

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.

RATHER PRETTY.

We frequently hear of a pretty poem, but we have one here that is superlatively pretty—in fact, in it the pretty is pretty well used up, although there is “pretty little” in it:

A pretty little maiden
Had a pretty little dream,
A pretty little wedding
Was the pretty little theme.
A pretty little bachelor
To win her favor tried,
And asked her how she'd like to be
His pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blushes,
And a pretty little sigh,
And some pretty little glances
From a pretty little eye;
With a pretty little face
Behind a pretty fan
She smiled on the proposals
Of this pretty little man.

Some pretty little “loves,”
And some pretty little “dears,”
Some pretty little smiles,
And some pretty little tears;
Some pretty little presents,
And a pretty little kiss,
Were some pretty little preludes
To some pretty little bliss.

This pretty little lady
And her pretty little spark,
Met the pretty little parson
And his pretty little clerk;
A pretty little wedding ring
United them for life,
A pretty little husband
And a pretty little wife.

Prussian Policy.

ADDRESS OF COUNT BISMARCK ON THE POLICY OF PRUSSIA.

At a sitting of the Committee of the Lower House upon the address, held on the 17th ultimo, Count Bismarck gave the following explanations as to the policy intended to be pursued by Prussia:

Little difference exists between the authors of the various drafts of address, or between the Government and the Chambers, as to the object to which the policy of Germany ought to be directed. The question is only to discover by what methods that object shall be attained. Government has been forced to confine itself within the limits of possibility—i. e. of what can be realized without enormous sacrifices and without compromising the future. We should have run this risk if we had crossed the limits we have marked out for our policy. We must keep the engagements we have contracted in this respect, and above all create confidence in our word. But we do not think it would have been useful at present to go further. The Prussian Government is sufficiently animated by strong ambition to render it advisable to moderate rather than stimulate it. According to the peace preliminaries, the North Germans will have the charge of regulating the national relations of the Southern Confederation. To carry out this task we shall have to examine whether the want of this organization is felt more strongly by the population of South Germany than by their Governments, as it now happens that we see Prussian soldiers who pass beyond the line of demarcation exposed to the popular animosity. It is for us next to impart solid foundations to the new union. I believe that in trying to extend them too far their solidity would be diminished. We could not, for instance, submit a State like Bavaria to such conditions as we intend now to impose upon certain States of the North. Let us try first to establish a powerful Prussia, a powerful crown domain of the directing State. The tie of a close union by which we mean to form Northern Germany will not be so strong as an incorporation. Nevertheless, there are only two or three modes to prevent allied races constrained by their governments turning their arms against us. The first of these is incorporation and complete fusion of the populations with Prussia, and in especial of the hostile

functionaries who will remain attached to the old Governments. The Government does not consider that it ought to surmount these difficulties at a single leap, as is the custom of the Latin people; but it will proceed, in the German manner, by humoring the institutions of these populations, and accustoming them gradually to their new situation. The second course is the partition of the rights of sovereignty, i. e., the establishment of a military sovereign and a civil sovereign. Compelled by circumstances we must endeavor to apply this system in Saxony. I had at one time a marked preference for this method, but after the impressions I have received from the reorganization of Schleswig-Holstein, I am afraid such a system would become a source of collisions which might lead to a coolness of the annexed countries towards their new masters. In reference to this point I have been met with the remark, “We don't wish to become second class Prussians.” But independently of these impressions, this system possesses the inconvenience that one of the two masters, the military sovereign who is a foreigner, always comes forward with distasteful requirements, while all the beneficent influence of civil action remain in the hands of the old sovereign. I regret, as I have said, that we are compelled to make this experiment in Saxony. We did not wish to make a much diminished Hanover and Saxony. Lastly, the third method would be to divide the territories as they have been hitherto composed. We did wish to make a much diminished Hanover and Saxony. We made unpleasant experiences with the system in Saxony in 1815. The portions of that country which were then given to Prussia have been completely fused in her, but in the portion that has preserved its anatomy a frank aversion is retained towards Prussia. For this reason we have now completely departed from this system, which was suggested to us; we have placed the interests of the populations above the interests of the dynasties. It is true that this course perhaps produces the impression of injustice, but the science of politics has not the mission of Nemesis. Vengeance does not appertain to us. We must do what is a necessity for the Prussian State, and must consequently not allow ourselves to be guided by any dynastic sympathy. People have already learned to appreciate us even in those very countries. Hanoverians have already said to me: “Preserve our dynasty for us; but if that is not possible, then try at least not to parcel out our territory, but take it entire.” As regards our allies, they have only been few in numbers, or weak; but duty, no less than prudence, ordains that we should keep our word, even to the smallest among them. The less hesitation Prussia shows in sweeping her enemies from the map the more is she bound strictly to keep her word with her friends. It is precisely in Southern Germany that faith in our political loyalty will have great weight. As for the Constitution of the Empire of 1849, it will only be one of the forms through which the problem I have just pointed out will find its solution. I admit that in theory that Constitution proceeds with more strictness and consistency than our scheme, the union, because it makes, so to speak, of the different sovereigns the subjects, the vassals of the future Emperor of Germany; but these sovereigns will be more disposed to concede rights to an ally, a functionary of the union, than to an Emperor and Suzerain.

MR. SEWARD CHALLENGES THE RADICALS.—Mr. Seward made a speech at Niagara, on the occasion of the reception of the President, in the course of which he said: “Let them (the radicals) put forth a man now, and nominate him for Governor of New York, to test their principles at the election in six weeks, and if they are not defeated by a 40,000 majority, then don't count me in any longer.”

Stuff your pockets with mackerel, and imagine yourself a whale, and you are a hopeful member of the codfish aristocracy.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.—A rainbow melting with tears.

THAT GAVEL.—In the full report of the proceedings of the Mulatto Convention at Philadelphia, we find the following:

Mr. Charles Gibbons, Chairman of the Reception Committee, came forward, with a small gavel in his hand, and said: “I hold in my hand the identical gavel used in Charleston, South Carolina, when the Convention assembled there in 1860 for the dissolution of the American Union.” [Derisive laughter, and shouts of “Throw it away.”] This is the gavel which called together that Convention which declared the American Union dissolved. [Cries of “Break it up,” “Throw it down here,” &c.] Sir, turning to Governor Hamilton, I have the pleasure of tendering it to you for the purpose of calling together that loyal Convention which is to lay the foundation for the re-establishment of that Union. Governor Hamilton accepted the gift, and then the ceremonies were declared ended.

The statement about the identity of the gavel is a sheer fabrication. The Philistines did not possess themselves of this souvenir. The gavel used by that Convention, as well as the President's chair and table, are now in this city. At the adjournment of the assemblage those relics were presented by the Convention to the St. Andrews Society, who had tendered the free use of their building, and are now in the possession of the Secretary. The gavel, which has an ivory head and ebony handle, we saw yesterday. It has the word “secession” carved thereon, and was in the possession of the Secretary during his flanking peregrinations. The other articles of furniture never came within the scope of those who made it a part of their programme while here, not to take anything beyond their reach.—*Charleston Courier.*

LOST BY NOT TAKING A COUNTY PAPER.—Generally speaking but little importance is attached to the taking of a county newspaper. This neglect and indifference had its practical reward the other day.

Some time ago a gentleman in this town was appointed an auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of an administrator amongst the creditors. Notice of the auditor was published in two of the county papers.

It so happened that a few creditors residing in a certain portion of the county who had collectively claims to the amount of seven or eight hundred dollars, from the neglect of taking a county paper never heard of the audit until after the report of the auditor had been confirmed by the court. They then came into town to enquire about the likelihood of securing their claims; called upon an attorney who examined into the matter, and informed them that they had forever lost their money, and we presume charged them five dollars for the information. All this resulted from being too penurious or too careless to subscribe for a county paper.

These gentlemen have learned a lesson that will last them the balance of their lives, and as a warning to others who from the same motives fail to take their county paper.

There is scarcely a man in the community who will not be caught up some day on a legal notice, but that does not take a paper, unless he clandestinely reads his neighbor's, and every gentleman should be above literary pilfering like this, so says an exchange.

MORE TROUBLE BREWING IN LOUISIANA.—The *Sunday Herald* has the following special:

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 1.—Governor Wells has this morning determined to raise a so-called loyal militia force throughout the State at once in view of the fall elections. It is to be composed of black and white troops. No one to be admitted as an officer to the ranks who was in any way connected with the late Confederate army. The election under Governor Wells' recent proclamation to fill vacancies in the Convention of 1864 will take place on the day designated.

Governor Wells will promptly remove all authorized gentlemen who do not in good faith cause the elections to be held.

SOUTHERN FEELING AS TO NORTHERT DEAD.—Gen. Geo. W. Morgan, a soldier of the war, who is running as a Democratic candidate for Congress in the Coshoccton district, against Columbus Delano, recently made the following statement in a speech there:

“The people of the South have extended to the people of the West and North the hand of reconciliation. To sustain what I say I could narrate many facts, but will mention but one.

In order to secure a suitable cemetery for our gallant soldiers who fell upon the plains of Alabama, the authorities of the United States desired to purchase three acres beautifully located within the corporate limits of the city of Mobile. The tract was valuable, but the purpose was sacred to which it was to be dedicated. It was proposed to make three acres the honored home of the Union dead, and there, within the corporate limits of Mobile, to erect a monument to commemorate their deeds. But the authorities of Mobile refused to sell. What I refuse to sell sufficient ground to contain the bones of our absent ones—our fathers, brothers, sons? Yes, my countrymen, these Southern men did refuse to sell sufficient ground on which to bury our heroic dead—but with a magnanimity only equalled by their courage, those Southern men did by free gift convey those three acres to the United States! And the hand of the Mayor of Mobile—the hand which signed that deed of gift—had, during our unhappy war, wielded the sword of a Confederate General. [Applause.]

THE MANNERS OF NAPOLEON AND EUGENIE.—The Empress is impulsive, very kind, and has a smile that would be really sweet and charming in any woman, and that, naturally, loses none of its charm by showing itself in the face of an Empress to a world still weakly partial to “majesty.” The charm of the Emperor's smile is in its way, just as effective, its power being often acknowledged even by those who detest him most cordially, as in the case of M. Provost Paradol, one of his bitterest political opponents, who, having been received by the Emperor, as is the custom here, after his recent reception into the academy, on which occasion he had crammed his discourse with ingeniously yet transparently covered allusions to the emperor of the most bitingly malicious character, and being mentioned shortly afterward by a friend as to the impression made upon him by the interview, could not avoid expressing his sense of the charm of the emperor's manner, and added, quoting a well known French proverb, “The fact is, *mon cher*, that in order thoroughly to hate people, one should not see them too near.”

KILLING OF A DESPERATE CHARACTER.—A Louisville dispatch of yesterday says: “An affair occurred in Davies county, Kentucky, on Saturday, which resulted in the killing of a notorious individual, named Metcalf, who was a desperate man, and kept the country in fear, went to the residence of a returned rebel soldier, in Madisonville, some time ago, and murdered him by shooting him through the window. The man's name was John Chandler, and he was blind, having lost his sight in the army. Metcalf was tried and convicted for murder, and by giving bail, or by some means, he was at large. On Saturday, the sheriff of the county, Mr. Tom Grinnell, went to arrest Metcalf. He met him and notified him he was his prisoner, whereupon Metcalf undertook to draw a weapon and show resistance. No sooner had he made a motion to draw his weapon, than Grinnell drew a pistol and shot him three times, killing him instantly.”

A coarse, ill-natured fellow died one day, and his friends assembled at his funeral, but no one had a good word to say about the deceased. Even at the grave all were silent. At length a good-natured German, as he turned to go home, said: “Well, he was a good schmoker.”

AFRAID HE MIGHT BE DEAD.—Scene at the counting room of a morning newspaper. Enter a man of Teutonic tendencies considerable the worse for last night's spree.

Tenton—(To the man at the desk)—“If you please, sir, I wants de paper mit dis mornings. One vat hash de names of de beebles vot kills cholera all de vile.”

He was handed a paper, and after looking it over in a confused way he said:

“Will you pe so goot as to read de names what don't have de cholera any more too soon? shust now, and se if Carl Geisenkoopoffen hash got em?”

The clerk very obligingly read the list, the Tenton listening with trembling attention, wiping the perspiration from his brow meanwhile, in great excitement. When the list was completed, the name of Carl Geisen—, well, no matter about the whole name, it wasn't there. The Tenton's face brightened up, and he exclaimed:

“You don't find 'em?”

Clerk—“No such name there, sir.”

Tenton—(Seizing him warmly by the hand)—“This is nice—this is some funs; that ish my names. I pin drunk ash never vas, and, py dam, I vas afraid I vas gone ted mit cholera, and didn't know it. Mine Cot! I vas scart.”

BACKING OUT.—Napoleon III. is illustrating the prudent qualities of a predecessor on the throne of France, who,

“With forty thousand men
Marched up the hill and then marched down again.”

His first advance was on Mexico, when, through Maximilian, he marched up to the city of the Aztecs, and is now said to have his baggage checked for a return trip. He then made a forward movement in the direction of Venetia, and soon determined that Venetia wasn't much of a prize after all, and abandoned it. He then modestly suggests that he would like to have a chance to replendish his wine-cellar from the vineyards along the Rhine. Prussia objects, and Napoleon is ready to take an affidavit that he never said a word about the Rhine, and is perfectly satisfied to leave things as they are.

This wiring in and wiring out by Napoleon has excited great surprise, and leaves the impression that he is losing the decisive and progressive qualities which have marked the Napoleonic character.

A ROMANTIC AFFAIR.—The Montgomery and Atlanta papers have had accounts of rather a romantic elopement case, which occurred from Selma a few days ago. The pair, consisting of a gay and festive Yankee Sergeant, and a very young girl—daughter of a highly respectable family in Selma—went to Montgomery for the purpose of realizing the consummation of their hopes, but were so closely pursued as to render it impracticable to be married there, and they pushed on to find their Gretna Green on the soil of Georgia. Reaching Atlanta, the villainous telegraph had been too fast for them, and instead of falling into the tender embraces of hymen, they became victims to the rough meshes of the law. They were taken to the Planter's Hotel, and held in durance for three or four day, until the young lady's father arrived, when she consented to return to her home and the “bould eger boy” was turned over to the military to answer the charge of desertion. Verily “the course of true love does not run smooth.”

Burns, going into church on Sunday, and finding it difficult to procure a seat, was kindly invited by a young lady into her pew. The sermon being upon the terrors of the law, and the preacher being particularly severe in his denunciation of sinners, the lady, who was very attentive, became much agitated. Burns, on perceiving it, wrote with his pencil on a blank leaf of her Bible the following:

Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you.”