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MISCELLANEOUS.

Law versus Poverty.

I'll have my bond, speak not against my bond; I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.—Shylock.

BASS. "Why dost thou what thy knif so earnestly?"

SHYLOCK. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

The people looked to the Legislature to do something for their relief, but what little they attempted to do has been brought to naught by the Court of Errors. Its decision in relation to the measures adopted by the Legislature for this object, and the failure of the latter to adopt others, which the public exigency called for, have left the people well nigh without hope. In this dilemma they know not where to look for help. They cannot help themselves, and the Legislature, thus far, has not been allowed to carry out their will. To a plain man, unused to the technicalities of the laws, and to whose law, the word constitution, has long ago, ceased to have any charm, this seems strange—paradoxical. That the people from whom, according to American theories of government, all power is derived cannot have their will carried into effect by Legislation, strikes such a man as a great inconsistency. He does not trouble himself about the nice distinctions that are involved in the words of an instrument, which he has been educated to regard as a dead letter, but looks upon the question of expediency, of practical utility, of public necessity. His inquiry is, ought anything, and can anything be done by the Legislature to save the community from immediate bankruptcy and ruin, or to alleviate the distress as suffering, into which the people of the State are about to be plunged? He asks: why is it, that all over the South, in every State, Legislatures have been called upon to pass laws on this subject? Has this no meaning? Does it not mean that a pecuniary crisis is upon us, compared with which, all other monetary convulsions, which have agitated this country, will prove to be as the gentle summer breeze to the earthquake's shock. The people have intelligence enough to see this, they feel it, know it; and this is the cause of their calamity—hence the cry which has gone up from hill and valley, "save us or we perish." They too, most naturally inquire, what first induced our Legislature to take any action on this subject? Why the attempt to arrest the ordinary, regular course of the law? It was because a great war had begun. The roar of cannon in Charleston Harbor was its signal. The North and the South closed in the death-grapple. The South, the weaker section, called all her sons to the rescue. There was but one thought, one object, one pulsation, that agitated the heart of the people of this State, the success of the cause which made them draw the sword. The counting house was closed; the mechanic's hammer was no longer heard, except in government work shops; the field of the husbandman was abandoned, except by the black man, whose brow continued to sweat only in raising supplies—food for the people at home and for soldiers in the army. Relief committees and charitable associations were busy distributing bread everywhere to the poor. Boxes

of clothing and food, voluntary contributions of the people to the army, and commissary and quartermaster's stores of the government was the only freight of our railroads. For one time in history, private gain, private interests and money-making were forgotten or neglected by the great majority of the people and their minds filled with but one idea, one hope, the triumph of our country's cause. It was during this time that the sovereign—the State said, "this is no time for sheriffs and bailiffs to harass our women and children at home and unnerve the arms of our soldiers in the field; by writs and executions issued at the bidding of those who may seek to prey upon the vitals of the country. We will, for a time, close our courts against these speculators in blood." Was this not right, wise and patriotic? Was it right that the wives and children of soldiers at the front should be turned out of doors? Was it right that the patriot at home whose sons were in the army, or who was toiling day and night in support of the cause, should be sued, and his property brought to the block and sold for gold, of which there was none in the country? Who will say aye, in answer to these questions? Herein lies the reason, the necessity of that wise, beneficent and patriotic act of the Legislature—the "Stay Law"—to protect the good and true, the brave and patriotic, against the mean and the miserly few who manage to remain at home to watch their treasure or add to its heaps. And if such legislation was necessary and proper at the beginning of, and during the progress of the war, how much more necessary at its close and at the present. The people have not only been ruined pecuniarily, by the results of the war; not only has their property been virtually confiscated, their towns and villages pillaged and destroyed—their country laid waste by fire and sword, but they are now actually threatened with famine. Without speedy succor, many will starve before another harvest is gathered. And it is at such a time as this, when the people are bowed down with debt, and when the tax-gatherer is abroad demanding the State taxes and the heavy arrears of United States taxes to be paid before mid-summer, the Courts are opened and every Shylock enabled, invited to exclaim, "I'll have my bond, speak not against my bond." Was there ever such madness, such folly? Are we ravenous wolves, that under such circumstances of common suffering and distress, we should be turned one upon another, to rend the flesh from its bones? What is to be gained by this holocaust, this offering to the shade of what once was, but which no longer exists, except in name; which "has gone glimmering through the dream of things that were," the Constitution? If the government, the radical Congress, which rules at Washington, and now holds the country on revolutions' perilous verge, how vain the hope! Who can, what sacrifice can, appease the wrath, the deadly hate, of the Godless set of men who are now running riot in the nation's Capitol. Hold up the Constitution to them! You might as well attempt to tame the ferocity of the "bulls of Bashan," by flaunting a red flag before their flaming eye balls.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

MATRIMONY IN VERMONT.—The Rutland (Vt.) *Herald* publishes a letter from Montpelier, which says three bills have been introduced into the Vermont Senate relating to the Vermont marriage law. The tendency of most of them is to reduce marriage to a limited partnership, each party putting in as much capital as seems best, and the partnership to be dissolved upon very small provocation.

Beauregard's Manassas Report.

Every ex-member of the army of Northern Virginia will read with interest the suppressed portion of Beauregard's report of the battle of Manassas, which we clip from the *Land We Love* for February:

Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond, Va.:

Before entering upon a narration of the general military operations in the presence of the enemy on the 21st of July, I propose—I hope not unreasonably—first to recite certain events which belong to the strategy of the campaign, and consequently form an essential part of the history of the battle.

Having become satisfied that the advance of the enemy with a decided superior force, both as to numbers and war equipage, to attack or turn any position in this quarter was immediately impending, I dispatched, on the 13th of July, one of my staff, Col. James Chesnut, of South Carolina, to submit for the consideration of the President a plan of operations substantially as follows:

I proposed that General Johnston should unite, as soon as possible, the bulk of the army of the Shenandoah with that of the Potomac, then under my command, leaving only sufficient force to garrison his strong works at Winchester, and to guard the five defensive passes of the Blue Ridge, and thus hold Patterson in check. At the same time Brigadier-General Holmes was to march thither, with all his command not essential for the defence of the position of Aquia Creek. These junctions having been effected at Manassas, an immediate impetuous attack of our combined armies upon General McDowell was to follow, as soon as he approached my advanced position at and around Fairfax Court House, with the inevitable result, as I submitted, of his complete defeat, and the destruction or capture of his army. This accomplished, the army of the Shenandoah, under General Johnston, increased with a part of my forces, and rejoined, as he returned, by the detachment left to hold the mountain passes, was to march back rapidly into the valley, fall upon and crush Patterson, with a superior force, where, wherever he might be found. This, confidently estimated, would be achieved within fifteen days after General Johnston should march from Winchester for Manassas.

Meanwhile, I was to occupy the enemy's works on this side of the Potomac, if, as I anticipated, he had been so routed as to enable me to enter them with him, or, if not, to retire again for a time within the lines of Bull Run with my main force. Patterson having been virtually destroyed, then General Johnston would reinforce General Garnett sufficient to make him superior to his opponent (General McClellan) and able to defeat that officer. This done, General Garnett was to form an immediate junction with General Johnston, who was forthwith to cross the Potomac into Maryland, with his whole force, among the people as he advanced, to the recovery of their political rights, and the defence of their homes and families from an offensive invader, and then march to the investment of Washington, in the rear, while I resumed the offensive in front. This plan of operations, you are aware, was not acceptable at the time, from considerations which appear so weighty as to more than counterbalance its proposed advantages. Informed of these views, and of the decision of the War Department, I then made my preparations for the stoutest practicable defence of the line of Bull Run, the enemy having developed his purpose, by the advance on

and occupation of Fairfax Court House, from which my advance brigade had been withdrawn.

The War Department having been informed by me, by telegraph, on the 17th of July, of the movement of General McDowell, General Johnston was immediately ordered to form a junction of his army corps with mine, should the movement, in his judgment, be deemed advisable. Gen. Holmes was also directed to push forward with two regiments, a battery and one company of artillery.

Daring Exploit.

A Tennessee Heroine—Thrilling Adventure of a Young Girl with the "Big Guns"—She Kills two of the Band with an axe in Defence of her Father—The Parties in Nashville.

From the Nashville Union and Dispatch, 24th.

We have read, and learned through traditional legend and heroic verse, of deeds of daring performed by the gentle sex under the most trying and pressing emergencies. Our own country has been prolific in exhibitions of female valor and fortitude, and during the late war we have seen them illustrated in hundreds of instances.

But nowhere have we seen recorded a more daring exploit, or a more thrilling adventure, under circumstances better calculated to unstring the nerves of woman, or send the blood congealing and chilling to her heart, than the one we are about to relate. We relate it, too, not as romance, not as an attempt at fancy word-painting, but as a truthful narration of an absolute occurrence and event.

The tragedy occurred in Putnam county, ten miles from Cookville, the county seat, and near Bloomington Academy. The facts are about these: Mr. Larkin Gunter, his wife and daughter, Marianna, and a grown son, with several smaller children, occupied a peaceful home in Putnam county, at the locality indicated before the war. When hostilities commenced, and the whole land was trembling to the tramp of marshaled thousands of warriors, Mr. Gunter and his son joined the Confederate army, and with that feeling of patriotic fervor animating the people of their section, fought right gallantly under the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Before the close of the war the old gentleman, by leave, returned to his home in Middle Tennessee, and found himself again with his family. The son fought bravely on in the "lost cause" till the final surrender, when he too returned to his home in Putnam county. Meantime a band of men had organized themselves into a sort of self-constituted "regulators." These people were not countenanced by the people of Putnam. They seemed to delight in the persecution of Southern men, and especially returned Confederate soldiers.

On the night of the 20th of April last, three of these men went to the house of Mr. Gunter, there being no one at home but the old gentleman, his daughter Marianna, a young lady of nineteen, and a younger brother. One of the men was left to hold the horses while the other two, B. F. Miller and Alvin Maxfield, proceeded to the house and went in. They asked if Mr. Gunter lived there, and being answered in the affirmative, they asked him to go out with them, saying they wished to have a chat. Mr. G. told them if they had anything to say to "talk it out there." They replied by saying that a friend of Mr. G.'s, a Mr. Fowler, had sent them there. Miller resented Fowler, who was well known to Mr. Gunter, as being his (Miller's) uncle. Miller also said that Maxfield, his companion, was the son of an old friend and acquaintance of Mr. Gunter's. Mr. G. then said that it would be best to have their conversation in the

presence of friends and sent his son, a boy of fourteen, for some of his neighbors.

Meantime from the action and some words dropped by the two men, Mr. Gunter's suspicions became aroused, and he resolved to get away from them if he could. In his attempt to escape, the two desperadoes sprang toward him with their drawn pistols. They caught him, and the children commenced screaming, the young son returning about this time without any of the neighbors. The ruffians let go their hold, but kept their cocked pistols presented to Mr. G.'s head. Miller and Maxfield again laid violent hands on Mr. Gunter, and forced him to go with them. As they started off, Miss Marianna Gunter seized her father's chopping axe, determined to defend her parent to the last extremity. The two men carried her father up a lane, skirted by some woods, to a spot about three hundred yards from the house, the intrepid Marianna following with the axe and watching every movement. The ruffians now halted, and ordered Mr. Gunter to pull off his shirt. This he refused to do, and they commenced beating him soundly, and kept it up until the old gentleman became insensible. The daughter, Marianna, at this time came to the spot, axe in hand, resolved to do or die. Picture, if you can, at young girl of nineteen, by "the moon-beam's misty light," and in the public road, unprotected save by her intrepid soul and lofty courage, brandishing a rude woodman's axe in the faces of two stalwart ruffians in defence of her father. She was met by Miller, who ordered her to retire. She replied by a blow with the axe, that cut the collar-bone in two; blow followed blow in quick succession, till the man was prostrated to the ground, covered with gashes. Maxfield was at that instant in the act of shooting her father. She sprang toward him, snatched the pistol, and threw it aside. With energy and desperation, she seized Maxfield by the hair, and with the aid of her young brother, felled him to the earth. Again she applied the bloody axe, and three frightful gashes left the blood oozing from where the skull had been split. The third man with the horses came up, but the father covering, he escaped. Mr. Gunter, his brave daughter, and little son returned to the house.

The two men who had felt the edge of Marianna's fatal axe lay in the road; weltering in their blood till morning, when they were carried to a house some distance from the bloody encounter. At this house they both died of their wounds, Miller lingered in great agony for fourteen days and died; Maxfield died in four days after receiving his wounds. The old gentleman, his daughter and son immediately left for Kentucky, though they have since been back to their home. The father and heroic daughter are now in this city, and are the guests of Mr. Bruce, at the Rock City Inn. They bear, as we learn, an excellent character for integrity, honesty and veracity, and the statement made in the foregoing is corroborated by many persons who are cognizant of the facts. History, romance and poetry may be sought in vain for a loftier exhibition of courage, or for a display of deeper parental devotion, than was evinced by this young girl, on that terrible and trying April night.

"My dear boy," said a young lady to a precious youth of eighteen, "does your father design that you should tread the thorny and intricate path of a profession, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?" "No, marm; dad says he's a gwine to set me to work in the tater patch."

A Prophecy of Retribution—Gloomy Reflections.

The venerable Nathan Lord, D. D., for a third of a century President of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, amid all the political infatuation and religious fanaticism that has surrounded him, and that compelled him finally to surrender the position he had so long adorned, adheres steadfastly to the principles and opinions that he espoused before the insanity that now prevails in his section of country had become general. The *Charleston Mercury* of Saturday publishes a portion of a private letter written by him last month to one of his former pupils, extracts from which we subjoin:

"I do not justify, in point of Christian principle or common prudence, the methods by which you sought redress of the wrongs you have, for more than a generation, received from the North. But I more blame ourselves, first, for our denunciation of slavery itself, in distinction from its abuses, and then for our 'irrepressible conflict' with it, undertaken upon false moral and political grounds, and carried on, hatefully, as it has been, after a Mohammedan fashion. Were the institution a *malum in se*, and not sometimes a conservative necessity for all the parties, our method of overcoming it has been, from first to last, unworthy of a Christian people. We have done the work. We have given you a dreadful punishment. But, as we have done it in unrighteousness, our retribution, some time, somehow, will come, perhaps to general dissolution.

"Yet I dare not speculate about the future. * * I fold my hands, and wait upon the providence of God. But in the general and in the long run I see no good before us. Judgment will come.

"I think thus rather because I seem to see an approaching catastrophe of all the nations. The world has grown old in transgression. From East to West the experiment of reforming and saving it has been tried in vain. We are the western-most and last; and now that Christianized Anglo-Saxon, republican wisdom has failed, instead of calling on God for help we are calling upon the negro. We look to a brutified, shiftless and licentious people to aid us in the work of self-government, which has been impossible to ourselves, and which I now believe is impossible on earth.

"The demonstration seems now almost complete that man can neither govern nor be governed, nor govern himself, and that the last failure will somehow prove the greatest of all. The volcanic throes of the nations to overturn arbitrary power will be ultimately successful. Then 'liberty, equality, fraternity,' will have its short day; and when its Babel seems to be completed, the dream of earth will vanish.

"Here all such prophesying is vain. I find myself almost alone. I sometimes imagine that I could do more among your people, and even among the outcast, suffering and perishing negroes, than among the philanthropists who have given them a boon which they know not how to use, and which these boasters never would have given him but to make them subservient to their fanatical enterprises or their lust of power. But my day is past. What can one at three-score and fifteen do but repose, and prate, and lament?"

There is a woolen factory in Rockingham County, North Carolina, which, says the *Register*, turns out cloths, cassimeres, blankets, &c., of native wool, equal to any other articles in the same department made anywhere.

Direct Trade with Europe.

The State of Georgia is directing attention to the important question of direct trade, and the State journals are discussing the best means of securing a line of steamers to run between Liverpool and Savannah.

An Atlanta paper suggests that the State purchase a line of steamers to run between Brunswick and Europe, making trips regularly once or twice a month, whether they have a full cargo or not. The object of this is, not only to accustom merchants to a regular and reliable line, but to open-up the trade, and give the means of introducing emigrants direct, in such numbers as might be desired. In connection with this scheme it is proposed that commissioners be appointed to go to Europe, make arrangements with intending emigrants, and fully inform them as to the advantages that they may obtain by settling in the South.

This agitation on the part of Georgia should be a lesson for us, and teach us also that we must up and be doing.

South Carolina cannot, perhaps, as a State, undertake to purchase a line of steamers, to run between this port and Liverpool; but it would be well for the stockholders of the South Carolina and North-eastern Railroads to consider whether it would not be to their interest to run a line of European steamships in connection with their roads. Surely our merchants would be willing to pledge their freight to the direct line, at fair rates; and, with this pledge and the certainty that there could be a perfect harmony of interest between the railroads and steamships, some portion of the capital required could be obtained in Liverpool.

It may, perhaps, be said that we are advocating a scheme, the advantages of which every one will acknowledge, but which cannot be carried out, on account of the smallness of our pecuniary resources. Of course we know perfectly well that, had there been no war, we should have had, long since, regular direct line of steamships to Europe and we know also that, had not the bill granting a charter to the Bank of South Carolina been vetoed by the Governor, we should have had more capital with which to operate; but the very desperate character of our case but the more urgently demands an apparently desperate remedy. Our credit is unshaken, and we must not hesitate to borrow, when it can be shown that the borrowed capital will enable us to relieve ourselves from our difficulties, and place our entire State in a sound financial condition. We have all the material, all the elements of prosperity, but we need money; and, second only in importance to giving our planters the means to raise large crops of our staple, is the necessity of insuring ourselves a mode of conveying our products to the best market, and obtaining in return the labor and manufactured goods that we need.

Let there be some agitation upon this subject of direct trade; at present the stream is unbroken by a ripple. Let our Chamber of Commerce, our merchants, generally and individually,—our railroad men and our journalists, talk, ponder and discuss. There is a way to establish this direct trade; and, if our people will put themselves to it with all their will and strength, the coming of another Cotton crop will find us provided with powerful steamers, suited to our trade and depth of water, which will take up our Cotton at this city and land it without deterioration upon the quays at Liverpool.—*Charleston Mercury*.

At a late wedding in Petersburg, Virginia, a former husband of the bride officiated as the bridegroom's attendant.