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The End of Suspense:

Congress has put an end to the suspense which has, for many months, injuriously affected business enterprise in every section of the country, by not only establishing Governments for the Southern States, but by passing a law looking, in the end, to the reconstruction of the Union, and the restoration of the present excluded States to their proper places in that Union. We take it for granted, that, with or without the President's assent, the "Supplementary Bill," as it is called, will become a law; and thus a painful suspense is ended, and with it, we hope, politics and parties throughout the South.

The people of the whole country now know definitely the term of reconstruction, and the people of the South know where they stand and what they have to do. Under these circumstances, it becomes the people of these States to promptly recognize their condition, and go at once to work in all the avocations of business and industry which tend to retrieve their shattered fortunes and restore their section to its former prosperity. Our political status is fixed, perhaps for years, although we had no participation in fixing it, and there is now nothing left to us but to go to our farms, workshops or places of business, and attend strictly to our duties as good citizens, rendering obedience to the laws, and uniting in the preservation and maintenance of order in the communities in which we may reside.

Political discussions will hereafter be profitless; regrets for the change in our condition worse than vain; and all attempts to institute party discriminations, or array one portion of our people against the other, is the most suicidal to our well-being, socially, politically and otherwise. All we have to do with politics is to aid those entrusted with the carrying out of the late law of Congress, honestly and sincerely. Our duties as a people are plainly defined and pointed out in its provisions, and there is no use debating or cavilling at its requirements. So long as this law remains in force—until we are admitted into the Union—we must remember that we are residents of a "military district," and that simple obedience to the law will be more beneficial and productive of good results than any factions opposition to the progress of reconstruction under it.

The termination of the long and anxious struggle in political affairs, we believe, will be speedily followed by a revival of business, both North and South. The capitalists of the former section now know the security they will have for investments among us, and our own people, being fully aware that nothing they can do can change or better their condition, will, we hope, take a long farewell to politics, and apply themselves to more profitable pursuits. If the machinery of reconstruction runs smoothly—and we have no reason to doubt it, if we conscientiously discharge our duties as law-abiding citizens—we shall soon realize an improvement in our condition in every respect. Trade will revive, confidence be restored and the credit of the business men of the South re-established in the markets where credit is needed. Such, notwithstanding all the drawbacks we have to contend with, is the prospect of the future for all true and good citizens in the military districts of the South.

[Columbia Press.]

Gen. Lee on the Situation.

A correspondent of the New York Herald has been on a visit to Gen. Lee, for the purpose of hearing his views on reconstruction. Having letters of introduction, he was kindly received. Of course, Gen. Lee declined to define his position to the correspondent of the Herald, but admitted that he had made the declaration attributed to him, and to which reference has been made in this paper. We quote from the Herald's letter:

"Knowing his reticence with regard to matters political, I alluded as delicately as possible to the reports that have recently been promulgated in the newspapers, purporting to give his views as to the course the Southern people should pursue under the circumstances, when he said: 'You must excuse me, sir, from expressing myself on that subject. My position is a very peculiar one. I am a paroled prisoner, and have no right to speak upon political matters, and anything I may have said has only been among my immediate circle of friends, from whom it doubtless escaped unintentionally, and reached the newspapers.' I then remarked: 'The reports alluded to have been published in the entire press of the country, and in this way will have a decided effect with the Southern people to take such measures as will most speedily restore them to their prosperity. With that view, I was in favor of a convention to accept the terms of the military bill; but now I learn that the supplementary bill places that power in the hands of the military commander.' I remarked such was the case, when he said, 'I hope that every citizen who can vote will vote, so as to secure the speedy restoration and welfare of the country.'

"During our conversation, the General said he disliked being paraded before the public in newspapers; but of such importance and general interest to the public are his opinions at the present time, I feel it a duty to give them, so far as I succeeded in obtaining them, in a fair and legitimate manner."

A Crown of Thorns.—"Who wouldn't wear a crown?" asked the editor of the Boston Post, and by way of enforcing his question, he refers to the wretched condition of many of the rulers of the earth. Napoleon was a painful disease; Victor Emmanuel a paralytic; Bismarck is constantly ill; Maximilian is almost a fugitive, and his empress, Carlotta is insane; the Queen of Spain daily contemplates dethronement, the King of Hanover is kingless; his Queen and the Emperor of Austria are said both to have had their hair turned grey by trouble within a week's time; the Pope weeps day and night; and Victoria is the victim of a confirmed melancholy. Who would wear a crown? And in addition to this, when we think the President of the United States has his life almost badgered out of him by politicians, pardon-seekers and needy aspirants for office, to the query may be added—Who would be one of the rulers of the earth, be it in kingdom or republic, and pay the fearful cost?

COMING.—The New York Times says that the effort which some of the Southern States are making to draw labor from Europe will produce considerable effect. Emigration this year promises to be larger than ever, and if the South will take proper measures to acquaint these new comers with our soil and climate, the cheapness of our lands, and the advantages afforded by our complete facilities of getting to market, over pioneer life in the West, where roads are to be blazed out, and life commenced anew—thousands of excellent farmers and good citizens may be added to our population.

The Last Letter of N. P. Willis.

The following is the last letter ever written by N. P. Willis, and is addressed to his friend and partner in publishing the Home Journal, Mr. Phillips:

SICK ROOM, IDELEWILD,
December 4, 1866.

DEAR PHILLIPS: The promptness and efficiency and devotion with which you sprang to my side, on the doctor's announcing me a dying man, at my city lodgings, were memorable indeed. You got me home on that beautiful Sunday as few, except a "ministering angel," could have done the kindness. I am not suffering at present; but my paralysis has gradually crept from my legs upwards to my lungs, and I am unable to sit erect without fainting. I am still very much as usual in the brain.

With a fearful storm raging in the Highlands about me, I am thinking how you are "making up" without me at the office, and wishing I were a "wee" bit nearer to you. My friendship with you, which I cherish so pleasantly, stands a chance to be the last fully intellectual act of my life; yet it is by no means a novelty. When I found dear old Morris loving you and making you his private secretary and literary assistant, ten years ago, I adopted you as a creature to be loved, and I have found you to be a man singularly modest, and curiously unappreciative of many good qualities in yourself. I think, for an editor, your capacities are excellent. There is no better appreciator of a good thing, moral or intellectual, statistic or witty; but as a business friend and partner, you are invaluable. I am gratified to have lived long enough to get you into harness, as a well-developed partner and co-worker. I could have wished for more—but, alas! for this fragmentary life, it is hard to be taken soon enough; it is hard to be left long enough.

I am writing this, half dead and half alive, by the hand of my attentive and sweet wife, and it is not to be published while I live. But you will be at liberty to refer to it and print it, *post mortem*.

God bless you, my dear friend. Yours faithfully, thus far,
N. P. WILLIS.

A LOVE STORY.—When Marshal Bazaine left the city of Mexico, with the French army, his nephew, Lieut. Adolphe Bazaine, was about to be married to a beautiful Mexican signorita. In the hurry of their departure, however, it was not found convenient to celebrate the nuptials. It was, therefore arranged that the young lady should follow her lover to Orizaba, and that the wedding should take place there. Meanwhile the Liberals closed in upon the retiring French troops, and occupied the whole country, stopping the mails and travel. This was a sad state of things, but nothing is impossible to a true lover. Armed with a passport, which stated the object of his retrograde journey, the young lieutenant started out alone for the city of Mexico, passed through the Liberal army and numerous bands of bandits, which chivalrously opened right and left for to let him pass, and bore off his bride safely to France. O, la possenza di amore.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Robert E. Lee, Mrs. Frank P. Blair, Mrs. N. B. Forrest, Mrs. L. M. Keitt, Mrs. Andrew Johnson, Miss Augusta Evans, Mrs. A. Longstreet and others are on the list of honorary members of the association of ladies formed in Memphis for the purpose of raising funds to erect a magnificent church edifice to the memory of the Confederate dead. The mural tablets are to be inscribed with the names of all which may be furnished by societies throughout the Southern States.

Property of Married Women Protected in Georgia.

The Georgia Legislature has passed an Act, which has been approved by the Governor of that State, which secures the wife's property, real and personal, from the debts, contracts and liabilities of the husband. This just, humane and politic measure was voted down in the State of South Carolina, at its recent Session. Now, that negro property no longer exists in this State, (it was liable to become an incumbrance, and an expense to the husband, especially where there were many women and children) there remains not a shadow of excuse for continuing the old, harsh and barbarian laws, subjecting the inheritance of the wife, and property however acquired by her, to the debts of the husband. No good man can desire to have his wife made a beggar because he is unfortunate, and unable to pay his debts, and no heartless husband ought to have the power to subject his wife's property to pay his liabilities, or to spend licentiously. But the laws of South Carolina compel alike the good and bad fallen into pecuniary embarrassments, and there are not a few, to sacrifice every vestige of the wife's estate. Talk of Sherman's burnings and desolations, in his march through South Carolina! Her own laws are far more merciless than the sword and torch of his army upon the property of women and children; he burnt their houses but left perchance a shed or cabin; the fields and the land he could not destroy. The laws of this State deprive them alike of their houses and field, and leave not even a shed, or garden spot, of what was once a fair inheritance. And the Legislature has shown, not only an unwillingness to protect the wife's property, but will not give any respite to judgment and sentence of execution. We say the Legislature is guilty of this great wrong, but not all. There were many men among them of juster views, and more kindly feeling; and some who voted against the protection of the wife's property, did it with reluctance, upon considerations and objections delusive and unreal. Such will, hereafter, we sincerely believe, take a different course.—*Greenville Enterprise*.

LAST OF THE CONFEDERACY.—There were sold in this city on Saturday at public auction, says the Lynchburg Virginian, on account of the United States, a lot of hospital or field stretchers, the property of the late Confederacy. They were purchased by a commission merchant at sixteen cents a piece, and will be converted, the cloth into grain bags, and the wood into garden frames. It was a sad sight, and suggested mournful reflections. It spoke of pale faces and bleeding forms; it spoke of suffering and anguish; it spoke of battle and carnage—of defeat and victory; it spoke of hunger and thirst and exhaustion; it spoke of blighted hopes and broken hearts—of vacant seats and mourning homes; it spoke of furling banners and shattered lances, and it spoke of a brave people ground beneath the heel of despotic power. We turned from the scene under the influence of these sad memories.—*Augusta Press*.

"Jack Cheyne," the Kit Carson of the Adirondacks, possesses a pistol with which he claims to have killed 1,500 deer, 12 otters, 1 panther, 23 bears, 19 moose, 24 wolves, besides a large amount of other game. This formidable weapon has been in his possession for thirty-two years.

The base ball clubs of Atlanta had another match game on Thursday. The "Atlanta" club, which was beaten in a previous contest, scored 91 and the Gate City 83.

Go on with your work.

We say again to the people of this State, as we have frequently said before, the political game being played at the political gambling house at Washington, should be no matter of discouragement to them in the prosecution of their plans of individual industry, or in the development of the internal improvement system of the State. Nothing will be done, after all, which will endanger life or property. Not a man will even be deprived of life in this State by military commission. Not a single "rebel" will ever be deprived of his property by confiscation. The whole game, from beginning to end, is to "bluff" and intimidate. The North is more in danger of revolution and financial ruin than the South is; and the Radical conspirators in the "so-called" Congress are in as much danger of having their necks broken by a tough pull of hemp as the most noted "rebel" in the South. Therefore, do not be alarmed. Plant corn and Cotton, raise wheat, hogs, chickens and turkeys, build railroads and factories, in contemptuous indifference to the course of the villainous crew at Washington.

The chignon reform is progressing, and the city scavengers are astonished at the quantity of dilapidated false hair they find in the ash barrels. Not only has it been ascertained that creeping things are generated in the chignons, but also that the foreign hair imported here to make them is gathered from the heads of the dead, and contains the infectious diseases of which the owners died. That disease is carried in the hair is indisputable. Frequently the chignon hair is plucked out of the dead heads by the roots. Just think of it. I am rejoiced that fashion does not require the men folks to wear the hair of defunct Frenchmen and Germans. The alarm about "barlakes" and infection among the New York ladies are so great, that the dealers in waterfalls on Broadway have had to bribe a newspaper to publish a defence of their business. They laugh at the "barlake" story, and insist that only live hair is sold by first class dealers, and that it is carefully cleansed by chemical process before it is worked up into those charming ornaments which the ladies append to the back of their heads. As for the animalcule said to exist in them, they suggest that they will pass muster as quickly as anybody's own head when microscopically examined. As the subject is getting rather unpleasant, I leave it.—*N. Y. Cor. Char. Courier*.

PITIFUL.—The pitiful attempt of certain journals to identify those who urge the active acquiescence of our people in the mode of reconstruction adopted by Congress with those nomadic soldiers of fortune, known as Southern Radicals, is a device so weak and pitiful, as to be beneath contempt. Those who believe the time has come to put an end to agitation, strife, and suspense, are the truest friends to the South—they are those who have been true to her honor and her traditions—who have followed her blood stained banner in triumph as well as in defeat—men, whose fealty to the South has been illustrated in a life long devotion, and whose names will live in Southern history, when those of these word patriots have evaporated with their frothy utterances into oblivion. [Press.]

The protest of some Connecticut clergyman against having funerals on the Sabbath is suggestive of protesting against admitting babies into the world on Sunday.

An Indiana paper says "Old Grimes" is not dead, but still lives and continues to wear his "old gray coat buttoned down before."

Unique Marriage.

A few days since a singular marriage occurred in the private house of a Presbyterian clergyman in New York, the circumstances of which are as follows: The bridegroom was what is styled a sporting man, and was on his way to Albany with a brother blackleg, who possessed a very dangerous piece of property in the shape of an extraordinarily pretty wife. The married gambler had not been long on the boat before he observed something in the conduct of his spouse to induce him to suspect that she was more fond of his friend than was pleasant to contemplate, or prudent to permit. He kept his own counsel, however, and made excuse for leaving the pair alone. They profited by his absence; and, just before the steamer reached the capital, he went suddenly to his state room and forced open the door. He found the twain within, and at the point of the revolver, but calmly, made the lover swear that he would marry the false wife immediately on returning to New York. "You say you love her," he added; "prove it in the way I have prescribed, and I shall never trouble you or her. Fail to make her your wife and I'll pursue you to the ends of the earth, and take your life, so sure as there is a God in heaven. Have no hesitation about the legal difficulty. I shall never make my appearance on your domestic scene; and few will know, and no one will disturb you in your connubial relation. I have loved that woman better than my life—I love her still. But after what has occurred I cannot take her to my arms again. She has transferred her affections to you I believe. Do not abuse them. Cherish and protect her; and if you ever need a friend apply to me. You have sworn to marry her. If you have any regard for your life keep your oath; for I have sworn, as you have, to kill you if you do not redeem your sacred word."

At Albany the betrayed Benedict parted with his wife and her lover, who came directly over to New York and were straightway joined in wedlock. The first mentioned person is said to be a man of education, at one time a merchant in Baltimore, Maryland, and remarkable among his "profession" for the strictness with which he keeps his word, and the perfect coolness of his play. It is said that he killed a man in a duel at Richmond.

THE AUTHOR OF MORGAN'S BOOK.—David C. Miller, the publisher of Morgan's book, terminated his earthly career at Bristolville, Trumbull Co., Ohio. "He died a drunkard, and now fills a drunkard's grave in our town (Bristolville) with not a single relative or friend to shed a tear for his departure." Thus writes an esteemed correspondent of the National Freeman.

There are some Masons in New York city who will meet a similar end, who, if rumor be true, impose upon the public by issuing sundry books, advertised as monitors, worse than Morgan's. Brethren who report certain things to us are morally and mechanically bound to push them to definite conclusion.—*National Freeman*.

A mystery which quite surpasses the sphynx is astonishing the New Yorkers. It is a living human head, resting upon a very small cushion, and floating in mid air under a strong light. It laughs, talks and recognizes persons in the hall, but there is no obvious body, and it floats at least four feet from the floor, ceilings and walls. It is the greatest puzzle out.

Mrs. Jeff. Davis has shared her husband's confinement in Fortress Monroe. She has since been confined outside.—*Louisville Journal*, since.

A Negro Sermon.

My dear beloved brethren an Sisters an friends of Galesburg, I is glad to meet you once more on this interestin occasion.

I perceive from de enlarged vision ob your optical luminaries dat you are all wonderin what de preacher is goin to say; in de fust place next, I want you young niggers in de corner ov de room to pay tickler tention to what you come here for, and quit castin Sheep's eyes at each other or you'll be put out ov dat dooh wid de goats; an yu young white foax, if you kum hear to larn sumthin, jest quit your tit terin and pay tention or you'll go down to superstition jest as shore as I kill dis fly in my hand—gosh a mighty I miss him.

Well, no matter, you'll find de words ob de tex somewhere twix de lids ob de Bible and when youve found him dey will read dus. "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem; I would gather my chickens under my wing, but you would not." Now my suspected hearers, de great misery is, de kind of chickens dat is ment in de tex.

I wish some ov you young niggers behind de doo would keep your enlarged understandins, from circulation so promiscuously on de floor.

Dare am many kind of chickens now in use; dare's de yaller legged Domanaker, de dung hill fowl, de little Cantan, an de polen top not, an de flat foot escovoy, but I am ov de opinion it ain't none ob dese; den dare is de Shinghi which latter class stans in de fust category for bein de talest ob de gang and consequently could see de broke ov day more numerously comin fust, besides de city ob Jerusalem am sat on a hill an dare bein no possums dare, de people is mighty careful ob der chickens as I learn from Bruder Norfrup, which gentlemen am de most numerous judge ob de best kind ob yello leg I ever saw; he says dat de kind ob chicken ment in de tex, am de same kind dat Jacob serve for Lear seven year, dis he done tole me de last time he was in dis city ob Galesburg ov de last night he stayed at my house but one.

He is a genelman, a scollar an a christian, for he say dat de best kind of chicken refered to am spontaneously plenty at de city ob de saints, at Salt Lake; an he wanted your beloved elder to go out dare wid him in de Spring, chicken hunting; whar he say de game war as plenty as weasels sitting about a barn yard, on condition dat Sister dinah ober dare would descent to go out wid us.

But O! my brederm an Sisters I fere I will be very banky bout goin, until I git my forty dollar burean from our uncle, whose sir name is samuel. (amen; bully for de bureau.)

Dare will be meetin here agin a week from to day, if de Lord is willin; an two weeks from to day anyhow, provided brother Norfrup come wid me, as he has heretofore previously agreed to.

We'll all look to Abraham an be dismissed.

A young fellow entered a church and took his seat with his hat on. An elder noticing it, stepped up and requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he came to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted it off when, to his chagrin, out rolled a quart of hickory-nuts, making more noise than was consistent with decorum. "Man," quietly said the youth, "see what you have done!"

A friend says he knows of but one branch of employment which is very profitable, and but little followed, and that is, "Mind your own business."

Madame George Sand has not been ill for 15 years, and she attributes her health to constant bathing and out-door exercising.