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Miscellaneous.

HOP BITTERS. (A Medicine, not a Drink.) HOPS, BUCU, DANDELION, AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

BURIAL CASES. R. C. CHAPMAN & SON. Respectfully announce that they have on hand the largest and best variety of BURIAL CASES ever brought to Newberry, consisting of

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Fisk's Metallic Cases, Embalming Cases, Rosewood Cases.

Coffins of their own Make. Which are the best and cheapest in the place.

R. C. CHAPMAN & SON. May 7, 1879.

A CARD. (PHOTOGRAPH.) Clarks' Superior Photos.

Clarks' Superior Photos. Know everybody, by these presents

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The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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NEWBERRY HOTEL, A. W. T. SIMMONS.

E. R. STOKES, Blank Book Manufacturer and GENERAL BOOKBINDER.

E. R. STOKES, Main Street, opposite New City Hall, Columbia, S. C.

Poetry. REVERIE. BY FATHER RYAN. Only a few more years. Weary years: Only a few more tears, Bitter tears!

Alas! alas! How soon we pass! And, O! we go So far away! When we must, From the light of life and the heat of strife To the peace of Earth, and the cold still dust.

Miscellaneous. ADDRESS OF GEN. JNO. D. KENNEDY. Delivered at Newberry, S. C., on the Occasion of the Unveiling of the Newberry County Confederate Monument, June 30th, 1880.

There are of communities as well as of States certain epochs in their existence which serve to convey important truths and commemorate great principles. They are landmarks which future generations must notice and reflect upon, and when they touch their heart and inner life, so to speak, neither time nor circumstances can ever obliterate their memory, but mellowed by age and odorous with tenderest recollections they are wreathed around with the sincerity of truth and the hallowing associations of history and tradition.

All honor to your noble enterprise. It is a credit to your County, and a fitting tribute to the loved and fallen. And as we stand to day and gaze upon it, we cannot repress the thought: "Pluck the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Memory, too, is busy, as it recalls loved forms who went forth in the spring-time of youth and manhood never to return.

How appropriate, then, that we observe such occasions as this! And as each recurring Spring heralds its existence with floral beauty, may you, with your sons and daughters, repair to this spot to cherish the memories it evokes—not in grief or desolate sadness, but with pride; softened by recollections of regret for the loss of the loved and the brave. Let it ever rekindle within you holy and healthful sentiments and be a parenthesis in the busy routine of your daily life.

yet be shrines whence every true patriot will draw fresh inspiration of patriotism and fraternal love. Let us then hold our heads erect, nor kiss the earth in sad humility. Our heroes have not died in vain, but from the graves will arise the holy incense of high and generous emotions to impel to renewed duty the generations yet to inhabit and develop this grand country.

With us there seemed at one time to be not one decade alone, but countless years of misrule and ruin. But refusing to touch the unclean thing, or bowing the knee to the Political Baal, that held high carnival over their desperate fortunes, with only now and then a dastard who forgot his duty or lost his self-respect, the sons of Carolina maintained their manhood through them all. Inspired by the examples of the past, hopeful of the future, and cheered in the darkest hour of their tribulation by the devoted women of the State, they struggled on until the hour of their deliverance drew nigh, and then, with one heart and one purpose and one supreme effort, they rose in their majesty of outraged right and hurled from power into the waves of oblivion the miserable men whose career had not one redeeming virtue, there to remain buried so deep that no bubble shall ever rise to tell where they sank.

the military and civic grandeur of this country, through all of its intermediate stages, in field, forum and council, to the beginning of the late war, contributed in large measure to the splendid exhibition of daring and sacrifice which characterized the sons of Carolina as they trod that gory pathway from Sumter to Appomattox, while the devotion and matchless love of her people in the bright days of her national renown, when her heraldic legend, "Semper animis opibusque parati," attested their chivalry in every national triumph, inspired them to bear with patience and hopeful resignation those dark days through which they have passed of military tyranny, political misrule and spoliation, and which hung over them like a pall of Egyptian darkness? Our history, during those long, weary years of shameful corruption and outrageous degradation of the fair name of an ancient commonwealth by the hordes of miscreants and hungry vultures who pretended to govern her, seem now as we look back upon them, like the horrible and gasty nightmare of a disordered mind. Often were we tempted to say, like the younger Pitt, as he lay on his death-bed when the news of the rout of the Russian and Austrian armies on the fatal day at Austerlitz was told him, as he cast his eye upon a map of Europe hanging on his chamber wall: "Fold up that map, for there is no use for it for ten years to come."

With us there seemed at one time to be not one decade alone, but countless years of misrule and ruin. But refusing to touch the unclean thing, or bowing the knee to the Political Baal, that held high carnival over their desperate fortunes, with only now and then a dastard who forgot his duty or lost his self-respect, the sons of Carolina maintained their manhood through them all. Inspired by the examples of the past, hopeful of the future, and cheered in the darkest hour of their tribulation by the devoted women of the State, they struggled on until the hour of their deliverance drew nigh, and then, with one heart and one purpose and one supreme effort, they rose in their majesty of outraged right and hurled from power into the waves of oblivion the miserable men whose career had not one redeeming virtue, there to remain buried so deep that no bubble shall ever rise to tell where they sank.

of God, to be the home of the Anglo-Saxon slaves or the temple of Anglo-Saxon liberty, but consecrated afresh by the sacrifices of the men whose memories we this day commemorate, is yet to be the dwelling place of myriads of patriotic sons, who, made more noble and dutiful by the blood and trials of the past, will shed fresh lustre on new scenes of usefulness, in the sphere of enlarged public duty and high endeavor. If "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church," the grave of the patriot is the mansion of liberty, and as in the physical, so in the moral and political world, every apparent disaster has its corresponding compensation.

The march of events ever proceeds with measured step and certain aim, with a destiny to fulfill and ends to achieve, and though at times obscure and mysterious, subsequent developments have always demonstrated the wisdom, and power, and purpose of God in history, while the precious consolation is ever given us, "though thou knowest not now what I do, thou shalt know hereafter." Apparent calamity has too often orientated in ultimate good, and the diverse relations of opposing interests become unified into common national benefit to make us doubt His goodness and wisdom. In the evolution of His majestic purpose, a cause which, to all human appearances, has terminated in overwhelming disaster, has so left its impress on the minds of the successful people as to ultimately influence if not control, their destiny, William, of Normandy, and his rapacious followers in the flood-tide of their triumph, at Hastings, sought to humiliate the subjects of Harold by obnoxious laws, exacting demands, and fierce persecutions. But in the retributive justice of time, conqueror and conquered blended into one, and their nascent and developing civilizations acting and harmonizing upon each other erected the splendid structure of English civil and religious liberty, and gathering force and strength went forth on their triumphal career of conquest and colonization, until the reveille of their morning drum wakens the echoes of the globe, and the sunlight of heaven never leaves their possessions. When national unity is designed and a people have a destiny to fulfill impediments are swept aside, disturbing elements eradicated, and statesman and captain are but auxiliary factors. History viewed in this light becomes luminous, and the rise, progress or decadence of nations intelligible and consistent. It is soon to be met by the vestibule of the Divine Architect, upon which his designs are traceable in unmistakable outline and coloring. Apply these principles to the late war, and while we become reconciled to this purpose in permitting its seemingly disastrous termination, we must at the same time believe ultimate good will eventuate from it. It is a just and logical conclusion that this country was not to be divided, and the chief obstacle to its unity was to be swept away. There was evidently a future for it which human foresight could not forecast, and in the dawn of light now brightening our political sky we begin to catch glimpses of the rising sun of a glorious day. Dark indeed has been our night, cheerless our prospects, and at one time ominous our future, but in the renewed vigor of national unity the South is beginning to play an important part, and through the vitalizing influence of the real issues of the war, which were lost sight of for so many years, but which are now modified to suit the exigency of our present condition, the conserving elements of lasting peace and prosperity are laying broader and deeper the foundations of a solid and enduring union of co-equal and fraternal States. Rocked in the cradle of trouble, tortured in the school of adversity, and habituated to a stern self-control, with a thorough appreciation of the necessity and blessings of good government, the patriots of the South are to-day joining hands with those of the

North in re-lighting the fires of constitutional liberty in the temple of freedom and restoring the centrifugal forces of the shattered ligaments of the constitution of their fathers, in the rehabilitation and autonomic restoration of once dismembered but now reunited States.

Having agreed upon the proper basis for the settlement of the novel and perplexing questions incident to the termination of the struggle, and accepting them as a finality, the true men of both sections have turned their backs on the issues of the past to the demands and obligations of the future. The wisdom of the founders of our peculiar form of government, in the Federative system of States has been demonstrated while their rapid restoration to relations of political equality is an event without parallel. Our belief in their perpetuity is based on the conservatism, and peculiar characteristics of our American people. For the first time in history has a great civil strife been free from physical violence, confiscation and bloody revenge. Fearful wrongs, 'tis true, have been heaped upon us by the narrow-minded and malignant leaders of the former dominant party, but in the short space of fifteen years there exists a political condition in this country without its counterpart in the annals of time. The two sections then at war are now one, and the States of the vanquished are not only represented in the National Legislature but by the very men who were most prominent in the work of destruction. And aside from all political and social causes incident to our productive of the condition of our national life, it is due, in a very great degree, to the sacrifices and heroism of the surviving soldiers of the late Confederacy and of those noble men whose graves we annually decorate, and in memory of a part of whom this monument is erected.