

WEEKLY NEWS.

S. C., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 30, 1865.

[NUMBER 32.]

country lawyer—it will quite answer for purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very *devious* way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barrister, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstraction, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly! what's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable he exclaimed—

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth is the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me, where d'ye get them?"

"Get them?—Don't you see the initials on them?"—extending them towards her—"I stole them!"

"Stole them, Judge?"

"Yes, stole them!"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible! on whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there; his name on them."

"Good heavens! how could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes, you was."

"Was I remarkably drunk when I came home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, Judge, as drunk as a fool, and very times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency.

"I knew it would come to that, at last. I always thought that something would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill someone in a moment of passion perhaps—

I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny."

"But, there may be some mistake, Judge?"

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow Sterritt keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" and the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife wiping away the tears, "go like a man over Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of jollie. Pass it off as a joke—go and appear in Court, and nobody will ever think it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such thing usually does; his extreme mortification was fully subdued, and over to Sterritt's went with a tolerable face. Of course, he had but little difficulty in dealing with him—for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in court; but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the Court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough-looking sort of a customer was assigned on a charge of stealing. After the Clerk had read the indictment to him he put the question:

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty—but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dosing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the Clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and he pleads—"

"He pleads guilty, but drunk!"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none nowhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all of Sterritt's spoons! Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the Court."

A man went from New York to the Pennsylvania oil region, and spent two thousand five hundred dollars in boring for oil, without success. He had no funds left, but bought five barrels of oil on a credit, carried them to his well in the night, poured the oil down the pipes, and the next morning began pumping with a success which astonished all his neighbors. Before the flow stopped, he sold his well for seven thousand, and went home.

AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE.—*Washington, May 1.*—Acting Master Fitzpatrick, commanding United States Steamer *Siren*, reports to the Navy Department, under date of April 23, off Randolph, Tennessee, that on the 19th an expedition, under the command of Brigadier General Osborne, started for Brownsville in three columns—one from Randolph, one by way of Hatchie river, and one from Fulton, Tennessee. They returned on the 22d, having been successful in capturing several officers and men. Gen. Shelby's adjutant was killed. One of the men captured was the fellow who has been passing for Leuxton. He confessed having burned the St. Paul and killing one man on board of her.

General Osborne hung him to a cottonwood tree at Randolph, and left his body hanging. His proper name was Wilcox.

The steamers *Anna Everton* and *Sylph* were not burned by the guerrillas. They came out of Hatchie River safe.

Obituary.
DEPARTED this life, on the night of the 25th inst., of Typhoid Fever, Miss SUE DANTZLER, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Major WOODWARD.

To the bereaved sisters and friends, these lines are offered, as an humble, but sincere effort of condolence and sympathy, by
A FRIEND.

Once more, O Death! Thy chilly hand
Hath pluck'd a floweret, sweet and fair;
And borne her to the brighter land,
Who bloom'd in quiet beauty here.

Again, the slowly tolling bell
Hath tortured hearts with anguish wild,
And told us by its mournful knell
That she hath gone, the gentle, mild.

Pure as the lily on her bier
Was the heart of her they laid to rest;
Too bright, it seem'd, for Death to near—
But God, our Father knoweth best.

Of quiet, unobtrusive mein
And beauty, was the flower lost!
That beauty, of the soul, not seen,
But felt by those who knew her most.

What is true solace for the pain
Which rends the heart in grief like this?
That friends' bands shall meet again
Unbroken, in the home of bliss.

Sisters: Be this your comfort while ye stay,
That she so bright, so pure a gem,
By Gods own voice was called away,
To sparkle in his diadem.
Winnaboro, S. C., May 29, 1865.

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A COOK and WASHER-WOMAN. Apply at this office, or to
W. A. DESPOFFTES.
may 27/65—2

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Dr. C. H. Ladd,

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april 6/65 WM. JOHNSTON, Pres't.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE COUNTRYMAN!
NILES' REGISTER, the most useful journal ever issued in America, has been revived in the publication of The Countryman. This journal is a fac-simile of its original in the number and size of its pages, its typography, and all the features which gave value to the standard publications issued by Mr. Niles.

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