

From the Rome Courier.

Bill Arp on the Situation.

Big Shanty Territory, No. 3. March 8th, '07.

Mr. Editor: My intention was to have remained in dignified obscurity to the small remnant of my miserable days, but my friends Bob Hilde, Sam McCracken, Tip and other respectable gentlemen of all sexes and both colors seemed to be disheveled about the times, and insist on my views about the momentous state of our suffering country. I haven't been to Washington, nor been playing sentinel on a watch tower, but my observation convinces me there is a power of fuss on hand about something. Politics look squally and alarming. Bill Sherman overran the country and destroyed and carried away our property, and now his brother John is finishing up the job by robbing us of the rights and liberties our forefathers won. Good gracious! What an awful people we are. And now comes Joseph, the sentinel, with his long-winded message of consolation, telling us how we may flee from the path to come—skeerin the people to death, and gettin everything in a stew. What made him in such a hurry? Why didn't he keep silence for a few days until the veto was signed, and the bill was passed? Why didn't he give Mr. Jenkins a chance? May be that Joseph feels sorter responsible for the fix he's got us in. May be he's repentin for the didos he cut up, and the seeds of discord he sowed during the war; but I don't care. I don't think his ambition or his vanity sees anything but his own importance. It looks like he thought the Capital was moved to Atlanta, and he was Governor still. He's afraid the people will think he's dead, and just as soon as a big thing happens, and a little before, he catches the occasion—seizes the opportunity, delivers his message, stirs up the people, gets the Gate City in a ferment, gets his name in the Herald and the Tribune. Joe Brown, a whale, big leader, conspicuous, fame, history, Mr. Jenkins nowhere; Millegerville gone up; Joseph E. rummin the machine, in Atlanta!

Well, I don't know what is at the bottom of all this, but I am afraid that while Joseph was in Washington somebody carried him up into a high mountain, and showed him a Kingdom or two, and he fell down and worshipped. These little kingdoms that a man sometimes sees from the top of a mountain are mighty demoralizing. My friends, we've got nothing to be ashamed of. Since the war our pursuits have been peaceful and honorable. We needn't humiliate ourselves through fear of what humankind can do us. If the Radicals intend to confiscate us, they will do it, and no acceptance of Sherman's bill will prevent it. If they want our cabbages, they are going to have 'em. If they will ride over one law, they will over another. If they disregard Mr. Johnson's great argument, they'll disregard anything. Nobody knows what they won't do, or when they will quit doing it, and my advice is to suffer and be strong, and endure everything and accept nothing. All is lost save honor; hold up your manhood, don't lick the hand that's raised to strike the blow. Joe Brown's banner says "all is lost save honor, and that is only tolerable I thank you, it grows puny and weak." He says we can have representation in Congress. Who by? A man who can take the test oath, and control the nigger vote. Who wants such a representation! How long before he would jine the Radicals and go in for confiscation. If he controlled the nigger vote he'd promise 'em land or anything else. Demagogues have always controlled the ignorant whites, demagogues will control the ignorant blacks. Who controls the nigger influence in Tennessee?—who Brownlow and his party. Tennessee has done just what Joe Brown wants us to do, and now look at her and weep; a nigger candidate running for Governor. But suppose we had representation, and that elected all good men, fair men, just men, what could they do for us? Just as long as the Radicals want us to do anything that has been done, and with a Radical President they could do as much more as they pleased. Just let 'em all alone, give 'em rope, more rope; history is repeating itself, the crisis will come sometime, tyranny and oppression must run its course. Joe Brown's programme went stop it. One of his resolutions made my head swim; I felt like taking chloroform. He would make the whole Yankee nation believe we loved 'em like brothers, and wanted 'em to come out South, and let us hug 'em. Well, I think that sort of stuff is played out. There ain't a hundred men in the State that has any more respect for a Radical than a hyena, and Joe Brown knows it. But the good Lord knows our hearts, and how fondly we cling to those moderate men of the mighty North who would save us from the humiliation that awaits us. Let a kind word be spoken to a subjugated rebel, and the warm blood quickens in the veins. Joseph is afraid we can't stand a military government. Well, I know its humiliating, withering, crushing, but we have stood it, and can try it a while longer. We can do it till we can do better. Military Government aint the cause of our poverty and distress. Its a government higher than Thomas, or Sherman or Sheridan. Its the loss of crops and the want of rain. The military never stopped the corn from growing, and there's just as much rain in one platform as another. If the good Lord will only bless us with abundant harvests, everything will go on smooth enough with the humble and honest people who drive the plow and hoe the corn. If they prosper, everybody else will too, if they mind their own business. We will have to quit talking so much, and quit writing altogether; mizzled lips and a gagged press. I've done took warnin' myself, and quit. Had my life insured in the Knickerbocker, and policy won't allow me to expose myself to jump in no unnecessary peril. The military can out write us anyhow. Folks say the pen is mightier than the sword, but you put 'em both together, and they'll flank a man out of his liberty, and may be his life, in double quick. The Mayor of this town had a little billet doin with Gen. Thomas the other day, and only come out second best, though it wasn't

Wit and Humor.

The best masters of the art are gradually dying out. Capt. Dorby, better known as "John Phoenix," one of the inimitable and unapproachable writers of this generation, died some time since at his station on the Pacific coast, and now we hear of the death of Charles P. Brown (Artemus Ward), who crossed the water to delight the people of England, and then died among them. Artemus was a practical printer, and showed his appreciation of the craft by his will, in which he left all his property to his mother, for her use during life, and at her death it is to be devoted to founding a printer's asylum in New York. His property is estimated at over \$100,000, which, if judiciously invested, will afford relief to many an indigent brother of the craft. The original Jack Downing (Seb Smith) is, we think, still living in Portland, Maine, but the man who took up the title after Mr. Smith dropped it, and wrote some of the most pungent criticisms on the government and its acts, departed this life a few days since in New York. "Jonce Hooper," as his friends called him, the author of "Simon Suggs," is another one who is missing when the roll is called. No one looking at him would think that so much fun laid under that apparently solemn exterior. He looked and acted like a preacher; but, in company, he would sometimes unbend, and then the boys enjoyed themselves. As editor of a country paper in Alabama, and afterwards managing the Montgomery Mail, he made "troops of friends," who regretted his early death, and still cherish the memory of J. J. Hooper, who was decidedly the best humorist that Alabama has produced.

The Rev. Judge Longstreet, author of "Georgia Scenes," is, we are pleased to hear, still in the enjoyment of good health at Oxford, Mississippi. We hope he may live many years yet; and when he is finally called away from earth, that it will only be to exchange the troubles and trials of this sublunary sphere for the enjoyments of the righteous, to whom it will be said: "Come up higher." C. I. Smith, the original "Bill Arp," has become "reconstructed," and settled down at his ranch in Rome. He will write again, sure, for he is one of the irrefragable kind. "Sat Lovengood," alias Geo. W. Harris, formerly Postmaster at Knoxville, Tennessee, has let his pen lie idle too long. We don't know where he has located, but hope soon to hear from him. Col. W. T. Thompson, the author of "Major Jones' Campaign" and several other humorous works, which have taken a high place in the standard literature of the country, is still living and flourishing, and we hope ere long to see some new productions from his pen, now too long unused. We now turn towards the Southern extremity of the country. Geo. McKnight (Asa Hartz) has written many good pieces, but it is unfortunate that he writes so seldom. After the death of Jos. Brennan, of the N. O. Times, he holds the first place in that section. He is a printer; as, in fact, are most of the good writers in the world. Going from one extreme to the other, we find in Boston the rotund and good-natured B. P. Shillaber, the original Mrs. Partington, who has done perhaps more than any one else to dispel the blues. He is another type, and the fatter one in the country, except Bill Daggett, of the Charleston Courier.—Savannah Advertiser.

RECIPE FOR FITS.—Though no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and I shall charge you nothing for them; you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am vested with them myself, and I dare say you are also. New, then for my prescriptions. For a fit of passion, walk in the open air; you may speak your mind to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a negro. For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the work-house, or speak with the rag-boy you will be convinced. "Who maketh his bed of brier and thorn, Must be content to lie forlorn." For a fit of ambition, go into a churchyard, and read the grave stones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister. For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions. For a fit of despondency look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom. For all fits of doubt, perplexity and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind, whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician; "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

THE VALUE OF LATIN.—A very good member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island once moved to translate all the Latin phrases in the statutes so that the common people could understand them. The exquisite folly of such a measure was by no means obvious to the great body of the Assembly. It was quite as likely to pass as not. A good solid argument against it would probably have carried it through. The late Mr. Oplike took the ground that it was no advantage to have the people understand the laws. They were not afraid of anything which they understood. It was these Latin words that they were afraid of. "Mr. Speaker, there was a man in South Kingston about twenty years ago, a perfect nuisance, and nobody knew how to get rid of him. One day he was hoeing corn and he saw the Sheriff coming with a paper, and he asked what it was. Now if he had told him it was a writ that would have cured him, he would have been a *capitis ad satisfaciendum*, and the man dropped his hoe and ran, and has not been heard of since."

The following is said to have occurred in a Probate Judge's Court: A lady enters the Court room in haste; meeting the Judge she accosts him—"Sir, are you the probate Judge?" Probate Judge—"Madam, I am." "Well," said the lady, "My husband died detestate, and left me six young 'uns, and I want to be appointed their executor."—Josh Billings says: "God save the fools, and don't let them run out; for if it weren't for them, wise men couldn't get a living."

DEFINITIONS OF CHARACTER.

Fine fellow—The man who advertises in our paper; the man who never refuses to lend you money, and the rich fellow who is courting your sister. Genteel People—The young lady who lets her mother do all the ironing for fear of spoiling on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father. Industrious People—The young lady who reads romances in bed, the friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who can never find time to answer your letters. Unpopular People—The fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on a parade. Timid People—A lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot at, and a steamboat company with a case of cholera on board. Dignified Men—A midshipman on quarter deck, a chit in a country town, school committee on examination day, dry goods clerks, and beginners in law. Persecuted People—Woman, by that tyrant, man, boys by their parents and teachers, and all poor people by society at large. Unhappy People—Old bachelors and old maids. Ambitious Chaps—The writer who pays the magazine for inserting his communication, the politician who quits his party because he cannot get into office, and the boy who expects to be President. Humble Persons—The husband who does his wife's churning, the wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who thinks you do him much honor.

WHAT WE ARE MADE OF.—The following is from an article by Dr. O. W. Holmes: If the reader of this paper lives another year, his self-conscious principle will have migrated from its present tenement to another, the new materials of which have not been put together. A portion of that body of which it is to be will ripen in the corn of the next harvest. Another portion of his future person he will purchase or others will purchase for him, headed up in the form of certain barrels of potatoes. A third fraction is yet to be gathered in the Southern rice fields. The limbs with which he is then to walk will be clad with the flesh borrowed from the tenants of many stalls and pastures now unconscious of their doom. The organs of speech with which he asks so wisely, pleads so eloquently, or speaks effectively, must serve his humble brethren to bleat, to bellow, and all the varied utterance of bristled or feathered barn yard life. His bones themselves are, to a great extent, in posse and not esse. A bag of phosphate of lime, which he has ordered from Prof. Mapes for his grounds, contains a large part of which is to be his skeleton. And more than all this, and by far the greater part of his body, is nothing at all but water; the main substance of his scattered members is to be looked for in the reservoir, the running stream, at the bottom of the well, in the clouds that float over his head, or diffused among all.

JUNIUS BRUTES BOOTH.—Junius Brutus Booth kept the portrait of Washington in his drawing-room. No visitor was permitted to stand in the presence of the picture with the covered head. His admiration for republicanism was greatly due to the rivalry which soon sprung up between him and Keen, which ended in his permanent emigration to America. Before that he had achieved great success on the English stage, and Hazlitt had been compelled to acknowledge his supremacy in the character of "Lear." For thirty years he held the first position on the American stage. His religion is worth describing: "All forms of religion and all temples of devotion were sacred to him, and in passing churches he never failed to bare his head reverently. He worshipped at many shrines; he admired the Koran, and in that volume many beautiful passages are underscored; days sacred to color, ore and metals were religiously observed by him. In the synagogues he was known as a Jew, because he conversed with the rabbis and learned doctors, and joined their worship in the Hebrew tongue. He read the Talmud, and he was a student of its laws. Several fathers of the Roman Catholic Church recount pleasant hours spent with him in theological discourse, and aver that he was of their persuasion, by the knowledge of the mysteries of their faith."

AN OPEN REAR.—DEACON A.—while passing through his lot the other day, stooped down to tie his shoe. A pet ran which the boys had trained, among other things, was taught to regard his posture as extremely offensive. He instantly pitched into the old gentleman's undefended rear, and laid him full length in a mud hole. Picking himself up, the deacon discovered the cause of his overthrow, standing in all the calmness and dignity of a conscious victor. His rage was boundless, and he saluted him with the energetic language: "You d—d old rascal!" At that moment he caught a glimpse of the benign face of the "minister" peeping through the fence, and he instantly added: "If I may be allowed the expression."

PRETTY GOOD.—Soon after the "surrender," a North Carolina soldier, who had been for a long time living at the expense of the Federal Government in a Northern prison, had reached, on his weary tramp homeward, the border of his State, wearing the rags of his Confederate gray. He met an old acquaintance, and this conversation ensued: "Hello, old feller, whar ar you from?" "Johnson's Island." "Gittin home agin?" "Tryin to." "Better not go over thar with them clothes on. They don't let anybody wear gray any more; they'll take you up sure." "Jerusalem! haint they got over their scare yet?"—A female freedman was brought up the other day at Aberteen, Miss, for fighting. "This is your first fight, is it not, Peggy?" asked the mayor. "Bress your soul; no massa," was her energetic reply, "when we used to b'long to Dr. W., we fit constant. Dere warn't no p'lice bothem fokes business in dem times. Why, massa, we fit constant in dem days."

DON'T BE EXTRAVAGANT.

If the poor house has any terrors for you never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three cents for a jews'arp, my boy, ascertain whether you cannot make just as pleasant a noise by whistling for which nature furnishes the machinery, and before you pay seventy-five dollars for a coat, young man, find out whether your lady would not be just as glad to see you in one that cost half the money. If she would not, let her crack her own hazel-nuts, and buy her own clothes.

When you see a man spending two or three dollars a week foolishly, the chances are five to one that he'll live long enough to know how many cents there are in a dollar; if he don't he's pretty sure to bequeath that privilege to his widow.—When a man asks you to buy that for which you have no use, no matter how cheap, don't say yes until you are sure that some one else wants it in advance. Money burns in some folks' pockets, and makes such a big hole that everything that is put in drops through past finding.

WHOM NOT TO MARRY.—A southern editor expresses himself annoyed in behalf of the fair sex at the reception of the following, and yet inconsistently publishes it: "Never marry a woman whose love for you will defend you the gratification of her wants, or of her love of power. For however ardently she may profess an attachment to you, or to extol you to others, or take pride in hearing your good qualities praised, you may rest assured that the moment you venture to interfere with what she considers her sole prerogative, even though it be the discharge of a solemn duty, or an exercise of the rights which, as a protector and provider for your family, you possess, both in law and equity, then she will hate you as cordially as she loved, and not to be at all backward in calling you very ugly names to your face. No matter for your excuses, or for disclaimers of malicious or spiteful intent, you are a lost man so far as your domestic peace is concerned—take my word for it."

MEX OF FEW WORDS.—Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say but little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with your eye and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they launch out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. Your conversation falls into their mind as rivers into a deep chasm, and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go to the mark like a gun-shot, and they are silent again, as if they were re-loading. Such men are safe counselors, and true friends in every case where they profess to be such. To them truth is more valuable than gold, while pretension is too gauzy to deceive them. Words without point, to them, are like titles without merit, only betraying the weakness of the blinded dupes who are ever used as promoters of other men's schemes.

EXTRACT.—When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past years grow deeper and deeper, as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years.—If we have home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathering together around our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will be worn and smoothed away, in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age.

A certain minister had promised a little boy of his that he should accompany him to church the following Sabbath. The little fellow, although not quite four years old, was still old enough to remember the promise. But when church time came, it happened that he was fast asleep, and his parents went away leaving him in bed.—Some time after he awoke, and calling to his mind the promise given him he hurried down stairs only to find his father and mother gone. Determined not to be frustrated in this manner, he made his way into the street, and crossing to where the church stood, entered the opened door.—The minister at that moment was commencing his sermon. Fixing his eyes upon his father, the little fellow waddled up the aisle, in his night clothes, until directly opposite the pulpit, when beheld, and looking up at him, called out: "I des you furd me!"

A WHITE MULE.—A friend told us yesterday of an amusing scene he witnessed lately at the Old river ford, near Natchitoches, in this State. A negro had a wagon and a team of six mules which he wished to drive across. The two lead mules took kindly to the water, but one of the hind ones, a white mule, obstinately refused to enter the stream. Jumping from his seat in a furious passion the teamster began beating the perverse one with might and main, exclaiming between the blows, "You think you's white, does you? But I'll show you dam quick colored mules is as good as you is. Gee up!"—N. O. Crescent.

A fireman, in the Galveston News, apologizes for the conduct of the fire department in failing to have any public demonstration in honor of Washington's birthday, by saying that the firemen are not aware that any order has yet been issued to allow "a public demonstration over dead men"—rebels, as Gen. George Washington was.—It is said that a law exists in Germany to prevent drinking on Sunday during divine service. It runs thus: "Any person drinking in an alehouse during divine service on Sunday or any other holiday, may legally depart without paying."—A man was asked what induced him to make a law student of his son. "Oh, he was always a lying little cuss, and I thought I'd honor his leading propensity."—"What a grasping disposition you have," said a young lady to her lover whose arm encircled her pretty waist.

Miscellaneous Advertisements

THE ENQUIRER

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TERMS—IN ADVANCE. One copy one year, \$2 50; Five copies one year, \$12 50; Ten copies one year, \$25 00; One copy six months, \$1 25. To the person sending us the largest club of subscribers, at \$1 75 in specie, or \$2 50 in currency, we will award a Patent Cotton Planter, which will cost in Charleston fifty dollars. To the person sending us the next largest club, on the same terms, we will award a Patent Corn Planter, which will cost in Charleston thirty dollars. To the person sending us the third largest list, on the same terms, we will award one of Ames' Double Corn Shellers, cost in Charleston twenty dollars. The premiums will be awarded to the successful competitors on the first Monday in March next, at 9 o'clock. The names should be sent in, however, as they are obtained; additions being made to the list up to the day of the award. No names will be counted unless paid for.

THE TRI-WEEKLY PHOENIX. PUBLISHED AT COLUMBIA, S. C. CONTAINS the latest, most interesting and important News from every section. Neatly printed on good paper. TERMS—IN ADVANCE: Tri-Weekly one year, \$2 50; Weekly one year, \$1 50. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms. Address JULIAN A. SELBY, Columbia, S. C.

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Greenville & Columbia Rail Road. GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Columbia, Sept. 12, 1866. On and after Monday, 17th inst., the Passenger Trains will be run daily, (Sundays excepted) until further notice, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Leave Columbia at 7 15 a.m.; Arrive at Abbeville, 9 05 a.m.; Arrive at Anderson, 3 18 p.m.; Leave Greenville at 5 40 a.m.; Leave Greenville at 6 00 a.m.; Arrive at Anderson, 6 30 a.m.; Arrive at Abbeville, 8 35 a.m.; Arrive at Columbia, 1 20 p.m.; Arrive at Columbia, 2 45 a.m.; Arrive at Columbia, 4 40 a.m.

Schedule over S. C. Railroad. GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 3, 1866. ON and after Wednesday, November 7, 1866, the Passenger Trains of this road will run the following schedule:

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. AUGUSTA TRAIN: Leave Charleston, 8 00 a.m.; Arrive at Columbia, 6 20 p.m.; Arrive at Augusta, 5 00 p.m.; Leave Augusta, 7 00 a.m.; Arrive at Columbia, 6 50 a.m.; Arrive at Charleston, 4 00 p.m. THROUGH MAIL TRAIN: Leave Augusta, 5 50 p.m.; Arrive at Kingsville, 1 05 a.m.; Arrive at Columbia, 3 30 p.m.; Leave Columbia, 2 00 p.m.; Arrive at Kingsville, 3 40 p.m.; Arrive at Augusta, 12 00 night. H. T. PEAKE, Gen'l Supt.

Schedule over the Blue Ridge Railroad. ON and after Monday the 17th inst., the Trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad will leave Anderson for Pendleton and Walhalla, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, after the arrival of the Greenville & Columbia Railroad Trains.

W. H. CHAFFEE, WHOLESALE GROCER, AND Commission Merchant, DEALER IN Butter, Lard, Cheese, Liquors, &c. Consignments Received every Steamer. 207 EAST BAY, OPPOSITE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE, CHARLESTON, S. C. 12m

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