  
the country; these haciendas are cultivated  
now by the natives, who pay the proprie-  
tors certain rent; they contain from  
one to two thousand acres and can be bought  
for about four dollars per acre, paying one-  
fifth down, and waiting four or five years for  
the balance; these are considered better than  
the Government lands. The Government  
lands, about 60,000 acres have all been taken  
up here, even faster than they can be sur-  
veyed. There are hundreds of emigrants  
coming here every day from the States of the  
very best people; some of these are dis-  
appointed, while others are delighted and set-  
tling down. This is a fixed fact, and a large  
and superior colony is settled here now;  
there will be good American society here in  
a short time.

Carlotta is about eight miles from here, all  
in the bush yet; it will be some time before  
any one can live there with any comfort.  
Gen. Price and his wife have taken a place  
there; he has laid it out and named it in honor of  
the Empress. It is very difficult to build a  
frame house out here, there having been no  
saw mills; one or two are now being put up;  
every one seems more anxious to get their  
land open for cultivation than anything else.  
The country is a vast wilderness and abounds  
in ruins of former wealth and grandeur. The  
natives live in huts built of bamboo and  
covered with straw; the higher class live in  
houses built of stone and lime, or cement.  
Some of the Indians work well, and you can  
hire them for fifty cents per day, finding them-  
selves. They have the best staking and wag-  
goning here I ever saw. The Railroad will be  
here in about eighteen months; it is about  
fifteen miles from here. This place is about  
2,530 feet above the sea. It contains 25,000  
inhabitants; nineteen runs of mill-stones, three  
or four fine flouring mills, and a large cotton  
factory with 14,000 spindles and 900 looms.

It is a valley amidst the mountains, and  
one of the most fertile places I ever saw. The  
city has fourteen fountains spouting up in  
every quarter of the city, and a constant run-  
ning stream in the middle of their street, and  
the streets are all finely paved. I would  
rather live here than any place I ever saw if  
there was American society, but it has but four  
or five American families. This is 4,000 feet  
above the sea, and has all the tropical fruits;  
this is the land of fruits and flowers. Horses  
and cows are used here all the year, eating  
nothing but grass. Taking all together, this  
is the strangest and most beautiful country I  
ever saw; one can work out here with pleas-  
ure morning and evening, but hot in the mid-  
dle of the day; no flies or mosquitoes as I  
have seen, and not many insects or reptiles.

The country has taken him into a very wild  
country, fifteen or twenty miles from here,  
where he had the best pen and wild-  
game around their camp; they were near to a camp  
of Liberals; and were afraid to fire their guns  
for fear they would be taken for French spies.  
We take no part in politics, and the Liberals  
do not object to our coming here; we have  
not had any difficulty with any of them; there  
are some robberies committed on the roads  
sometimes. There are plenty of deer and  
partridges and different kinds of game here.

A person can live here (eat) for thirty-five  
cents per day. Hotels charge one dollar and  
fifty cents per day. If a man will work here  
he ought to make 1,000 dollars a year. I am  
sure it can be done.

Now, for the objections to the country.—  
These people are as mean as they can be as a  
general thing, and as lazy as they can be.  
Nine-tenths of the people are Indians and look  
like the Indians you see about Pendleton.  
You have to learn the language of the coun-  
try. You can have no associations with the  
country; their religion does not suit us. The  
law of the instability of the Government, but  
I do not fear much on that account, for let  
what Government there may be, with an  
American colony, we will be able to have a  
vast influence and can protect ourselves. I  
am of opinion that there will be one thousand  
families here before eighteen months. Many

persons are disappointed because their pre-  
conceived notions are not fulfilled. I expect-  
ed to see large and extensive valleys, such as  
we have in the States, with large and finely  
cultivated fields, but these are nothing of the  
kind—the country is table land, as level as  
any one would desire, but only opened and  
cultivated in patches; a great deal of stone on  
the land but not enough to interfere with  
plowing.

The Death Sentence of Probst, the Mur-  
derer.

On Tuesday, in the Court of Over and Ter-  
miner, in Philadelphia—Judges Allison, Lud-  
low, and Pierce on the bench—when Probst,  
the murderer of the Deering family, was ar-  
raigned for sentence, his counsel moved an ar-  
rest of judgment and a new trial, on certain  
technical grounds. The motion, however,  
was overruled, and Judge Allison, in the pre-  
sence of a crowded court-room, and amid pro-  
found silence, proceeded to pronounce the  
sentence of death. Addressing the prisoner, the  
judge remarked:

By one other but by legal evidence, not in  
the least degree by your own confession, but  
by evidence from which there was no escape,  
most conclusive in its character, you have  
been found guilty of the commission of one of  
the most appalling crimes of which the records  
of civilized jurisprudence make any mention.  
A felony of murder unparalleled your heart  
conceived and your hands executed; in plan  
most comprehensive; in minuteness of detail  
unequaled; in execution relentless, brutal,  
savage beyond precedent.

A husband and a father, returning to his  
home, in all the strength and glory of his man-  
hood; a wife and mother, tending for the life-  
loved ones, whom God had given to her—toll-  
ing at her domestic altar—her humble fire-  
side—a companion of your daily labor, who  
with you shared your bed; who almost slept  
in your arms; at peace with you; the very  
birth of whose life you breathed; your  
fourth victim, an inoffensive visitor, whose  
sex would have not in vain appealed to your  
compassion, if compassion you possess, had  
you but thought of the mother who gave you  
birth. And four helpless children of these  
slaughtered parents; four little ones who had  
never done you harm; of three of these, in  
innocent and happy childhood, you had been  
the daily witness; listened to their young and  
merry voices, and perhaps had had them  
play in confidence and trust about you; and  
the fourth, a cunning, wicked, godless boy,  
and not yet learned to lip your name, or to  
know you as a stranger in that household;  
whose tiny, bloody garments, brought here  
by other hands, bore testimony most crushing  
against the monster, in the shape of man, who  
cut and hacked its young life away.

Of all who gathered beneath the humble  
roof of Christopher Deering, but one remains  
—a little, lonely, solitary boy, saved not by  
your mercy, for mercy you had none, but by  
an interposing Providence protected from your  
murderous arm and uplifted axe, with which  
you sought to kill them all. All these you  
performed alone, or aided by another, it mat-  
ters not which, so far as the legal and moral  
guilt of all these murders committed by you  
is concerned; and much more than human  
eye hath not seen you did, with malice in-  
calculable.

Almost without motive you went at your  
work self-imposed, and eight innocent victims  
you slew; not suddenly, not in a tempest of  
passionate passion, but in the coldness of a pre-  
meditated design—one by one, at intervals,  
with solemn pause; with calm deliberation,  
and with a quenchless thirst for blood, you  
ceased not until all that you set out to do was  
fully ended, and you found yourself alone  
with the dead. Your triumph was then com-  
plete.

This is but a poor picture of your work;  
and of this I here remind you, that you may  
even now, at this dread hour for you, realize,  
if it indeed be possible for you to do so, the  
 enormity of your deeds of blood, and before  
God seek for pardon for your crime. No one  
may limit his power to forgive, but you can  
find mercy only in redeeming love. Men can  
not, will not, dare not pass by unavenged  
crime so fearful as to be most ungrateful  
Society so demands prosecution and violated law  
vindication. But the Omnipotent God hath  
said: "Whosoever will, let him come." To  
him I wholly commend you.

But what you have to do, do speedily; for  
the night of death casts its shadows already  
around you. The avenger of blood has fol-  
lowed steadily after you, and in the darkness  
of the night the invisible finger of the Al-  
mighty pointed you out to your pursuers, and  
justice now claims you as its own. And that  
which it requires to be done shall not long  
be delayed. You had your success in the ex-  
ecution of your fell purpose. But it demands  
triumph now, in the detection, exposure, con-  
viction and promptest and severest punish-  
ment of the criminal, who has defied alike the  
laws of God and man, and outraged all the  
nobler sympathies of his nature.

It only remains for me to pass on you the  
judgment of the law, which is that you (here  
the four judges rose, and amid a breathless  
silence, concluded the sentence). Antoine  
Probst, the prisoner at the bar, be taken from  
thence to the jail of the county of Philadel-  
phia, from whence you came, and from thence  
to the place of execution, and that you there  
be hanged by the neck until you are dead.  
And may God have mercy on your soul!

Judge Allison's remarks were delivered  
with much emphasis, and in a very impressive  
manner, and amid the most profound silence,  
notwithstanding the crowded condition of the  
court room.

The prisoner stood erect, and kept his eyes  
fixed on the Judge. He did not move a muscle  
during the entire time of the delivery of the  
sentence, and at its close quietly took his  
seat.

Directly after the sentence he was asked by  
Mr. Eben, the Court interpreter, whether he  
understood the sentence. Probst replied, "I  
understood all the Judge said, but he did not  
say when I was going to be hung." The  
Governor designates the day. The removal  
of the prisoner from the Court room was the  
signal for the most deafening and uproarious  
shouts on the part of the immense multitude  
assembled on Sixth-street, and as the van  
drove rapidly off to the prison, followed by a  
body of policemen on the run, the groans and  
hisses were at their height.

Burning of Columbia.

LETTER OF GENERAL WADE HAMPTON TO THE HON.  
REVERDY JOHNSON.

The following well written letter, addressed  
by General Wade Hampton to the Hon. Reve-  
rdy Johnson, in relation to the burning of  
Columbia, South Carolina, was read by the  
latter in the Senate on Thursday:  
WILD WOODS, Miss.,  
April 21, 1866.

To the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, United States  
Senate:

Sir: A few days ago, I saw in the published  
proceedings of Congress that a petition from  
Benjamin Rawls, of Columbia, S. C., asking  
compensation for the destruction of his home  
by the Federal army in February, 1865, had  
been presented to the Senate, accompanied by  
a letter from Major-General Sherman. In this  
letter General Sherman used the following lan-  
guage:

"They," the citizens of Columbia, "set fire  
to thousands of bales of cotton rolled out into  
the streets, and which were burning when I  
entered Columbia. I myself was in the city  
as early as 9 o'clock, and saw these fires, and  
knew that efforts had been made to extin-  
guish them, but a high and stormy wind kept  
them alive. I gave no orders for the burning  
of your city, but, on the contrary, the reverse,  
and I believe the conflagration resulted from  
the great imprudence of cutting the cotton  
bales, whereby the contents were spread to  
the winds, so that it became an impossibility  
to arrest the fire.

"I saw in your Columbia newspapers the  
printed orders of General Wade Hampton,  
that on the approach of the Yankee army all  
the cotton should be burned, and, from what  
I saw myself, I have no hesitation in saying  
that he was the cause of the destruction of  
your city."

This grave charge made against me by Gen.  
S., having been brought before the Senate of  
the United States, I am naturally most solici-  
tous to vindicate myself before the same tri-  
bunal. But my State has no representative in  
that body. These facts should be there de-  
clared the right of entrance. In those halls,  
there are none to speak for the South—none  
to participate in the legislation which governs  
her—none to impose the taxes she is called  
on to pay—and none to defend her or to vin-  
dicate her sons from misrepresentation, injus-  
tice or slander. Under these circumstances,  
I appeal to you, in the confident hope that  
you will use every effort to see that justice  
is done in this matter.

I deny most emphatically that any cotton  
was fired in Columbia by my order—I deny  
that her citizens set fire to thousands of bales  
rolled out into the streets—I deny that any  
cotton was fired when the Federal troops en-  
tered the city. And I now, respectfully ask  
Congress to appoint a committee charged  
with the duty of ascertaining and reporting  
all the facts connected with the destruction  
of Columbia, and thus fixing upon the proper  
author of that enormous crime the infamy  
that he deserves.

I am willing to submit the case to any hon-  
est tribunal. Before any such, I pledge my-  
self to prove my positive order, by direction  
of General Beauregard, that no cotton should  
be fired—that not one bale was on fire when  
Sherman's troops took possession of the city—  
that he positively promised protection to the  
city—and that, in spite of this solemn promise  
his soldiers burned it to the ground delib-  
erately, systematically, atrociously. I, there-  
fore, most earnestly request that Congress  
may take prompt and efficient measures to  
investigate this matter fully. Not only is this  
due to themselves and the United States army,  
but to justice and truth.

Trusting that you will pardon me for trou-  
bling you, I am, &c.,  
WADE HAMPTON.

At the Court of General Sessions, Charle-  
ton, the following sentences were pronounced:

Thos. Cook and wife Hannah Cook, con-  
victed of larceny and sentenced—the former  
\$200 fine, 8 months imprisonment, and 10  
stripes. The latter fined \$100 and to receive  
1 stripe.

The youths, Rankin, Smith and Wether-  
horse, against whom a jury had rendered the  
verdict of guilty with a recommendation to  
mercy, were then called up to learn their  
doom. Although the Judge intimated that  
there was a hope that the clemency of the  
Executive would be exercised in their behalf,  
yet he urged upon them to place no undue  
reliance on this possibility, and so to dispo-  
se of their minds that if their lives were to be  
ended their conduct would be reformed, and if  
they should prove delinquent, that they would  
be prepared to meet their end. The sentence  
of the law was, that they be carried to the  
place from whence they came, and there kept  
in safe custody until Friday, the 8th day  
of July next, when, between the hours of ten in  
the forenoon and two in the afternoon, they  
were to be hung by the neck until they were  
dead.

Until this moment the boys seemed not to  
appreciate the consequences of their crime;  
but when this awful doom was pronounced,  
they exhibited, by their bitter anguish, a keen  
realization of their perilous position.

William Highfield, convicted of the crime  
of rape upon a child of six years, was sen-  
tenced to be kept in safe custody until June  
29th, when he be hung by the neck until he  
be dead.

VOLUNTEERS IN ONE PARAGRAPH.—The fol-  
lowing inimitable bit is irresistible in argu-  
ment as it is in humor. We quote from the Char-  
lottesville Chronicle: "It seems to us as  
hard to get in the Union as it is to get out.  
The South respectfully asks to move one way  
or the other. We are like the fellow who was  
forced to go to the show, and then not allowed  
to go any further than where he had paid for  
his ticket. We have been dragged into the  
doorway of the Federal tent, and not al-  
lowed to see any of the performance except  
to settle with the ticket collector. We can hear  
the animal's grinding inside, and hear the  
crack of the ringmaster's whip, but we can't  
see the show unless we pay for two and take  
in a colored lady. And the worst of it is,  
they keep a great eagle perched over the en-  
trance, which, if you attempt to go back,  
swoops down upon you and picks a hole in  
your head. We justly think this is unreason-  
able; they ought either to let us pass in, or  
re-fund the money and tie up the eagle."

Exchange.