

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER.

An Independent Family Journal—Devoted to Politics, Literature, News, &c.

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ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1866.

VOLUME II—NO. 15.

The Intelligencer

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT \$2.50 PER ANNUM,
IN U. S. CURRENCY.

Education in the South.

Education is the paramount necessity of the Southern mind, and to a greater degree than at any previous period of our history, should this important interest command our attention. We do not refer exclusively to the learning of the schools, to those scientific and scholastic attainments which befit the dignity and erudition of the Professors' chair, or those purely professional studies which qualify the aspirant for eminence in the various walks of science, and less still do we mean to urge here, the value of those esthetic accomplishments, which heretofore have given such an aspect of elegance to the leisure, and of vernal trifling to the frivolity of many wealthy men in the South. For the future the necessity of labor is imposed upon every Southern man, of labor in some sphere, which shall redound to the benefit of the community at large, and thus to his own individual prosperity. The advantages of intelligence in any conceivable sphere of human exertion, however elevated or however humble, are too obvious and have too many illustrations in every-day life, to require demonstration. A diffusion of knowledge, an enlarged, liberal, comprehensive and healthful system of instruction, will exercise a more potent influence, in the advancement of Southern interests, than any other single agency.

It cannot be maintained that the literary and educational features of the South have been so distinctly pronounced, or have attained such a degree of elaborate development as have our political and social system. It cannot be denied, however, that the development of our educational interests, so far as it has progressed, has been based upon the safest and most correct principles, and has been marked by the unmistakable Southern features of purity, simplicity and accuracy. Now that the Chinese wall of African slavery, which debarred the entrance among us, of many of the customs and habitudes of the world, which some consider the evidences of Civilization and Progress (always with a big P.), and others as the marks of corruption and degeneracy, have been levelled with the ground, we are brought into active competition, upon our own soil, with foreign ideas and alien energies. Not only must we make our choice speedily between our own, and other systems of intellectual and social development, but we must be prepared to assert the supremacy of our hereditary and time-honored principles and practice, actively and valiantly, or at once to surrender the field.

With no sectional purpose of fostering animosity, or promoting alienation, do we maintain the superiority of the Southern system of education over that of the North, and urge upon our people, the duty of nurturing Southern institutions of learning, and of patronizing such institutions as more peculiarly and distinctively reflect Southern ideas and associations.

We have alluded to the purity and accuracy of Southern scholarship as distinguished from that of the North; we should have added another feature, that of thoroughness. It is undeniable that Northern institutions have given to the world many more graduates who would be called, in current parlance, learned men, than have Southern colleges.

The legislative, political and religious history of the Union furnishes striking illustration of the superior accuracy and purity of Southern scholarship. The North can exhibit a longer catalogue of showy statesmen, sensation preachers and instances of political corruption that should startle the dry-bones of Walpole and Wither. It is to the South that we must look for those examples of lofty statesmanship, true philanthropy and elevated theology which, during the seventy years of Southern supremacy in the Federal Government, carried the Republic to the very pinnacle of prosperity and renown. Charles Sumner, that boasted light of Northern literature and statesmanship, is but a "pale reflex" of the efflorescent learning and false philanthropy of Exeter Hall, at best but a sophomore in mind and a lilliputian in heart. What Southern man could desire to see any representative minister of the Southern pulpit the counterpart of Henry Ward Beecher, with all his dexterity of paradox, of antithetical juxtapositions, of startling transformations and side-shows?

We take it for granted that the Southern people are alive to the vital necessity of fostering and encouraging their own institutions with a zeal, an activity and a jealous, discriminating partiality for Southern institutions and Southern teachers, never known among us before. We cannot afford to suffer our individuality as Virginians and Carolinians to perish. It would be to measure the depth of abasement, could we become indifferent to the perpetuation of that noble record of valor and devotion made in our four years' struggle for nationality, as it will be the acme of distinction, when we shall have attained a degree of intellectual advancement, as universal among our people as were those qualities of heroism which have made the South historical.

To perpetuate Southern individuality, to maintain the vitality of those elevated attributes which have peculiarly characterized our people, and to reap the advantages of intelligent and appreciative labor are preliminary to that material development which should before many years, make the Southern people prosperous and wealthy. We must not only rival the

North in energy, but we must surpass it in real intelligence, not only in accuracy, but in diffusion of knowledge. Our preference should be for Southern ideas, taught by Southern colleges and schools. Circumstances are most auspicious for a purely Southern educational system. The most cultivated intellects of the South, eschewing politics, are engaging zealously in the profession of letters. Whatever of popular support or legislative aid may be needed, should be cheerfully accorded to this noble and momentous interest.—*Richmond Times.*

A Terrible Tragedy in Virginia.

A correspondent of the *Richmond Dispatch*, writing from Buckingham Court House, Va., September 6, gives the following particulars of the terrible tragedy which recently occurred there:

The most thrilling and melancholy affair took place here on the 1st instant that has shocked the feelings of our citizens since the close of the war. The causes and results are as follows:

About three weeks ago, or more, Mr. Antony Walton, a wealthy mill-owner of this town, arose early in the morning with the alleged intention of visiting his mill and plantation, but suddenly changing his route, returned to the house. There he found Mr. James Leach (a young lawyer who makes Mr. Walton's house his home during the sessions of court) in the room with his wife. Their positions relative to each other were such as to excite suspicion on the part of the husband, who at once ordered Mr. Leach out of the house, and forced the execution of his mandate at the point of a revolver; after which, he called for the carriage, and putting madam in, sent her to her mother. Nothing farther of interest transpired in the case, except that a bill of divorce was filed by Mr. Walton, until last Saturday, when Leach again rode into town. After strolling about the village for some time, he met Anderson Walton, a son of Antony by a first wife. Anderson reproached Leach at once with the scandal, which Leach denied with great emphasis; whereupon Anderson shook his fist in his face and exclaimed, "You—lying—, you did for pa saw you," at the same time putting his hand under his coat. "So you will shoot me, will you?" yelled Leach, and drawing his six-shooter, he fired, and young Walton fell pierced through the lungs, the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. Just then Mr. Walton the elder rushed up and fired three shots from his pistol directly at Leach, but missing him entirely, slightly wounded Captain A. T. Moseley and a negro. Once more Leach fired, and the elder Walton lay on the sward a corpse. The ball entered just above his heart, severing the main arteries and causing instant death.

Anderson lingered until Monday evening about 2 o'clock, when as they were closing the grave over all that was mortal of his father, his soul joined him in the spirit world. But the tale of death does not end here. The Rev. James H. C. Leach, D. D., a highly respected Presbyterian minister, died soon after hearing of the bloody drama in which his son had acted so prominent a part; possibly in consequence, though as to this no one can dought but conjecture.

Mrs. Walton was one of the wives of Hobert, the aeronaut whose ears were cut off in Louisville, Ky., for bigamy! Soon after their marriage he ran off with her money, leaving her destitute, though legally free, for he had two wives living when he married her. Mr. Walton became so enamored with the beautiful widow that he bought her wedding clothes and lavished on her every luxury that wealth could procure until the recent affair which led to the double homicide.

Leach has been justified on the plea of self-defence.

A RECIPE WORTH ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—Take one pound of sal soda, and a half a pound of unslacked lime, put it in a gallon of water and boil twenty minutes. Let it stand till cool, then strain off, and put it in a stone jug or jar. Soak your clothes over night, or until they are thoroughly wet through—then wring them out, and rub on plenty of soap; and in one boiling of the clothes well covered with water, add one teaspoonful of washing fluid. Boil half an hour briskly—then wash them thoroughly through one suds, and rinse with water, and your clothes will look better than the old way of washing twice before boiling. This is an invaluable recipe, and I want every poor tired woman to try it. I think with a patent wash tub, to do the little rubbing, the washer-woman might take the last novel and compose herself on the lounge, and let the washing do itself. The woman who can keep a secret has known this a year or two, but her husband told it while on an electioneering tour. So says the *Ohio Cultivator*.

A Dog Story FROM ILLINOIS.—Some time ago, a gentleman removed with his family from this country to California, across the plains, and was accompanied by a dog that had been given him by a neighbor shortly before he started. In due time the man reached the land of gold, and settled down in one of the beautiful valleys of that country. The dog was not satisfied with his new home. He was lonely, and often longed, if we are permitted to read canine thoughts, to return to the land of his puppyhood. One morning his master missed him, and never saw him again. Recently, however, he walked into his former master's yard, in this country, foot-sore and weary, having crossed the plains from California here. The hair was nearly all gone from his hide and his feet were worn and bleeding. This is a true tale, even if it is a dog tale.

The Late War in Germany.

BATTLE-FIELDS OF SADOWA AND AUSTERLITZ.

The correspondent of the *New York World*, writing from Paris, gives the following interesting sketch of the battle-fields of Sadowa and Austerlitz:

I visited, on consecutive days, two renowned battle-fields, Sadowa and Austerlitz. They were equally common-place when the struggles to which they gave name occurred, but Austerlitz, by reason of its great commemoration, is now a tourist's town of 2,500 inhabitants, while Sadowa is a hamlet merely, utterly depopulated. The cholera has killed two hundred of the little farmers, wood-cutters, &c., in it and near by since the battle day, for among the putrefying carcasses the old hyena whets his appetite, and then picks up the living neighbors. Sadowa was a more sanguinary slaughter than Austerlitz; at least three hundred thousand men were there opposed, and possibly half a million, as the bulletins say. We all know how armies are magnified on both sides, till after a defeat, and in this war the military braggart has been as eminently elastic as in our own. The least truthful of all contemporary historians is the soldier himself. Had he to write our descriptions he might make his own reputation, but would certainly ruin ours. At Austerlitz, Bonaparte opposed seventy thousand men to the allies' ninety thousand.

Sadowa was fought in the margin of July, and Austerlitz past the meridian of November. The former was the most terrible butchery, the latter the most artful embattling. One finds in the Sadowa battle only the Prussian Crown Prince's swift and persevering march to applaud; but Austerlitz was a piece of daring adroitness, fought eight hundred miles from Paris, with a great and incensed capital to guard behind, and not as at Sadowa, the Italian army of Austria compelled to face the Po, but marching vigorously, eighty thousand strong, upon the Frenchman's rear, while Prussia, scarcely inimical to him, was edging up through Bohemia to join the allies at the first note of their success. The great invigilator pleading false desires for peace, first flushed the allies till they were overconfident, assisted them to advance victoriously, till by their very success they had become outflanked, then drove them pell-mell upon his bayonets on the one hand, and on the frozen lakes on the other, where they were drowned by acres when the ice crashed under the French artillery. Both battles were equally signal defeats to Austria. Sadowa was a more poignant misery, because inflicted on her in the sight of Germany, and by a lesser State.

My ride over the field of Sadowa was scarcely pleasurable, because the cholera had left there only the collapsed and aged, and the peasants hereabout have the reputation of veritable ghouls and ghouls, whose atrocities to the dead pass human belief. They have behaved worse than any class of savages would do in America, cutting purses and jewelry from the wounded, stripping the dead of garments. In a word, revenging themselves upon history, which has done nothing for them these three centuries. Sadowa itself is an European Calpeper; for example, a little stony-faced town, with a bulbously-shaped church steeple in it, two beer shops, and the usual per centage of Austrian civil officials.

An old woman in black stockings stood alone in the open place of the hamlet, looking at the hospital wagons that passed across the horizon. She did not know anything, except that two of Hasner Somebody's boys, near by, had gone off with the soldiers a week ago to get back their horses, impressed after action. Had we seen them? No? That was strange! That was all she knew about the fight. Everything in the place is more or less shot to pieces. The battle-field itself is a series of hills, half corn-patch, half scrub timber, inclined to be mountainous, and to some extent resembling the lands at the foot of the Blue Ridge—Cedar Mountain, for example. At places on it there are vistas of far white plains, prairie-like, but of the deadly spots themselves nothing remains save the uneven trenches, where the dead, dumped in as they lay, remain to testify against the monstrous enigma of ambition, submission, and ignorance, in which they perished, at that far dim time when God shall make it plain why our kind are thus causelessly and perpetually slaughtered.

At this spot, the two Prussian armies capped the double lines of victory: Sadowa, Podoli, Munchengratz, Gitschin, on the one hand; Nachod, Skalitz, Trautenau on the other. It would be absurd for me to waste time in describing a series of bare slope stretches and curving hills about which none of your readers have a particle of curiosity. Suffice it to say, that all the view of Sadowa is a repetition of the Virginia miseries of our own rebellion; not any better country, though it has the spruceness and tidiness of age over it all; better cleaned up, better contented, but inhabited by hewers of wood and drawers of water, who forget that Christ ever came, in the better recollection that they may some day go hence to Him.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—A Boston paper states that a company of English capitalists, with a capital of \$2,000,000, are about to start in Charleston, S. C., an enormous cotton factory establishment for supplying the European trade. They are backed by the wealthiest firms in England and France. Several other enterprises, it is added, are under consideration, which, if successful, will speedily render Charleston the leading city of the South.

Social Changes.

War is a great leveller of social distinctions, in the communities suffering from the losses and deprivations where it has spent its fury and where its ravages were most destructive. This has been strikingly illustrated in the South during the past eighteen months. Men who have been, in times past, large landed proprietors, with their overseers and hundreds of laborers; men also, who had held high positions in society before the war, may now be seen honestly and honorably accepting the loss of their property and engaging in laborious industry—the former holding their own ploughs, and the latter sedulously engaged in callings, which, in former times, would probably have been nearly considered menial, or, at least, below their stations in life.

But this honorable acceptance of an altered condition is not confined to the male portion of the population. Southern women, upon whom it might be supposed these reverses of fortune would have fallen most heavily, have been among the foremost in accepting the new order of things, and have amply refuted, by their conduct, the oft-repeated slanders of the enemies of their section, that they were indolent and extravagant. It is not only in the instances of the nobles wives of Generals Polk, of Tennessee, and Ransom, of North Carolina, that we find these splendid illustrations of true womanhood under adversity; they may be seen in other and humbler walks of life, where an honestly-gained competency once afforded at least a life comfort; there may be seen diligent fingers, plying the needle, to aid in support of families. All such instances reflect the highest credit upon a people overwhelmed and bowed down under the crushing calamities of war.

But we regret to say that there are exceptions to this general rule. The *New Orleans Delta*, in citing some of the more prominent men and women who have gone to work with a will—if not wholly able to retrieve their broken fortunes, at least to maintain themselves and families says, and, unfortunately, too truly:

"Still there are many—who wish the number were less—who, from lack of talent, or energy, show that the wealth that has passed from their families has passed never to return. We think we could point to more than one young man of superior education, and perhaps of superior business qualifications, who yet live along nobody knows how, and obtain their supplies nobody knows where; who have made up their mind to be anything, do anything, rather than hard labor, and who are much more familiar with bar-rooms and the rendezvous of the idle than with places of business."

This is too true. Such idlers are not willing to labor at callings which they regard degrading—that is, at hard, downright toil; and unless there is a reformation wrought amongst this class, or until they die out or sink from the knowledge of their former friends by their indolence and vice, they will feel that they are justified in resorting to any shifts to escape the fancied degradation.

But the instincts of patriotism, as well as the considerations of individual self-respect, should effect a wholesome change in this respect. Young men who fought gallantly on many a battle-field, in defence of the rights, as they conceived them, of their section, should learn that, on the grounding of their weapons of warfare, they were transferred to another battle-field, in which their conduct as much affects the welfare and interests of that section as it did amid the clash of arms. Young women who, patriotically disposed during the war, diligently plied the needle in making up clothing for the brave men in the field, or who ministered to the sufferings in the hospitals of the South, should understand that their labors for that South did not cease with the downfall of her cause.

The truth is, the South must rapidly recuperate, or her people will sink into a state of vassalage to those whom heretofore they affected to sneer at for their keenness in business, or their tact in acquiring wealth. The resources of the South are too rich and attractive to be passed by, and if her own people do not go to work to develop them, others will, and they will be ousted. The great work of recuperation for her demands the active brain, the determined will, and the willing hand of toil of every son and daughter within her limits; but if, through indolence, or a criminal neglect of the plainest duties, they refuse to give these to save her and themselves, while she will be recuperated and again become prosperous by means of foreign agencies, they will find themselves in a much more ignominious condition than that to which their fancied degradation could ever reduce them.—*Columbia Phoenix.*

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.—The *Atlanta (Ga.) New Era* relates that a citizen of that place was drafted into the ranks of the Southern army during the war, and went away, leaving his wife to sigh for the end of the conflict. At length the end came, but he came not, and after long waiting she took to herself another husband, and all went merrily with them. Last week, however, the truant spouse suddenly returned. He did not upbraid his wife; was willing that she should continue to live with her second husband if she preferred to do so, but merely insisted on taking his son and going off with him. The mother could not consent to part with her son. If he would wait till the next morning she would make her preparations and both she and the boy would go with him. So he waited; but when morning came every mother's son, and every son's mother of his family had down with the second husband to parts unknown.

General Lee.

The following tribute to General Lee is extracted from a long article in the *London Standard*, written on the subject of a subscription in London in aid of Washington College:

"There is no living hero—there are few, if any, among those whose names shine with the purest lustre in history—whose character has commanded so high a tribute of affection and admiration from their friends—of respect and honor from their foes—as that of Gen. Lee. No life more perfectly heroic, no reputation more untarnished, even by the minor blemishes which are not uncommonly found in union with the highest heroism, has ever been connected with a great national struggle. No shade of vanity or egotism—nothing of the self-will or petulance so often characteristic of conscious genius—no tinge of affectation—no taint even of the pride almost inseparable from ordinary greatness of mind, which can endure everything but humiliation, and regards submission as disgrace—alloy the simple grandeur of the Virginia soldier's nature. A petty, without the slightest shadow of Pharisaism, a sense of duty to which the sacrifice of every personal feeling and interest appears a matter of course, having marked his whole course and guided his every public act, whether as a soldier or a citizen. A family connexion, and the nearest living representative of the great champion of American independence, Gen. Lee has been the Washington of the Confederate war; like Washington, a man "whom envy dare not hate," but without even the one dark stain of doubt, if not of dishonor, which the death of Major Andre has left on the memory of his prototype. No more "selfless man and stainless gentleman" ever lived; no soldier ever set a more admirable example of the soldierly virtues of honor, chivalric generosity and manly simplicity; no great man ever retired into obscurity, after witnessing alike the ruin of his cause and the destruction of his private fortune, with more of Christian patience and unshaken fortitude.

"Of his military achievements, we need not speak. It is enough to say that nearly all his victories were won against enormous odds, and that his four years' defence of Virginia has few parallels in history as an example of great results accomplished with small means and at fearful disadvantage. What is now more interesting to remember is the personal character of the man, as displayed in the various exigencies of that trying struggle; the simple honesty and kindly feeling which prompted him to console his soldiers as they recoiled from the cannon-crowned heights of Gettysburg, with the assurance, 'It is all my fault; the unafflicted self-deprecation which pronounced, when Jackson fell, 'I would wish, for the sake of our cause, that I had been disabled rather than you'; the Christian chivalry, which no outrage could provoke to retaliation, which, after Virginia had been rendered a desert, withheld the army that invaded Pennsylvania from inflicting the most trivial injury on person or property; which, when his own estates had been plundered, ravaged and confiscated, took care to protect the houses and property of his enemies; the horror of useless bloodshed which withstood the cry for retribution excited by the murder of Southern prisoners in cold blood, and supported the resolve of the President, that unless the actual murderers were taken, no blood should be shed but on the field of battle; the touching unselfishness of his last words to his disbanding army on the sorrowful 9th of April, 'I have done my best for you.' But it was when all was over—when the chief of a great and long victorious army was a private man and a paroled prisoner—that the peculiar greatness of Gen. Lee's nature shines out with unequalled brightness."

—There are some very curious trade laws in Sweden. Women come of age at twenty-five, and after that age unmarried women may sell articles of their own making, while married women of good character, who can produce certificates of a sufficient knowledge of the Christian faith may carry on the trades of milliner, dealer in old clothes, market-woman, tobacconist and seller of pins and small wares. A widow, a wife separated from her husband, or a spinster having Swedish citizenship, may sell articles made in her own workshop with the assistance of journeymen, apprentices, or other workmen, or carry on the business of baker, butcher, or brewer, provided she has partaken of the Holy Communion, bears a good character, and can read, write, and do the first rules of arithmetic. Hardly less singular is the regulation which prescribes that all clergymen must preach from one and the same text, every Sunday and holiday having its appointed verse of Scripture. Until 1860, year out and year in, the same set of texts were preached from year after year. Since then the number of appointed texts has been tripled, so that they now extend through three years, and then begin again.

SINGULAR AFFAIR AT THE DRY TORTUGAS.—Dr. Mudd wounded—A telegram from Mobile on Saturday, contains the following astonishing announcement: "The Florida News states that the Dry Tortugas Island was fired upon by a strange craft bearing the Confederate flag, and Dr. Mudd, who is confined there, was seriously injured by the explosion of a shell. The vessel was a schooner-rigged steamer, and painted lead color, with four guns on each broadside, which were all discharged at the distance of two miles from the island, when the boat put to sea. The United States revenue cutter was lying in the harbor at the time, but, not having on steam, was unable to pursue."

General Grant.

The following is an extract from a powerful and eloquent speech by Gen. Hillyer, at a meeting of soldiers in New York, a few days since:

"Thank God, the nation is safe so long as the army and navy stand by the President of the United States in his efforts to restore the Union, and hold themselves prepared to defend the rights of the States and the people against any usurpation of any Congress not organized in accordance with the policy of the Constitution of our fathers. (Cheers.)"

A voice—"What of Grant?" followed with cheers.

Gen. Hillyer—A gentleman asks me what of Grant? What feeble human voice would be heard in his praises amid the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery with which his name has been thundered down by history from almost a hundred victorious battle-fields?

There is a daily beauty in his life; there is a grandeur of character, coupled with an honest and modest simplicity of manner, which has given him place in the nation's heart that no man ever held before, until the partial eyes of his countrymen say:

Around him hangs such a perpetual spell. What'er he does, none else did e'er so well.

What could such a soldier be other than the embodiment of magnanimity? How could such a man feel aught but Christian charity? How could such a citizen be loyal to less than the whole country? I tell you, soldiers, that General Grant, your late Commander-in-Chief, stands by the President of the United States in his efforts to restore the Union. I speak from record which all may see and read. The same spirit which Grant manifested at the surrender of Lee has characterized every act of Johnson in his treatment of the subjugated South. When General Grant, in his final report, expressed the wish that you might live in perpetual peace and harmony with that enemy whose manhood, however mistaken the cause, had drawn forth such heroic deeds of valor, he meant what he said.

One of the first, if not the very first applications made by a prominent Southern man to the President of the United States was made by General Robert E. Lee, late Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate forces, and on the back of that application is an endorsement—a warm, earnest, eloquent endorsement—asking that that pardon should be granted; and that endorsement is signed by "U. S. Grant, General Commanding the Armies of the United States." (Cheers.) When the President had prepared his first letter to the Provisional Governor of North Carolina, before he sent it or published it, he submitted it to General Grant for his opinion and criticism, and General Grant endorsed every word and syllable of that letter. That letter was the key-note to the subsequent policy of the President.

In the difficulty between Congress and the President upon the veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, Gen. Grant stood by the President. Congress adjourned, and the representatives of the people assembled at Philadelphia and sent a committee to congratulate the President on their endorsement of his policy, and while that committee were in the performance of their mission, Gen. Grant stood at the right hand of the President. Soldiers and sailors of New York, survivors of the war, I submit to you to-night, Will you stand by the President of the United States? (Loud responses—"Yes, we will.") Will you stand by the Admiral of the Navy? (Vociferous cries of "we will.") Will you stand by the Constitution of your fathers? ("Yes, yes.") Will you stand by that Union which has passed through the re-baptism of blood only to come out regenerated and glorified? ("Yes.") Will you stand by the flag, with its thirty-six stars of equal magnitude and brilliancy, with plenty of room for more, but not a single star to spare? (Loud cheers.)

CALL FOR MR. HENRY.—At a political meeting the speakers and audience were very much annoyed by a man who constantly called for "Mr. Henry! Mr. Henry! Mr. Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!" After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform and was soon airing his eloquence in magniloquent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when again the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry.

Putting his hands to his mouth, this man called at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Mr. Henry! I call on Mr. Henry to make a speech."

The chairman arose and remarked it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking.

"Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder!—that can't be Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little cuss that told me to holler!"

SENSIBLE TALK.—Doctor Colesworth says:

It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, and he is too proud to work at it, and he must go to shop-keeping, or street loafing or turn politician. Fool! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure that he cannot in any other way. And then, young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms, or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over heels in debt and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business, and branching out into what they know nothing about.

—A man killed his dog recently for barking at old Brownlow, in Tennessee.