

WINNSBORO.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1865.

Pay Up.

We are sending out bills of indebtedness to those of our friends whose subscription to the TRI-WEEKLY NEWS has expired. If they wish the paper continued, they will not fail to pay up. All of our expenses are cash, and we have to expect the same from our patrons.

The Excitement.

There was a good deal of excitement in our quiet village last night, and up to this writing, 6 1/2 a. m., it has not yet quite subsided. Reports said to be brought by a courier fixed the enemy but a short distance from our town.—We regard the whole affair as premature. We would here admonish all to be perfectly quiet, and believe nothing they hear unless coming from a person in whom confidence can be placed—a man of known integrity. We forbear giving an account of all we heard, for we believe, and we have sufficient evidence for doing so, that there is no enemy near this place. We may be deceived, but from all we can gather, we think we are right in the opinion expressed.

A Raid of the Enemy.

We learn from a gentleman of reliability that between 3,000 and 4,000 of Foster's negro troops, on a raid from Charleston, S. C. attacked our forces at Sumter, S. C., driving them back and entering the place, and burning it, on Sunday afternoon last, about 3 o'clock. The further destination of Foster's command is reported as in the direction of Camden, S. C.

We suppose that his object is to cut off the wagon train running between Blackstocks and Camden.

P. S. A courier arrived last night at dusk, from Camden, S. C., who states that the enemy burned nothing in Sumter but Government stores and the depot. The loss to the Government cannot fall short of two millions dollars, as there was accumulated at Sumter a very large amount of stores.

The courier further states that the enemy numbered between 2500 and 3000, and after leaving Sumter they took the road in the direction of Florence, S. C. The troops consisted of half whites and half negroes. We have an adequate force at the proper place to meet them.

Gunboats on the Congaree.

We learn from a high official of the Confederate States that the enemy have started several gunboats from Charleston, navigating the Congaree river. Our informant states that the boats got as far up as Fort Motte, S. C.

It is our informant's opinion that the boats are loaded with troops for the purpose of foraging, probably.

Our friends need not be the least alarmed at this intelligence, for we believe that it is utterly impossible for any boat to reach that place, transports cannot. Therefore the enemy can bring no horses, mules or wagons for raiding purposes. We think it a foolish attempt.

We learn further that our forces in Columbia are deemed quite sufficient to repel the attack if it should be made. There is no cause for present alarm.

Caught.

A so-called Confederate soldier, answering to the name of STARKING, and representing himself from Columbia, S. C., stole on Monday night last, from Mrs. O. WOODWARD, living three miles south of Winnsboro, two mules, and made off with them, but owing to the exertions of our wide-awake town marshal Mr. S. SMART, the chap was overhauled and is now safely ensconced in "comfortable quarters." So much for that rider of the mule.

The Danville Appeal says that "there is a rumor that the enemy have burnt the High Bridge on the Southside rail-road, near Farmville."

The News.

We take the following extracts from the Charlotte (N. C.) Bulletin, of the 11th inst.:

"Passengers who arrived from Greensboro' yesterday, inform us that a report had reached that place that Lynchburg, Va., had been evacuated. It is supposed our forces will fall back and join General Lee."

"We learn that on the night of the 7th, a force of the enemy occupied Manning, in Clarendon District, S. C., about twenty-four miles from Kingstree, where they had arrived on the 6th from Georgetown. The force was variously estimated at from 600 to 3,000."

"An officer lately from Smithfield, informed us yesterday that General Johnston's army was in good condition and in fine spirits. The only depression is among the people at home. The army is, as it always has been, cheerful and confident."

A party of our cavalry captured Yankee Gen. Terry's ambulance, a mile and a half from Goldsboro', one day last week, and brought it to Gen. Johnston."

Sound Advice.

The Richmond Whig, in a brief and excellent article lately upon our recent reverses and the way to retrieve them, says:

"Let our people but spurn the temptations of ease and luxury, let them but cultivate true manhood and a Spartan defiance of hardships, and let them but hate the false and treacherous foe, who has first swindled us and then deceived us, then outraged us, and who finally would crush, conquer and enslave us, and we shall be doubly nerved for suffering, and for revenging."

We say Amen to all this, (says the Petersburg Express) and if the words of the Whig could sink as deep into the hearts and consciences of the Southern people as they ought, then indeed would it be absolutely certain that we would not only speedily recover from our late military disasters but win other and more decisive and glorious victories, which would compel our obstinate and perverse foe, were he a hundred times more dogged and stubborn than he is, to consent to terms of an honorable peace.

Who can reconcile it to himself whilst his country is in the throes of a crisis big with her destinies—whilst our brave army is enduring without a murmur all sorts of privations, hardships and exposures—whilst we stand upon the narrow isthmus, on one side of which lies a bondage and degradation indistinguishable from Helotism or Africanism, and on the other side liberty and independence and all their blessings and glories—who, we say, can reconcile it to himself, in such a state of things as this, to indulge in the enjoyment of luxuries or in any gratifications pertaining to souls at ease and in contrast with the sufferings which abound all over our land? Who, amidst such scenes of distress as are now spread through whole communities of our people, can have the heart to revel in the superfluities or in the more than ordinary comforts of life? Who does not feel his heart burn within him as appeal after appeal is made to him for contributions for the relief and sustenance of the army and for the deliverance of his country from the perils which environs it? Yes—we say with the Whig, "let our people spurn the temptations of ease and luxury—let them cultivate true manhood and Spartan defiance of hardship," and all will be well. With this spirit blazing in their bosoms, they will, under a smiling Providence, achieve their independence, and this Confederacy will be admitted ere long into the great family of Nations, and go on prospering and to prosper in its new career. All depends upon the people. If they will stand by the army and the cause—if they will but do their duty, the result of the mighty struggle will far more compensate them for any sacrifices and self-denials they may voluntarily subject themselves to. They will be richly repaid for all these by the precious, the inestimable blessings of freedom, based upon the great principles which our forefathers left us as a priceless legacy, and a faithful and steady adherence to which can alone secure the national happiness and prosperity to which we inspire.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Query?

Mr. Editor: I hope I am not overstepping the bounds of propriety in asking, if there is no responsibility attaching to our Intendant and Town Council in regard to the retail of liquor in this place? Every citizen almost, who has eyes, can see the drunkenness on our streets, and many have heard that a negro slave has been permitted to retail spirits under the nominal of "tobacco," while others retail the article in person. The public safety at all times demand that such things should not be permitted, and especially at this time constant vigilance should be exercised. If our Town Council are not responsible in this matter we would like to know who is.

A CITIZEN.

[From the Daily Carolinian.

The Fall of Richmond

[OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

DANVILLE, VA., April 5, 1865.

Richmond and Petersburg have fallen; but they have gone down in a blaze of glory, and with a record unstained by one blot of shame. All that the enemy have gained, has been purchased at a terrible price in blood, while our own army, although suffering severely, is still strong, intact and ready for its future work.

Of the events of the last five days I can give you but a cursory view, and even this is obscured by the yet fresh smoke of battle.

Grant commenced his grand movement as early as Tuesday, the 28th. It was not unanticipated. Our only doubt was as to the exact point at which he would make his main or decisive demonstration. He felt our lines at different localities along their entire length. Hence Gen. Lee was compelled so to distribute his forces as to be prepared to repel the principal assault with the least possible delay.

On the Tuesday in question, the enemy advanced on the South side to within one mile of the Boykin Plank Road, threw up entrenchments and built a large fort in the vicinity of the Lewis House. During the night, his skirmishers pushed forward a few hundred yards further. Wednesday, we fought this column with varying success, and night dropped on a drawn battle. At Hatcher's Run, during the afternoon, there was also heavy fighting, in which the enemy lost heavily. Thursday, heavy skirmishing and movement of troops. Friday, the efforts were resumed, and with greater determination. The Federal cavalry swept around our works towards the railroads, but were met by Gen. Fitz Lee and repulsed. The Yankee infantry, upwards of forty thousand strong, were massed near Burgess' mill, and here battle was joined in earnest. Of its results I know nothing definite save the enemy gained no substantial advantage, and suffered greatly. We captured between five and six hundred prisoners.

On Saturday and Sunday the fighting was fearful—the shocks of conflict the most terrible of the war, and the casualties on both sides immense. Our entrenchments, in many places, were held by a thin line only, but this stood nobly to its post, throughout Saturday. On Sunday, however, Grant resumed his old vocation of "Butcher." Finding that he could make little or no impression in the ordinary way, he massed his troops several columns deep against a portion of the line on the right, and then driving them relentlessly forward, succeeded at last, after frightful sacrifice of life, in obtaining possession of a section of the works. It was not in the power of any men, however brave, to have withstood these desperate assaults without greater support. Longstreet had not yet come up, although hurrying from another part of the field. Meanwhile the Federals were rolling forward and recoiling like waves—those behind impelling those before—until a lodgment was effected, the works mounted, a flanking position and enfilade fire secured, and the battle substantially won.

Our grape and canister mowed the enemy down by hundreds, our rifles told with unerring precision, and the ground was literally carpeted with the dead and wounded, but sheer physical brute force proved at last superior to everything else, and the defences were taken.

We know nothing yet of the military movements of the day in detail. But every statement that reaches us confirms the fact, that our officers and soldiers fought like heroes.

Gen. A. P. Hill is said to have been killed or mortally wounded. He was passing through the woods and came upon two Yankees, whose surrender he demanded, but instead of yielding one of them drew sight and shot him through the body. Whether he was killed or not we don't know. It is thought by some that he is in the hands of the enemy and probably still alive. Gen. Gordon is reported mortally wounded. He was one of the lions of the day. Gen'l. Pickett is said to have been killed. These reports may all prove premature, and I recommend that they be received with caution. Our total losses are estimated at from eight to fifteen thousand, of whom a considerable portion are prisoners. That of the enemy can hardly be guessed at; but officers who were engaged at the front and saw something of the slaughter, state that it cannot be less than from 40 to 50,000.

THE SCENE IN RICHMOND

On the reception of the news, beggars all description. While preparations for an evacuation had been in progress several weeks, the suddenness of the movement took every one by surprise. The President was at Church; officials were resting in comparative quiet, waiting the despatches of Gen. Lee; citizens were confident and hopeful. No one anticipated disaster. When, however, the truth was foreshadowed, such hurrying to and fro, such gathering of goods, disposition of effects, and endeavors to leave the city, as took place, has no parallel during the war. The streets were thronged by an excited populace. The departments were alive with swarms of officials packing and removing the public records. The torch was freely applied by order of the government to all species of public property. In some instances the patriotic owners set fire to their own premises. Libby's Prison, tobacco warehouses and flour mills, commissary stores and buildings, the Laboratory and Arsenal, in brief everything that could afford sustenance to the Yankee army, or incite pillage was given to the flames. During Sunday night many of the stores were broken open and robbed of their contents; and others were thrown open to the poor and needy.

Before sunrise flames and smoke were coiling above and around the sacrificial pile in every direction, and I recalled amid the bursting booms, the rush and roar of conflagration, the movement of trains, and a thousand other incidents of the hour, the siege of Sebastopol in the Crimea. Our Malakoff had fallen, our noble fleet of gunboats were either sunk or blown up as on that memorable occasion, and our men might have been seen, with the lurid light of their burning capital glimmering on their faces, retreating slowly from the place. Take it all in all, it was one of the most fearful sights I have ever contemplated. Imagination can scarcely fill the picture.

On Monday, up to the hour of my departure, the excitement still continued and the work of destruction progressed. The superb railroad bridge across the James was burned, and other similar structures above and below it. Little railroad rolling stock, if any, remained. The last train left on Monday morning.

At what hour the enemy entered I am not now informed. But as their advance was within seven miles, I presume a column must have marched up during the day. An officer who escaped from Richmond in a canoe says that when he left, a Yankee officer was addressing a crowd from the Washington monument.

So far as we have advices, they show good spirits still prevailing in the army and a general determination not to succumb to the temporary difficulties by which they have been enshrouded. People are generally beginning to regard the event as necessary to our final success. We hope for the best. CYPHAX

THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG.—An officer who left Richmond at nine o'clock on Monday morning last, informs us that at the time he left, the city was in flames from Cary to Canal streets. The Shockoe warehouse and other entrepôts of supplies were burning. The bridges also had been fired.

No mob or violence of any kind had occurred up to the period when he left, so that the reports of a destructive mob on Sunday night are untrue. The enemy's cavalry entered the city as the train moved off that he came out in. The story of the mob therefore we hope is entirely erroneous. This officer describes the fighting on Saturday as terrific beyond description. The enemy forced column after column on our works, lapping our lines on the extreme right. They came nine columns deep. Eight lines faltered and were broken by the obstinacy of our defences, but the ninth broke over our forces like a whirlwind. He says the destruction of the enemy was immense. Our loss, we think, consisted mainly in the prisoners taken by the enemy. All the prisoners whom we captured were drunk, having been prepared, according to Yankee tactics, for this dreadful ordeal. On Monday Sheridan attacked Fitz Lee and was handsomely repulsed.—Raleigh Confed.

[From the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle & Sentinel, April 5.]

From Arkansas.

Navigating the Arkansas river seems more difficult just now than ever before. Confederates are scattered all along the river, and hardly a boat passes, up or down, without being the recipient of those leaden favors which are never gratefully received. The following from a late St. Louis paper will show the troubles of steamboatmen:

On Monday morning the steamers Chippewa, Annie Jacobs, Lotus and Ad. Hine left for Fort Smith, en route for Little Rock. No accident occurred, and no bushwhackers were visible until Tuesday at half past one, when as the Chippewa was "making a bend" in the river, just above McLean's bottom, some eighty miles below Fort Smith, she was fired at by a force of greybacks, numbering about 1600, under the command of Col. Brooks, acting Brigadier General; they had a four gun battery, which was partially concealed by brush.

After the first volley, the Chippewa, which was badly injured, swung around and drifted upon a sand bar near the bank; the boat was then boarded by the rebels to whom she was surrendered. A detachment of about fifty men, and a Lieutenant belonging to the 50th Indiana infantry, were also made prisoners. The steamer was then fired and burned to the water's edge; she will prove a total loss. The Chippewa was a small stern wheeler, with a cargo aboard, having on her up river trip, carried a load of Government stores to Fort Smith. It was told she belonged to the Government.

The Annie Jacobs being some nine or ten miles in the rear of the Chippewa, the firing was not heard, and not until the sight of the burning boat came to view, were any ideas entertained of the close proximity of the rebels. As soon as the Jacobs came within range, a murderous fire of artillery and musketry was opened on her. Eleven shot went completely through the boat and exploded inside. The tiller ropes having been cut, she drifted down the river some distance and went aground. If the rebels could succeed in crossing the river she will also become a prey.

The Lotus and Ad Hine now had the privilege of running the blockade. These two boats were some distance behind the Chippewa and Jacobs, and heard no firing, and approached in blissful ignorance the bend. The smoke of the Chippewa was visible some time before the scene of action was reached, but by the time the wreck came in sight the battery opened.

The fire was principally directed at the Lotus, she being the larger boat. One solid shot passed through the wheelhouse, about eight inches from the head of the pilot, who no doubt, thinking that discretion was the better part of valor, abandoned his post, and for a few moments the boat was her own master. At this critical state of affairs Capt. Jaquith, together with the engineers, Martin and Burdge, went to the rear of the boat, and by main strength tamed the rudder by hand, and passed out of danger. But for this gallant act the boat would have become a prize, as the bushwhackers crowded around the bank, all ready to "dip in" the moment she touched. But in this they were disappointed, and the Lotus glided down stream amid the yells of rage. How the above named gentleman escaped injury is a problem unsolved, nearly a hundred balls having struck the boat in their immediate vicinity. Six persons were killed and eleven wounded on the Lotus. The lower deck was crowded with refugees, mostly women and children. The Ad Hine was uninjured. I am indebted to the courteous and gentlemanly clerk of the Lotus, Mr. William H. Muzzay for the above.

The design of the rebels in this section is to stop navigation to Fort Smith, and if they can prevent provisions and stores from reaching that place, it must in time be starved out. Fort Smith, if in the rebel hands, would make a grand base of operations, both against Northern Arkansas and Southern Missouri. The rumored evacuation of Fort Smith some weeks ago, caused much excitement here. The order of abandonment was said to have come from General Canby, but the order was countermanded by the President, who probably was aware of the importance of holding the post.

IS THE LOW COUNTRY TO BE LEFT UNPROTECTED?—Numerous accounts reach us, both from public and private sources, of the unchecked and unbridled ravages of Foster's negro troops throughout Charleston District. These demons have been out as far as Pineville, thirty-five or forty miles from the city, and committed horrible outrages and depredations. Indeed they are enacting their scenes of pillage, arson, rape, negro-stealing, &c., &c., in every part of the district.—Edgefield Advertiser.