

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.

MY FATHER.

BY HENRY R. JACKSON, OF GEORGIA.

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch on the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair
That grows beneath the waning light—
There are the wan sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white.

My father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon the narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep—
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh! that grief is wild and deep
Which settles tearless on the soul.

But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thy idle hat upon the wall,
Thy books—the pencilled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all;
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth,
The very prints thine feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth.

And thought while countless ages fled
The vacant seat would vacant stand;
Unworn thy hat—thy book unread,
Effaced thy footprints from the sand,
And widowed in this cheerless world
The heart that gave its life to thee—
Torn like the vine whose tendrils curl'd
More closely round the falling tree.

Then, father! for her sake and thee,
Gushed madly forth the scalding tears;
And oft, and long, and bitterly
Those tears have gushed in later years;
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis said to learn that love is found
Alone, above the stars with you!

Stephen A. Douglas.

This distinguished statesman and partisan still lives in the hearts and memory of his countrymen, and will continue to do so while the present generation shall live; and when it shall have passed away, coming generations will see him through the monument which is now being erected at Chicago by his friends and political admirers.

We take the following biographical sketch of this man from the New York Tribune: The President of the United States, first General of the Army, the first Admiral of the Navy, and many thousands of their fellow-citizens, will assemble to-day on the beautiful shores of Lake Michigan to do honor to the late Stephen A. Douglas. It is not often that statesmen find their eulogists among men of their own generation. The men who stand around the grave of Douglas were his companions. They knew him well. In the course of nature he should still be with them—for Douglas died comparatively young, in the very fullness of his life. In fact, the orator who will to-day discuss his career is almost old enough to have been his father.

It is thirty-two years since Douglas, a poor wayfarer Yankee boy, went to seek fortunes in the State which afterward honored him as one of her most eminent citizens. He wandered early from his Green Mountain home, with nothing but a plain New England education, and a determination to rise. Tired of cabinet-making and teaching, he engaged in what was called "studying law." The same of Jackson filled the land, and the smart Yankee, not oppressed with scruples, saw that the sign in Tennessee was the star of conquest. His great rival, Lincoln, was keeping a post-office, fresh from the glories of the Black Hawk war. Andrew Johnson was Mayor of a little mountain town in Tennessee; Jefferson Davis, a Lieutenant of dragoons, was chasing the Indians. Seward was grieving over his defeat as Governor. Breckinridge was studying the orations of Cicero against Catiline at a Kentucky college. Chase was endeavoring to gain a law practice in Cincinnati. Sumner was entering the Boston bar, Broderick was cutting stone, Grant was a school-boy in his teens, Farragut was watching the honor of his flag on the torrid coasts of Brazil, and the orator of to-day, tired of war and law, had entered politics and become the New York Secretary of State. Unlike many of these men, Lincoln especially, Douglas blossomed early. He belonged to that hardy breed of men who suit any soil and every latitude. Torrid or frigid, sunshine or snow, the life in him was enduring. He believed in the rowdy virtue of American politics, and had much of the rowdy in his nature. He managed his debates very much as Mr. Hoenn manages his prize fights, and conquered by sheer thumping. The records of our Senate shows no debates more brutal, and yet more powerful, than those of Douglas, especially upon the Nebraska bill; and it was during this debate that he showed the amazing power which made his personal influence while he lived greater than that of any American statesman.

We say "American statesman," and yet we cannot rank Mr. Douglas among the men whose lives have become a part of the

nation's history by the very nationality of their services and their fame. His career in Illinois was that of one who conquered by energy, audacity, and qualities of mind and body that made him the leader of a mob. As a popular leader, no one possessed so many elements of success of Mr. Douglas, and when we say this we have answered the highest demands of his fame. Conscience would have made him a Radical, but by pandering to an Illinois mob, he managed to be for the greater part of his career always victorious. By surrendering himself to the spirit of slavery, he became conspicuous as a leader of the extreme proslavery wing of the Democratic party. During the period of the Southern domination that succeeded the fall of Van Buren, when public men of the North strove to outdo each other in pandering to the South, Mr. Douglas went beyond them all, and offered up the Missouri Compromise as a sacrifice for the Presidency. What the extreme men of the South did not dream of doing what they scarcely dared to ask, Mr. Douglas did. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise was the great event of his public life. It is not for us to consider his afterthought of an argument called "Popular Sovereignty"—not an argument, indeed, but an excuse and propitiation. The nation saw only an ambitious, striving politician, clamoring for the Presidency, and willing to rise upon the ruins of a sacred, time-honored compromise. Whether their judgment was the true one or not, we have not the power to say, but certainly the American people thus believed, and Douglas lost the confidence that otherwise would have made him President. Even the Missouri Compromise would not propitiate the South; and at Cincinnati the man for whom he had incurred public scorn, for whom he had risked his fame and fortune, abandoned him with cowardly timidity and selected James Buchanan.

This desertion convinced the aspiring Senator that the system of slavery added to other sins that of duplicity and heartlessness. From the moment of Mr. Buchanan's election, Mr. Douglas ceased to act with the slave power. Had he lived through the war, this might have been the turning-point of an illustrious and useful career. He created the Anti-Lecompton party and fought Mr. Buchanan with as much courage as could be expected from a statesman who would insist upon being a politician. He saw nothing grander in our system than the Democratic party, and to this party he clung with superstitious tenacity. He refused that step in 1860, when the country yearned for him, when leaders of the Republican party were willing to carry his colors. Rather than abandon an organization that was really in hands of thieves and money-changers, he stood begging in the Senate for his old committee, only to be repulsed with contempt by the South, and to go to Illinois and do their bidding. It was the want of moral purpose which makes men create expedients that in the case of Douglas led him to seek a third party when he ran for the Presidency. His friends in the South sacrificed him for Breckinridge, while other friends in the North, claiming to follow his principles, walked over him, as a bridge, to the side of the victorious Lincoln. It was in these last days of his career that we find the real merit of Douglas's life. Taking him all in all, as one of the lustiest men of this generation, his fate reminds us of a Spanish Matador who goes down to the arena gorgeous with spangles and feathers and valiant with his spear. He threw the red rag at the country and made a magnificent fight. But matadors have misfortunes, and this from Illinois was tossed and gored, and trampled, dying in the very moment when he of all men seemed called upon to live—never to flout his red rag any more.

What the war would have made Douglas, it is vain to imagine. He was a strenuous American, and he knew that the Sumter guns meant war. The last words of his life were loyal and brave. He saw the necessity of national unity and energy. While urging and warning the people, and insisting upon manly, patriotic action, the strange tendency of his nature sought its climax in the declaration that the Democratic party could not be perpetual unless every Democrat became a patriot! The party was all in all, and if men would be good Democrats, let them fight! Mr. Douglas's philosophy never sought a higher level. He did not see a principle in the issue—a great wrong struggling to extend its sinful power—a mighty nation warring with a crime that it had nurtured. He was keenly practical—lived merely in the day, had no more earnest prayer than for daily bread, and like all noted men whose lives are governed by mere policy, leaves but a dim mark upon our history. The party which he made dissolved, and we speak of Douglas Democrats with as much a feeling of long-ago as though we were speaking of the Federalists and anti-Nasons. There is no sure fame that is not based on truth, and the best we can say of Douglas is that he was expedient.

There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.

A High Tribute to the Character of Gen. Lee.

In a long editorial article calling for a subscription of £10,000 to Washington College by the friends and admirers of General Lee in England, the London Standard of August 17th, speaks of him as follows: "There is no living hero—there are few, if any, among those whose name shines with the purest lustre in history—whose character has commanded so high a tribute of affection and admiration from their friends, of respect and honor from their foes, as that of General Lee. No life more perfectly heroic, no reputation more untarnished even by the minor blemishes which are not uncommonly found in unison with the highest heroism, has ever been connected with a great national struggle. No shade of vanity or egotism, nothing of the self-will or petulance so often characteristic of conscious genius, no tinge of affectation, no tint even of the pride almost inseparable from ordinary greatness of mind, which can endure anything but humiliation, and regards submission as a disgrace, alloy the simple grandeur of the Virginian soldier's nature. A piety without the slightest shadow of Pharisaism, a sense of duty to which the sacrifice of every personal feeling and interest appears a matter of course, have marked his whole course and guided his every public act, whether as a soldier or as a citizen. A family connection and the nearest living representative of the great champion of American independence, General Lee has been the Washington of the Confederate war; like Washington, a man whom envy dared not hate," but without even the one dark stain of doubt, if not of dishonor, which the death of Major Andre has left on his prototype. No more "selfish man and stainless gentleman" ever lived; no soldier ever set a more admirable example of the soldierly virtues of honor, chivalric generosity, and manly simplicity; no great man ever retired into obscurity, after witnessing alike the ruin of his cause and the destruction of his private fortune, with more of christian patience and fortitude.

"Of his military achievements we need not speak. It is enough to say that all his victories were won against enormous odds, and that his four years' defence of Virginia has few parallels in history as an example of great results accomplished with small means and at fearful disadvantages. What is now more interesting to remember is the personal character of the man, as displayed in the various exigencies of that trying struggle: the simple honesty and kindly feeling which prompted him to console his soldiers as they recoiled from the cannon-crowned heights of Gettysburg, with the assurance, "It is all my fault; the unaffected self-depreciation which pronounced when Stonewall Jackson fell, "I would wish, for the sake of our cause, that I had been disabled rather than you;" christian chivalry, which no outrage could provoke to retaliation, which, after Virginia had been rendered a desert, withheld the army that invaded Pennsylvania from inflicting the most trivial injury on person or property; which, when his own estates had been plundered, ravished and confiscated, took care to protect the houses and property of his enemies; the horror of useless bloodshed which withstood the cry for retribution excited by the murder of Southern prisoners in cold blood, and support the resolve of the President that unless the actual murderers were taken no blood should be shed but on the field of battle; the touching unselfishness of his last words to his disbanding army, on the 9th of April, "I have done my best for you." But it was when all was over—when the chief of a great and victorious army was a private man and a paroled prisoner—that the peculiar greatness of General Lee's nature shines out with unequalled brightness.

There were only six persons in Memphis in 1861 who voted against secession. Now there are not less than six hundred persons claiming to be one of the six. Just the case, in Richmond says the Examiner.

The Rads at Philadelphia.

One cannot read the detailed reports of the Radical disunion convention, lately in session at Philadelphia, without mingled feelings of amazement, horror, shame, grief and amusement. Are these fellows crazy, or are they more knaves than fools? Is the instinctive query of every one.

From the proceedings of Thursday the following gems are reset:

A BLASPHEMOUS SCENE.

The Convention met at half-past ten, and the Rev. Dr. Newman, of New Orleans, yesterday elected Chaplin, opened the proceedings in prayer. After invoking the Divine co-operation for the removal of all prejudices growing out of race or color, the reverend gentleman dwelt a little on the subject of reconstruction as follows: "Save us, we pray, from partisan influences. Save us, we pray from, outside pressure." This was a gentle hint to Providence to call off the dogs of Conservatism who are trying to bark the Radical Southerners out of their convictions. Then Mr. Newman called the Lord's attention to the President in this wise: "Hear us, we beseech thee, for our nation at large. Deliver us from the rule of bad men—[Cries of Amen]—and especially from him who, through satanic agencies, has been raised to authority over us—[yells of Amen]—and who, abusing that authority is endeavoring not only to take the life of the republic, but our personal liberty. [Shouts of "Amen,"] Great God, interfere. [Amen till it seemed as if the roof would fall.] Oh, make bare thine arm, and save us from his ruinous policy [amens, and cries of "Yes, Lord"], from the bad counsels of the bad men who surround him. [A delegate, in an audible voice, "Yes Lord, Seward and Weed, and all them hounds."] We beseech Thee to discover to the American people the base hypocrisy of that party that sustains him. ["Amen,"] louder than ever, including one from Ben. Wade, who was on the platform.] Oh, send a spirit from Thy throne to arouse the clergy, the men who are thy representatives, who are to declare the eternal principles of religion and political justice, that they, in turn, may arouse their flocks to the danger which threatens them. Save them, oh Lord, from the ravenous wolves that would devour them. So pour out Thy spirit that the women and children in the land shall be aroused to a sense of duty, to a sense of sympathy, in this grand struggle. [Amen.] Now, hear us, and answer us. Preserve Thy servants before thee; have in Thy kind care and keeping their beloved families, far away, and grant that all deliberations we may be guided to right conclusions, and to such conclusions as shall overthrow the policy of our enemies; such conclusions as shall advance religion and civilization; such conclusions as shall redound to Thy glory. And to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we will ascribe everlasting praise, world without end. Amen."

Having said this, Dr. Newman took his seat, and a disposition to applaud was manifest throughout the audience.

Maxims to Guide a Young Man.

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Have no intimate friends. Keep your own secrets if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews to virtue. Good character is above all things else. Never listen to loose or idle conversation. You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of your, let your life be virtuous that none will believe him. Always speak and act as in the presence of God. Drink not intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day. Never speak lightly of religion. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any kind of game. Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it. Earn your money before you spend it. Never run in debt, unless you see a

way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Never think that which you give for religion is time or money mispent.

Always go to meeting when you can. Read some portion of the Bible every day.

Often think of death and your accountability to God. Read over the above maxims once a week, Saturday night.—Gazette and Courier.

THE DANGERS OF PITCH.

SAD FLIGHT FOR LOVERS.

Night before last, as the moon rose over the hill and tree-tops, gilding the spires of our beautiful city with her silver rays, there might have been seen upon the roof of an Egyptian cottage, which is flat and covered with pure white gravel and pitch, a couple of lovers, seated, enjoying the beauty of the scene, and

"Though few the hours, the happy moments few;
So warm with heart, so rich with love they flew.
That their full souls forgot the will to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream at home."

The sun during the day had been very warm, and thus they met to spend the fleeting hours of twilight, enjoying the pleasant breeze that floated up from the magnolia garden beneath, and interchanging those soul-longings and the warm affections for each other. Near each other the lovers sat; with one arm, he encircled the waist of the beautiful creature at his side.

"Her little hand lay gently, confidingly in his,"

and all passed quietly and lovingly until the bell tolled the midnight hour. "None but the loving and beloved, Should be awake at this sweet hour."

The tolling of the bell reminded them that "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

was requisite for lovers as well as others. Still seated near each other, the plighted vows were again and again exchanged, and sealed with kisses like

"Linked sweetness long drawn out."

At length, after many vain attempts to sever these pleasant pleasures, the transported lovers found that they were bound to each other by more sticking bonds than lovers vows. The hot sun had melted the pitch, and after sitting so long, and the night air having cooled the resinous matter, they found they were both "stuck fast." The young gentleman first attempted to disengage himself, but found like Aunt Jemima's plaster, "the more you try to pull it off, the tighter it sticks the faster." The young lady then attempted to get up, which she did minus the skirt of her dress, and all her under clothes, as far as the "tilters." In this plight she attempted to relieve her disconsolate partner, but it was of no use, he couldn't come. After some parley, came to the conclusion he could manage it by slipping out of his pants. Accordingly he asked of his companion if she could lend him a pair of pants until he could go home. She thought her pa's would do, if they were not too long. With this information he slipped off his boots, and losing his suspenders, drew himself out of his pants as easily as possible, and the disconsolate couple took themselves down stairs in a very blushing manner, and looking very much like our first parents when they discovered that they were human. The lady procured, as quietly as possible, a pair of her father's pants, which were run into pretty quick, and the Adonis decamped with his pants rolled up about six inches. The joke was too good to be kept; by little and little it leaked out, until the truth had to come to exculpate the happy innocents.—Memphis Argus.