

The News.

TRI-WEEKLY.

VOL. IV.]

WINNSBORO, S. C., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1866.

11.

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.

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE PAPER?

Why don't you take the paper?
They are "the life of my delight!"
Except about election times,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent,
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus spent, is money lent,
On interest fourfold paid.

Go, then, and take the paper,
And pay to-day, nor pray delay,
And my word heard, it is inferred,
You'll live till you are gray.

And old newsmonger friend of mine,
While dying from the cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was going off.

I took a paper, and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No! hearty as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,
Racked with scorching fever,
Who swore to pay her bill next day,
If her disease would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,
Divested of her pain;
But did forget to pay her debt,
And down again.

Assie, take these silver wheels,
The printer now!"
She slept, and then awoke,
Death upon her brow.

Two men as much alike,
For you saw two stumps,
No phrenologist could find,
No difference in their bumps.

One took the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write,—
All talk of men and things.

The other took no papers, and
While strolling through a wood
A tree fell down upon his crown
And killed him—"werry good."

Had he been reading of the news,
At home, like neighbor Jim,
'Til bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow of his boy,
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bill when due,
Can lie at peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

The South.

If the spectacle of a great soul, struggling heroically with the waves of adversity, is pleasing to the gods, the spectacle of a people, transfixed with the arrows of misfortune, and bleeding at every pore, yet uttering no exclamation of anguish or of danger, and neither losing faith in Heaven, nor in its own uprightness, is truly sublime. Such an exhibition, grand and affecting to all minds which can appreciate moral greatness, the South now presents. If the persecutions of their enemies were not completely blinded by party passions, they would feel more reverence for the South in its misfortunes than when, at the summit of its prosperity, is guided and controlled the destinies of the great nation. With communities, as with individuals, it is only the fires of adversity that reveal the true character, and prove whether it is made of gold or dross. To such an ordeal has the South been subjected, and we assert that the result has demonstrated that it is an essentially great people, and will be remembered and admired in history as much for the serene fortitude and noble dignity with which it has sustained the direct calamities, as for its brilliant statesmanship in the period of its power and influence, and for that magnificent valor in battle which has extorted the admiring acclamations of the world.

What the South was in the days of her former greatness, we all know. It was she who gave to the world its "one Washington," the man raised up by Heaven for the achievement of American Independence; the man whose wonderful energies and capacity, combined with the most spotless purity of purpose and character, were the principal agency in the successful conduct of the American Revolution, and the triumphant establishment of the greatest Republic of modern times. It was her Jefferson who wrote the Declaration of

Independence; her Patrick Henry whose eloquent voice thrilled like a clarion blast the hearts of a struggling people; her Madison, who illuminated with his wisdom the true principles of the American Constitution, and her Marshall, who remains to this day, the unapproached and unapproachable glory of American jurisprudence. The sagacity of her statesmen in the national councils, conducted the United States on to a career of progress and prosperity unexampled in the records of nations, and the splendid genius of her soldiers in the field crowned with immortal chaplets our military renown. It was her Winfield Scott, Andrew Jackson and Zachary Taylor who, from the snows of Canada to the tropic sands of Mexico, gave to the world exhibitions of the superior martial skill and prowess of our countrymen to foreign enemies which it had ever seen, it was the consummate statesmanship and all-embracing patriotism of her Henry Clay which three times saved the Union he loved so well from the perils of division and civil war. These, the fathers of American greatness were children of the sunny South, of the great and glorious mother, at whose breast they were nursed, on whose lap they first stood erect, from whose lips they first learned those lessons of patriotism, virtue and valor which made their country great among the nations, and their names immortal among men.

Nor has the South contributed less to the material than to the political and military importance of the nation. The vast domain of the teeming and productive West was given by the South to the American Union. It is no figure of speech, but the literal truth. She has been the mother not only of statesmen, but of States, and those States the most fertile, and destined to become the most populous and powerful American commonwealth. The wonderful variety and extent of the peculiar productions of her own soil, of cotton, rice, tobacco and naval stores, have laid the foundations of American commerce, and contributed by far the greater part of the revenues of the nation. Strip from American progress and wealth the elements which the South has contributed, and what would remain? What would have been the Revolution without Washington? What its growth and fortunes but for the gift of the South to the United States of the richest portions of its territory, and the commercial, manufacturing and national wealth derived from the products of Southern agricultural industry? Deprived of these accessories to this greatness, the United States, if it so much as existed, would be a fourth or fifth rate power, without rank or respect among the nations.

All this glory of the South is past, and now does the land sit desolate that was once so radiant with beneficent power? Stripped of four thousand millions of property, bereaved of three hundred thousand of her children, shut out from the Union which she did so much to build up and enrich, she yet maintains a composure and fortitude more marvellous than her proudest achievements in the council and the field. Deprived of her earthly possessions, looking back upon the most dismal blight that ever came upon the fortunes of a people, looking forward to the gathering of sombre clouds that threaten her utter destruction, with earthquakes rumbling beneath her feet, and at her heart anguish and despair tugging like wild beasts, no querulous complaint drops from her lips, no frown of indignation or impatience disturbs her brow; there is sadness and resignation, but not one object glance in her heroic eye.

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago.
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now,
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou stow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness,
Rise with thy yellow waves and mantle her
distress."

Why is a billiard-player like a thief in a crowd? Because he aims for the pockets.

THE PLANTER'S TROUBLES.—A recent visit to some of the plantations in the interior of the State has enabled one of our rural contemporaries to witness the tribulations of the planters under the new regime. He says the freedmen invariably carry out their engagements in bad faith; naturally indolent, the negroes let slip no occasion which can exempt them from work, and seize upon every subterfuge which may enable them to drive away the hours of labor in their cabins. But notwithstanding the great number of cases of sham sickness, there are, unfortunately, many more of real disease than there were during the existence of slavery. In a damp, flat region like lower Louisiana, fevers are frequent as well as dangerous, and those whom they attack need assiduous attention. The negro, with his well-known indifference and improvidence, is sure to fall a victim if he does not receive the kindly ministrings of the white people. Under his master he was well fed, and when sick well cared for. On every plantation there used to be a regular hospital, kept in first rate order, and superintended by a competent physician. As soon as a hand fell sick, he was sent thither and properly watched and provided for. In nine cases out of ten he promptly got well and returned to his work. The result was beneficial to both parties—to the slave in his bodily health—to the planter in his profits. But now everything is changed. The slaves have been freed, and are no longer under constraint to remain in hospital. On many places they have been offered the care of physicians and nurses, medicines, and everything else that would restore them to health, if they will only go to the hospital. But in no case will they accept. They prefer to stay in their own cabins and be treated by charlatans of their own race. The unwholesome food with which they gorge themselves, and the nasty "medicines" which the voodoo doctors pour down their throats, either carry them rapidly to the grave, or indefinitely retard their recovery.

Throwing aside the question of humanity, the planter is even now, interested in taking good care of his laborers, and would go to any expense in doing so. But what can he do? He has no control over the volition of these overgrown children; and when called by agonizing cries to the bedside of the unfortunate wretch, writhing in the pangs of premature dissolution, he can do naught but turn away with the mournful and bitter reflection that, in former years, the hospital might have saved the victim of fanaticism and superstition.

Oh, arrogant, self-conceited philanthropists! who plume yourselves so proudly upon your speculative theories, if you would only stare human misery in the face, you would give over some of your ridiculous and unfounded doctrines.—*New Orleans Crescent.*

The British Board of Trade, in its latest published report, gives some important statements in regard to the density of population in various countries. According to this report, Great Britain contains 285 persons to the square mile; Italy, 226; France, 180; Prussia, 179; Austria, 155; Spain, 84; Turkey, 19; the United States 11. The Russian Empire, 9; Russia in Europe, 32 and Brazil, 3. The eight European countries named contain over 270,000,000 population.

The *New York Sun* says: "Several hundred Irish immigrants, recently arrived are leaving this port every week, on their way back to their native land. They came here with false ideas of the employment that awaits them, and finding themselves disappointed, think poverty in their own country preferable to similar destitution among strangers."

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT TO A ROPE-WALKER.—A shocking catastrophe, which may be attended with fatal results, occurred on the afternoon of Nov. 18th, at the Willows, Miss Rosa Celeste, the well known funambulist, or rope-walker, was advertised to wheel a barrow with a man named Kennovan (the pedestrian) in it, along a cable stretched from a high platform to the top of the pavilion.

It appears that when the time came to perform the feat it was found that Kennovan was distrustful of Miss Celeste's ability to wheel him across in safety, and had been nerving himself with liquor. Miss Celeste declined to undertake the feat with a timid man; but as the audience, misconstruing her action, jered her for her want of courage, she was stung into the imprudence of attempting it.

Before Miss Celeste had gone ten feet from the platform, and when she was twenty-two feet from the ground, her companion in the barrow changed his position. By the aid of the balancing pole she had nearly recovered the shock to her equilibrium, and again essayed to go on, when the foolish man moved a second time, and Celeste, Kennovan and barrow came to the earth. Kennovan was undermost, and, besides bruises from the fall, he was terribly mangled by the iron work of the barrow, which tore his ear from the socket and lacerated the muscles of his neck.

Celeste clung to her pole, and one end of it striking the ground, broke her fall before it snapped, and she struck on her elbow, breaking it and her shoulder bone, but saving her head, and thus escaping instantaneous death. There are doubts respecting the fate of both, as the medical attendants cannot tell what internal injuries have been received.—*San Francisco Journal.*

THE CROWNING OUTRAGE OF THE HOUR.—A military commission with bristling whiskers, glittering epaulettes and clattering sabres, was organized on yesterday, to try for his life a citizen of Virginia, in no way connected with the army or navy of the United States. Neither was he prisoner of war, nor did he take any active part in that noble struggle for national independence which shallow knaves have nicknamed a "rebellion." The alleged offence for which this gentleman is to be tried in time of profound peace, by a commission of alien soldiers, was not committed within the limits of a camp or garrisoned fort, and the charges against him have been passed upon a civil court of competent and appropriate jurisdiction.

The soldiers who propose to perform the murderous farce of "trying" this civilian, will do so in the teeth of a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States just made public, which expressly and emphatically denies the right of such a tribunal to try any offence committed by a civilian of which the courts can take rightful cognizance. And yet, in spite of that decision, by virtue of a lawless ukase of Congress and of a military order from the War Office, the rulings of the Supreme Court are to be subjected by the iron-heeled boots of the soldier to very much the same treatment which the Bible is said to get from the of the idolatrous Japanese.—*Richmond Times, Dec. 20*

ITEMS WORTH COMMITTING TO MEMORY.—A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old craps. Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it. An ink stand was turned over upon a white table cloth; a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared. Picture frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped into a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water. Bed bugs are kept away by washing the crevices with strong salt water, put on with a brush. Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and not be used until three months old.

THE CONFLICT OF AUTHORITY IN NORTH CAROLINA—GENERAL SICKLES OVERRULED.—The North Carolina Commissioners, we learn from the Washington papers, had a long interview with President Johnson on Wednesday, who communicated to them his decision, both in regard to the order of General Sickles and to the interference of the officer of the Freedmen's Bureau in numerous cases where colored children had been bound out.

On both points the President, decided that the officers were in error in interfering. Secretary Stanton issued instructions to General Sickles, directing him to rescind his orders prohibiting the execution of judicial orders inflicting corporal punishment. These instructions were delivered to Governor Worth, to be handed to General Sickles.

General Howard also issued and delivered to Governor Worth orders to his subordinate officers to cease any interference with the laws of North Carolina when they bear equally upon the whites and blacks.

Judge Ruffin explained fully to General Howard the character of the law for binding out children. If orphans are without any property for their support they are bound out by order of the court; but children having parents living cannot be apprenticed except by the parents themselves. With this explanation Gen. Howard did not hesitate to issue the orders desired by the North Carolina Commissioners, who left Wednesday evening for home.

AN OMINOUS PREDICTION.—The late Lord Macaulay, in May, 1857, wrote a letter to H. L. Randall, of New York, in which he expresses his earnest convictions in relation to the future of the United States. He said:

It is quite plain that your Government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority. For with you the majority is the Government, and has the rich, who are always a minority, absolutely at its mercy.

I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like a people who should in a year of scarcity devour all the seed corn, and thus the next year a year not of scarcity, but of absolute famine. There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you. Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor. As I said before, when a society has crept on this downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of Government with a strong hand, or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth, with this difference; that the Huns and Vandals, who ravaged the Roman Empire, came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to become useful and respectable characters in life. These daughters married, one after another, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor, the second a Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters, with their husbands, were present, and the old gentleman said to the guests, "I have taken pains to educate my daughters, that they might act well their part in life; and from their advantages and improvements I fondly hoped that they would do honor to my family. I find that all my pains, care and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."