

LITTLE PEARL.

I was bitterly discontented that morning, and there is no denying it—discontented with my home, my husband, even with my baby. I remember the morning well—it was gray and cloudy, with a low dragging mist, that chilled one to the bone, and hung the trees with reeking moisture. The black mud, about the door of our western home, was thick and deep; and the bare floor of our one room was badly stained and soiled by the careless feet of the rough-shod working men. I had been cleaning up all the morning, but the more I cleaned the worse matters seemed to grow; soap and sand only served to render black foot-marks more visible; and when a certain puff of wind whirled the smoke and ashes down the pipe of my cooking-stove, covering the books and tables I had just taken so much pains in dusting off, I threw myself in the rocking chair, and burst into a passion of despairing tears.

convinced me that my hope was vain; yet I cried out angrily, "You've got the child, Ned, you know you have—don't torture me any longer." "Bell, what do you mean?" "She's gone—Little Pearl. You stole her, Ned, to frighten me?" "No, on my soul, Bell!" "Then she's gone; God has granted me my wish. Oh! my baby! my baby!" I was rushing past him, but he caught and held me fast, commanding me to tell him all—and I did. And then his after words thrilled my soul with horror. "The Indians! the Indians, boys!" he cried, "they passed us, you know! They must have stolen her. Come!" They followed him without a word—and so did I. Over the spongy prairie mud, the chill wind and driving rain beating in our faces, through dense, dripping woods, down to the shore of the river. But we were too late. The last canoe was moored on the opposite shore. God had granted me my wish. I had no baby! Little Pearl could not be found, although our efforts were ceaseless. Her crib remained in its corner, with the impress of her head on its pillow; but the little, laughing face, that had looked up at us from the depths of the coverlets, was gone forever. I had ample time to perform all my household labor then. No little, quivering cry to detain me when I was busy; no clinging hands holding mine, and keeping them idle. My wish was granted me; I had no baby!

From the Southern Cultivator. A Letter from Gemes Munro. MISSISSIPPI, Feb. 1867. Mr. Editor:—Thar ain't no use to deny it, for its just as the poet said, some twenty hundred yeres afore this here presant writer, when he said, "times aint as they uster was." No sir, when I kast my optical luminaries askant, and experience the floatin' events whar ar happenin ever and anon, kontinually, I'm konstrained to make use of the aforesaid poet's language, with folins kin ter melankoly. Everythin' is changin, and I kant keep up with 'em. We go from bad to bader, and I'm afeard there is a worsor still away fernent the present. 1866 has disceased—gone glimmerin—been wound up and slid silently back into the vast lumber room, whar time draps as it vares out—taint even a "skool boy's tail." Kould I step back inter that thar aforesaid "room" I'd pick up the yere '66 and wipe out a heap er things recordod agin Gemes Munro. Yes sir; dont know but I'd tear the hole kontraposn, from Krismus ter Krismus, and let 65 run smooth into 67—skipin digh July, even. "How, O! how ar the mighty a fallin!" But its all been did now, and its too late to cry after yer b—s ar tore. Wisdom says mend um quick, ter kiver yer nakidness—be more kereful and tare em no more.

gether with a hold mixture of other circumstances, too unpleasant to mention now, made us all start back to the old home. Well, we have been a walkin down the lane, for nigh onto 2 yeres. Has anybody give you any new clothes, Mr. Editor? Have you ever heard of a yearlin been kill'd and barbakod. Ain't we all standin at the gate, tryin ter sing Hail Kollombia, and a hollowin bell—lo! for the folks ter come out? Ain't the yard full er barkin, snarin curs, ready to tar off even our old clothes. Says I, "Watchman, whar er the night?" Says he, "I kant see the Millennium yet!" I am yourn, completely lost, GEMES MUNRO.

THE FRANCHISE LAW IN TENNESSEE. The unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, is that the Acts of the Legislature of June 5, 1865, and May 3, 1866, determining the qualifications of voters, and limiting the elective franchise, are constitutional. The opinion of the court, delivered by Justice Shackelford, disposes at length the formation of the present State Government, and conclusively shows that the people of the State, in their sovereign capacity, had conferred upon the Legislature full and ample power to determine these matters, and that in exercising this power it had not exceeded the limits of constitutional provision. The court held that the elective franchise is not an inalienable right of privilege, but a political right, conferred, limited or withheld at the pleasure of the sovereign people or their representatives; that once granted, it may be taken away by the exercise of sovereign power, and if so taken away, as by an alteration in the Constitution of the State, no vested right is violated or bill of attainder passed, or act of pains and penalties, in the sense of the United States. It was further held, that the effect of the pardon of the President of the United States was to restore the citizen to the rights and privileges of a citizen of the United States, but did not restore to him the political rights, as a citizen of the State, which the people, acting in their sovereign capacity, denied to him.

Miscellaneous Advertisements THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER. Literary and Family Newspaper. Enlarged and Improved for 1867. NEW TYPE AND NEW ATTRACTIONS! FOUR ORIGINAL STORIES, AND THREE VALUABLE PREMIUMS!!! THE ENQUIRER will appear on Thursday, the 3rd day of January, 1867, increased in size, and printed on entirely new material, with the latest improvements in the art, presenting a more attractive appearance, and containing at least five additional columns of reading matter—the largest newspaper in the State outside of Charleston. The Editorial department will be conducted by Mr. James E. Wilson, assisted by Major James F. Hart. Mr. James Wood Davidson will continue his versatile "Contributions" from Columbia. Four original Novels, written expressly for the Enquirer, will be published during the year. The following are the titles: "The Spectre of the Fireside"—by J. Witherpoon Erwin. "The Shadow on the Wall"—by John Esten Cooke. "The Wealth of Home"—by Mrs. M. A. Ewart. "Elmer Westervelt, the Tory's Niece"—by Caroline F. Weston. TERMS—IN ADVANCE. One copy one year, \$ 2 50 2 30 2 40 Two copies one year, 4 00 6 00 Five copies one year, 8 75 12 50 Ten copies one year, 17 50 25 00 One copy six months, 1 25 2 00 To the person sending us the largest club of subscribers, at \$1 75 in specie, or \$2 50 in currency, we will award a Patent Cotton Planter, which will cost in Charleston fifty dollars. To the person sending us the next largest club, on the same terms, we will award a Patent Cotton Planter, which will cost in Charleston thirty dollars. To the person sending us the third largest list on the same terms we will award one of Ames' Double Corn Shellers, cost in Charleston, twenty dollars! The premiums will be awarded to the successful competitors on the 1st Monday in March next, at 3 o'clock. The names should be sent in, however, as they are obtained; additions being made to the list up to the day of the award. No names will be counted unless paid for. To persons who may make up clubs of ten or more names, but who may fail to obtain a prize, we will send the Enquirer one year free of charge, and a copy of either "The Land We Love," "Scott's Monthly Magazine," or "Godley's Lady's Book." L. M. GRIST, Yorkville.

Half a mile from the house I met him and the men coming home to dinner. He started forward the moment he caught sight of me. "Oh, Bell! what's the matter? Is Little Pearl sick?" One glance at his white, startled face,

—A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by her friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none." "Yes," said her husband, with a sigh, "but its very long since!"

—There are two of the impulses in man's nature—industry and idleness—to one of which he is bound to yield, either going the way leading to happiness or that leading to utter worthlessness. They are so distinct, the effects they produce are so entirely different, and we have illustrations of travellers in the path of glory so beautifully fine, that it should be an incentive to put forth all our energies to walk in that path, which, though rugged and rough it may be, still contains at its end the goal of higher honor.

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