

We are essentially an agricultural people in this State. Our property consists mainly in land, and our means of living come principally from the crops it yields.

The near approach of the meeting of the State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, among whose objects is a closer and more profitable association of the planting or farming interests of the State, and a better understanding with similar organizations throughout the whole country, has led us into this train of remark.

A committee was appointed by the last General Assembly of Georgia to take into consideration the important subjects of free trade and immigration.

Mr. Editor: The bona fide opening of Columbia Female College is now a fact notwithstanding the very unfavorable weather, the number of young ladies who appeared January 1, in the College Chapel, for prayer and classification, was beyond what the most sanguine had expected.

But more remains to be done. Our agricultural plans need a broader foundation upon which to rest, a better organization, a more complete union, among themselves, and a closer and more intimate connection with other friendly communities engaged in similar pursuits.

On Saturday last the dwelling-house of Mr. C. Welsh, on Western Wateree, was destroyed by fire. Nothing was saved. The fire was supposed to have been accidental.

On Friday a negro cabin on Mr. T. W. Lang's place was partially destroyed by fire, so much so that the inhabitants were compelled to move out of it to other quarters.

On Monday night, at Boykin's plantation, a colored man and two of his children, aged five and seven respectively, were burned to death.

should find a similarly organized class here as that to which he belongs at home, to which he might look for sympathy, aid and encouragement in his pursuits and investigations.

The near approach of the meeting of the State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, among whose objects is a closer and more profitable association of the planting or farming interests of the State, and a better understanding with similar organizations throughout the whole country, has led us into this train of remark.

At the close of the war, offers of assistance poured in upon him from every quarter. An English nobleman, supposing that he would rejoice in a quiet retreat from the scenes of his great struggle and the disasters that had come upon his native South, wrote him a feeling letter, in which he offered him a country seat and an annuity of £1,000.

Mr. Editor: The bona fide opening of Columbia Female College is now a fact notwithstanding the very unfavorable weather, the number of young ladies who appeared January 1, in the College Chapel, for prayer and classification, was beyond what the most sanguine had expected.

But more remains to be done. Our agricultural plans need a broader foundation upon which to rest, a better organization, a more complete union, among themselves, and a closer and more intimate connection with other friendly communities engaged in similar pursuits.

On Saturday last the dwelling-house of Mr. C. Welsh, on Western Wateree, was destroyed by fire. Nothing was saved. The fire was supposed to have been accidental.

On Friday a negro cabin on Mr. T. W. Lang's place was partially destroyed by fire, so much so that the inhabitants were compelled to move out of it to other quarters.

On Monday night, at Boykin's plantation, a colored man and two of his children, aged five and seven respectively, were burned to death.

Gen. Robert E. Lee. A correspondent of the Richmond Courier-Journal has furnished the following paper, which is a valuable and reliable one, and some interesting facts from it.

If any public man could be justified in receiving gifts from his friends, Gen. Lee could surely have been. Leaving at a moment's notice the splendid estate at Arlington to become the prey of his enemies, and nearly all of his property being within hostile lines and beyond his reach—his scant salary in Confederate scrip being utterly inadequate to support in proper style his invalid wife and accomplished daughters—it was the universal wish of the people for whom he had sacrificed so much, that some proper provision for his family should be made.

At the close of the war, offers of assistance poured in upon him from every quarter. An English nobleman, supposing that he would rejoice in a quiet retreat from the scenes of his great struggle and the disasters that had come upon his native South, wrote him a feeling letter, in which he offered him a country seat and an annuity of £1,000.

After some more in the same strain, he added the following, which I quote verbatim, as illustrating another phase of Gen. Lee's character not generally appreciated: "I hope, now, that your care and toils are over; that your health, under the pleasing influences of your present life, has been greatly improved."

But when they saw the college expand under his able management and wide influence, until its number of students had increased from seventy (before the war) to 411, and its utterly prostrate finances had so recuperated that they had been enabled to increase the corps of instructors from five to twenty-two, they felt that every principle of common justice demanded that the President's salary should bear some proportion to the invaluable services rendered.

But they always met with an insuperable obstacle in Gen. Lee's refusal to receive more than \$3,000 for his services. It was in vain that they argued that they tendered him no gratuity, that the prosperity of the college was due to him, and that his services were fully worth all they proposed to give him.

On Saturday last the dwelling-house of Mr. C. Welsh, on Western Wateree, was destroyed by fire. Nothing was saved. The fire was supposed to have been accidental.

On Friday a negro cabin on Mr. T. W. Lang's place was partially destroyed by fire, so much so that the inhabitants were compelled to move out of it to other quarters.

to Mrs. Lee, and voted her an annuity of \$2,000. It was delicately and quietly refused, but when the great chieftain returned and learned what had been done, he wrote, in behalf of Mrs. Lee, a letter in which he gratefully and courteously, but firmly, declined the proffered donation, saying that if he should die before Mrs. Lee, and be unable to leave her comfortable, her sons would most cheerfully provide for her; and that, in any event, they could not consent to take anything from the college.

But this noble Virginia matron, to whom we can pay no higher tribute than to say that she was every way worthy to be the chosen "help-meet" of R. E. Lee, promptly returned the check and respectfully declined the donation.

The General being apprised of this scheme, wrote to W. W. Corcoran, Esq., (the great Washington banker,) who was the moving spirit in it, expressing his high gratification at their interest in his college, and saying that he would be most happy to receive their donation, only he should "insist on their dispensing with the condition and allowing the money to go into the permanent funds of the college."

After some more in the same strain, he added the following, which I quote verbatim, as illustrating another phase of Gen. Lee's character not generally appreciated: "I hope, now, that your care and toils are over; that your health, under the pleasing influences of your present life, has been greatly improved."

But when they saw the college expand under his able management and wide influence, until its number of students had increased from seventy (before the war) to 411, and its utterly prostrate finances had so recuperated that they had been enabled to increase the corps of instructors from five to twenty-two, they felt that every principle of common justice demanded that the President's salary should bear some proportion to the invaluable services rendered.

But they always met with an insuperable obstacle in Gen. Lee's refusal to receive more than \$3,000 for his services. It was in vain that they argued that they tendered him no gratuity, that the prosperity of the college was due to him, and that his services were fully worth all they proposed to give him.

On Saturday last the dwelling-house of Mr. C. Welsh, on Western Wateree, was destroyed by fire. Nothing was saved. The fire was supposed to have been accidental.

On Friday a negro cabin on Mr. T. W. Lang's place was partially destroyed by fire, so much so that the inhabitants were compelled to move out of it to other quarters.

On Monday night, at Boykin's plantation, a colored man and two of his children, aged five and seven respectively, were burned to death.

On Friday a negro cabin on Mr. T. W. Lang's place was partially destroyed by fire, so much so that the inhabitants were compelled to move out of it to other quarters.

H. Stephens relates that a serious difficulty in the way of the success of his mission to induce Virginia to join the Southern Confederacy was the rank of Gen. Lee.

By unanimous vote of the Virginia Convention, he had been elected Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces, and his friends were unwilling that he should have a less rank in the Confederate army, while several officers already commissioned would out-rank him there.

Mr. Stephens sought an interview with Gen. Lee, and explained to him the difficulty. In the same spirit in which he had refused the supreme command of the United States army, which we have the highest authority for saying was tendered him by Mr. Lincoln, Gen. Lee promptly said that he would not permit his personal interests to interfere for a moment with the demands of the cause—that he was perfectly willing to take a subordinate position, and even to serve as a private soldier, if he could thus best promote the welfare of his native State.

Soon after his West Virginia campaign, while the newspapers and the people were severely censuring him for not fighting Baccanz, he said to an intimate friend, "I could have fought, and I am satisfied that I could also have gained a victory. But the nature of the country was such that it would have proven a barren victory, and I had rather injure my military reputation, and quietly rest under this unjust censure, than to sacrifice unnecessarily the life of a single one of my men."

His FORGETFULNESS OF SELF.—Gen. Lee rarely slept in a house—never outside of his lines—during the war, and when on the march some convenient fence corner would be the most frequent place of bivouac. Your correspondent has not unfrequently seen some quartermaster or commissary entertained in princely style at a hospitable mansion, while hard by the Commander-in-Chief would bivouac in the open air—peachance in a pelting storm.

He never permitted his mess to draw from the commissary more than their fair proportion of the rations on hand, and he would, in consequence, often sit down to a meal meagre in quality and scant in quantity.

A great deal has been written of the famous dinner of sweet potatoes, which Marion, the American partisan, invited the British officer. Gen. Lee considered himself fortunate when he had a good supply of sweet potatoes or a jug of buttermilk.

Upon one occasion Gen. Lee proposed to "treat" some of his officers, remarking, "I have just received a demijohn which I know is of the best." The demijohn, tightly corked, was produced, drinking vessels were brought out, and all gathered around in eager expectancy, when the General filled the glasses and cups to the brim—not with old "Cognac" or "Bourbon"—but with fresh butter-milk, which a kind lady, knowing his taste, had sent him.

In the winters of 1863 and 1864, as, indeed, at many other times, the army was on such scant allowance as to excite the deepest anxiety of the commander. He did all in his power to remedy the evil, and issued to the troops a stirring address, which closed as follows: "Soldiers, you tread with no unequal steps the road by which your fathers marched, through suffering, privation and blood, to independence."

Being invited about this time to dine at a house where an elegant dinner was served, it is said that he declined all of the rich viands offered him, dined on bread and beef, and quietly remarked in explanation to the lady of the house, "I cannot consent to be feasting while my poor soldiers are nearly starving."

In the same spirit he wrote to some young officers who were getting up a grand military ball: "I do not think this a fit time for feasting, or unseemly merry-making. I am always glad to see your names figure among the gallant defenders of the country. I confess that I regret to see them just now conspicuous among the promoters of a 'Grand Military Ball,' or anything of that character."

Not long after his West Virginia campaign, he was recommending a certain officer for promotion, when a friend urged him not to do so, alleging that this officer was accustomed to speak very disparagingly and disrespectfully of Gen. Lee. The quick reply was: "The question is not what he thinks, or is pleased to say, about me, but what I think of him. I have a high opinion of this officer as a soldier, and shall, most unquestionably, recommend his promotion, and do all in my power to secure it."

bat meted-out the evenest justice to all, except that he probably did not promote his relatives as rapidly as the world wishes. His son Robert received a private in the ranks of the Rockbridge Artillery; sharing with his comrades of that crack corps all of their dangers, hardships, drudgery and privations; when, hitherto from his father would have secured him promotion to some place of honor. The General told, with evident relief, that during the battle of Sharpsburg he became very uneasy about Robert—knowing that his battery had suffered severely and not hearing anything from him. At last he made it convenient to ride up to the battery, which had just been relieved from a very perilous position, where it had suffered fearful losses, and where his fears increased by not recognizing his son among the men. To the hearty greeting of the brave fellows, he replied: "Well, you have done nobly to-day; but I shall be compelled to send you in again."

"Will you, General?" said a powder-begrimed youth whom he did not recognize until he spoke as his son Robert; "Well, boys, come on; the General says we must go in again, and you know he is in the habit of having his own way about such matters."

Thus the anxiety of the Commander-in-Chief was relieved, and his son went gallily to work at his gun, and contributed his full share toward "keeping those people back."

Your correspondent has the following from the lips of the distinguished officer who related it: When Gen. Lee was compelled by failing health to ask to be relieved from a certain important command, he went to Richmond to confer with President Davis as to his successor, and to endeavor to impress upon him the very great importance of the district and of the commander being a man of fine abilities. Mr. Davis fully sympathized with his views, and, after reflection, said: "I know of no better man for that position than Gen. Custis Lee. To show you my estimate of his ability, I will say that when, some time ago, I thought of sending Gen. Robert Lee to command the Western army, I had determined that his son Custis should succeed him in command of the army of Northern Virginia. Now, I wish you to go up and see Gen. Lee, tell him what I say, and ask him to order Gen. Custis Lee to the command of that department. Tell him that I will make his son major-general, lieutenant-general, or, if need be, full general, so that he may rank any officer likely to be sent to that department."

Gen. Lee promptly sought Lee's headquarters, delivered Mr. Davis's message, and urged a compliance.

But to all of his arguments and entreaties, the old chieftain had but one reply: "I am very much obliged to Mr. Davis for his high opinion of Custis Lee. I hope that if he had the opportunity, he would prove himself in some measure worthy of that confidence. But he is an untried man in the field, and I cannot appoint him to that command. Very much against his wishes and my own, Mr. Davis has kept him on his personal staff, and he has had no opportunity to prove his ability to handle an army in the field. Whatever may be the opinion of others, I cannot pass by my tried officers and take for that important position a comparatively new man—especially when that man is my own son. Mr. Davis can make the assignment, if he thinks proper; I shall certainly not do so."

Rev. Dr. T. V. Moore, so long pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Richmond, and who recently died in Nashville, Tennessee, related the following in his memorial sermon:

"After the cartel for the exchange of prisoners during the war was suspended, one of his own sons was taken prisoner. A Federal officer of the same rank in Libby prison sent for me, and wished me to write to Gen. Lee, begging him to obtain the consent of the Confederate authorities to his release, provided he could, as he felt sure would be the case, induce the United States authorities to send Gen. Lee's son through the lines to effect this special exchange."

"In a few days a reply was received in which, with the lofty spirit of a Roman Brutus, he respectfully, but firmly, declined to ask any favor for his own son that could not be asked for the humblest soldier in the army. The officer, while disappointed, was yet so struck with the unselfish nobleness of the reply, that he begged the letter from me as a memento of Gen. Lee, adding, with deep emphasis, 'Sir, I regard him as the greatest man now living.'"

It will add greatly to the force of the above incident to recall the fact that the son (Gen. W. H. F. Lee) was at home, severely wounded, at the time he was captured—that his accomplished wife was lying at the point of death, and actually died before his release, (the Federal authorities refusing to allow Gen. Custis Lee to take the place of his brother, as he nobly offered to do,) and that he was closely confined in a casemate at Fortress Monroe and threatened with death by hanging in retaliation for alleged cruelty on the part of the Confederate authorities towards certain Federal prisoners.

Only those who know how devoted to his children Gen. Lee was, can appreciate the noble self-denial which he exercised when under these circumstances, the tenderest feelings of the loving father were sacrificed to his sense of duty to his country.

An old colored woman, while keeping a New Year vigil in the Salem Baptist Church, Chalmers street, Charleston, suddenly fell sick about 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning. She was carried to her home in a cart, and died soon after she reached it. Her name was Phillis Vidal. An inquest was held the same day, and a verdict of death from natural causes rendered.

Mr. Page Reynolds, of Stateburg, died suddenly last week.