

WINNSBORO.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1865.

Our Paper.

It will be found, on looking over our columns this morning, that we give a much larger amount of reading matter than usual, and it shall be our aim ever to present to our readers a large scope of readable print, with a well selected variety of subjects. Matters for the grave and gay will be found.

We hope, ere long, to commence a series of good stories, which we promise will be of such an interesting character as will make our paper a welcome visitor at every fireside.

In this view, and with this end, we invite those of our friends who have a fancy for romance writing, to lend us the aid of their pen in our undertaking. Brevity is the prettiest part of writing, and we trust those who will give us their productions, will condense their ideas to a "diamond point of interest."

Botanical Resources.

All readers who have copies of the "Botanical Resources" of Dr. F. P. PORCHER should now begin in earnest to make experiments through the season of vegetable growth and bloom and fruit. This volume is richly and instructively interesting to all fond of botanical studies and observations, or disposed to domestic economy and thrift, the improvement and application of local resources and the development of home comforts.

The book shows strikingly what could be done here in supplying wants for which we have too long and expensively relied on others and strangers. Having been semi-officially published and wasted by official distribution among officials more interested in catering for themselves than in purveying for the public weal, this book is not as well known as it should be. Good readers having it should therefore use and appreciate it, or if they cannot conveniently use it, loan it to intelligent neighbors and good housekeepers, or furnish at proper times suitable and seasonal extracts for the News or any accessible newspaper.

The blackberry is but one of many valuable and too much neglected plants mentioned by Dr. PORCHER and known to observers. It is neglected because it grows abundantly, and it is not the fashion with us to appreciate anything easily obtained near at hand.

Of special use and value as a seasonable article of diet, the blackberry yields medicinal virtues of approved vigor, and thousands of dollars have been spent in this district alone for remedies or preventives of certain complaints—remedies at least, no better than the blackberry, and in some cases deriving their chief value, when innocent, from it.

A wine, equal in tonic and astringent powers to the best genuine *Port*, may be made from the blackberry,—vinegar, of good pickling proof, and with added flavor, can be made from it. We beg, in time, the attention of all readers and housekeepers, to the blackberry, and hope that none will seek an excuse for neglecting it in the absence or high price of alcohol or sugar.

The blackberry, it is asserted, can be made into a wine, self-keeping, by boiling the ripe juice expressed, and without sugar or alcohol. Will any readers give practical hints and results of experience?

There need be, however, no excuse for want of alcohol, even for purposes requiring it. The *elderberry*, known to all boys of the pop-gun age, yields alcohol in good quantity. A wine very much like Claret, but stronger, has been made from elderberry. Ink, paints, dyes, vinegar, wine and other things, could no doubt be made of it or with it, by proper processes and additions. Its alcoholic value alone, however, deserves trial and attention, in view of the great demand for this stimulant, and the woe that wasteful calls made on our cereals for distillation.

The *persimmon* is second only to the blackberry, if to any offering of our flora, and deserves fuller notice than can

now be given. We refer again to Dr. F. P. PORCHER, and beg all readers having facts or results of trial, to report in time for aiding and directing new efforts during the current season.

The signers to the call for a public meeting in Charleston, on the 10th inst., were James Lynch, John F. Poppenheim, M. D., W. H. Houston, Samuel Hart, Sr., John Van Winkle and John Ferguson.

TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.—Most of the prominent officials and citizens of Richmond have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, and there is a very general disposition among the masses of citizens to follow their example. Among those who have subscribed to the oath are Joseph Mayo, Mayor of Richmond; Judge William H. Lyons, Judge of the Hustings Court; Littleton Tazewell, Prosecuting Attorney in the same Court; Thomas C. Dudley, City Sergeant; Judge Meredith, of the Circuit Court of Richmond; P. H. Aylett, late Prosecuting Attorney of the Confederate States District Court; Joseph R. Anderson, Proprietor of the Tredegar Iron Works; Wm. H. Macfarland, President of the Farmers' Bank and others less prominent. Physicians, lawyers and professional men generally, with few exceptions, have taken the oath and resumed the practice of their professions. We have no data upon which to calculate the number of oaths administered, but the aggregate embraces a large per centage of the male resident population.

[Richmond Whig, May 2.

Senor Arguellas, who was some time ago delivered by the United States officers in this city to the Cuban authorities, under the provisions of our extradition treaty with Spain, on charge of having been engaged in the slave trade, received his sentence in the Havana court on the 3d inst. It condemns him to nineteen years in the chain gang, a fine of fifty thousand dollars to make restitution to various persons for large sums of money, of which it is alleged, he defrauded them in his transactions; to pay one third of the costs of trial, to suffer loss of all civil rights and to be subjected to other penalties. With him were also sentenced ten others charged with complicity in his operations, including a priest named Valdez, who was condemned to eight years in the chain gang, perpetual incapacity to exercise pastoral functions and to pay a portion of the costs of trial.

COOKING MEAT.—The majority of American families use boiled meat. All its flavor is dissipated in the process.

"But there is a great portion of the ox that no other disposition can be made of," exclaims the housewife. "It is too tough to roast or broil, or fry, or stew; there is nothing but boiling left for it."

Anything that can be boiled can be stewed. And when it can, it ought to be, even when soup is wanted, and the meat cared for—other dishes taking the lead.

A tough piece of meat by the ordinary process, takes a long time to boil, even when kept at the boiling point.

Half the time would suffice, if the piece of meat was first soaked in vinegar, put in an earthen pot, covered close, and set by the fire. The heat will cause the vinegar to penetrate the whole piece, and the acid will act on the fibrin as a dissolvent.

The vinegar off pickles, or spiced vinegar, would be still better than vinegar plain; for, besides making the meat tender, it would impart a delicious flavor.

COUGH MIXTURE.—Take as much of the *Buttonbush* (*Cephalanthus occidentalis*, not the buttonwood, which is a tree,) as can be conveniently grasped in the hand, boil them in a gallon of water until reduced to a quart; add a teaspoonful of saltpetre and a tea-cupful of honey. It may be used fresh, or when it ferments into a sort of beer, but should be prepared anew, if it gets sour. Take a tablespoonful of the decoction whenever inclined to cough. A cough of an acquaintance of ours, which was of nearly two years standing, yielded to this remedy in about two weeks. It requires a repetition of the medicine several times, however, before the lungs had healed, so that there was no tendency to a relapse.

Buttonbush is a shrub growing from four to twelve feet high in swampy places, with curious heads of whitish yellow flowers late in the summer.—*Cultivator.*

One of the *Shetland* mares imported by John S. Ratay, of Ohio, gave birth to a colt, which is considered as the smallest specimen of the horse kind in the world, being only twenty inches in height, and only weighing twenty-one pounds. The mother of the colt weighs only twenty pounds.

The Inauguration of President Johnson.

We published a few days ago a brief account of the inauguration of President Johnson. The following is a verbatim report of his address after receiving the oath:

GENTLEMEN: I must be permitted to say that I have been almost overwhelmed by the announcement of the sad event which has so recently occurred. I feel incompetent to perform duties so important and responsible as those which have been so unexpectedly thrown upon me. As to an indication of any policy which may be pursued by me in the administration of the government, I have to say that that must be left for development as the administration progresses. The message or declaration must be made by the acts as they transpire. The only assurance that I can now give of the future, is reference to the past. The course I have taken in the past in connection with this rebellion, must be regarded as a guarantee of the future. My past public life, which has been long and laborious, has been founded, as I in good conscience believe, upon a great principle of right which lies at the base of all things. The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavoring to establish and perpetuate the principles of free government, and I believe the Government in passing through its present perils will settle down upon principles consonant with popular rights more permanent and enduring than heretofore. I must be permitted to say, if I understand the feelings of my own heart, that I have long labored to ameliorate and elevate the condition of the great mass of the American people. Toil and an honest advocacy of the great principles of free government, have been my lot. Duties have been mine, consequences God's. This has been the foundation of my political creed, and I feel that in the end, the Government will triumph, and that these great principles will be permanently established. In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say that I want your encouragement and countenance. I shall ask and rely upon you and others, in carrying the Government through its present perils. I feel, in making this request, that it will be heartily responded to by you and all other patriots and lovers of the rights and interests of a free people.

At the conclusion of the above remarks, the President received the kind wishes of the friends by whom he was surrounded, and a few minutes were devoted to conversation. All were deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and the recent sad occurrence that caused the necessity for the speedy inauguration of the President, was gravely discussed. Mr. Johnson is in fine health, and has an earnest sense of the important trust that has been confided to him.

FACTS AS TO ADVERTISING.—The advertisements in an ordinary number of the *London Times* exceed 2500; the annual advertising bills of one London firm are said to amount to £40,000; and three others are mentioned who each annually expend £10,000. The expense of advertising the eighth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is said to have been £3000. In great cities, says the *Boston Transcript*, nothing is more common than to see large business establishments, which seem to have an immense advantage over all competitors by the wealth, experience and prestige they have acquired, drop gradually out of public view, and be succeeded by firms of smaller capital, more energy, and more determination to have the fact that they sell such and such commodities known from one end of the land to the other. In other words, the new establishments advertise; the old die of dignity. The former are ravenous to pass out of obscurity into publicity; the latter believe that their publicity is so obvious that it cannot be obscured. The first understand that they must thrust themselves on public attention or be disregarded; the second, having once obtained public attention, suppose they have arrested it permanently, while in fact nothing is more characteristic of the world than the ease with which it forgets.

MOSBY STILL AT LARGE.—Mosby is still at large, but without a command. It is a fact that some of those he counted as his most trusty men, are now on his track attempting his arrest, to meet that retribution that awaits him. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard.

[N. Y. Herald.

A Dutch novelist's Dutch captain casts the following reflections upon gratitude: "Gratitude is bell-metal for fools. I have never been better paid than in assurances of gratitude. Gratitude is the orange-peel that is thrown away when the juice is sucked." Well done, Mynheer Von Dunk.

Allegiance.

It is a maxim of the English common law that allegiance and protection are reciprocal. No citizen can rightfully claim the protection of a Government whose policy he thwarts; whose measures he opposes; and whose officers and friends he taunts and insults without even the pretext of provocation. These may be regarded as axiomatic truths—which no one has heretofore had the temerity to question or impugn. It does seem, however, that there are a few in this community who desire to reap all the benefits of the late pacification, without incurring any of the obligations consequent thereupon. We shall always advocate a fair and dispassionate criticism of public men and measures, but this is widely different from that constant fault-finding and that indiscriminate abuse which is often the product of mortified pride than of earnest patriotism.

Has it never occurred to these parties that a renewal of political agitation at the present juncture is only to tear open the wounds of our mangled and bleeding section before they have even partially cicatrized?

The object of the late military convention was to restore peace to this country. We are in honor bound to observe it, and we have only to ask any one who possesses the instincts of true manliness, what sort of peace is that which allows of scurrilous if not treasonable attacks on the Government, and of rude and unmannerly treatment of the soldiery of that Government when engaged in the discharge of duty?

We have warned the country against these incendiaries who are still scattering fire brands through our Southern community. We done so in spite of obloquy and reproach. We now expostulate with these parties themselves. If they are friends of the South—if they would not sully that escutcheon which has passed un tarnished by dishonor through the smoke of a hundred battlefields; if they would not begger the women and children of the South and convert the land into a desert and inhospitable waste; if they would bring about none of these appalling consequences—then we implore them to abstain from further agitation, and to counsel everybody to renew their allegiance to the United States Government. That Government while it enforces the laws will temper justice with mercy. But, on the other hand, towards those who, by their conduct, stubbornly refuse the proffered amnesty, it will exercise the most unsparing rigor.

[Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel.

MEASURING THE WEATHER.—A Frenchman, M. Morin, has invented a new barometrograph, consisting of three parts—a clock, a barometer, and an electrical apparatus. The clock, while it marks time, also causes a cylinder to turn round once in twenty-four hours, its surface receiving the marks of a style connected with the barometer and the electric apparatus, and balanced by the weight of a rack attached to a string passing over a pulley. Every quarter of an hour this rack is raised by the machinery, the style descends to the surface of the mercury, and thereby establishes a complete electrical circuit, which immediately magnetizes a horse shoe magnet, and causes the style to make a mark on the cylinder.

A CURIOUS CASE OF WAR.—In the year 1800, some soldiers of the commonwealth of Modena ran away with a bucket from a public well, belonging to the State of Belgium. The intrinsic value of the article itself might have been worth a shilling, but it produced a quarrel which was worked up into a long bloody war.

Henry, the King of Sardinia, son of the Emperor Henry the II, assisted the Modense to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was made prisoner. His father, the Emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Belgium, which is seven miles in compass, but in vain. After twenty years of imprisonment, and his father being dead, he pined away and died. His monument is still extant in the churchyard of the Dominicans, or was a few years ago; The fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena, enclosed in an iron cage. Tasso has very humorously described it in his *Della Scchia*.

The streets down town that used to bustle and hum like a hive, with business and activity, begin to wear their old aspect again. Drays fill the streets, boxes, barrels and packages the sidewalks; and men, with locomotive energy in them, move about with a velocity that is contagious. Old warehouses that have been closed and to let since 1861, are opening on every hand.—*Richmond Whig.*

The Stonewall.

HER ARRIVAL LOOKED FOR ON THE COAST—PREPARATIONS MADE TO RECEIVE HER—THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK WELL DEFENDED, &c., &c., &c. The rebel iron-clad ram *Stonewall*, Captain Page, which sailed from Lisbon the 28th of March, is evidently on her way to this coast. As the frigate *Niagara*, Commodore Craven, and the corvette *Sacramento*, Captain Walker, were debarred by the twenty-four hour rule from giving pursuit, she was to get away from the coast and so far ahead that chase was useless. From Lisbon the *Stonewall* proceeded to the Madeiras, where she coaled and took in supplies, but was ordered away after the expiration of twenty-four hours. From Funchal she steamed to Teneriffe, where she again coaled and provisioned, and was compelled to go to sea again in twenty-four hours, on the 1st of April. She is evidently making her way to some of the islands of the West Indies, where she will again coal and prepare for a raid on our coast. No rebel port is left here that she can enter, as her draught of water is too great for Galveston. She may make a dash into some of our Northern ports, and the Navy Department has made and is making every preparation to meet and destroy her if she attempts the feat.

Iron-clads have been quietly placed in the different harbors, and other measures taken that will render abortive any raid on our seaboard cities.

The *Roanoke* and other iron-clads will care for New York, and a torpedo boat will also be kept ready for immediate service.

It was rumored yesterday that the *Stonewall* had been spoken on Friday last, but the report is entirely unfounded. Great vigilance is, however, maintained by the naval vessels in the harbor, and they are always ready for action.

Our citizens may yet have an opportunity of witnessing a naval combat in the bay of New York, but the chances are very shadowy.

Our next advices from Nassau may bring us intelligence of the whereabouts of the formidable pirate, and we shall then know where to look for her.

[New York Herald.

ARREST OF AN ALLEGED NOTORIOUS MURDERER.—The *St. Louis Republican* gives the particulars of the arrest in that city, of Daniel W. Poore, of Tennessee, the murderer of Ellen Poore, an estimable young lady, who resided on her father's farm near Clarksville, Tennessee, and who was distantly related to her murderer. We quote as follows:

The murder with which Poore is charged was committed on the 16th day of November last. The victim of the murder, Ellen Poore, a young lady not of age, who is described as having been possessed of considerable beauty, and gifted with many attractive qualities of mind and character, was engaged to a Mr. Russell, said to be a wealthy man and a worthy citizen of Tennessee.

Robert W. Poore had formerly been paying her his attention, but, at her own request, as well as that of her parents, he had discontinued his visits, at the same time declaring, as it is stated, that she should not live to marry another. Her wedding day had been set for the 20th of November, and on the evening of the 16th, while she was sitting in the parlor of her father's house, engaged in some needle work, a musket was fired through the window, and she fell dead upon the floor. Her relative and former suitor had been seen during the evening lurking in the neighborhood with a musket in his hand. When the intelligence of the murder spread among the neighbors, they turned out together and the efforts of all were united to bring the perpetrator to justice, but he had already fled. Mr. Bligh, of Louisville, who made the arrest, informs us that the public feeling against Poore is so violent among the old neighbors of the murdered girl in Tennessee, that he will hardly be allowed the privilege of a formal trial.

A KISS IN THE DARK.—Heleroft, the well known dramatist, supped one evening at Ople's. After the cloth had been removed, numerous stories were told, among which was one of a gentleman, who having put out his candle on going to bed, read in the phosphorescent characters on the wall, "Confess thy sins." The gentleman fell on his knees, and, as expected, began to confess his sins aloud, not from terror, however, for, aware it was a trick to terrify him, devised by a certain waggish young lady in the house, and hearing a little bustle on the stairhead he guessed rightly that she and her comrades were there to enjoy his discomfiture. He confessed, as the last and greatest of his sins, that he had kissed Miss——, frequently in the dark, and so turned the tables on his tormenter with a vengeance, a lesson she never forget.