

The Newberry Herald.

Vol. VI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 29, 1870.

No. 26.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1 20 per square—each inch—for first insertion, and \$1 for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent above. Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements. Special notices in local column 20 cents per line. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbidden or charged for. Special contracts with large advertisers, with liberal deductions, above rates. JOB PRINTING Done with Neatness and Dispatch. Terms Cash.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Dear Sirs:—Some months since, if you have not forgotten, I wrote you a letter about Denmark and its Capital. This letter if I remember rightly, was never finished, but contained the promise that it would be some time in future—so this is sent to fulfill in part that compact, hoping that the time which has elapsed since my first is not too great to make the present communication altogether uninteresting. I proceed therefore, without further remarks or apologies, to make a few comments on Thorwaldsen's Museum, which is one of the principal sights in the Capital.

This Museum was built by subscription to contain the works of Thorwaldsen, which he had given to his native city. It is in the form of a parallelogram, and in the court in the centre, by his own request, was built a tomb to contain his remains, which were deposited there 6th Sept., 1848—thus making his Museum, likewise his Mausoleum.

Thorwaldsen was the son of a ship carpenter from Iceland, and was born in Copenhagen, 1770. At an early age he acquired a passion for drawing, which soon led him to Rome, where he became a pupil of the great Canova. He was a genius by nature, and a man of unwavering perseverance; yet he had but little patronage till he was about to leave Italy, when the statue of his "Jason" attracted the attention of an Englishman. After that his fortune changed, and his orders were more numerous than he could execute. Thence till the hour of his death, he busied in the cheering sunshine of prosperity and royal favor. This sudden change was the cause of his establishing himself in the Holy City, which he did not leave till six years before his death, which occurred at the theatre in 1844.

His reception in Copenhagen—Sept., 1838—when he, after an absence of eighteen years, returned to the land of his nativity in the vessel which brought over a part of his works intended for the Museum—is depicted at a *bas-relief* on one of the exterior sills; and on the other, the conveyance of these works to the Museum. His great and last work, "The Angel of Baptism," is represented nearest the entrance—which naturally—owing to its nature and worth, should have precedence. The same allusion to Thorwaldsen's immortal genius which is seen on the walls in the court-yard, is also found in the decorations of the facade; in the Victoria, erected on the roof, who stops her quadriga over the entrance—and in the capitals of the corner pilasters, on which in front triumphant goddesses are represented driving in chariots—and on the sides *Sol* and *Luna*, who with their swift steeds, raise themselves aloft to conquer darkness. The Victoria on the quadriga, all of which is cast in bronze and after models from different masters, was a present of King Christian VIII.

The contents of the Museum are of a twofold nature: the works executed by Thorwaldsen himself, and the objects of art from ancient and modern times, which he had collected during his long life, and with which his dwelling and ateliers were adorned. The most noted of the large statues are those of the poet Schiller, with apotheosis on the pedestal—the genius of poetry, and the goddess of victory; and Pope Pius VII in his papal chair—at the sides two female figures representing Divine Wisdom and Strength, and at the foot, the arms of the Pope held by two little angels. The finest frieze is "Alexander the Great's Triumphant entry into Babylon"—the design is very fine, and is generally admired by every one; but the genius of the Museum are the statues of "Hector and Priam," and "Venus with the Golden Apple." The latter is the artist's own conception, and if not equal to the *Fons de Medicis*—it certainly loses naught by the comparison therewith. These and

most of his finest works, are all on the first floor; but as we ascend the broad marble stair-case, we come, on the first landing, to the colossal and majestic statue of "Jason with the Golden Fleece," famous as having first attracted the attention of the world, and from the completion of which his fortunes suddenly changed. This gigantic statue, which is twelve and a half feet high, was carved from a solid block of Venetian marble, it is said, took four oxen to haul from the quarry to the place of exportation!

The rooms on the second floor—about thirty-five in number—contain a fine and extensive collection of statuettes, paintings, bronzes, casts, etc; besides a very valuable cabinet of Egyptian, Grecian and Roman coins. In the last of the rooms visited, is shown the furniture of Thorwaldsen's sitting room, arranged in exactly the same manner as when he last used it. Besides the furniture, it contains several portraits of his family, a bust of Martin Luther—by himself—the unfinished design of his "Daubens Engel," which was intended, as he said, to be the *chef-d'oeuvre* of all his work, and two beautiful bas-reliefs—"Thetis dipping Achilles in the river Styx," and "Alexander solaced by Thetis to burn the palace in Persepolis." Near the design of his last work stands his little bronze clock, pointing to 6 o'clock and 10 minutes P. M., the precise hour that summoned the soul of this, one of the greatest sculptors of modern times, before the presence of its Maker.

In my next, I will make a few remarks on the University, the theatres, amusements and social life in Copenhagen.

SPERO. Fair Warning.

GREELEY ON THE READMISSION OF WHITEMORE.

"CONGRESS, OR THE PENITENTIARY."

Under the head of "Congress, or the Penitentiary," we find the following outspoken leading editorial in the New York Tribune of Monday last:

A man is presently to offer himself at the bar of the House for readmission, concerning whom the same House recently adopted this resolution:

Resolved, That B. F. Whittemore, late member from the First District of South Carolina, did make appointments to the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis in violation of law, and that such appointments were influenced by pecuniary considerations, and that his conduct in the premises has been such as to show him unworthy of a seat in the House of Representatives, and is therefore condemned as conduct unworthy of the representative of the people.

Is this corrupt man, who was unworthy of a seat three months ago, to be readmitted as worthy now? We hear that he has been telegraphing to his friend and counsel, General Butler, the news of his triumphant re-election; that he confidently expects to be admitted without dispute; that reputable members are deploring it in a helpless sort of way, and going about dolefully asking each other, "How can we prevent it?"

Really we do not know. The House is made the sole judge as to the qualifications of its members. Once it seems to have had pretty decided notions concerning the qualifications of Mr. B. F. Whittemore. It grew less decided in some similar cases; finally it disgraced itself by permitting Mr. Butler, of Tennessee, to remain, albeit as guilty as Whittemore himself; now, perhaps, it may think Mr. Whittemore possessed of all the qualifications required for its present standard. It is the sole judge.

But we can assure members that the time is at hand when a larger body of voters will be called to sit in judgment. Thus far the Democrats have promptly spurned and cast out every member of their party found guilty of this caste-ship infamy. We assumed great virtue at the outset; then we furnished able counsel for the Congressional cadet merchants; next we excused one because he had been an unusually active Republican, and after that the whole business broke down. We tell gentlemen that we have had fully as much of this sort of thing as we can stand. We utterly and vehemently

protest against assuming any more party responsibilities in behalf of the carpet-bag Congressmen. Here is a man notoriously guilty of shameful and criminal acts. If the United States authorities had not already neglected their duty in the case, he would have been admitted to the penitentiary of South Carolina, just about the time he is approaching the bar of the House to take afresh upon his perjured lips the oath of office. The law of Congress explicitly provides that if any member of Congress shall, directly or indirectly, receive any pecuniary or other valuable consideration for procuring any office or place under the government, he shall be liable to indictment for misdemeanor in a United States Court, and, upon conviction, shall pay a fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and be imprisoned in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding two years, and be thereafter disqualified from holding any office of honor, profit or trust under the Government of the United States. The House has resolved that he has done these things; it has itself prescribed this penalty for the doing of these things; it now asks whether, ignoring the guilt, and defying its own law, it shall readmit Mr. Whittemore—perhaps that he may vote for the repeal of the odious law!

We have consistently urged universal suffrage and universal amnesty as the true solution for the problem presented at the close of the war by the conquered South. We have never held that negro suffrage, coupled with disfranchisement of whites, afforded such a solution. We point now to its disgraceful workings in the case of this man Whittemore, and ask "honorable" members—Whittemore himself is soon to show an admiring world what this high title, "honorable" means—to consider the result and draw their own conclusions.

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN JOURNAL DISGUSTED AT THE FRANKS OF THE RADICAL RING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

(From the Philadelphia Telegraph.) We have before referred to the corrupt ring of adventurers that now rules South Carolina, and has made Republicanism a term of reproach with every honest citizen of that State. After Whittemore was driven from the House, he demanded from his fellow plunderers a re-election to vindicate himself. Governor Scott had but to take the stand demanded by every consideration of official and personal integrity, and Whittemore would have been driven from South Carolina as he was from Washington. But he could not strike at the disgraced Congressman without striking at himself.

Congress has decided that either laws or individual action calculated to intimidate legal voters vitiates a majority, if employed in furtherance of that majority. Will it now inquire into the laws and acts of officials of South Carolina, by which the defeat of Whittemore was rendered impossible, regardless of the vote cast by the people? If the Republicans in Congress do not vindicate the name of the Republican party from complicity with the systematic corruption and lawlessness of the banded thieves in South Carolina and other Southern States, Republicanism will become a hissing reproach both North and South, and the better elements of the nation will accept any form of opposition to overthrow the adroit and shameless wrongs under the shadow of the Republican party. Let Congress meet this question now with a promptness and determination that will demonstrate to the nation that it can have no sympathy or fellowship with the political highwaymen who are now roaming through official channels in the South, in the name of Republicanism; and the Republicans in the North, and the Republicans in the South, will be saved from the defeat that must inevitably follow open disgrace. Let Whittemore be met at the threshold and sent back, because he left a criminal, and returns doubly criminal by the frauds he employed to effect his pretended re-election, and honesty in the South will take courage and bring forth good fruits, and Republicanism everywhere will be vindicated from complicity with the rumpies who have so basely prostituted Republican power in the Southern States.

"Bridget, I wish you would stop over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." Bridget returned in a few minutes with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, ten months and eight days old.

These odious long dresses are again to come in vogue for ladies. The short dresses are too neat and pretty to be abandoned for the hideous dust-scraper. But Quip says ladies are pretty in any style of dress.

A Curious Story.

The Elmira Advertiser publishes and comments thus on a circumstance printed in our columns some time since:

Some time ago, we related an incident connected with a little girl in Ithaca, when about dying, though she still remained on this side, could see into the "far beyond" and relate to those standing near what she saw. A still more remarkable case of a similar nature recently happened in Ottumwa, Iowa, and is vouched for by the Muscatine journals. It occurred at the death of Major Charles E. Fulton, a former Mayor of the city of Ottumwa. There seems to have been no hurry nor excitement at the death-bed, save that caused by that deep grief inseparable from such occasions. The dying man was perfectly calm and had entire possession of his senses and bade his wife and children farewell with perfect composure. He knew they were well provided for and he was ready to go. He sank rapidly the latter part of the day, and about dusk appeared to have passed away. He lay, however, but ten minutes in such a state, arousing himself with the exclamation, faintly uttered: "Not unto us, oh Father! but unto Thee, be all the glory." Pausing a moment, he exclaimed, "Five millions!" His wife leaning over him asked, "What does he mean? Spirits?" The whispered answer was, "Yes, that is it." Then followed the conversation as set down below, which was accurately recorded by the members of the family, within a few hours after his death:

His wife then asked, "Are they redeemed spirits?" Answer—"Yes. Some came yesterday; others are just getting in." His wife then said, "And you, darling, swell the number?" Assented to by "yes." She then asked, are they coming to welcome you home?" Answer, "Yes." Newton asked, "Charley, do you know them?" Answer—"I know all that I know on earth." His wife asked, "Do you see father?" Answer—"Which father?" (During the night and day previous, to test his falling sick, he had repeatedly been asked if he could see certain persons standing near; Father Mast was then standing by the bedside—hence his reply—he doubted whether she meant spiritual or natural sight. His wife said: "Father Fulton, (died six years ago.)" Answer—"Yes." Question by the same—"Did you see his little sister Mary, who died long ago in Virginia?" Answer—"Yes." She then exclaimed, "Then do we know each other in Heaven." He turned his face toward her with a faint smile, expressive of knowledge and surprise at the doubt, and whispered, "Certainly." Newton then asked—"Charley is in heaven then, in reality?" Answer—"Yes."

After a moment, Newton asked, "Then is it so terrible to die?" Answer—"No." His wife answered this by "Is it a door that opens to admit us into a better life?" Answer—"Yes." By the same—"Does it look bright?" Answer—"Sunny and fair," admitting an instant afterwards, "I am just catching glimpses." Question by his wife—"Brighter than anything you ever saw on earth?" Answer—"Oh, Yes." And again he sank away, and the last words had fallen from his lips, closing in death, and thus ended the triumph which was the natural outgrowth of a life, the motto of which had been the Golden Rule, and "Peace on earth and good will to all men."

Apart from the touching nature of the incident, the account of which it is hardly possible for a sensitive person to read without being moved to tears, there are interesting questions that give rise to which it would be well, though hard to answer. Satisfied of the truth of the account, are we to believe that persons really see what they describe, or is it something in the nature of a picture wrought by their hopes and by that which has been taught them? Does the frequent occurrence of such incidents as we have related show to us that we are, in time, to know more of that hereafter which is now so dim and uncertain? That we are approaching a period of the earth's life full of marvels and wonders, such as will disclose to us the reason and cause of all things? If the future and the hereafter and heaven can be seen by one man while still in this life, why not all?

The Courier Journal tells of a young fellow in that city who, last winter, was so hard up that he had no shirt to wear, but who about six weeks ago got five dollars and went for the tiger so successfully as to make it \$26,700. The Courier-Journal does not tell of the thousands who commence this business with a great deal more than \$26,700, and get down to a pauper's grave at public expense.

Brigandage.

The jokes of the European brigands are being imitated in South Carolina. A correspondent of the Charleston News, writing from Marion, S. C., under date of the 16th, says:

The store of Captain W. S. Elerbe and Mr. Samuel Watson was robbed in a manner which almost causes admiration from the peculiar boldness exhibited by the thieves. Captain Thos. E. Stanley had charge of the store, and was, as usual, attending to his business, when at 8 p. m., he was seized before any possible resistance could be made, forced to give the robbers the keys to the safe, and with wife and cook, locked in the counting-room of the store. The robbers fastened the windows securely, and posting guards, they commenced plundering. As a customer would come he would be seized, his life threatened in case of an out-cry, and marched into this nondescript jail. Eighteen persons were finally thus immured. Mrs. Stanley's infant, in the dwelling house adjoining, commenced to cry, and in obedience to her earnest entreaties, Capt. S. requested the robbers to let him go after his little child, and also that of his cook, in her house. The robbers humanely granted this request, guarding the Captain to the houses and back to his place of imprisonment. When they were ready to leave they handed the prisoners a lighted candle, and after warning them they would be shot in case they attempted to come out before day, they went off, taking the horse of Mr. Watson to assist them in taking off their booty. They made directly for the North Carolina line. At Mr. John H. Moody's they stopped, and took two horses, and at Mr. W. J. Page's they took two more.

Messrs. Elerbe & Watson's loss is not definitely known, as the goods were nearly all taken from the shelves and strewn on the floor—the robbers only taking off what suited them, this being for the most part ready-made clothing, ammunition, shoes, &c. They obtained \$400 in money. The imprisoned party succeeded, at 1 a. m., (15th instant,) in drawing a staple and releasing themselves, when the alarm was given, and pursuit commenced. We much fear the robbers are too far ahead of their pursuers. Mr. Shaw, a Deputy State Constable, is also in pursuit.

This is an account of one of the most daring robberies our County has ever known at any time. The party are supposed to be a part of the Robeson County, North Carolina, band of outlaws. The hand thrust in with the lighted candle was white, but the entire band, so far as seen, were blackened. The number of thieves is variously estimated from five to ten.

Since writing the above, Mr. Shaw has returned. The horses seemed to have been turned loose, after their services were no longer needed, and were met returning—so that much was saved. The band was traced beyond Ashpole, N. C., near the den of the Robeson outlaws, thus leaving no doubt that they were the robbers. Cannot Henry Berry Lowry and his band be captured by our neighbors, Holden? This is not the first outrage the people have sustained at their hands, and yet the Executive of North Carolina has not exercised its power to bring the wretches to justice. Yet Alamanee, for one affray, was placed under martial law.

Another Outrage on the Indians.

The Indians of Alaska have been lately undergoing a course of instruction and civilization at the hands of some of our military representatives which can hardly fail to impress them with a profound reverence for our principles of justice and mercy. In the Indian village of Wrangel, Alaska, a drunken Indian hit a woman's finger. Lieutenant Loucks, second officer in command of our military post, took twenty armed soldiers, entered the Indian's hut at midnight, and ordered the soldiers to fire. There were two Indians and their wives in the cabin. "Perhaps there were some others," says the Lieutenant; but that is not a matter of much consequence. A few Indians more or less don't count in a battle of that kind. The soldiers fired, and the original Indian offender was killed. Thereupon the commander of the post, Lieutenant Borrows, ordered the bombardment of the whole village, with its population of 508 souls, of whom 340 were women and children. The village is described in the report of the Indian Commissioners to the President as "made up of well-

constructed habitations, costing the inhabitants years of hard labor to build up with their primitive tools, ornamented with carving in wood of most singular and elaborate workmanship, painted with curious imagery, and provided outside and in with many of the conveniences of civilized life." Our men went to work at the word of command, and canoned this village with shot and shell continuously from two o'clock until dark of one afternoon, and from daybreak next morning until it was thought a sufficient lesson had been given to a population who, so far as we can perceive, had no more to do with the killing of the white man or the original offense than anybody in New York has. This, at least, is the substance of the report made by the Indian Commissioners to the Government; and we should like to know whether this is the sort of policy by which we propose to bring the Indians within the pale of civilization and humanity? Biting a finger is punished by death. The crime of an individual is avenged by the bombardment of a village. And yet these Indians do not believe that we are just and merciful, and mean them well!

A HEAVENLY TUB OF A MAN.—The Cincinnati "Gazette" says of Rev. Dr. Arnot, of Edinburgh, who attended the recent Presbyterian Assembly at Philadelphia: "It is hard to describe this glorious, blessed, heavenly tub of a man! Imagine a man about as thick as he is tall, so that whether he stands up, sits up, rolls up, leans up, side or foot, no matter which, he is always about as slow, steady, heavy, funny, witty, solemn, smiling, twinkling serious and gay, brim-full of feeling and pathos, with a voice somewhat drawing and nasal, yet impressive and powerful in its evangelic correctness and love, with eyebrows slaggy as the cliffs of his native land, and hair dark gray, approaching white—a man who waddles when he walks, and mingles the bag-pipe strain with the loving notes of his cordial salutations to you; a man simple and unsophisticated as a child, with intellect fine and heart tender as a babe's, and you have a faint picture of the last speaker of the evening. We cannot detail his speech. It was a model of aptness, simplicity, beauty, and propriety. He is full of illustration. The calf story, the force pump, the cloud, the stagnant pool, the bubbling spring, the judgment—none who heard them from his lips will ever forget them. Several times he convulsed the audience with laughter in his drawing and witty way, and again moved them to tears by his gentle and gushing love. Dear old man! all hearts love thee! Late may you return to the skies!"

It is not the wisest man nor the wisest newspaper that knows best how to deal with the tender emotions of the human heart.—The "simple creature named Higgins, who used to haul rock for old Matby," had far more sense about such things than the *Sun*, with all its boasted additiveness to the general habit of shining for all. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the Court House stairs and broke his neck," says Mark Twain, in the *June Galaxy*, "it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally, the body was put into Higgins' wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door. Then he said: "Does the widder Bagley live here?" "The widder Bagley? No, sir!" "I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?" "Yes, Judge Bagley lives here." "I'll bet he don't. But never mind—it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?" "No, not at present."

"I just expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o' suttin, mum, for I'm a-going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the wagon—and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to him!"

A clergyman in Ohio has sued his congregation for \$95 back salary.

A Western editor knows of a little Sunday school girl, who, being asked by the catechiser, "What is the outward visible sign of grace in baptism?" innocently replied, "Please sir, the baby."

The following extracts are from Gen. Wade Hampton's spirited and elegant address on the dedication of the Washington Light Infantry Monument, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston:

Let us, then, my friends and comrades, cling with unrelaxing grasp and unshaken confidence to the faith that is in us. Let not the angry threats of oppression or the siren voice of temptation drive or allure us to forsake it. Above all, be not misled by that unmeaning jargon which tells you that your cause was submitted to the arbitration of arms, and that the sword has decided that cause against you. The sword has never, nor will it ever, decide a principle or establish a truth. It can, as it has often done, overthrow a just cause and make might take the place of right; but it can never reverse the immutable laws of God, and make what is evil appear right in His sight. A noble cause, upheld heroically by honor, courage and patriotism may die along with its supporters. A great truth never dies; but, eternal as the God-head from which it springs, it lives forever, amid all the changes of dynasties, the wreck of empires, and the death of nations. It is too, as false in fact as in logic to assert that the sword can or does decide justly between right and wrong. With the sword the Goths and Vandals drenched the fair fields of Italy with the best blood of her sons. It gave nearly half the world to Mahomet. It allowed the Turks to trample on the civilization of Greece. Its keen edge has dismembered Poland. It has left Hungary bleeding at the feet of the oppressor. It has turned over Spain and Portugal to the tender mercies of the Saracens, and on this continent and in our day, directed by unscrupulous power against the throats of prostrate States, reeking with fratricidal blood, it enforces the laws which it alone has made. Tell me not then that the sword can rightfully turn the scale of justice. It is the exponent of tyranny, not the arbitrator of truth—the badge of the tyrant and the executioner, not the symbol of justice. It is not at all inconsistent with these views that we, as a conquered people, should observe scrupulously the terms dictated by the sword and accepted by us. We can do this, and should do it, in perfect good faith; but we should claim and exercise the God-given right of freedom of opinion. We acknowledge that the cause for which these men died is lost, but we should be false to them, false to that cause were we to admit that they were, because of failure, necessarily wrong. We believe that they were right, and we therefore honor and respect their memory. If they were right time will vindicate the action and record their fame. If wrong.

"It was a grievous fault, and grievously have they answered it." "It is right and proper that you should preserve the memory of our dead heroes. Would that we could erect to them a monument whose foundations should be as eternal as the lofty truths for which they died; great as their fame; pure as our love; lasting as our gratitude; rising proudly from the earth that holds their clay, and pointing with its spotless shaft to that heaven where we devoutly trust that they are now at rest. It is a touching and beautiful article of belief in the creed of that strange system of theology, which takes its name from its founder—one of the most wonderful men of the last century—that those who fall in battle fighting honestly and truly for their country, are immediately transported to heaven, to partake of the highest joys of that blissful abode; and though no such promise is held out by our religion to its votaries, it surely is not inconsistent with its holy spirit or divine teaching, that this may be the case. The trust of the patriot and the faith of the Christian may then unite in hope so full of joy and consolation, that our dead patriots—"God's soldiers"—purified by the great oblation of their lives for their country's liberty, standing now in the presence of the Eternal God, looking down with grateful hearts on this solemn scene, bringing their prayers for you, who are now manifesting your reverence and love for them, to the very foot-stool of the Throne of Grace, are invoking with devout supplications from the Father of Mercies, for you, all those rich blessings which He, and He alone, can bestow."

A lady says the first time she was kissed she felt like a tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmegs, and cranberries. She felt also as if something was running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honeysuckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows.

High Time in a Sleeping Car.—An Innocent Man Charged with Somnambulism.—He Gets up a Free Fight, and Walks into a Kentuckian. About midnight, when we were either lost in sleep or dropping away, a fearful scream that made the blood curdle broke upon our startled ears. This wild yell came from a female throat, and was followed by cries of "Oh! stop him," "Hold him," "Don't let him go," and the wildest confusion ensued. All the men sprang to their feet, and all the women screamed. Running along the passage way, I found a woman clinging to a male specimen of humanity, and begging him to go to bed, and learned, through a great deal of incoherent exclamation, that the man was a sleep-walker.

Oh, James, do come back to bed; do waken up—please do!" she cried, piteously. "Why, I am awake, you fool!" snorted the husband. "No, you're not. That is the way he always answers, and he'll go out and get killed under the cars. Won't somebody stop the train?" "Come, come, my good fellow, waken up, waken up," roared a stout man, shaking the supposed sleep-walker so violently by the shoulders that he must have had a free admission to the fire-works. In this he was assisted by our Kentucky friend, who appeared in a fearful suit of red flannel. This was too much for the afflicted man; charged with the crime of somnambulism. He went to fighting—shaking the stout man off with such force that compulsion went down in a sitting position, and hitting Red Flannels in the stomach. Blazes disappeared from sight through the curtains of a section from whence other female screams went up, and unmistakable evidences of a general excitement.

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The sleep-walker, after whipping all within reach, explained that he had got up with no intention to walk in his sleep, but to get a drink of water, but being given to somnambulism, his wife had taken the alarm, and with this information, he retired to his couch in a very sulky manner. Our Kentucky friend came tumbling from the section he had invaded, with his face scratched, his red flannel shirt torn, and giving evidence of having suffered from an encounter. He told me next day that when he had raided in on the bed, he rolled over a fat woman in to the arms of a thin one, who went at him tooth and nail, to the great damage of his underclothes and countenance.

GRAVES OF TWO CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.—A correspondent writing from Scott's Hill, states that near the Scott's Hill Church, twelve miles from Wilmington, are the graves of two Confederate soldiers. Upon the head-boards are the following inscriptions: "J. M. Easler, Co. C. 18th Regiment S. C. Volunteers, died February 22d, 1863." "John A. Mann, Co. H, 8th Regiment N. C. State Troops, died July 10th, 1863." These men died far away from their homes, and it is possible their friends do not know where their remains repose. They were first buried near the camp in which they died, which was situated in the neighborhood of the church, but through the benevolence of Maj. C. W. McClammy and others, their remains were removed to their present resting place and the graves neatly enclosed.

Papers in North and South Carolina are respectfully requested to copy this item.

THE RADICALS THREATEN TO RE-KLUX AN OLD CITIZEN.—The following infamous letter was received through the mail on Tuesday last, addressed to one of our oldest and most peaceful citizens, Maj. Eichelberger is a quiet planter, has never meddled with politics, nor, by word or act, offended any man. The letter was dropped at the post office at this place: [Laurensville Herald.]

LAURENSVILLE, C. H., June 29th, 70. Maj. J. A. Eichelberger:—The actions of yourself and sons have been of such a nature lately, that we will no longer tolerate the same; and furthermore, have determined that you shall not remain in this section alive. This is to warn you. It may be a day, perhaps a week, but as sure as the sun rises and sets, just so sure do you die if you persist in remaining. YOUR ENEMIES.

An eminent painter was once asked what he mixed his paints with in order to produce so extraordinary an effect. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his answer. Jerrold says that young boys who marry old maids, "gather in the spring of life, the golden fruits of autumn."