

Selected Poetry.

Stonewall Jackson.

The memory of Stonewall Jackson has received few tributes more touching in its simplicity and pathos than the following beautiful poem, published in the New York Citizen, of which Charles Halpine is the editor. Mr. Halpine, himself a poet of rare taste, was an officer in the United States army during the late war, and is well known to fame as "Private Miles O'Riley." The poem in question, he says, is from the pen of a distinguished officer of the United States navy:

The Crisis.

The Union party has reached a crisis in its history. To pass through this crisis without detriment to its integrity, will require the exercise of the highest wisdom, firmness and forbearance. The developed antagonism between Congress and the President, if persisted in, can only result in permanent estrangement and disorder. Without the co-operation of all the departments of Government, none of the evils apprehended can be averted, and none of the good desired can be achieved. This needful co-operation cannot be secured without the exercise of that forbearance which grows out of patriotic magnanimity. Irritating recriminations, while they will widen the breach between friends, and render jubilant the common enemy, can result in no good either to the individual combatants, to the Union party, or to the country, whose position today, because of this unfortunate antagonism, is more critical than at any moment in its eventful history. Is reconciliation practicable? Not if individuals entrusted with official power place themselves above their country, and forget the injunctions of patriotism in the zeal to vindicate themselves. When great principles are at stake, and when humanity exacts her tribute, that individual is recreant to both God and man who seeks to prevent the accomplishment of what is thus imperatively demanded. On the other hand, he who, to serve his country forgets himself, needs no other vindication than is furnished by the record of his self-sacrifice and by the result of his patriotic labors. The people may sometimes be too exacting, but they are seldom unjust. Reconciliation should be practicable; for those now at variance have for five years been fighting a common enemy to achieve a common end. The reconciliation of mutual struggles, toils and sufferings—of mutual purposes and desires—of battles fought and of victories won, in the field and at the ballot-box—should induce mutual and cheerful co-operation in perfecting what has been so happily and so successfully begun. The people will, on a careful survey of the ground of difference, fail to discover any such antagonism, on principle, as will justify permanent estrangement, conflict and distrust. If there could but be introduced into this civil strife the same consummate sagacity and wisdom, and the same lofty patriotism and disinterestedness which marked the closing twelve months of the war, who doubts an equally satisfactory ter-

mination of the conflict? But, unfortunately, instead of simplifying the movements of every day, and of every hour of every day, only seem to complicate the issue, and to render reconciliation more difficult and remote, if not entirely hopeless and impracticable. What was easy, under wise counsels, the day the veil received the signature of the President, was surrounded with serious difficulties the moment the House of Representatives, in seeming retaliation, passed the resolution prohibiting the admission of Representatives of any State without the joint action of the two Houses. And what seemed possible to all who heard the wise, conciliatory, and statesmanlike speech of Secretary Seward in Cooper Institute, appeared of doubtful attainment after the perusal of the President's emphatic and uncompromising speech from the White House. What other complications are to follow we know not. We fear the worst. But notwithstanding all this, reconciliation is still possible; because as yet (irrespective of their common love of country,) those in antagonism still profess allegiance to the Union party, and still declare themselves anxious to preserve it intact, in all its integrity and all its grand proportions. When any other purpose shall be devolved—and some other purpose must soon be devolved if reconciliation is not speedily effected—there will be hope.

And then, we unto whomsoever shall be proven at fault in the precipitation of this great calamity upon the party and the country! Better for them that they had never been elevated to positions which gave them the power to work this great mischief! In all this controversy, the people have but one cause of anxiety. They care but little for the patronage which ensures to the party in power. They care as little for the results of coming political contests, except as they may affect the one thing they have at heart; they care nothing for majorities or minorities—for Presidents, Cabinets or Congresses; but they do care for the complete restoration of the Union and the perfect and final consummation of the great principle initiated by President Lincoln's proclamation and ratified by the amendment of the Constitution. Whatever jeopardizes these results the people condemn; and they condemn whoever and whatever stands in the way of their consummation. They know very well that neither the one nor the other of these coveted ends can be achieved until the spirit of treason and of slavery is thoroughly crushed. As there can be no perfect Union without perfect loyalty, so there can be no perfect freedom without perfect equality before the law. This is conceded by all parties to this bitter strife; and being admitted, the curse of God and of man will follow those who have the power to achieve these results, and will not, for whatever reason, exercise this power.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

The Jackson Citizen tells a good story of a young man in that city who had been in the habit of visiting the residence of a widow lady who had a daughter passing fair. The young man was assiduous in his attentions, and a constant visitor. This notice awoke in the young lady's heart the tender passion, and in her dreams she imagined that she should become the wife of her Adonis. Matters kept on in the same old way. The young man continued his marked attentions, and people began to whisper among themselves, "A match, sure!" while the knowing ones whispered, with a solemn toss of the head—"What did I tell you?" The young man went out to his supposed charmer's house the other evening, for the purpose of taking tea. During the meal the mother of the girl asked,—"When are you and — to be married?" The young man leaned back in his chair, and coolly remarked that he had no idea of marrying anybody, and that he and her were only friends. He said that he supposed she understood it so all the time. The young lady said not a word, but rose up and seized the tea-pot, which was filled with hot tea, took off the lid, and threw its boiling contents into his face, scalding him severely and leaving an ugly mark. She then furiously ordered him out of her sight. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," is an old saying, and this young man can attest to its truth. Early rising gives long days, invigorating light in abundance, and healthy cheeks. This beautiful passage from Bulwer's Caxtons is worthy of perpetual remembrance: I was always an early riser. Happy the man who is! Every morning day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom and purity and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called "old" as long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And youth—take my word for it—youth in dressing gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepit image of the youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains and the dews sparkle upon blossoming hedge-rows. — When are soldiers like good flannels? When they won't shrink.

Advice to Young Men.

To the young men of the South is given much sensible advice by the Memphis Avalanche. The dangers which beset them, says that paper, are so numerous and great, that it behooves us to point them out, so as to more forcibly exhibit the duties which devolve upon them.—The most of the young men of the South have returned from a struggle of four years, on which they had periled all, and in which they have lost all. Impoverished and disappointed, they have returned to find poverty and disappointment at home. Poverty and defeat are apt to bring despondency. Never despond. The young men of the South must bear with a manly fortitude the evils that have resulted from an unsuccessful revolution. They must be brave and cheerful, energetic and hopeful. They bore themselves during the unequal contest with a manliness and courage which have excited the admiration of friends and foes. Now they must not despond. No self-reliant, virtuous young man was ever known to fail. Let the young men dare to carve out their own fortunes; to meet the stern realities and sterner duties of life with an unquailing devotion to principle. With no cloud upon the brow, no bitterness in the heart, no vindictiveness in the spirit, let them on to the great battle of life. They must be cheerful in poverty, hopeful in adversity, patient under defeat, and firm and self-reliant in all circumstances. They must guard against sloth. Idleness is the bane of all good, the destroyer of all manhood. It paralyzes effort, precludes exertion, prevents improvement, blights genius, annihilates talent, and forbids hope. It fills the present with countless evils, and darkens the future with visions of wretchedness and ruin. It is a foe to virtue and the prolific source of vice. It palsies the brain, and sits an incubus on the mind. It sleeps while others toil, and languishes while others flourish. It sows no seed, cultivates no fields and reaps no harvest. It acquires no knowledge, secures no wealth. Yet idleness is seductive, and is especially so at this time. Let us urge our young countrymen against the dangers of idleness. It is thought that the change from the constant excitement of war—from the sword and the battle—to the tranquillity of peace, is unfriendly to industry. The lack of excitement is apt to produce apathy and sloth. It will never do for the soldiers of a hundred well fought fields, for the heroes of Manassas and Shiloh and the Wilderness, to settle down to a life of indolence. The battle of life requires readiness of combination, celerity of movement, quickness and perseverance of action. But idleness binds the man, hand and foot, heart and brain, and so fetters him with its ponderous chains, that he can put forth no exertion, and gain no victory either in the field of intellect or morals, or in the countless plains where physical labor wins bloodless victories and gains unmeasured wealth. Our young men are the hope of our desolated South land. They must revive our trade, vitalize our institutions, increase our products, restore our prosperity and rebuild our shattered fortunes. The results of the war have been very destructive to the lives of our old men. Many of them have been unable to survive the loss of their children, the destruction of their property, and the defeat of their cause. It is to our young men that we must look in these times of disaster, and amid this almost universal ruin. We expect nothing from idlers and loafers, nothing from drones and loungers. The young men upon whom we place our hopes must be steady of purpose, quick of movement, and persevering in labor. Go not to Pompeii or Herculaneum, not to Thebes or Palmyra, to find ruins; but go to Charleston and Columbia, to Richmond and Petersburg, to Vicksburg and Atlanta, and there listen to the question: "Why stand ye here idle?" Again, our young men are in danger of forming habits of dissipation. Excitement they must have. The wild adventures of the war must be substituted by the excitements of the drinking saloon or the gambling house. It is strange that any young man will venture where so many have been shipwrecked. Genius has paled and imagination has sickened under the moldering influence of intoxication. Drunkenness has been the shame and degradation of our country, the ruin and disgrace of our young men, the curse of our old men, and the prolific source of tears, anguish and death to our wives and daughters, our matrons and maidens, during the whole of the present century. Let not this terrible calamity be added to those we already suffer. Not less than three hundred thousand graves attest the disasters of a cruel war. Our confederate dead far outnumbered the living soldiers when the cause was lost! Let this be enough. Increase not this frightful number by dissipation. Quit yourselves like men. Resist the tempter. Yield not to a vice whose victims are numbered by the thousands. We appeal to you young men of the South, by the graves of the dead, by the poverty and rags and wretchedness of the living drunkard, to shun the path of iniquity, this road to certain ruin. We warn you by intellect stultified, by passions inflamed, by the generous principles eradicated, by the fearful and rapid advance of crime, by the

hands of the drunken murderer, reeking with his brother's blood. We warn you young men of our dear native South, not to follow after strong drink. We beseech you by the love of dear sisters, by the devotion of noble mothers, by the sanctity of domestic life, by the glories of the past and hopes of the future, not to become the slaves of an appetite that will bind you in chains which no earthly power can break.

"Going Home to Die."

We met, a few days since, a friend of former years, who like thousands of others, had in the noon of manhood severed all the ties which bound him to his childhood's home, and sought a stranger land with a view of collecting more rapidly the goods of this world. When we parted with him first, he was robust in health, buoyant in spirits, and flushed in the hope of future gain. When we parted with him last, his health, his hopes, his energy had all left him. Many thousands of the sordid dust of earth, had rewarded his exertions and toils in his adopted home; but he was "going home to die!" All of that man's worldly schemes, have been more than fully realized. For him the fickle wheel of Fortune knew no reverse of action. For many prosperous years, all the endearing scenes of his childhood were but as dim and shadowy reminiscences of the past; less palpable even than the unsubstantial fabric of a dream. But when the Life-sands in the glass of Time, were nearly run, we found him wending his dreary, cheerless, joyless way to the homes of his fathers, with no sentence upon his lips, which seemed to be the offspring of his heart, save "I am going home to die!" "Going home to die!" What a sad, what a mournful, what a melancholy commentary, is contained in that one simple sentence! How much like the tapping of the sepulchral finger of Time, upon the coffin-lid of buried memories, does that sentence sound as it falls from the pallid lips of the half-dead man! What volumes does it speak in condemnation of the vanities, wishes, desires and ambition of the world! When health and youthful vigor ushers in the dawn of manhood, with what ease and mental complacency, do we sever every tie of affection and sink into seeming oblivion all the treasured scenes of early life! But when age, the grave charioteer of the would-be forgotten past, traces with its iron pen, the furrowed lines upon the troubled brow, the weary pilgrim on the path of life, craves no earthly boon, save the melancholy privilege of "going home to die." Then for the first time, to the weary wanderer, who soon must lay his galled back upon his mother earth, in dreamless repose, does the humble cottage in which he had his birth, stand out in bold relief on memory's tablet; while in fancy's ear, he hears again, the voice of affection on a mother's tongue, mingled with the boisterous mirth of guiltless sister. Then for the first time, in Fancy's eye, does he chafe again the painted Butterfly across the clover-blooms of a well known field, regaled by the song-bird's varied notes as they ring through the air of his woodland home! Then for the first time, perchance, does he bow the aged knee, in humble reverence, and petition for the poor privilege of "going home to die!" Who is there who does not wish to die "among his kindred?" Who is there that does not think that, when Life's fitful dream is over, that his moldering manes cannot better repose beneath the same sod which presses on the coffin lid of sainted mother or mingles its clay with the bones of a venerated father? Who is there among us, when bereft of every earthly prospect, hope and joy, would not like our dying friend, consider it a lenient as well as a heart-cheering dispensation of Providence, to be able to say with him "I'm going home to die!" For this privilege and prospect all the world is strenuously laboring! We see around us daily hundreds who are "going home to die!" Some are slow and tardy in their movements; others there are, who rush with a nervous rapidity to the destined goal. But all are "going home to die!" Many, it is true who will not be favored with the privilege of mingling their dust with the loved ones of other days. Many, it is true, will not find a grave in the cemetery of the homestead, but not one of the vast multitude, who will not find sooner or later, like our disease-stricken friend, that they have been laboring for years for the isolated privilege of being finally able to say with him: "I'M GOING HOME TO DIE!" [Culpeper (Va.) Observer.] — A fowspaper correspondent describing the costume of a belle at a recent ball says: Miss R. R., with that repugnance to ostentation in dress which is so peculiar to her sex was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl button solitaire. — An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach was much amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered with a good deal of naivete, "No, madame, I have been married twenty-eight years." — What length ought a lady's crinoline to be? A little above two feet.

Ex-President Davis.

"I see the Government naval steamer Conemaugh, on the anniversary of Washington's birth-day, fired a gun for all the States, North and South," remarked Jeff Davis afterwards to the officer of the day. "It is strange the Administration" he continued, did not issue an order to ignore the States of the Confederacy." These two remarks of the quondam august ruler of the Confederacy, though of no special importance, show this much, at least, his once busy brain is still keenly alert to note passing events and make his comments upon them. In his further observations, I understand he gave credit to President Johnson for his recognition of the late rebellious States, of whom, from first to last, he has always spoken in terms of highest praise. I am informed that since, he has been most plainly outspoken in commendation of the President's Bureau bill. Quoting these remarks of Jeff. Davis, reminds me to say that the order issued some time since, forbidding officers in attendance on him to speak to him or him to them, has been rescinded. Few men can be more pleasantly garrulous than Mr. Davis, when he is in the mood for it, and this renewal of a privilege and enjoyment of which he was only temporarily, and, as many think, very stupidly debarred, is greatly relished by him, as well as by the officers of the fort, who never fail to find in his conversation a most substantial feast of reason. It is noted, however, of late that he makes no reference to his trial. He talks of politics, of war, and of rumors beyond the sea, of affairs in South America, of new books and new inventions, and gives racy sketches of his old Congressional days, interspersed with rich and rare reminiscences of the men and measures of those days. He runs over, in fact, the whole catalogue of conversational topics, and neither exhausts the subject, nor himself. I have stated that he talks only when in the mood. At times only monosyllables can be extracted from him. His spirits and vivacity are gone. A mantle of impenetrable gloom seems to overhang him. No one essays to prolong those monosyllables into sentences, to rouse those spirits, to lift that vestment of sorrowing despair. Why so gloomy he never tells, whether concerns spiritual or temporal or State move and sway him. His physical health is good, and in the past few days of balmy air and bright sunshine has shown marked improvement. Meantime the search of vessels coming here is kept up on the look out for possible parties coming for his rescue. [Correspondence New York Herald.] — A Yankee has just taught ducks to swim in hot water with such success that they lay boiled eggs. — Why was the giant Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with a stone? Such a thing had never entered his head before. — We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and ought to love our friends in like manner. — The darkey who greased his feet so that he would not make a noise when he went to steal chickens, slipped from the henroost into the custody of the owner. He gave as a reason for being there, "Dat he only cum dar to see if de chickens sleep wid dere eyes open." — DE LAS' BRICK.—Sambo—Who frew dat las' brick? Pompey—What las' brick? Sambo—De brick what smash de colored bureau. Pompey—Why, Andy Johnson frew dat brick. Sambo—Golly! but he trow strong. — Horne Took challenged Wilkes, who was then sheriff, and received the following laconic reply: "Sir—I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of life; but as I am at present the sheriff of the city of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it that you shall have no ground left to complain of my endeavors to serve you. PROFOUND WISDOM.—A great many fools strut in a dignified way through life and get credit for wisdom they are far from possessing. In a recitation room in a late school not a thousand miles from Chicago, one of the professors, to test the ability of the student he was examining, propounded this question: "Mr. —, what do you think should be done with a man who had committed suicide?" The student was puzzled; he rubbed his head a moment as if to brighten his ideas, and then responded: "Well, it is my opinion as a professional man that he ought to be made to support the child!" Change of Schedule on Blue Ridge Railroad. ON and after Saturday the 10th inst., the Trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad will leave Anderson for Pendleton and Walhalla, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, after the arrival of the Greenville & Columbia Railroad Trains. Will leave Walhalla on Mondays at 2 o'clock, a. m., connecting with the down Train of Greenville & Columbia Railroad. Will leave Walhalla on Wednesdays at 11 o'clock, a. m. W. H. D. GAILLARD, Superintendent B. R. R. The Columbia, Phoenix and Charleston Courier will copy once a week for three weeks. Feb 8, 1866 34

THE NEW YORK NEWS. DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY. THE NEW YORK WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS. GREAT FAMILY NEWSPAPER! BENJAMIN WOOD, Editor and Proprietor. Journals of Politics, Literature, Fashions, Market and Financial Reports, Interesting Miscellany, and News from ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. IMPROVEMENTS INTRODUCED. Immense Circulation Determined On! THE LARGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST PAPERS PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK. NEW YORK WEEKLY NEWS, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY. Single Copies, Five Cents. One Copy, one year, \$2 00. Three Copies, one year, \$5 00. Five Copies, one year, \$7 50. Ten Copies, one year, \$12 00. —And an extra copy to any Club of Ten. Twenty Copies, one year, \$30 00. The weekly News is sent to Clergymen at 1 00. SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS, PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS. Single Copies, Five Cents. One Copy, one year, \$2 00. Three Copies, one year, \$5 00. Five Copies, one year, \$7 50. Ten Copies, one year, \$12 00. —And an extra copy to any Club of Ten. Twenty Copies, one year, \$30 00. To Clergymen, \$ 00. NEW YORK DAILY NEWS. To Mail Subscribers, \$10 per annum. Five Dollars. Six Months, \$5 00. FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS. Specimen copies of Daily and Weekly News sent free. Address, BENJ. WOOD, Daily News Building, No. 19, City Hall Square, New York City. Jan 18, 1866 31. Greenville & Columbia Rail Road. GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Columbia, Jan. 28, 1866. On and after Wednesday, 31st inst., the Passenger Trains will be run daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows: Leave Columbia at 6 00 a. m. " Allston, 11 00 " " Newberry, 12 50 p. m. Arrive at Abbeville, 6 00 " " Anderson, 8 10 " " Greenville, 9 00 " Leave Greenville at 4 30 a. m. " Anderson, 5 30 " " Abbeville, 7 45 " " Newberry, 1 10 p. m. Arrive at Allston, 2 55 " " Columbia, 8 00 " There will be about seven miles of staging still between Freshleys and Allston; passengers will be furnished with tickets through, including the Road Stage and Ferry—sixty pounds baggage only allowed on the Stage to one seat. L. B. LASALLE, Gen'l Supt. Feb. 1 33 11. Ladies' Dress Trimmings. THE undersigned has just opened an assortment of Ladies' Dress and Fancy Trimmings, Buttons, Fringes, Galloons and other Ribbons, Hooks and Eyes, French Cotton, Sewing Silk, and a variety of other articles, to which he invites the ATTENTION OF LADIES. My Store is No. 8, Brick Range, recently occupied by Mr. W. D. Williams. JULIUS POPPE. Dec 21, 1865 27. BEWLEY, KEESE & CO. Wholesale and Retail Dealers In Dry Goods, Groceries, HARDWARE, &c. ANDERSON, C. H., S. C. Jan 25, 1866 32 17. Drugs! Drugs!! Drugs!!! THE subscriber would announce to the people of this District that he has on hand a very good assortment of DRUGS AND MEDICINES, which he offers for sale low for cash, at Dr. Webb's corner, Brick Range. Persons wishing any article in my line would do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as I know that I can make it to their advantage to purchase from me. ISHAM W. TAYLOR. Aug. 24, 1865 10. Fire and Life Insurance Agency. THE UNDERWRITERS' POLICY OF INSURANCE, issued by the German, Hanover, Niagara and Republic Fire Insurance Companies of the City of New York. The Globe Mutual Life Insurance Company. New England Mutual Life Insurance Company. New York Accidental Insurance Company. A. B. TOWERS, Agent. Anderson C. H., S. C. Nov 9, 1865 21. HARRISON & WHITNERS, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Equity. WILL practice in the Courts of the Western Circuit. J. W. HARRISON, B. F. WHITNER, Anderson, J. H. WHITNER, Pickens. Jan. 4, 1866 29. G. F. TOLLY, CABINET MAKER. INFORMS the public that he is prepared to execute all work in his line, at the shortest notice and in the most workmanlike manner. A share of patronage solicited. His Shop is on McDuffie Street, first door North of lower Railroad Bridge. Dec 21, 1865 27. A. T. BROYLES, Attorney at Law, AND SOLICITOR IN EQUITY. ANDERSON C. H., S. C. Sept. 28, 1865 26. JOB PRINTING NEATLY AND CHEAPLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.