

The Newberry Herald.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF USEFUL INTELLIGENCE.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

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THE HERALD

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NOTICE.

To be sold, on TUESDAY the 26th of November next, at the late residence of MIDDLETON T. KINARD, dec'd., all the personal property of said dec'd., consisting of the following property, to-wit:

One Valuable FAMILY HORSE.

- Two fine Brood Mares.
- One fine Colt.
- Nine fine young Mules.
- One large fine Devon Bull.
- Forty or fifty head Cattle.
- Thirty or forty head Hogs.
- Fifteen Sheep.
- Forty head Goats.
- Five Wagons.
- Two Buggies and Harness.
- Wagon and Plow Gear.
- Farming Implements.
- 400 or 500 bushels Corn.
- Fodder and Shuaks.
- Forty bushels Seed Barley.
- Fifty bushels Oats.
- Fifty bushels Wheat.
- Flour and Corn.
- Peas and Cotton Seed.
- One Thrasher.
- One Fan.
- One Corn Shelter.
- One Straw Cutter.
- Blacksmith's Tools.
- Two Gins.
- Hutchinson and Kitchen Furniture and many other articles.

SALE OF CASH.

THOMAS F. HARMON, Adm'r. HENRY O. HENSON, J. C.

WILL BEY, on the day of Sale, the plantation on which M. T. Kinard lived at the time of his death, and the Ferry known as Higgins Ferry, for the benefit of Thomas F. Harmon and Nancy C. Kinard, to whom the land was conveyed by M. T. Kinard in his lifetime.

THOMAS F. HARMON, Agent.

October 23

We have on hand a

Large Stock of Groceries,

which we'll sell as LOW as they can be bought in any up-country market.

For Cash or Exchange

For Country Produce.

Also, we will pay the HIGHEST CASH PRICE for

Cotton, Flour, Grain,

Peas, &c.

MYLES & MARTIN.

October 23

IRON TIES

AT REDUCED PRICES.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF BEARD'S PATENT SLOTTED TIE.

AND BEARD'S PATENT IMPROVED BUCKLE TIE.

Which will be sold at greatly reduced prices, and on liberal terms.

Supplied at a heavy discount.

Geo. W. Williams & Co., Factors.

Charleston, S. C.

Oct. 24-25.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons, white and black, are hereby notified to abstain from trespassing on my plantation in any way, and all are strictly forbidden to ride through my plantation between D. S. Graham's and J. F. Cromer's, as there is no road through there. My fences must forever hereafter be left up. All who violate this notice will have the law for their trespass, as I will no longer suffer myself to be trespassed upon.

October 23

F. D. GRAHAM.

THE BEST TONIC IN USE.
HANKNIN'S
HEPATIC
BITTERS
MANUFACTURED BY
DR. C. F. PANKNIN,
Charleston, S. C.
December 25 1867

A Doctor's Story.

I am an old physician: an old fool, one of my bachelor friends called me on an important and interesting occasion; but every man, the proverb says, is either the one or the other at forty, and I wish the uncomplimentary remark to be kept a profound secret between myself and the public. I was just five-and-twenty when I made a solemn determination to live and die a bachelor: moved thereto by the pretty Mary Somers having refused me and married my friend and school-fellow, John Tolmer.

I never saw her afterwards; she died in a few years. John came to me in the lonely sorrow of his bereavement, seeking for comfort and sympathy; in the renewal of our early friendship I shook his hand—I listened to his words of grief for Mary—I wept—and we were brothers as before.

After some time I went abroad, and travelled through many lands, picking up a few out-of-the-way secrets in medicine, which have been useful at times to my patients, and especially to my darling. But I must not anticipate.

Years passed on; I grew tired of leading a wandering life, and returned to my native country, Ireland, I took up my abode in Dublin. I began to practice as a physician, but somehow I did not get on particularly well,—at least with the ladies. I could not, for the life of me, listen with a grave, sympathizing face to the history of a nervous headache, "a nervous finger-ache," "a nervous howl," "Oh, those nerves! How I hated the very name! I suppose one reason why I did not succeed well in my profession was that I had the means of living in affluence without it. One of those kind old three-per-cent. Consols admits so frequently to be met with in novels, and so seldom in real life, that I had never seen, and I had never seen, died shortly after my return from abroad.

A few days before her death, she had a most opportune quarrel with her waiting-maid, on the score of the pet parrot having bitten the pet cat, and the latter having retaliated by clawing out her antagonist's eye, without Susan being present, as in duty-bound, to prevent hostilities. In revenge of the injury sustained by the feathered biped, the luckless expectant plumeless one was summarily dismissed and disinherited in favor of me, her lawful and "beloved nephew," as the old lady styled me in her will.

My be, some thought of old love for my mother, whom she had disowned for marrying my father, came back as such thoughts often do, and visited those in death who in life have sternly repelled them. Be this as it may, I suddenly found myself a rich man, just when I felt that riches, without Mary Somers, were valueless. I pensioned poor Susan, and also the cat and the parrot, who being acquitants, lived, I need not say, to a good old age. My aunt's legacy, still invested in the Funds, formed a comfortable provision, and removed the spur of necessity from my professional efforts.

The Last War Council of President Davis.

In the *Southern Home Journal*, Mr. E. A. Pollard describes the last council of war held by Hon. Jefferson Davis. This conference was held in South Carolina, while Mr. Davis was in retreat, and only a few days after the issue of his proclamation of April 5, in which he urged the South to an unending conflict. This proclamation was issued before the surrender of Lee's army, "an event," says Mr. Pollard, "which appeared to determine the last hopes of the Southern people, to convince them that further prosecution of the war was useless, and even criminal in a fruitless consumption of human life."

Mr. Pollard adds: Not so with Mr. Davis. He was remarkable for a sanguine temperament; he had that disposition at once imperious and weak, which, demanding that all things must be as it wishes, believes them so; and what the world thought the swollen boasts of a desperate and falling leader were really the sincere illusions of a proud man who never, indeed, fully realized the extremity of his cause until "the iron entered his soul" in the casemates of Fortress Monroe. In his strangely deliberate and, leisurely retreat through the Carolinas, he had not appeared for a moment to realize that he looked with fragility upon the disordered fragments of the army that had gathered on the line of his flight, and that pursued it with a vague and uncertain design.

An officer who was constantly in his company, in what might be thought days of anguish and despair to the fallen chief, testifies: "Mr. Davis was apparently untouched by any of the demoralization which prevailed—he was affable, dignified and looked the very embodiment of high and undimmed courage." He yet persisted that the cause was not lost, although Lee had surrendered, although Johnson had hurled his banners without a battle, and although all that was visible of the great armies that had stood from Richmond to Augusta, on the dominant lines of war, were less than one thousand soldiers, fragments of brigades that assembled around him at Abbeville, South Carolina, when he paused there for a final council with his Generals.

In the little town of Abbeville Mr. Davis summoned his officers council; he was determined to try their resolution, and anxious to ascertain the spirit of their men.

The only full General who yet attended him were Bragg, his "military adviser," and Breckinridge, late Secretary of War. There were five brigade commanders present at the conference. To this small but important audience Mr. Davis addressed himself with all the powers of his wonderful and subtle intellect. The old, imperious look was yet in his worn face; the eye, transfixed with neutral pain, with its deep red of light, shone steady and defiant; the thin visage was illuminated by the active mind and shone with animated discourse. He spoke in the even, silvery tones of his accustomed eloquence.

He declared that the country was only suffering from violent surprises and an exaggerated alarm; its resolution would soon be erect again; the present condition was that of panic, and patriotism would soon be aroused when it heard the commanding and reassuring tones of authority. He insisted that the war was not hopeless. The armies, could be reassembled, and there would be new calls for enlistments and new incentives to the country's service. He said that even the few hundred men he yet counted around him were enough to prolong the war until the panic had passed away, and they would then be a nucleus for thousands more. He urged his officers to accept his views, and animate their men to stand to the good cause, whose honor they had so long maintained, and whose last hopes they now carried on their bayonets.

His auditors were silent. At length, they spoke, one by one, each brigade commander stating the conditions and temper of his men, and declaring his view of the situation. It was a plain unanimous judgment; the war could not succeed and should not be prolonged; they could not ask their men to struggle against a fate which was inevitable, and forfeit all hopes of restoration to their homes and friends; but they would insist that their honor was involved in securing the escape of

Etiquette and Tralls.

Is it excusable under any circumstances to step on a lady's dress? Excusable, we mean, according to the laws of etiquette. No lady will claim, we presume, that as a mere matter of justice between man and man, or rather between man and woman, there is any absolute crime involved in the act of stepping upon a trail in a crowded church aisle, for instance, or in a drawing-room. The argument, when it comes to a matter of practical justice, is very strongly in favor of the gentlemen, provided it be proved that the accident is not a matter of pure carelessness. We ask the question purely in its relation to etiquette, however. Is a gentleman ever excusable for stepping upon a lady's dress? Can he, under certain circumstances, apologize, bow, smile, say he is sorry he did it, and be considered as "perfect a gentleman" as before the mishaps. We have seen many ladies who absolutely deny that there is any apologetic regeneration which will restore a gentleman to their unqualified respect after he has stepped upon a dress. "A perfect gentleman," they say, "is never guilty of such a thing." "Ah, ladies," we have argued, "never means more than you think it does, perhaps—it involves an accuracy of pedal control which would demand the undivided attention of the brain—we are none of us more than human." The ladies, however, refuse to listen to argument; they insist that a "perfect gentleman is never guilty," etc., with a persistence peculiar to themselves. They insist that a young man who is so unfortunate as to mistake a dress pattern for a velvet carpet must regard himself with utter contempt. They are not satisfied with blushes and apologies. They accord, indeed, a smile, and say it is an old dress, and all that, but they curl the corners of their lips and compare the offender with the ideal of a "perfect gentleman," which each lady carries in her heart. Now we do not propose to argue the question, but would like to hear the opinions of our friends on the subject. The season of fashion and balls, and—shall we say it of a particular season?—the season of church going is at hand. We are to encounter trails upon the streets, it is evident, as well as in the drawing-room. The subject then is an important one, and should be decided immediately.

It is excusable in a gentleman, under any circumstances, to step on a lady's dress?

Immigration.

OLDENBURG, October 3 1867.

General John A. Wagener, Commissioner of Immigration.

DEAR SIR: Since my last report I have been nearly always on the wing. I have travelled, principally through the upper part of Germany, Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, etc. I have distributed your pamphlets through a great many cities, towns and villages, and the people begin to see the importance of South Carolina as a home for them. I am in hope, that by next Spring, when the stream of immigration begins to flow, some will seek South Carolina as their home. I have also sent a thousand copies of the pamphlet to Leipzig, to be sent to every bookstore in the country, from where they will be advertised. I sent to 300 newspapers, out of the 3000, which are published in Germany; proper copies, but from the returns I have seen so far, the press seems to be hostile to our scheme.

I send by to-day's mail some specimens. You will notice the articles in the two *Aussiederer Zeitungs*. I called upon the editor of the *Aussiederer Zeitung* in Rudolstadt, in company with Mr. Vogler, whom I met in Erfurt, and asked for an explanation. He told me he had not written the article himself, but one of his friends. He is willing to publish any answer to that article you may choose to send. In a conversation I had with him he asked, among other things, whether Charleston was not situated somewhere in the interior of North Carolina! Such people undertake to publish articles against a State of which they know positively nothing. Still, some people will believe them. During my travels I found a great many intelligent gentlemen to whom I explained the state of things in South Carolina, and these promised a hearty co-operation. Especially, I found among those who have friends in South Carolina, a great desire to assist in getting emigrants to South Carolina. My agent in Bremerhaven has already distributed several hundred pamphlets on board of vessels going with emigrants to the different parts of the United States; this may induce some to seek South Carolina as their home. The bark *Gauss*, Captain Weiting, will sail with about one hundred and fifty emigrants to Charleston, on the 6th of October. I was on board yesterday, everything is ready and the passengers will come down to-morrow, from their respective homes. I will not be able to send you a list by to-day's mail as it will be kept open to the last moment. By next mail I will send a complete list of the passengers. As soon as Captain Weiting has sailed, I will again take a trip through the country and see what can be done, and if possible, send another vessel this Winter direct to Charleston. If we had steam communication between Bremen and Charleston, more might be induced to come direct, as they all prefer to go by steamer, especially the wealthier class, who are able to buy their own farms. I think you may expect some this Winter, who come by way of New York.

Very respectfully,
F. MELCHERS,
Agent of South Carolina.

Gen. Kirby Smith contemplates taking orders and becoming an Episcopal minister.

Matters in Virginia.

The *Charlottesville Chronicle*, a conservative, and not an anti-agro paper, says: "The negroes in Virginia have set the seal to their doom. There is no longer any peace. The question now is, who shall occupy and rule the territory between forty and thirty-two degrees North latitude—the blacks or the whites. Every conceivable effort has been made here to harmonize the two races. Every form of overture has been made to the blacks by the whites. Every appliance was resorted to, to carry the election. All has been in vain. Drilled like an army, maneuvered like a body of disciplined troops, obeying an order from the central league like a sign from a marshal's baton, the negroes have delivered their vote like a concentrated broadside. Perhaps it is best to bring matters to a crisis at once. Let it be developed at once what negro suffrage means. The farther the revolution goes, the more violent will be the recoil. The North will not believe until they see, and they will see when the Southern elections are finished."

The *Richmond Dispatch*, a paper which has favored Congressional reconstruction, says: "Every one who has not been made acquainted with the 'thorough' system of organization through secret societies, of the negro population of Virginia, will be amazed to see with what unanimity they have voted everywhere for the radical nominees. There has been no division amongst them. Not the slightest respect has been paid to personalities. They have voted as unanimously for the most inconsistent, corrupt and disreputable men as they have for those in better standing. There is hardly a single one of their nominees who is respected in respectable communities, but there are some who are very much better than others. Their black constituents show, however, no greater deference to these than they do to all others."

"A dreadful feature of this atrocious game is the complete abolition of the negro from the white people with whom he has been raised and with whom he must live. The returns from every county show that they are completely banded together as one man in a war—yet only political—against their people and their own best interests. It is the saddest feature of these monstrous times. Our citizens find that they have a body in their midst which is wholly and blindly antagonistic to them. No division amongst themselves—no appeals to reason from without—have made the slightest impression upon their solid union. It is as painful as it is incomprehensible."

"SUSPENSION OF JUDGE ALDRICH."

General Canby has issued an order suspending Judge Aldrich from the exercise of his official functions. Judge Aldrich's offence consisted in having refused to violate the laws of the State which he had sworn to support.

CONVENTION OF PLANTERS.

The attention of our readers is called to a communication in another column, recommending the holding of a convention of planters in Charleston to devise means to ward off the terrible famine and suffering which now threatens Beaufort and other seaboard districts.—*Charleston Mercury*.

Divorces are said to be so common in Detroit, that a citizen of that city held a reception party the other night to receive congratulations upon having visited Chicago and returned without being divorced from his wife.

The Madison (Fla.) Messenger reports three weddings in one night last week in that town. In one instance the happy bridegroom was a lad of fourteen years and the blushing bride a widow with five children.

FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Overcoats to the knees, very tight pants like those worn thirty years ago, and silk hats, with low crowns and broad brims. Such are men's fashions for the coming season.

M. de Foville announces in the Paris *Liberte* that Mlle. Eliza Montez, daughter of Lola Montez, will soon make her first appearance in tragedy at the Odeon Theatre.

On the night of the 27th inst., Mr. Geo. W. McCade, while returning from Raleigh to his home in Johnston county, N. C., was attacked by two negroes, and robbed of everything he had.

The next day the robbers were arrested and the stolen property recovered.

The Supreme Court of Maine decreed eighteen divorce cases at its last session in one county.