

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS.

By Gaillard & Desportes.]

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Terribly Sublime Spectacle

A jet of lava of more stupendous proportions than any ever conceived of, is described by Mr. Coan in the *Honolulu Friend* of February, in his account of the eruption of Manua Loa, on the Island of Hawaii:

The eruption commenced near the summit of the mountain, and only five or six miles southeast of the eruption in 1843. For two days this summit crater sent down its burning floods along the northeastern slope of the mountain; then suddenly the vale closed, and the great furnace apparently ceased blast. After thirty six hours the fusia was seen bursting out of the eastern side of the mountain, about midway from the top of the base.

It would seem that the summit lava had found a subterranean tunnel, for half way down the mountain, when coming to a weak point, or meeting with some obstruction, it burst up vertically, sending a column of incandescent fusia one thousand feet high into the air. This fire jet was about one hundred feet in diameter, and it was sustained for twenty days and nights, varying in height from one hundred to a thousand feet. The disgorgement from the mountain side was often with terrific explosions, which shook the hills, and with detonations which were heard for forty miles. This column of liquid fire was an object of surpassing brilliancy, of intense and awful grandeur. As the jet issued from the awful orifice it was at white heat. As it ascended higher it reddened like fresh blood, deepening its color, until, in its descent much of it assumed the color of clotted gore.

In a few days it had raised a cone some three hundred feet high around the burning orifice, and as the showers of burning minerals fell in livid torrents upon the cone, and quivering with restless action, and sending out, it became one vast heat of glowing coals, flashing the heat of ten thousand furnaces in full blast. The struggles in disgorging the fiery masses, the upward rush of the column, the force which raised it one thousand vertical feet, and the continuous falling back of thousands of tons of mineral fusia into the throat of the crater, and over a cone of glowing minerals, one mile in circumference, was a sight to inspire awe and terror, attended with explosive shocks which seemed to rend the mural ribs of the mountain, and sound to waken the dead and startle the spirits in Hades. From this fountain a river of fire went rushing and leaping down the mountain with amazing velocity, filling up basins and ravines, dashing over precipices, and exploring rocks, until it reached the forests at the base of the mountain, where it burned its fiery way, consuming the jungle, evaporating the water of the streams and pools, cutting down the trees, and sending up clouds of smoke and steam, and murky columns and fleecy wreaths to heaven.

All Eastern Hawaii was a sheen of light, and our night was turned into day. So great was the illumination at night, that one could read without a lamp, and labor, traveling and recreation might go on as in the daytime. Mariners at sea saw the light at two hundred miles distance. It was a pyrotechnical display, more magnificent and marvelous than was made by any earthly monarch. In the daytime the atmosphere for thousands of square miles would be filled with a murky haze, through which the sunbeams shed a pale and sickly light. Smoke, steam, gases, ashes, cinders—furnace or capillary or filamentary vitifications called Pele's hair—floated in the air, sometimes spreading out like a fan, sometimes careering in swift currents upon the wind, or gyrating in overchanging colors in the fitful breezes. The point from which the fire fountain issued is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, thus making the igneous pillar a distinct object of observation along the whole eastern coast of Hawaii.

During the eruption the writer made an excursion to the source. After three days of hard struggle in the jungle and over fields, ridges and hills of bristling scoria, he arrived near sunset at the scene of action. All night long he stood so near to the glowing pillar as the vehement heat would allow, listening to the startling explosions and the awful roar of the molten column as it rushed upward a thousand feet, and fell back in a fiery avalanche which made the

mountain, tremble. It was such a scene as few mortals ever witnessed. There was no sleep for the spectator. The fierce, red glare, and subterranean mutterings and strugglings, the rapid explosions of gases, the rush and roar, the sudden and startling bursts, as of crashing thunder—all, all were awe inspiring, and all combined to render the scene one of indescribable brilliancy and of terrible sublimity; the rivers of fire from the fountain flowed about thirty-five miles, and stopped within ten miles of Hilo. Had the fountain played ten days longer, it would probably have reached the shore.

Union and Reconstruction Resolutions.

At the grand imposing demonstration of the people of St Louis, indorsing the course of President Johnson, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we hail with unfeigned joy the suppression of the late rebellion and the final declaration of peace through all the broad domain of the Republic; and we now hold it to be the duty of all good citizens and good men to forgive and forget the animosities of the late unhappy struggle, and to promote, by wise public measures, the restoration of civil and political rights to the people of all sections of our common country, and the re-establishment of social and industrial interests as heretofore existing among us.

Resolved, That we commend President Johnson for his public virtue, his firmness, lofty patriotism, profound political wisdom, and his uncompromising fidelity to constitutional liberty; and we pledge ourselves to stand by him as he stands by the people and the dearest interests of his country.

Resolved, That we utterly repudiate the heresy that any State ever has been or is out of the Union, or that any State can lawfully be deprived of the right guaranteed by the Constitution of representation in Congress; that we still hold firmly to the doctrine, for which our fathers fought the battles of the Revolution, that there ought be no taxation without representation; and we denounce as unjust, oppressive and tyrannical all laws enacted in Congress in so far as they apply to any States that are denied representation.

Resolved, That we can only look with apprehension and alarm upon the violent, cruel and bigoted policy of the party now generally known as Radicals, a party whose leading principles are those of hatred and revenge, demanding no less than the political proscription and enslavement of four or five millions of our people, and seeking to create and perpetuate a political aristocracy over the South, and to set up a great central despotism to the destruction of all State and local authorities.

Such, no doubt, will be the general tenor of all the resolutions of all the peace parties in all the States. We have only to wait upon Time, and believe that such waiting is, in other words, a waiting upon God. He is the restorer, the renovator, the peacemaker, even as he is the punisher and the final avenger. Let us be willing patiently to leave the matter in his hands. This done, and the doubtful proverb, *vox populi, vox dei*—becomes a truth.

PROGRESS OF THE PLOT.—The Washington correspondent of the *Utica Herald*, writing from Congress, discloses the fact that "there is a proposition before the House to instruct the clerk not to put any names on his roll for the 40th Congress, of men from the rebel States, till Congress has reorganized such States as entitled to representation. If this bill shall pass Congress, it is more than probable that the President will not assent to it. He can not well do it in accordance with his expressed views. He holds that the rebellious States are entitled to instant representation in Congress, and, of course, that no clerk shall have power to keep them out."

This, then, is the next scheme. And it is this danger that the President confronts! The liberties of France were destroyed by the manipulations of telegraph, and the tricks of a subordinate soldier. The drums that should have sounded reveille at the *coup d'etat*, were cut and silenced; the manipulation of the wires by the clerks of the telegraph office, deceived France as to the assent of the people to the empire, and as to their own power of resistance. And in that way a republic perished.

Ours will be a more pitiable fate, if we consent that a clerk shall strike with his pen, eleven States out of the Union; and subvert the government by a device that does not rise to the dignity of a parliamentary trick.

As well instruct the clerk of the Smithsonian institute to ignore the stars of the heavens and turn the constellations out of the firmament. There is a power greater than that of imposture and falsehood; and it will be time for it to manifest itself should this attempt of the radical directory at Washington be made.—*Albany Argus*.

A Republican paper says: "We do not say of the civil rights bill that in itself it extinguishes the State, but we aver, that if Congress has the constitutional power to pass this bill; which strikes at the very foundation of State authority, there is not left a solitary province of the State upon which it may not trespass, or a right reserved to them beside the right of obliteration."

A company has arrived in New Orleans to establish direct trade with California.

SELECT READING.

THE SABBATH BREAKER.—The California *Christian Advocate* records the incident reported in the following article:

In a quiet village situated on the shores of a beautiful lake, lived a man of some wealth and independent manners. He disregarded the Sabbath entirely and pursued his business or pleasure as best suited his convenience. He commenced building a boat principally for pleasure excursions on the lake.—While he was proceeding with the enterprise, which, it was whispered abroad, would afford opportunity for Sunday sailing, he was called on by a minister, who inquired about the boat, and expostulated with him, as the enterprise would increase the wildness and immorality of their village. "I am afraid," said the minister, "your boat will prove a Sabbath breaker." The man looked him in the face, and with much assurance said, "Yes, it will; that's just what I'll name my boat; I've been thinking some time what to call her, and you have just hit it. I thank you for the suggestion. The boat shall be called 'The Sabbath Breaker.'" As he said this, he bade the minister good day, with a chuckle at his evident surprise and modification. The building went on, and especially on Sunday. She was soon ready to launch, and was launched on Sunday, and named the "Sabbath Breaker," amid the cheers of some twenty or thirty half intoxicated men. An old sailor or two shook their heads at the way she struck water, but the folly usual to such an owner hid his eyes to the truth. She was rigged and fitted for an excursion. She must go out on Sunday. A general invitation was given, and numbers crowded on board. On the steamer was floating the name in large letters, "The Sabbath Breaker." She put out. Several, seized by an indefinite dread as they read the name over them, sprang on shore; others would have done so, but she was off. She sailed well enough for awhile. The timid felt re-assured and music and mirth began. But scarcely four hours had elapsed when the boat was struck by a flaw of wind which came very suddenly upon her.—Confusion reigned on board. Scarce an effort was made. She keeled almost instantly over, and went to the bottom. Now, what an outcry! But soon all was over. Forty souls, mostly youth, had found a watery grave, and just above the surface of the lake floated the flag, bearing the inscription, "Sabbath Breaker," proclaiming to all the passers by that there is a God in heaven who judgeth righteously.

THE JUDGMENTS OF WOMEN.—In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of the Church, he made this fine observation: "We will say nothing of the way in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning. No man that has an intelligent wife, or is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them to decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of difficulties." It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than a sort of sagacity that approximates to the sure instincts of the animal races; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that when a man has toiled, step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top, but she will not be able to tell how she got there. How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her.

HABIT IN WELL-DOING. Everything is a labor just in proportion as we have to do it by a separate effort. If a person were obliged to do up all his

breathing once a week, to eat his food only at rare intervals, or to put on his clothing simply for a few days in the year, he would find them a very wearisome task. It is only frequency of these acts, only breathing every moment, eating every day, and wearing our clothes literally as a habit, that keeps them from being irksome. Drive your wagon over a road where the planks are five feet apart, and the motion is excruciating; let the planks be shoved up together, and it is one delicious roll. So in the Christian life. We must make our duties come so near to each other that they will touch, if we would have them a pleasure. It is easier to give fifty times a year than it is ten; easier to go to church every Sunday than every month; easier to pray each night and morning than only now and then; easier to be a Christian on every day, and in every place, than only in the church, and once a week. Habit is the great helper that takes away the burden from all labour, and makes even the roughest place smooth. And, in our well-doing, the best way never to be weary is never to stop and rest.—*Rel. Mag.*

Sayings and Doings of Great Men.

President Johnson subscribed \$25 towards the *Tennessean*, a paper published in Nashville in the interests of the freedmen. Sumner subscribed \$5.

The eccentric Lord Holland, of the reign of William III, used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery specially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts, and improved their temper, and an eye-witness says that "they seemed delighted therewith."

Bulwer, the novelist, in a letter to a gentleman of Boston, says: "I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life, chasing pleasure where it is not to be found."

John Randolph is said upon one occasion to have visited a race course near the city of New York. A flashy-looking stranger offered to bet him five hundred dollars upon the result of the race, and introducing his companion, said: "Mr. Randolph, my friend here, Squire Tompkins, will hold the stakes." But, sir," squeaked the orator of Roanoke, "who will hold Squire Tompkins?"

Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow member of the House of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes, "hear hear." During the debate he took occasion to describe a political cotemporary that wished to play roge, but who only had sense enough to act a fool. "Where," exclaimed he with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more knavish fool or a more foolish knave than he!" "Here, here," was shouted from the troublesome member. Sheridan turned around, and thanking him for the prompt information sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

Victor Hugo, rises winter and summer with the sun. He lights his fire and makes his coffee; then he writes, reads or composes until eleven, and during that time no one troubles him in his meditations. At eleven whatever the temperature may be, he goes out on the terrace of the house, which is on the same level as his room, and makes long ablutions with cold water. Then comes the breakfast hour, devoted to family chat and the reading of newspapers and letters. This meal generally lasts for an hour and a half. Then the poet takes long walks across the island. He works while walking, and often stops before the points specially admires. He is not much given to eating. His table is simply set, and he is always satisfied with his dishes before him. Although he has a good appetite, he is moderate, and no one can say that he has seen him commit the least excess. Victor Hugo goes to bed early, generally before ten o'clock. Pens, ink and paper are placed on the table night him. Often, in his broken sleep, he jots down the thoughts that cross his mind. Sometimes he writes in the dark and makes hieroglyphics that in the morning he alone can decipher.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.—The 24th day of April will be the one hundred and sixty-second anniversary of the first publication of the first American newspaper—the *Boston News Letter*—which appeared on April 4, 1704. It was printed in large type on a very small sheet, and the first number contained a speech of Queen Anne to the British Parliament, some local items and one advertisement. The *News Letter* had no rival in America until 1721.

A KETCHUP SENSATION.—The latest sensation in England is "mushroom ketchup." It seems that no mushrooms are used in the preparation of this delightful compound, but that the base of it is decayed beef liver, called Smithfield mushroom. Enormous quantities of these livers are collected in England and imported in closed bags from the continent.

The Church Intelligencer,

DEVOTED to the interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is published at Charlotte, N. C. Terms of subscription, cash in advance.

For six months, \$2 00
For one year, 4 00

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Fifteen cents a line, or for the space of a line. To yearly advertisers, a liberal deduction on the above will be made.

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Subscribers desiring to have their Post-Offices changed, will state both where their papers are now being sent, and where they would have them directed in future.

For one month before each subscription expires, a pencil mark on the margin will remind the subscriber to renew his subscription by an early remittance.

All communications should be addressed, John Wilkes, Treasurer, *Church Intelligencer*, Charlotte, N. C. Feb 1

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Daily Times, one year, \$10.00
" " six months, 5.00
" " three months, 3.00
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The Weekly News, containing twenty-eight columns, a transcript of the Daily Times, is published every Tuesday, at \$5 per annum. Clubs of ten or more, \$2.50, and a copy to the getter up gratis.

Terms of advertising.—In the Daily and Tri-weekly Times, one square (ten lines or less) \$1 for first insertion and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. A reasonable reduction made for advertisements inserted for a longer period than one month.

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All letters on business with the above publications should be addressed to,

WARING & HERKON, Charlotte, N. C. Feb 1

The Phoenix,

PUBLISHED AT COLUMBIA, S. C.,

BY JULIAN A. SELBY.

THE Daily Phoenix, issued every morning, except Sunday, is filled with the latest news, (by telegraph, mail, &c.) Editorial Correspondence, Miscellany, Poetry and Stories.

This is the only daily paper in the State outside of the city of Charleston.

The Tri-Weekly Phoenix, for country circulation, is published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and has all the reading matter of interest contained in the daily issues of the week.

Weekly Gleaner, a home companion, as its name indicates, is intended as a family journal and is published every Wednesday. It will contain eight pages of forty columns. The cream of the Daily and Tri-Weekly will be found in its columns.

Daily, one year, \$10 00
" three months, 3 00
Tri-Weekly, one year, 7 00
" three months, 2 00
Weekly, one year, 4 00
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT CHESTER C. H., S. C.

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