COLUMBIA.

Wednesday Morning, Aug. 2, 1865.

Newspaper Correspondents.

A newspaper correspondent, of the right stamp, is a desideratum. But it requires no small knowledge, talent and capicity of observation to be a good correspondent. The wise man sees everything. The blockhead travels from Dan to Beersheba, and, though the route is a long one, he sees nothing. His self-esteem or vanity shuts his outer eye. He looks only within, and, naturally enough, discovers nothing but emptiness. We have a large class of this sort, who yet pretend to insight; but, when you read, you discover nothing but near-sightedness or over-sightedness. They look too low, or look too far, to discover the probable and the certain. Their capital is wonderfully small, and the slightest basis of fact will serve to make staple enough for a stupendous lie. The first essential to a good traveller is to be able to observe. This seems to most of the tribe a very unessential matter. But it is absolutely vital to their uses. Miss Martineau, a very wrong-headed spinster, who rode a hobby which she insisted upon washing into white from black, once wrote a very clever book, entitled "How to observe!" The vulgar world laughed at such a title. "How to observe, quothe!" "Why," said they, "everybody can observe!" Yes, indeed, if they would only take the pains to learn. But observing does not exactly come by nature. We have to learn the art. *Observing* is not mere *seeing*. Pontius Pilate asked for the truth, but refused to wait for the answer. Most travellers go abroad not to see, but to be seen, and thus it is that vanity shuts up the peepers. Observing requires training and education. You must not expect to learn the qualities of a thing by mere seeing. It requires both analysis and synthesis. You must at once combine and take apart—disintegrate and put together—dig below the surface before you can appreciate what lies upon the surface, and use a good plain inch, if you would ascertain the depth of a fountain, which will yet reflect you back all the images of trees and shrubs along the banks. We do not now recollect exactly what rules Miss Martineau lays down for correct observation, but you may be sure of this, that, in the case of so shrewish a person, (insane enough when hobby-riding,) she has not shot very widely of the mark in her counsels to the student. To observe is the first step towards thinking. He who does not know how to observe, does not know how to think, and he who knows neither, knows not how to act. Observation, thought and energetic action, under thought, constitute the whole secret of success in life. And quite as necessary are those two first exercises to the good traveller who aims to be a good reporter. How to observe, what to observe, how to convey to others the fruits of observation, are the just requisites for the good correspondent. But our ordinary journalists, writing *stare pede in uno*, do not heed these conditions. Their sole test is the degree of sensation which they can occasion. How to gall, how astonish the blear-eyed—to make folks stare—to startle the simple—set wonder agape—frighten old maids with all the ideas of a sacked city, and startle greedy gentlemen on 'change, with the terrors of sudden rise or fall in those markets where a specious fraud, over the signature of a count or man of straw, is the representative of money and capital. We require for our correspondents the capacity to see, weigh, measure, note, mark, meditate, and finally think. Speculation follows thought, and the philosophy naturally grows from the speculation, all the elements of the subject being duly weighed and ascertained. All this requires the habitual exercise of the observing eye and the reflecting mind. You cannot begin to see, observe or think for any special occasion. You must be habituated to the exercise. Your eye and mind must be equally and for long years trained to the business, so that seeing and discovery, suggestion and thought, shall be your natural occupation, whether you sit, or stand, or side, or walk. Suggestion comes from road or river side, from sky or earth, from running brook or standing pool, from the bird that flies, as if it would mock your sight, to the beast that ruminates, indifferent whether you see or not. Nor is it the most reflective mind that carries the most observing eye. There are natures differently endowed, whatever be the training, for different uses—a fact which it is not easy to drive into the skulls of teachers and professors, whose real business is to discover where the faculties of the pupil lie. The very habit of reflecting intensely upon moral and metaphysical subjects produces a sort of moral near-sightedness, which is detrimental to the observation of colored objects. Such minds naturally look within—rarely without—for the materials for speculation. The most useful minds for society are those of the the duplex faculty, who can look and explore, equally well, within and without. But we are at the bottom of our sheet.

Pic-Nic.

Mr. Editor: It was quite a discriminating philosophy of Dr. Wolcot, when he said:

"The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies thro' their mouths, or I mistake mankind."

Your correspondent recently had the most practical and comforting evidence on this point at a pic-nic given on the 22d ult., by the citizens of Richland and Fairfield Districts, in the vicinity of Crooked Run.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat of the sun, a goodly number of the citizens of the surrounding neighborhood, together with a number of guests from a distance, assembled at an appropriate hour to participate in the festivities of the occasion. The guests having assembled some hours prior to the announcement of dinner, and no one having been deputed to "cut and dry" a political harangue for the occasion, they were afforded an opportunity of interchanging views upon the various questions of policy upon which we are soon to make a decision, in keeping within the status assigned us by the General Government. From the number of groups formed, some lounging lazily upon the ground, and others promenading in the adjacent grove, I infer, the opportunity was not unimproved.

About 1 o'clock dinner was announced, when the ladies were escorted to the table, which literally groaned beneath a bountiful provision of substantials and sweetmeats. Commendable gallantry was displayed by the sterner sex in their attentions to the tastes of their fair friends. In accordance with their usual modesty, the ladies had scarce commenced ere they left the table. The platters were replenished, and the sterner sex filled their places, when

"Dire was the clatter of plates, of knife and fork
That merciless fell, like tomahawks, to work!"

These very interesting and profitable exercises concluded, social intercourse was resumed, and kept up until the latter part of the afternoon, when the assemblage began to diminish, as one by one the vehicles moved in various directions with their precious living freight.

I cannot close without speaking of the very commendable manner in which matters in general were conducted. The very judicious prohibition of all intoxicating liquors on the table reflected the highest honor on the perception and gentility of the very discriminating gentlemen composing the committee of arrangements. They deserve the thanks of all, especially the ladies. I must also speak of the ladies present who contributed a very important quota to the enjoyment of the occasion. Without their peculiar influence upon the opposite sex, the affair must have grown tedious long before its conclusion. Verily,

"Fee simple and a simple fee
And all the fees in tail
Are nothing, when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—female."

Ever commending to the hospitality of the thrifty planters, fair daughters and noble matrons in the vicinity of Crooked Run.

C.

The philanthrophy of Mr. Horace Greeley is of the most active description. Like Anargharsis Clootz and Thomas Paine, he is a "friend of mankind," and having taken possession of the Southern States, as a waste and barbarous country, he is teaching us a multitude of useful, practical lessons in political economy, cooking, ethics, diet, religion, agriculture, literature, and lately in entomology. Under his supervision the people of Louisiana have greatly improved their process of sugar making; the men of Arkansas have remodeled their "toothpicks" at his instance; the natives of South Carolina have been taught by him a new and improved mode of growing rice and boiling Palmetto cabbages; the Georgians, Alabamians and Mississippians admit that he has illuminated their benighted mind as to the cultivation of cotton, and the North Carolinians and Virginians propose, as soon as they can get a very seedy overcoat, a battered white hat and a pair of well worn boots, to erect an effigy in honor of his judicial reforms in the manufacture of turpentine and tobacco.

Not content with all this practical usefulness, he sent among us, some time since, a most veracious and benevolent philosopher, who reports in the *Tribune* of the 18th instant, the results of his dispassionate and careful examination into the morals, manners, customs and entomologies of the different tribes of degenerate white men who occupy the several "territories," where all the pretended political rights of the people were very properly forfeited during the "late rebellion." The discoveries made by this recondite philosopher during his painful and perilous pilgrimage are of a most startling character. When published in book form, they will be read with the most profound interest.

The most remarkable circumstance is, that in visiting a country which has been recently pretty thoroughly explored by Sheridan, Thomas, Grant, Sherman, Kilpatrick and Wilson, Mr. Greeley's commissioner noticed more remarkable things than Barth, Livingstone, Speke and Barton did in the interior of Africa. He has at last found out the true causes of the "degeneracy, ignorance and barbarity of the Southern people." These unfortunate causes are stated by him in a very long and able essay. The investigations of this profound and truthful person were commenced among certain Southern emigrants to Illinois. Hear him:

"A part of the Southern people have descended from English criminals, who, on their arrival, were sold to the planters; and their defects of moral character have been transmitted to their children. No high objects govern them. They are content to hunt, fish, raise hogs and corn, and trade in property stolen by the slaves."

Another Southern tribe "descended from Hessian prisoners. They live remote from cities and progressive society. They speak the English language as it was spoken long before the revolution. Their minds are dull, and they make no improvement.

This ingenious writer attributes "the degeneracy of the Southern people to scorbutic diseases. Their food of corn bread and pork has degenerated their blood and weakened their constitutions. It may be said that their brains are half pork. They greatly need and seldom have vinegar." The children of these unhappy barbarians, the learned traveler says, "devour the coarsest fruit. The persimmon is so bitter and coarse that hogs refuse it, yet it is a favorite among these people." Imagine, oh, ye gods! one of these white tribes feeding upon green persimmons, with, as the writer adds, "haws and pawpaws" for a desert.

The savages who inhabit the "territory" of Tennessee "never raise fruit." The writer "traveled once for a hundred miles through Tennessee and never saw an orchard." In some of the Southern Territories he "does not deny but that they have apples," but "the people pick them, lay them by and eat them when they taste of old clothes." "Nowhere at the South will you see budded peach trees. Children will eat little, hard, green peaches with the relish ours eat ripe ones, and it is common for young men when digging Irish potatoes to pare and eat them as one does an apple. The children prefer milk when it is so sour and thick that they crowd it down their mouths with their fingers. They eat raw sweet potatoes and think nothing better. Their next step is to eat grass—the final one to eat clay. This gives them a ghastly look, and bloats their stomachs and bellies. Dust to dust."

"Another cause of their degeneracy has arisen," says the writer, "from the destruction of their nervous sensibility (we beg our readers not to laugh, for the man is in dead earnest) by "wood ticks." Children of all ages are covered with blotches and sores made by vermin with which their bedding abounds, and the insects of the woods and fields. "Wood ticks (reader, don't laugh; respect the solemn truth which this savan is telling,) come early in the Spring and last till June. They are about the size of a grain of wheat, flat and with silver spots on their backs." (An intermission of ten minutes is allowed for everybody to laugh, for we were constrained to lay down our pen at this point and roar.) To this terrible cause of the degeneracy of the Southern people the writer devotes a column of small type, and we should utterly fail to do justice to the subject if we did not give following extract about the different kinds of ticks which have ruined the morals and constitution of the Southern people:

"They (the ticks) are not always felt, but when they are they are always pulled out, for if they be not they burrow in the flesh and make grievous sores. A fruit grower was laid up two months this spring with horrid ulcers on his breast caused by wood ticks. Wherever they bite, they make a sore that lasts a long time. The result is like shaving off the flesh with a sharp razor. I have seen children's legs one mass of sores. These ticks come from trees and rotten wood.

"After these come seed ticks. They are so small as to be seen only by the steady gaze of good eyes. They are of the same shape as the wood tick. It is said that they breed from the blood of a much larger tick, which are found on cattle. They are in posters on spears of grass along old cow paths, and as one walks, if the garment touch them, they cling to it. Sometimes there will be fifty or a hundred, at other times thousands on thousands. They crawl all over the body and seek the hair of the head. First there is a smarting sting; when the place is scratched a pain follows almost equal to a blister by fire. This seed tick will get into the flesh also, and makes sores which last long. The sores of both kinds will heal and break out again. I have seen the blood from my own children's legs run from these old sores down to their heels. The seed ticks will drop off if one gets sweaty. Spirits of hartshorn allays the bite; tobacco smoke will expel ticks from the clothes."

What the writer says upon this subject is as true as Gospel, and our readers will agree with us that when Mr. Greeley's commissioner was down South, the poor fellow must have had a lively time with the "seed" and "wood" ticks. He also fell among "jiggers," called in our youth "chiggers," and they, he says, have contributed "also to the present degeneracy of the South." He thus discourses of "jiggers:"

"Another insect is called the jigger. They are more numerous South of Tennessee. There are a few here. They are still smaller than the seed tick, and red. They get under the nails of the toes, and between the toes; and when they get into the flesh it is almost impossible to get them out. They cause intense itching; corrupted matter runs out; and when they are under the toe nail the case is painful and protracted. The jigger comes out of sand and moist places. In very hot countries they are almost intolerable."

We respectfully submit that Mr. Greeley send his next commissioner down South in the winter months. It was inhuman to send him here during the summer months. The unfortunate man visited us at the wrong season; and being, no doubt, a thin-skinned, sanguinous philosopher, the bed bugs, wood and seed ticks, and those terrible monsters, the "jiggers," seem to have taken a fancy to him. He writes too eloquently earnestly and feelingly not to have suffered most terribly. He must have scratched off the cuticle a dozen times over, and in his desperation taken "green persimmons" and "raw Irish potatoes" internally, as a remedy for the bites. With ten thousand jiggers and seed ticks luxuriating upon his tender carcass, we can pardon the philosopher's poor opinion of us. If, however, Mr. Greeley shall persist most inhumanly in sending his commissioners to inquire into the condition of the South during the summer months, when these terrible guerillas—the "wood-ticks" and the "jiggers"—lie concealed in every bush and tuft of grass, let him bear in mind that "sheep fennel" is the only protection, and that without that sovereign antidote the "degeneracy of the South" would have been worse than it now is. Armed with sprigs of it and anointed with the oil of the weed, the commissioner of the *Tribune* may hereafter fare better than the poor martyr who judges of the sufferings of the people of the South from his own excruciating tortures.

[*Richmond Times*

Local Items.

If any of our city readers are desirous of obtaining something particularly nice in the grocery line, and at a low price, let them give Mr. Thos. Stenhouse a call, at his store on Richland street, near Bull.

By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that the Board of Trustees of the Columbia Male Academy have secured the services of Messrs. [illegible] and Thompson, and it will be re-opened on the 14th inst. These gentlemen were connected with the Arsenal Academy in [illegible] for several years, and are known to be thorough teachers and strict disciplinarians.

Reporting Progress.—We have great satisfaction in reporting our progress to our readers, assured that they will all take a lively interest in the little bird, which so recently emerged out of the burning ruins of our city. The *Phoenix* groweth in size, and will, we trust, soon grow in beauty. Subscribers daily increase; advertisements crowd our columns; and looking up ourselves, we take for granted that our advance [illegible] which has been made by our people. [illegible] is equally no inadequate [illegible] of the progress of a community, whether as regards its prosperity or morals. We represent the one, and will do our best to improve the other. We are improving. The loafers are gradually disappearing from our streets, and we trust that the day is not far off when the last loafer shall be pointed out everywhere as the curious monster who has survived all his race. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Work [illegible] of the substantial forms of education. Work prompts thought, invention, enterprise. Coming back to ourselves, we take leave to say that a printing office, properly conducted, will illustrate better than any establishment we know [illegible] [illegible] a printing office, if you would [illegible] [illegible] and write, and the rest is easy, and learning will come by nature, simply through work. Only think what a variety the printer has to read daily, that [illegible] of newspapers, good and bad, from all parts of the world; the variety of topics discussed, [illegible] and you will readily perceive that the sources of knowledge are [illegible] a library, or [illegible] the lessons of a school. [illegible] And we hope to [illegible] We [illegible] that we are able to report progress. We have only to [illegible] And we shall improve, [illegible] to grow [illegible] of future seasons.

The following extract from a letter [illegible] from Ar[illegible] [illegible] a fair [illegible] in this regard: "The mineral resources of this State are enormous—coal, silver and gold are all represented liberally, and an abundance of petroleum is undoubted. Results will soon be developed that will astonish all. Hitherto this wealth has been hidden under a cloud.

The fact that wild game overran Virginia, proves how soon a country can fall back into its original wilderness, when cultivation ceases. Deer and bear are reported to have reappeared in districts where they had not been for many years prior to the commencement of the war. Quails and rabbits literally swarm in the desolated settlements of Virginia.

The Lynchburg (Va.) *Republican* says, we regret to learn that a serious state of affairs exist in Amherst County, worthy the prompt attention of the authorities. The negro population seems to be running riot over the country, and robbery appears to be the order of the day and night.

The oldest man in the world is Joe Crele, of Wisconsin. He foots up 130 years.