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THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

VOL. XII. NO 5.

DARLINGTON, S. C. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1866.

WHOLE NO 578.

JOB DEPARTMENT.

Our job department is supplied with every facility necessary to enable us to compete both as to price and quality of work with those of the cities, and we guarantee satisfaction in every particular or charge nothing for our work. We are always prepared to fill orders at short notice for Blanks, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Hand Bills, Posters, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c.
All job work must be paid for.

Cash on Delivery.

Gently Rebuked.
The following is a good lesson to some persons who consider themselves well bred:
A few years ago a stranger rose in a city church to begin the service, several of the congrega began to leave the church. He was a lame man, and the pulpit was near the door.
"Wait a moment, my friends," said the preacher, "I'll get my hat and I'll go with you."
Down he came, limping, hat in hand, and left the church. Thus abrupt closing of services taught the people that there was at least one minister who would not be treated with contempt.
On a certain occasion, the eloquent Dr. E. H. Chapin, being sick, was compelled to ask a friend to preach for him. As the stranger rose to announce the opening hymn a score of persons rose to go out. This clergyman was also equal to such an emergency.
"All," he said, "those who came to worship Dr. Chapin will leave now; but those who came here to worship God will sing the forty-third hymn."
That stopped the exodus.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at Wilcox & Co's, Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles \$1.00.

Just in from the Country.

The prodigal leaned over the counter and registered at the old reliable Husk House. "Got the cold shoulder at the other house," he said.
"How did you come here?" asked Mr. Schweinfurth, the landlord.
"On my face," replied the prodigal.
"Any baggage?"
"A little gail and an empty stomach."
"No check?"
"My check!"
"Pretty hungry?"
"Well, I'm a good liver," said the man. You're thoroughly equipped for a museum of atony. Front! Show the gentleman to the pig pen.—Bardette.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Wilcox & Co's, Drug Store.

If you wish to be happy, keep busy. Idleness is harder work than plowing a good deal. There is more fun in sweating an hour than jawing a century.

Dark rings around the eyes indicate the existence of worms. Hasten to use Shiner's Indian Vermifuge to expel these miserable pests. It is a safe & a reliable agent. Always use it according to the directions, and it will do its work well.

The Anderson oil mill is running day and night. Two forces of hands are employed.

One of the lively stables in Spartanburg has a genuine woolly horse that it is going to send North for exhibition in a museum.

The track of the Savannah Valley Railroad has been laid to Mount Carmel. It is expected to have trains running within two weeks.

With five ploughs Mr. W. Holmes Hardin, of Chester County, is this year made seventy-two bales of cotton and fifteen hundred bushels of corn.

Dr. J. P. Minus and Mr. W. D. Connor, of St. George's, took advantage of the recent cold weather by storing about fifteen tons of ice for next summer's trade.

Capt. W. H. Bartless has sold his entire interest in the Ocean-Whatchie Railroad to Mr. W. F. Cummings, who will continue to run it in connection with his saw mill business.

It has been definitely determined to sell the grounds and buildings of the Newberry Agricultural and Mechanical Association. For several years the annual fairs have failed to pay expenses.

Selected Poetry.

DREAMLAND.
The moon is rising in silver mist,
In shadowy veil the bright stars gleam,
While in some fair isle of the mystic realm
Spirits meet in a happy dream.
No more divided by land or sea,
Broken barriers that keep apart;
And true and sweet, unfeared and free,
Is the soul communion, heart to heart.
List! through the ambient silence comes
The call of the white-robed angel, Sleep,
And softly the whispers, "In dreamland
Fair,
Some one is waiting Love's trust to keep."

Selected Story.

The Adopted Child.

The two thatched cottages stood side by side at the foot of a hill, not very far from a well-known bathing resort. The two peasants worked very hard in their unfruitful fields to earn enough for the support of their children. There were four to each household. Before the two adjoining doors, the little swarms of children frolicked from morning till evening. In both families the oldest two were 6 years and the youngest 15 months old; for in both houses the marriages and births took place almost simultaneously.

The two mothers could scarcely distinguish their respective children in the general mix-up, and the two fathers always made mistakes. The eight names became entangled in their brains, always got confounded with one another; and when they wanted to call any particular child, either father would often call a wrong name three times before getting a right one.

The first of the two dwellings—that nearest the railroad station at Rolleport, where the baths were—was occupied by the Turvache family, who had three girls and one boy; the other building sheltered the Vallin family, who had three boys and one daughter.

The who's of them lived with difficulty upon soap, potatoes and fresh air. At 7 o'clock in the morning, and at 6 o'clock in the evening the housewives assembled their little ones to give them pap—just as herbers of geese call their children took their places in a row at the wooden table, made shiny by fifty years of usage. The youngest child of all could hardly get its mouth to the level of the table. Before them were then placed deep platters full of bread steeped in the same water that the potatoes had been boiled; and the whole rank ate until fully satisfied. The mother herself fed the little one with a spoon. A little bit of meat in the pot on Sunday was a regular feast; and on such occasion the father would always stay later than usual at table and exclaim: "I'd be mighty glad to have this every day!"

One August afternoon a light carriage suddenly drew up before the two cottages, and the young woman who held the reins herself, said to the gentleman seated beside her: "Oh, Henry, just look at that lot of children! Isn't it pretty to see them tumbling about in the road like that?"

The man answered nothing, being accustomed to these sudden bursts of admiration, which were a pain and almost a reproach for him.

"I must really kiss them! Oh! how I should love to have one of them; that little one there, the little tiny one!"

And leaping lightly from her carriage, she ran to the children, seized hold of one of the youngest—Turvache's baby—and, lifting him in her arms, she kissed him passionately on his dirty face, on his blonde, curly and dust-covered hair, on his little fists, which he brandished convulsively in the effort to free himself from her tiresome caresses.

Then she got into her carriage again, and drove off at full speed—But the next week she returned, and sat right down in the road herself, took the little one in her arms, stuffed him with cakes, gave sweetmeats to all the other children, and played with them just as if she were a child herself—while her husband waited patiently for her all the time in the elegant carriage.

She returned after that, got acquainted with their parents, visited them every day, came always with her pockets full of sweetmeats and small change.

She was a Madame Henri d'Hubieres.

One morning she came; and her husband also descended with her from the carriage. This time, without stopping to notice the children all of whom knew her well now, she advanced into the peasant's dwelling.

They were both there, the parents, busy cutting wood for cooking their soup; they arose in surprise, offered chairs, and waited to see what was going to happen. The young woman, in a broken and trembling voice, began:

"My good people—I have come to see you because—because I would like—I would like to take your little boy home with me."
The two peasants, utterly stupefied and unable to comprehend, answered not a word.

She paused for breath, and went on: "We have no children. We have no children. We are all alone—my husband and I. We would take good care of him. Are you willing?"

The peasant woman began to understand. She asked:

"You want to take Charlot from us? Ah! he is not!—no indeed!"

Then M. d'Hubieres broke in:

"My wife has not explained herself well. We want to adopt him; but he will come to see you. If he should turn out well, as we have every reason to believe, he will be our heir. If, by any possible chance we should have other children, he will share our property equal with them. But, if he should not turn out according to our expectations, then, upon his coming of age, we would settle on him a sum of 20,000 francs, which would be at once placed to his credit in a notary's hands. And as you have of course been taken into consideration, you will receive regularly during your whole life an allowance of 100 francs a month. Now, do you understand?"

The farmer's wife had already risen to her feet in high fury:

"You want me to sell your Charlot? Ah! I should say not!—this is a nice thing to ask of a mother! Ah! I should say not! That would be an abomination!"

The man himself, serious and thoughtful, said nothing; but he approved his wife's speech by a continuous nodding his head.

Madame d'Hubieres, quite confused began to cry; and, turning to her husband, stammered out in a voice broken by sobs, the voice of a child whose ordinary wishes are always gratified:

"They won't do it, Henry!—they won't do it!"

Then he made a last effort:

"But my friends, think of the future of your child,—think of what is offered to him—"

Exasperated, the peasant woman cut him short:

"It's all thought over, it's all understood, it's all considered. Get out of here—and what's more, don't let me ever see you here again. To think people's allowed to want to take a child from folks like that!"

Then Mme. d'Hubieres, as she was going, remembered there were two little ones; and with the tenacity of a self-willed and petted darling who never can endure refusal, she asked through her tears:

"But the other little one—it does not belong to you?"

Father Turvache replied: "No; it belongs to the neighbors. You can go and ask them if you like."

And he returned into the house, where the loud echoing voice of his angry wife could be heard.

The Vallin family were sitting at the table—eating very leisurely some big crusts of bread, which they rubbed parsimoniously with a little butter, each taking an almost imperceptible bit of butter at a time on the end of a knife, from a plate placed between them in the middle of the table.

M. d'Hubieres recommenced his proposition, but this time insinuating, with oratorical precautions, with astuteness. The two country people at first shook their heads in signs of refusal; but when told they would receive 100 francs a month, they looked at one another; they began to consult each other's eyes, with their resolution considerably shaken.

They kept silence a long, long time, feeling tortured, hesitating. At last the woman asked:

"Here! man, what do you say about it?"

He answered with sententious pronunciation:

"I say it's worth thinking over."

Then Madame d'Hubieres, quivering with anxiety, began to talk to them about the future of the child, about how happy she would make him, about the money he would be able to give them some day.

The peasant asked:

"And that allowance of 1,200 francs you talk about, will it be pledged to us before the notary?"

M. d'Hubieres:

"Why, of course, to morrow you draw it."

The woman, who had been very thoughtful, spoke again:

"A hundred francs a month is not enough for giving up the child; that we could work in a few years; we must get a hundred and twenty francs."

Stamping her little foot with impatience, Madame d'Hubieres acceded to the sum at once; and as she wanted to take the child away at once, she gave them a present of 100 francs, while her husband commenced to draw up the necessary papers. The Mayor and one of the

neighbors being sent for, gladly gave their services as witnesses.

And the young woman, all beaming with delight, carried off the screaming child—just as a much-longed for toy is triumphantly carried home from a toy store.

Standing at their own door, the Turvaches watched them go; they said nothing, looked serious—regretting, perhaps, that they had refused.

Nothing more was heard of little Jean Vallin. Every month the parents went to draw their 120 francs from the notary; and they fell out with their neighbors because Mother Turvache "agonized them with ignominies," incessantly going from door to door to reiterate that one must be inhuman to sell one's child—that it was a "horror, a dirty low thing, a corruption."

And occasionally she would take up her Charlot in her arms, ostentatiously, and scream out to him as if he was able to understand:

"I didn't sell thee, I didn't! I didn't sell thee, my little son! I don't sell my children, I don't. I'm not rich, but I don't sell my children."

And for two years and more it was the same thing every day—every day coarse allusions vociferated before the doorway, that the neighbors could not help hearing them, Mother Turvache at last really came to think herself the finest woman in the whole country, just because she had not sold Charlot. And people would say, when speaking of her:

"Of course, we know the offer was tempting; but anyhow she acted like a good mother."

They held her up as an example, and when Charlot, brought up with these ideas perpetually dinned into his ears—got to be 18, he also learned to believe himself superior to all his comrades, just because he had not been "sold."

The Vallins, meanwhile lived very comfortably, thanks to their monthly pension. The unappeasable fury of the Turvaches, who remained wretchedly poor and miserable, was chiefly due to that.

The eldest son joined the army. The second son died. Charlot alone remaining to help the father to work, and to support his mother and his two younger sisters.

He was just 21 years old, when one morning a shining carriage drew up before the two houses. A young gentleman, wearing a gold watch chain, descended from the vehicle, giving his arm to an old lady with white hair. The old lady said to him:

"It is thy, my child, the second house."

And the young man entered the Vallin residence as if he was entering his own home.

The old mother was washing her apron; the father now infirm, was dozing beside the great hearth. Both looked up, and the young man said:

"Good-day, papa! good day, mamma!"

They rose to their feet almost in affright. The old peasant woman, in her sudden emotion, even let her soap fall into the water, and stammered out:

"C'esti tem'fant? a'esti tem'efant?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her—repeating, "Boujour, mamma,"—while the old father, though trembling in every limb, exclaimed in that calm accent which never deserted him: "So thou art come back, Jean." As if he had been gone only a month or less!

And when they had got to know each other a little better, then the parents insisted on going out with their son, to show him all the country folk. They took him to the mayor, the deputy, the priest, and the school master—

And Charlot, standing at the threshold of his father's thatched cabin, looked as they went by.

That same evening, at supper time, he said to the old folk:

"What idiots you must have been to let them take the Vallin's child."

His mother obstinately responded:

"I wouldn't sell our baby!"

The father said not a word. The son went on:

"And you think it isn't miserable to be sacrificed like that?"

Then Father Turvache stammered out in a voice of wrath:

"Art thou going to reproach us for having kept thee?"

Brutally the young man burst out:

"Yes, I reproach you—louts that you both are! Parents like you are good only to give bad luck to children. And I'd serve you right if I'd quit you."

The poor woman was crying in her plate. She sobbed while trying to swallow some spoonful of soup, half of which she spilled in her effort:

"And is this what I killed my-self for—to raise my sons?"

Then roughly, the great lad thundered out:

"I'd better never been born than be what I am! When I saw the other one, just a while ago, it just gave my blood one turn!"

"I said to myself: That's what I'd be, now!"

He leaped up from the table.

"See here! I've just made up my mind that it's best for me not to stay here, for I'd be reproaching you with it from morning till night, and I'd make life miserable for you. You may just as well know it—I'll never forgive you, never forgive you for that! Never!"

The old couple, tearful, dumb-founded, held their peace.

He went on again—

"No! just the thought of it is too much to stand. No, I prefer to go and make my living somewhere else!"

He opened the door. A gust of voices entered. The Vallins were having a justification in honor of the returned son.

Then Charlot stamped his feet with rage, and turning to his parents, shouted at them:

"Louts! clowns! look to yourselves!" And he disappeared in the night.

Stonewall Jackson.
About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst.

He was silent for a moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour.

He replied: "O, no! You are frightened my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope for his recovery.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN'S DECISION.
After a moment's pause he asked her to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, "the physician informed me that you have told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his sunken eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly:

"Very good, very good; it is all right."

Then turning to his heartbroken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much he desired to tell her but that he was too weak for the undertaking.

O. I. Pendleton, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about 1 o'clock. Gen. Jackson asked him:

"Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day?"

"When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied:

"Thank God! they are very kind." Then he added: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

TALKING IN HIS DELIRIUM.
Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in his delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aides in his old way, and then the scene was changed. He was at the mess table in conversation with members of his staff: now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of a return of his mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!" "Tell Maj. Hawks—" then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished.

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his calm, pale face, and then looking upward, and slightly raising his hands, he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

And then without sign of struggle or of pain his spirit passed away.—Detroit Free Press.

The Border States.
In an article published in *South-ern Bivouac* for February, dictated by Alexander H. Stephens just before his death, he thus refers to the hopes which inspired the Southern leaders in the dealings with the border States.

Outside of the seceded and then Confederate States there was a second combination of States, even more powerful in population and resources than those of the Confederacy, and fully able, by united action, to dictate to the United States the terms of treatment of the seceded States. I emphasize the word united, for it was only by disuniting these States and securing a suspension of their action that Mr. Lincoln and his most able cabinet succeeded in making a land highway for the passage of invading troops, and at last turning the neutrality of border States into practical co-operation in the supply of money and men for the war. At the head of this second tier of States, every one of them in full sympathy with States rights doctrines and the right of secession, stood Virginia. The military leader of Virginia, and the probable head of the forces of the border States likely to offer armed resistance to the passage of Federal troops over the soil, was Robert Edward Lee. If Virginia did not unite with the Confederacy, but become the leader of this band of neutral and pre-treating States, there was a combination which might have altered the whole final result. Lest I be charged with wild and visionary writing upon this subject, I refer to history. On February 15, 1861, three commissioners of the Confederate States, Messrs. Forsyth, Crawford, and Roman, had been deputed by the Montgomery Congress to visit Washington and secure a peaceful settlement if possible. General Scott had urged the evacuation of Fort Sumter. Stephen A. Douglas had made a speech in the Senate to that effect. Twenty-three days after the presentation of the note of the commissioners, to wit, on the 8th day of April, Mr. Justice John A. Campbell, of the Supreme Court, called on behalf of Mr. Seward to inform them of his "strong disposition in favor of peace," and that he was "greatly oppressed by the demand of the commissioners for a speedy reply to their note," and that he desired "to avoid making any at that time if possible." Another interview was had by Judge Campbell with Mr. Seward, resulting in his written statement to the commissioners, "I feel entire confidence that Fort Sumter will be evacuated in ten days. This measure is felt as imposing great responsibility upon the administration. I feel entire confidence that no measure changing the existing status, prejudicially to the Southern Confederate States, is at present contemplated." On the 7th of April Mr. Seward said, under his own hand, to Judge Campbell, "Faith as to Fort Sumter fully kept; wait and see."

This was the result of the action of the border States, led by Virginia, and which the Federal Government dared not, at that time, antagonize. On the 16th of January the legislature of Arkansas had called a State convention. The Missouri Legislature convened a State convention on the 28th of February. The legislature of Kentucky refused the recommendation of Governor Bernal Magoffin to call a State convention, but on the 22d of January called upon the other States to hold a convention and amend the Constitution of the United States, and passed another resolution, pledging the people of Kentucky "to unite with their brethren of the South in resisting an invasion of their soil at all hazards, and to the last extremity." Dr. Bell, of Louisville, has a large bundle of letters, written to him by Judge Holt and Attorney General Speed, upon this subject. Tennessee voted against a convention by a majority of 67,054, but was equally decided against coercion. North Carolina barely failed to call a secession convention by a popular majority of only 651 votes in the whole State. Virginia called her State convention on the 13th of February. Governor Hicks, of Maryland, refused to call an extra session of the legislature, but on the 19th of December, 1860, declared in writing to the Mississippi commissioners his full purpose "to act in concert with the other border States," and said, "I do not doubt that the people of Maryland are ready to go with the people of those States for weal or for woe." The passionate words and music of James E. Randall's

"Maryland, my Maryland," were ringing through the land. In February an irregular convention of the most of the counties of Maryland fully justified, by resolution, the secession of the seven States. The Delaware Legislature assembled on the 2d of January, and Governor Barton said to Mr. Campbell, of Georgia, "No action will be taken by this State until Virginia moves, but this State will go with

Maryland and Virginia." Mr. Lincoln, on the 15th of April, issued his proclamation for the Congress to convene, and called for seventy-five thousand men, at last, with the avowed purpose to repossess the forts and arsenals.

On the 22d of April he declared all of the Confederate ships to be pirates, and ordered the blockade of ports. It seemed a desperate move. Mayor Brown, of Baltimore notified the President that no more troops could pass through the streets, and the blood of the slain of the Massachusetts regiment was still fresh. President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was afraid to transport more troops. Gov. Letcher, of Virginia, replied to the requisition, that men would not be furnished for any such purpose." Governor Ellis, of North Carolina, said he would be "no party to the wicked violation of the laws of the country, and to this war upon the liberties of a free people."

Governor Magoffin, "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States."

Governor Harris, "Tennessee will not furnish a man for the purpose of coercion, but fifty thousand if necessary for the defense of our rights and those of our Southern brothers."

Governor Beator, "No troops from Arkansas will be furnished to subjugate the Southern States. The demand is only adding insult to injury."

Governor Jackson, of Missouri, "The requisition is illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman, diabolical, and cannot be complied with."