

# 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.

### WHEN THE LEAVES ARE RETURNING BROWN.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH AKERS.

Never is my heart so gay,  
In the budding month of May,  
Never does it beat a tune  
Half so sweet in blooming June.  
Never knows such happiness  
As on such a day as this,  
When October dons her crown,  
When the leaves are turning brown.

Breathe, sweet children, soft regrets,  
For the vanished violets;  
Sing, you lovers, the delight,  
Of the golden summer hours.  
Never in the summer hours  
On my way such radiance showers  
As from heaven falls softly down,  
When the leaves are turning brown.

Fraid your girle, fresh and gay,  
Children in the bloom of May;  
Twist your chaplets in young June,  
Maidens—they will fade full soon;  
Twine ripe roses, July—red,  
Lovers, for the dear one's head;  
I will weave my richer crown  
When the leaves are turning brown.

### A THRILLING SKETCH.

In 1898, or about twenty years after Boone's first exploration of the country, and while Kentucky was yet knocking at the door for admission into the Union, the red men resolved to make yet another effort to exterminate their foe.

A block house, which served the double purpose of a fort and dwelling, was the habitation of Boone and his companions.

Fearing the descent of the savages, from various premonitions of danger understood only by the experienced hunter, he sent two trusty scouts, named McLellan and White, to learn if possible the destination of the savages.

After proceeding some distance, they ascended a bluff, precipitately steep on the one side, and fenced by jutting rocks on another, whence they had a broad and extended prospect—and on another side ran a deep and rapid river, on which side they found themselves in dangerous proximity to their enemy.

Beneath them they beheld a large number of squaws and wigwags, the usual indication of an Indian village, and in the open space they observed the warriors painted in their war pattern, evidently showing their mission to be one of blood. They determined to remain and watch the movements of their enemy, and for this purpose concealed themselves from observation, till forced from their hiding place by their water being exhausted, of which they had but a scant supply.

McLellan went in search of water with two canoes, and had not proceeded far when he discovered a beautiful fountain gushing from a rock near the base of the bluff. Having procured the much-needed element, he returned to his companion, and they determined to go a supply daily, and continued to do so for several days. One day White went to the spring, and after filling his vessels and refreshing himself with a copious draught, he laid down his rifle and sat on it, and, childlike, amused himself by looking at the working of nature beautifully exemplified in the bubbling fountain.

This man, educated in the midst of Indian cunning, whose every sense was sharpened to the utmost acuteness, was thus amusing himself when he heard footsteps, and sprang to his feet just in time to see and be seen by two squaws, the elder of whom raised the war cry, which he well knew if repeated and heard by the hand, would be certain death; he sprang upon them and seizing both by the throat plunged into the stream with the intention of drowning them. This he very soon accomplished with the elder, but the other being young and vigorous, struggled with her captor with much effort, and when nearly exhausted he was surprised to hear her utter exclamations in English. To rescue her from drowning and bear her up the ascent to the summit of the bluff was the work of a moment.

When sufficiently recovered, she informed the hunters that herself and father settled on the present site of Wheeling, and were taken prisoners by the Indians, who soon put her father to death

and treated her with the utmost barbarity.

In the meantime the Indians perceiving the body of the woman floating on the river, and recognizing the print of the white man's fingers on her neck, approached the bluff shouting their war yell. The scouts recommended the girl to return to the Indians and consult her own safety by telling them how the affair happened. She replied, "I prefer to die in the presence of the white man to be a slave to the Indian. Give me a rifle and see what I can do."

But this they could not do—yet they were determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. As before described, on one side they were shielded by a rock, and with unerring accuracy they shot several of the bravest and most daring of the foe. One point was accessible, from an impending cliff, which overhung the bluff, and in that direction was the rifle of McLellan pointed, with finger on trigger, waiting for sufficient part of the Indian whom he espied making the attempt from that quarter) to appear above the rock to form a target to aim at. At last the savage, with exultant yell and upraised tomahawk, was about to make the leap and spring upon his foe, when the flint of McLellan's rifle hung fire. He lowered the butt and was about replacing it by a fresh flint from his pocket, when he saw the Indian, whose shout of victory was turned to one of pain, fell headlong into the chasm beneath, but shot by whose rifle he knew not. Several others shared the same fate and in a similar manner.

At the approach of night the Indians withdrew, and the scouts were congratulating themselves on their success so far, and wondering what their supplies were, when they beheld the rescued girl, rifle in hand, approach them. This at once accounted for the efficient aid they had received. She informed them that at the early part of the conflict, she succeeded in surprising one of the bravest, and possessed herself of his rifle and ammunition.

Determined to leave under cover of the night, the girl volunteered to act as their guide; when to their disappointment and dismay, they found their retreat cut off by a picket of Indians, stationed to interrupt their progress.

The girl cautioned them not to make the slightest noise, and to remain stationary—she left them and shortly returned, telling them that she had succeeded in putting the savages on a false trail, and could now proceed. They had not gone far, when they were alarmed by the bark of a dog—again the girl gave the injunction to remain still, with the information that they were now in the centre of the camp of a thousand warriors—but to trust her.

At length they got clear of the village, and reached the block house in safety, when, to the surprise of all, the girl was found to be the sister of one of Boone's companions.

A REAL PRODIGY.—During the past week there was an exhibition at Masonic Hall, a man born without arms, and who had learned to use his feet with more dexterity than most people can their hands. He could write a beautiful hand, or rather foot, use a bow and arrow with unerring aim, strop a razor and shave a man, load and shoot a pistol, thread a needle and sew, besides performing many other feats of equal astonishment, for one in his singular condition.

He is a native of Harnett County, North Carolina, is about the twenty-five year old, and is of Scotch and Indian parentage. Those who have not seen him could not invest a 25 cent greenback to a better advantage.—*Danville News.*

The Paris correspondent of the New York Sun says that grounds around the Great Exhibition Building are being laid out in walks and drives bordered with trees which cost forty dollars each. The extent of the avenues, alleys, and garden walks, inside and out of the building, is to be something fabulous, and will, at the lowest estimate, exceed six

From the New Orleans Picayune, 2d

From the Rio Grande.

INTERESTING NEWS.

By the steamship Austin we have files of the Rio Grande Courier, and of the *Ranchero*, of Brownsville, from the 26th to the 27th ultimo, inclusive.

Cortina is determined to starve out Canales and his garrison in Matamoras. He allows no supplies to go in from the ranches. Gen. Tapia, on the 18th ult., sent Col. Benites from Mier to Canales to say that Juarez disapproved of the nomination of Carbajal by the Matamoras garrison as against Canales, that he had appointed Gen. Tapia Governor of Tamaulipas and commanding general of her armies; Canales to turn over the command of Matamoras to Gen. Capistran or Col. Otero, or Col. Cerda; Canales and Henojosa to go to Chihuahua and give an account of their conduct; and Tapia wished to know if Canales had received these same orders.

Canales replied that he had received no such order, although he had been expecting it; but he was willing to deliver the command of Matamoras to any one of the aforementioned officers.

The Matamoras *Pueblo* says that Capistran, Otero, and Cerda then refused to receive the command. Canales then proposed to go out of the city and leave them and Col. Benites to arrange the matter. This was declined by the three officers, who considered that he was not bound to give an account of his actions to General Tapia. At Tampico, an election had been held to elect Tapia governor, but the garrison was unanimously for Canales.

Colonel Benites, it was reported, went from Canales to Corina, with a view to unite the two Liberal leaders. He returned to Brownsville, without stating what had been the result of his visit. The *Ranchero* states that Canales had intended pronouncing in favor of General Ortega, whose special agent, Col. Fombia, had arrived at Brownsville by the last trip of the Austin out. The *Courier* thinks that as Canales is in very bad odor with the Liberal leaders, he would readily come out in favor of Ortega. Meanwhile, Colonel *Benites* is supplied with arms; and meanwhile, Tapia, backed up by Juarez, supported by Escobedo, was expected to appear before Matamoras daily, where Cortina would join him, and an attack would then be made on Matamoras. At the same time, Colonel Gillespie, of General Sheridan's staff, arrived at Brownsville, called on Canales, and was politely received.

It will be seen that the crisis, so long expected on the Rio Grande, is about to arrive. Juarez and Ortega are each represented; Canales holds the prize in his own hands; Uncle Sam, through Gen. Sheridan and Col. Gillespie, says Juarez is the man; Canales inclines to Ortega; Cortina goes in for Juarez. Something is bound to happen, and somebody is bound to get hurt.

The schooner Mary Bertram has left Brazos for Tampico, loaded with arms, ammunition, etc. Shipper not stated.

Patricio Milmo, son-in-law of Vidaurri, of the house of Milmo & Co., and R. L. Richardson, the new Collector of Customs for the district of Brazos Santiago, have arrived at Brownsville.

The *Ranchero* says "The steamer Gen. Sheridan which arrived at Brazos late in August, and was blown ashore in a norther on the 21st September, is once more afloat, and is reported to be uninjured. It is said she is the property of the Juarez Government, but as yet she has not been delivered to the proper authorities.

"A portion of the arms taken at the time the steamer Chinaco came to this bank, were turned over to Capt. DeGress, yesterday by an order of Gen. Sedgwick, under the instructions from Major-General Gotty. Capt. DeGress claimed them under the terms of the contract at the time of purchase."

Kennedy & King have bought the telegraph line between Brownsville and Brazos Santiago, with the right of way for Cameron county.

NOT SPORTSMANLIKE.—A man by the name of O'Rourke, on Saturday, undertook to go shooting for rail birds. In reaching for his powder flask he dropped it into a tub of water. This by no means disheartened him from enjoying the half holiday he had taken from the foundry of North, Chase & North, in which he is employed. He poured the powder into a frying pan and dried it over the fire. The result can be easily guessed at. Mr. O'Rourke was blown into the yard with his head so singular that he looked like a prize fighter. Luckily for him he received no bodily injury. His hair, beard and eyebrows were taken off as closely as if by a razor.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

The Raleigh, N. C. papers profess to have knowledge of a secret and well organized society in the South, composed of loyal Union men, and known as "Red Swines." There are said to be ten thousand of them in North Carolina.

Mr. PEABODY.—There is just now considerable discussion going on in the "loyal" journals of the North, concerning Mr. Peabody's loyalty during the war. Some time since a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* openly accused him of aiding and abetting the South, whereupon a writer in the *Times* attempts to refute the assertion. This brings out the following from Charles L. Wilson, editor of the *Chicago Journal*, who was Secretary of Legislation in London during the war, and therefore doubtless writes knowingly. If the facts are true, Mr. Peabody will not leave a noble name for charity, but will be endeared for his love of justice and right:

We can inform this correspondent what Mr. George Peabody was doing during the struggle for national existence. He was in full sympathy with the rebellion. Instead of strengthening the national credit, which he might have done as a leading London banker, he threw his personal influence in the opposite scale, by constantly declaring that the North could not conquer the South. He never met with the loyal Americans to celebrate the national holidays, but engaged in getting up opposition celebrations, to which feasts English sprigs of nobility, rebels and a few Americans were invited, and where the toast to "Her Majesty" always had precedence of that to the President. He repeatedly declined to contribute to aid the sick and wounded of the Union army, and when at a late day, he was induced by strong pressure to give to the Sanitary Commission, it was with the stipulation that it should be divided between the Confederate and Union soldiers.

Mr. Peabody was the first to call on John Slidell and congratulate him upon his arrival in England. Mr. Sampson obtained his data with which to assail American credit in the London *Times* from the office of Mr. Peabody, while "S." [Spence], of Liverpool, drew inspiration from the same source, with which to write up the rebellion in its columns.

REINTERMENT OF GEN. ASHBY'S REMAINS.—On Thursday, October 25, the remains of the famous Ashby were reinterred at Winchester, Virginia, with imposing ceremonies. At the same time were placed in the soil the bodies of Captain Richard Ashby and Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Marshall. Some of the incidents of the day are well worthy of mention. We are given to understand that the Federal Quartermaster at Winchester, Captain Brown, we believe, placed the horses under his charge at the disposal of the marshals and other gentlemen officiating upon the occasion.

We were told by the Winchester *News* the affecting circumstance of the old negro woman who nursed General Ashby in his youth, shedding tears in profusion, and that hers was the last hand to place a wreath of flowers above his head. Another negro servant of the General's wept bitterly as the remains of his former master were lowered in the earth.

The ceremonies were imposing in the extreme. The peculiar rites of the Freemasons, the solemn dirge, the spirited ode and the eloquent oration, contributed each its share. The coffins that contained the mortal remains of the dead were the gifts of the daughters of the Old Dominion. The services of the Episcopal Church were noteworthy.—*Baltimore Transcript.*

At Massy Creek, on the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, since is known to abound in immense quantities. A company was formed to develop these mines in 1860, but the war coming on in 1861, put a stop to the enterprise. The Atlanta *Sea* says another company has been formed within the past month for the same purpose, and that the prospects of success are very flattering.

GRAND'S SECRET.—"I have always considered advertising liberally and long to be the great medium of success in business, and the prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule too, to advertise in the duller times, as well as the busiest, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well."

ROMANCE OF RAILWAY PATENT SUITS.—In 1839 Mr. Henry Burden, the great iron man of Troy, New York, invented a "Hook-Headed Spike Machine" for the purpose of fastening rails to the ties on railroads. In 1840 he took out a patent, and he claims that in the same year the firm of Corning, Winslow & Horne infringed it. In 1841 he commenced suit in the United States Circuit Court. It was tried the next term and Mr. Burden gained it. Defendants applied for a new trial on exceptions: it was granted and defendants were again beaten. So the case passed through various phases, until Chancellor Walworth was appointed as Master to take evidence and assess damages. From 1853 to 1865, a period of twelve years, the Chancellor labored at his work. The court granted him, during that time, \$14,000 for his services. He also charged \$5 a day for office rent, and received an additional \$12,000. His son acted as clerk, and being of a romantic tendency, amused himself writing novels, in which he introduced Mr. Burden and family as characters. His services were rewarded by the sum of \$19,427 25. It also appears by Mr. Burden's affidavit that the defendants had secretly paid the Chancellor \$30,000. The leading lawyers are—for plaintiff, Mr. Beach, of Troy; for defendants, the Hon. David L. Seymour, of the same city. To sum the matters up, the case has been in court twenty years, and the expenses have been about \$600,000.

WHO HAS THE NATIONAL BANK CURRENCY?—In an able speech of ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, we find the following suggestive paragraph: "Not only is the public debt, which has nothing to support the Government, held mainly in one corner of the country but the banks, which have a right to make the currency for all the States, are placed and owned in a large degree by the Eastern and Middle States. Not only our debt, but our currency is sectionalized. In the report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the subject, made last session to Congress, it was shown of the National Banknotes then issued, Massachusetts had \$52 for every person within her borders; Connecticut, \$41, and Rhode Island, \$37; while in the great commercial States of the West—Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan—the proportion is in Ohio only \$5 per head; in Illinois \$6; in Michigan \$3, and in Wisconsin \$3 per head of the population. So that whatever profits are made out of bank circulation by far the largest proportion thereof goes to these New England States. The number and wealth of the people of the great States thus left with little or no means of getting currency, except as borrowed from more favored sections, make this a glaring evil.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS.—At a late hour yesterday evening urgent orders were received by the military authorities in this city for the immediate reinforcement of the regular troops in Baltimore and Washington. Whether it was thought that the presence of a large force of regulars was required in Baltimore in anticipation of Radical excesses in that city, or that it was deemed necessary to reinforce the troops now doing duty at the capital (who would of course be available at Baltimore in a few hours if necessary,) the Administration appears to have decided on a course of action alarming to disunionists, doubtless, but certainly calculated to preserve the peace of the country and prevent riot and bloodshed in Maryland. Acting under orders from the War Department, the officers in command of posts in the harbor and at the principal depot, Governor's Island, were exceedingly active last night. At eleven o'clock a detachment of regular troops, consisting of twelve officers and seven hundred and fifty-four men, arrived at Jersey City from David's Island, and shortly afterwards departed by special train for Baltimore and Washington. It was intended that the troops should not pass through Philadelphia, but be transported around the city by the cars. This plan, however, was not carried out, owing to the incompleteness of the arrangements of the railroad company.—*New York Herald, 3d inst.*

THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN.—Henry J. Raymond was educated at the Genevieve Wesleyan Seminary, New York, and the students of the institution lately looked up the records to find which of the rival secret societies he belonged to. They were