

The News.

TRI-WEEKLY.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary advertisements, occupying not more than ten lines, (one square,) will be inserted in THE NEWS, at \$1.00 for the first insertion and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Larger advertisements, when no contract is made, will be charged in exact proportion.

For announcing a candidate to any office of profit, honor or trust, \$10.00.

Marriage, Obituary Notices, &c., will be charged the same as advertisements, when over ten lines, and must be paid for when handed in, or they will not appear.

POETRY.

[FOR THE NEWS.]

Lines accompanying a pair of socks sent to a soldier who wore number three (3) shoes.

Your's is a dainty little foot,
It wears but nigger three;
Perhaps these socks are not too large—
Now try them on, and see.

I know that dainty little foot,
Through many a long, long tramp,
Has marched along quite cheerfully,
Scarce heeding cold or damp.

If e'er that dainty little foot
Should Southern courage lose,
Then may the patriot socks you wear
Drop off—and both your shoes.

But if that dainty little foot
Upon the battle field,
Most bravely stand—may God above
Protect you with His shield.
January, 1864. PETITE.

Ex-President Davis' Imprisonment.

MR. DAVIS ALLOWED THE USE OF TOBACCO.
After visiting Mr. Davis on the morning of the 24th of May, and finding him ill, Dr. Craven writes:

On quitting Mr. Davis, at once wrote to Major Church, Assistant Adjutant General, advising that the prisoner be allowed tobacco—to the want of which, after a lifetime of use, he had referred as one of the probable partial causes of his illness—though not complainingly, nor with any request that it be given. This recommendation was approved in the course of the day; and on calling in the evening brought tobacco with me, and Mr. Davis filled his pipe, which was the sole article he had carried with him from the Citadel, except the cloths he then wore.

"This is a noble medicine," he said, with something as near a smile as was possible for his haggard and sunken features. "I hardly expected it; did not ask for it though the deprivation has been severe. During my confinement here I shall ask for nothing."

He was now much calmer, feverish symptoms steadily decreasing, pulse already down to seventy-five, his brain less excitable, and his mind becoming more resigned to his condition. Complaining of the foot-falls of the two sentries within his chamber made it difficult for him to collect his thoughts; but added cheerfully that, with this—touching his pipe—he hoped to become tranquil.

This pipe, by the way, was a large and handsome one, made of meershaum, with an amber mouth-piece, showing by its color that it had seen "active service" for some time—as, indeed, was the case, having been his companion during the stormiest years of his late titular Presidency. It is now in the writer's possession, having been given to him by Mr. Davis, and its acceptance insisted upon as the only thing he had left to offer.

THE TORTURE OF THE PRISONER.

Happening to notice that his coffee stood cold and apparently untasted beside his bed in its tin cup, I remarked that there was a contradiction of the assertion implied in the old army question, "Who ever saw cold coffee in a tin cup?" referring to the eagerness with which soldiers of all classes, when campaigning, seek for and use this beverage.

"I cannot drink it," he remarked, "though fond of coffee all my life. It is the poorest article of the sort I have ever tasted, and if your government pays for such stuff as coffee, the purchasing quartermaster must be getting rich. It surprises me, too, for I thought your soldiers must have the best—many of my Generals complaining of the difficulties they encountered in seeking to prevent our people from making volunteer truces with your soldiers whenever the lines ran near each other, for the purpose of exchanging the tobacco we had in abundance against your coffee and sugar."

Told him to spend as little time in bed as he could; that exercise was the best medicine for dyspeptic patients. To this he answered by uncovering the blanket from his feet and showing me his shackled ankles.

"Is it possible for me Doctor; I cannot even stand erect. These shackles are very heavy; I know not, with the chain, how many pounds. If I try to move they trip me, and have already abraded broad patches of skin from the parts they touch. Can you devise no means to pad or cushion them so that when I try to drag them along they may not chafe me so intolerably? My limbs have so little flesh on them, and that so weak as to be easily lacerated."

THE SIMPLE FACTS OF MR. DAVIS' CAPTURE.

Having joined his family, he travelled with them for several days, in consequence of finding the region infested with deserters and robbers engaged in plundering whatever was defenceless, his intention

being to quit his wife whenever she had reached a safe portion of the country, and to bear west across the Chattahoochee. The very evening before his arrest, he was to have carried out this arrangement, believing Mrs. Davis to be now safe, but was prevented by a report brought in through one of his aides, that a party of guerillas, or highwaymen, was coming that night to seize the horses and mules of his wife's train. It was on this report he decided to remain another night.

Towards morning he had just fallen into the deep sleep of exhaustion, Robert, came to him announcing that there was firing up the road. He started up, dressed himself and went out. It was just at gray dawn, by the imperfect light he saw a party approaching the camp. They were recognized as Federal cavalry by the way in which they deployed to surround the train, and he stepped back into the tent to warn his wife that the enemy were at hand.

Their tent was prominent, being isolated from the other tents of the train; and as he was quitting it to find his horse, several of the cavalry rode up, directing him to halt and surrender. To this he gave a defiant answer. When one whom he supposed to be an officer asked, had he any arms, to which Mr. Davis replied: "If I had, you would not be alive to ask that question." His pistols had been left in the holsters as it had been his intention, the evening before, to start whenever the camp was settled; but horse, saddle and holsters were now in the enemy's possession, and he was completely unarmed.

Colonel Pritchard, commanding the Federal cavalry, came up soon, to whom Mr. Davis said: "I suppose, sir, your orders are accomplished in arresting me. You can have no wish to interfere with women and children, and I beg they may be permitted to pursue their journey." The Colonel replied that his orders were to take every one found in my company back to Macon, and he would have to do so, though grieved to inconvenience the ladies. Mr. Davis said his wife's party was composed of paroled men, who had committed no act of war since their release, and begged they might be permitted to go to their homes; but the Colonel, under his orders, did not feel at liberty to grant this request. They were taken to Macon, therefore, reaching it in four days, and from thence were carried to Augusta—Mr. Davis thanking Major-General J. H. Wilson for having treated him with all the courtesy possible to the situation.

THE FAILURE OF THE CAUSE OF THE SOUTH—DANGER TO THE LIBERTIES OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY—MR. DAVIS' TORTURE FROM BEING CEASELESSLY WATCHED.

"My people," he added, "attempted what your people denounced as a revolution. My people failed; but your people have suffered a revolution which must prove disastrous to their liberties unless promptly remedied by legal decision, in their efforts to resist the revolution which they charged my people with contemplating. State sovereignty, the corner-stone of the Constitution, has become a name. There is no longer power or will in any State or number of States that would dare submit compliance with any tinkle of Mr. Seward's bell."

Mr. Davis complained that this sleeplessness was aggravated by the lamp kept burning in his room all night so that he could be seen at all moments by the guard in the outer cell. If he happened to doze one feverish moment the noise of relieving guard in the next room aroused him, and the lamp poured its full glare into his aching and throbbing eyes. There must be a change in this, or he would grow crazy, or blind, or both.

"Doctor," he said, "had you ever the consciousness of being watched? of having an eye fixed upon you every moment, intently scrutinizing your most minute actions and the variations of your countenance and posture? The consciousness that the Omniscient Eye rests upon us, in every situation, is the most consoling and beautiful belief of religion. But to have a human eye riveted on you in every moment of waking, or sleeping, sitting or lying down, is a refinement of torture on anything the Comanche, or Spanish Inquisition ever dreamed. They, in their ignorance of cruel art, only struck at the body; and the nerves have a very limited capacity of pain. This is a maddening, incessant torture of the mind, increasing with every moment it is endured, and shaking the reason by its incessant recurrence of miserable pain. Letting a drop of water drop of water fall on his head every sixty seconds does not hurt at first, but its victim dies of raving agony, it is alleged if the infliction is continued. The torture of being incessantly watched is to the mind what the water-dropping is to the body, but more effective, as the mind is more susceptible, but more effective, as the mind is more susceptible of pain. The Eye of Omniscience looks upon us with tenderness and compassion; even if conscious of guilt, he have the comfort of knowing that Eyes sees also our repentance. But the human eye forever fixed upon you is the eye of a spy, or enemy, gloating in the pain and humiliation which itself creates. I have lived too long in the woods to be frightened by an owl, and have seen death too often to dread any form of pain. But I

confess, Doctor, this torture of being watched begins to prey on my reason. The lamp burning in my room all night would seem a torment devised by some one who had intimate knowledge of my habits, my custom having been through life never to sleep except in total darkness."

Letter from Alexandre Dumas—Garibaldi—Confident and Enthusiasm of the Italians—Enlistments—Venice Must be Free.

Alexandre Dumas, as well be recollected, has gone to Italy at the request of Garibaldi to act as historiographer of the coming campaigns. From Lucon, in Tuscany, he writes to a friend in Florence the following letter, which is translated for the Richmond Times from the "Gazzetta del Popolo," of Florence. Like everything else from the pen of Dumas, it is well worth reading; as presenting a correct picture of the spirit that now fires the Italian heart, it may be relied upon, and is of peculiar interest:

My dear G:—I have been two days in Italy, and for two days I have felt over-joyous, over-enthusiastic. As soon as I reached Genoa I met with Brusio, who showed me a letter from Garibaldi, who announces his future arrival on the continent towards the end of the present month. It is evident that he does not wish to appear on the scene before his role is about to begin, while, at the same time, he is unwilling to throw embarrassment through his presence—in the way of a peaceful solution of the present difficulties, though a peaceful solution has become next to an impossibility.

In vain look into history for a parallel to what is at this time transpiring in Italy, unless it be France in 1792. The reason of it is that Italy feels that war is now for her not a political necessity as much as a moral measure. It is necessary that Italy should take revenge for the many calumnies that parties opposed to her have been flinging in her face. Well, as for me, I believe and hope Italy, with her almost complete unity, with her rising nationality, with her admirable, regular army, led by able Generals, headed by the man of fate—will this time be able to work out her destiny alone. I say one hundred thousand volunteers, but I lay a wager that I shall fall short twenty thousand. I am now at Luca; well, Luca, out of twenty-two thousand inhabitants, all told, has, within the last two days, furnished one thousand volunteers. Its territory—that is, the old Duchy alone—will furnish three thousand volunteers.

The enlistment is carried on under my very windows. Those among the applicants who are judged unfit for military service give vent in tears of despair to their cruel disappointment. A young man, too short by a few lines for the standard height specified by law, tears his hair, while he angrily asks if it be necessary to be five feet five to acquire the right to die for one's country. Another, who shall be told that he cannot unless he resign himself first to a painful surgical operation, is off in a second in search of a surgeon. Such a sight as this is the more striking and impressive, inasmuch as Xerxes is not at the Thermopylae, nor Hannibal thundering at the gates, nor the enemy threatening Italy—but 'tis Italy threatening the enemy.

I went yesterday with Teleki to enjoy a rural breakfast at a village situated among the mountains. This small village has already furnished ten volunteers. What distinguishes the present popular movement is that it takes place, not only in cities, but in villages also; not only among upper classes, but among all classes. It is like the electric shock—it runs through the entire social scale. If Garibaldi was a proud man, Garibaldi would be completely satisfied—the reputation is glorious. The crowds give vent to their enthusiasm continually by three cheers: first for war, then for Victor Emanuel, then for Garibaldi; and these two names are always coupled together—the former as the symbol of nationality, the latter as the symbol of victory. Should the volunteers be told that they were about to march under any other leader than Garibaldi, not ten thousand volunteers would remain in the ranks; with the name of Garibaldi no one can tell where their number may stop.

And you, too, rely upon Garibaldi for the unrivalled strategy the hero of Montevideo, of Rome, of Palermo, can display. But we rely, above all, upon a warfare against a warlike nation like Austria, upon Italy's splendid, patriotic, and courageous army. It not only will stand the shock of Austria, but will even break through that net of strongholds before which, I do not say France, but Napoleon III, has retreated. Beyond that net—my brave friends, do not forget it—stands Venice, the desolate slave, the inconsolable widow. You hear her groans and her sobs, and shall overthrow whatever obstacles separate you from her. We shall follow you with our thoughts, our heart, our eyes. We shall mark your glorious relays on Liberty's path; we shall shout courage to the living, glory to the dead, and shall ask you to make still faster the bonds which have united us for the last six years. Strike, strike hard—to us the task of registering your victories.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
Luca, May, 1866.

One of the Witnesses—A Startling Exposure.

The Clearfield (Pennsylvania) Republican copies the following from one of its exchanges:

"It will be remembered that at the trial of the accomplices of Booth before a military commission at Washington, on the charge of complicity with the assassination of President Lincoln, a certain James B. Merritt was the principal witness for the Government. On his testimony Mrs. Surratt was convicted and hanged, and on his testimony it was shown that Jefferson Davis, C. C. Clay and George N. Sanders were directly implicated in the assassination. To outsiders the testimony of this man Merritt read strangely at the time of the trials. His statements did not appear reasonable. Mrs. Surratt's daughter, after the execution of her mother, pronounced them utterly false from beginning to end, and so indignant was Clay when he heard what this witness had said that he voluntarily surrendered himself to the Government authorities, and asked for a trial. Davis and Sanders too pronounced his testimony perjury. Indeed, his entire stock before the illegal military court had the appearance of manufactured testimony.

It now appears that this villain's evidence was perjured from beginning to end. He has recently been before the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives, and his examination there showed that his testimony in the trial of the conspirators was totally void of truth; that he really knew nothing connecting any persons with transactions not recognized by the usages of war; that his attempt to connect Davis, Clay, Sanders and others with the assassination of Lincoln was a pure fabrication. One very remarkable fact was elicited in his examination, wherein he admitted that the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, had paid him between five and six thousand dollars for his services as a witness before the Military Commission which tried the conspirators. This was the pitiful price of his infamy. Such is the testimony upon which Mrs. Surratt, Harold, Atzerodt and Payne were hanged, and Mudd, Arnold, O'Laughlin and Spangler were imprisoned on the Dry Tortugas. Out of the month of this man, who sold his soul to Stanton and the devil for five thousand dollars, a Republican committee are trying to establish the complicity of Jefferson Davis with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. With Stanton to suborn the witnesses at five thousand dollars a head, there is no telling what they may not be able to prove.

From the Abbeville Banner.

MR. EDITOR—DEAR SIR:—While at Greenwood to-day I observed a Federal officer, in full dress, and, of course, (such a personage being a *rara avis* thereabouts) inquired why, and wherefore he was there. An interview was sought, and the following information acquired: On or about the 17th of May, a writer, signing himself "John Belton Thomas," wrote a letter to President Johnson, headed "Greenwood, Abbeville District, S. C.," asserting that said "Thomson" was a good and loyal citizen, and perhaps a representative of the majority of the citizens of the District; that, like them, he had accepted the consequences of the war, and was ready and willing to abide by and obey all published orders as the law of the land; that amongst other "orders," was one requiring a fee to be paid for the approval of contracts with freed men; that these fees had been a source of revenue to the Provost Marshal at Abbeville Court House—Capt. Becker—amounting to the sum of \$3,000, which sum Capt. Becker had appropriated to his own private use; that this could be proven, and that said sum should be returned to the proper owners.

Upon the receipt of this letter, President Johnson immediately dispatched an order to officer in command at Augusta, Ga., to investigate the matter. The officer seen at Greenwood was sent there for that purpose. He was diligent in his search; but found no citizen in the neighborhood answering to the name of John Belton Thomson.

I have thought proper to give this statement to the public to induce the disclosure of the writer of that letter. If he be a citizen of the District, he owes it to the State to substantiate his charges, or confess he erred in making them. Such anonymous epistles not only prejudice our cause with our enemies at the North; but are stumbling blocks in the path of our Chief Executive, who unquestionably has proven and is proving himself a friend of the South. The whole thing, to my mind, smacks of Yankeeism, and I question if some Blue-light is not the author of that letter.

Very truly yours,
D. WYATT AIKEN,
Stony Point, June 7, 1866.

The celebrated artist, who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before its time, has recently finished a picture of the moon that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature that it can't be seen in daytime.

EX-PRESIDENT DAVIS.—The great trial still hangs fire, and President Davis still remains in durance at Fortress Monroe. Rumors have been flying thick and fast that the illustrious prisoner would be admitted to bail, that he would be released on parole, that he would be brought to trial, &c., but still, though the sultry season is rapidly advancing, he is within the walls of that dreary fortification. It is a disgrace to the civilization of the age, and a burning disgrace to the manhood of the country, that a high-toned christian gentleman like Mr. Davis should be subjected to the slow torture of wasting imprisonment. For thirteen months he has borne with unflinching yet unostentatious fortitude the rigors of a confinement, unnecessarily cruel and protracted; for thirteen months he has endured the insults heaped on him by ignoble natures with a noble heroism and quiet dignity that pierced the all but impenetrable armor of moral insensibility wherein nature had encased them, and stung even them into a sense of shame.

For thirteen months suspense and uncertainty have done their utmost to break down the lofty spirit that never quailed in the presence of death or danger, but ineffectually; Jefferson Davis, stood that trying test and emerges from it like gold from the furnace. Great as a soldier, great as a statesman, great as the Executive of a brief but brilliant Confederacy, but greater far as the prisoner of Fortress Monroe—merciful in his day of triumph, indomitable in his hour of defeat, he will go down to posterity in striking contrast with his judges and accusers. He takes his place among the world's great men, among those who shed lustre on their country while living and "darken nations when they die." They among whom? Let time answer, though Obvion will morosely hide the lesser, inexcusable history will pillory the greater criminals.—New York Record.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—On the 16th instant, the day of the commemoration of the Confederate dead, in one of our city grave yards, after the ceremonies had been performed and the crowd dispersed, a respectable looking colored woman was seen to linger behind, sit down upon a grave, bury her face in her hands, and weep bitterly. A friend of ours, who holds with Juvenal, ("*Nihil humanum a se alienum esse*") observing her, became very much interested. With native kindness of manner he addressed her and inquired the cause of her grief. Won by his sympathizing tone, she unburdened her heart to him in alternate words and sobs. The grave on which she sat was that of her former young master, who had been killed during the late war. He had been her charge in his infancy and boyhood and in his manhood he was her pride and delight. His deeds of gallant daring had been her boast, and it was the wish dearest to her heart to see him return victorious and honored to the home which he had fought to protect. Heaven had decreed otherwise; and now while a conquered people did honor to the memory of their defenders, she, poor, helpless, faithful woman, wept over the grave of him to whom she had looked for protection and support in the days of her age and infirmity.—Charleston News.

The Washington correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser says:

Dr. Craven's statement of the ironing of Jeff. Davis, at Fortress Monroe, is published here to-day, and has excited much comment. It is well known that it was not done by order of the President, or of the Cabinet, or of General Grant; but that the responsibility rests on Edwin M. Stanton, who sent his right hand man, General Lafayette C. Barker, down the Potomac on a special steamer, with written authority to have the manacles applied.

These people who are disposed to censure Jeff. Davis or General Lee for the sufferings of the prisoners at Andersonville would do well to bear the above facts in mind. Here was a cowardly outrage inflicted upon the foremost man of the whole rebellion, and neither the President, the Lieutenant-General, nor any member of the Cabinet, except the torturer himself, seems to have known or cared anything about it. Now, is it not barely possible that Lee and Davis, in the crisis of a terrible struggle, may not have been aware of what was done to the private soldiers of our army? If they were to blame for not acquainting themselves with the facts in the stress of a fearful war, what is to be said of our chief executive officers, who, in the hour of triumph, allow the good name of a great nation to be sullied by conduct toward our own people that would disgrace a barbarous people.—New York World.

Every man can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the pavement.