

The Charleston Daily News

BY DUNN, REESE & CO.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., FEBRUARY 28, 1866.

VOLUME XXXI--No. 9.

CAHILL & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
AND
Commission Merchants,
No. 185 EAST BAY,
Corner of Lodge Alley,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Office in New York, 51 Courtland Street.
Feb 18 3m

GEO. W. WILLIAMS & CO.,
Merchants
—AND—
Bankers,
No. 1 and 3 Hayne St.
CHARLESTON, S. C.

KEEP constantly on hand a full assortment of GROCERIES, and will sell them at the lowest prices possible in this market. They will receive and sell on Consignment COTTON and other PRODUCE, and will advance libly on Cotton consigned to their House, or to

WILLIAMS, TAYLOR & CO.,
147 Maiden Lane,
NEW YORK.
Jan 25 3m

WILLIAM G. WHILDEN,
FORMERLY OF HAYDEN & WHILDEN,
255 King St., Corner of Beaufine St.,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Has opened a large and complete stock of
HOUSE FURNISHING ARTICLES,
Grocery and China Glass Ware,
PLATED GOODS
OF EVERY VARIETY,
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry,
POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY,
BUCKETS, BASKETS, BROOMS,
&c., &c., &c.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY repaired.
Old gold and silver purchased.
Orders promptly filled and forwarded.
Jan 14 2mo

D. F. FLEMING & CO.
Wholesale Dealers

BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, &c.,
2 HAYNE STREET,
Corner of Church Street,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Having Resumed Business,
AT THEIR OLD STAND, 2 HAYNE STREET,
CORNER CHURCH ST., ARE NOW RECEIVING
A LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED
STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, &c.,
Which will be sold at the LOWEST MARKET PRICE.
The patronage of former friends and the public is respectfully solicited.
D. F. FLEMING,
SAML. A. NELSON,
JAS. M. WILSON.
Charleston, Dec 25 11

Dry Goods.
THE UNDERSIGNED
OF THE FIRM OF
ROBERT ADGER & CO.,
Has this day commenced the
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Dry Goods Business

AT
252, King Street,
(In the Den),
CHARLESTON, S. C.

And offers a Stock adapted to a first-class trade.
The business will be conducted strictly upon the
CASH PRICE SYSTEM.

The patronage of the friends of his late firm,
and of the public generally is respectfully solicited.

JAS. B. BETTS.
Charleston Jan 10 2m

MRS. S. J. COTCHETT,
FASHIONABLE
BONNET EMPORIUM,
AND
Fancy Millinery Goods,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
No. 263, King Street,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

OVER READ'S LACE STORE, OPPOSITE
HARLE STREET.
Country Orders filled with Neatness and
Despatch.
Charleston, Jan 29 4mo

DECOTTES & SALAS,
Cotton Factor & Commission
MERCHANT,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION TO THE
SALE OF COTTON, LUMBER AND
THESE COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Charleston, Jan 1 11

F. CONNER & CO.,
78 East Bay,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

**COMMISSION AND FORWARDING
MERCHANTS,**
Wholesale Dealers in
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
Will give prompt and personal attention to all
orders entrusted to their care.
Jan 24 11

The Jolly Old Pedagogue.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long thin hair was as white as snow,
And a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead."

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Reading and writing, and history too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast he knew,
And the wants of the little child he knew;
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to be learned here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With stupid boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school—
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant down here below."

The living need charity more than the dead,"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorne lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, neat, and plain,
And a spirit of comfort there held reign;
And made him forget he was old and poor:
"I need no little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives here below,
Won't neglect me when I am dead."

But the pleasant times that he had, of all,
Were the so-called hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass;
This was the greatest pleasure he said,
Of the many he tasted here below:
"Who has no cronies had better be dead!"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face,
Melted all away in sunny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Checked and sipped, and prattled away,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to attic;

"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I've lingered a long while, here below,
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is dead!"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving to tender hearts a fragrant crown;
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said:
"Twas a glorious world, down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

At last at his door, one midnight night,
After the sun had sunk in the West,
And the lingering beam of golden light,
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered
"Rest!"

Gently—gently—he bowed his head—
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

[Round Table.]

THE DAUGHTER'S STRATAGEM.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

Judge Rose lived in Belleville, on the banks of a great river in the West. Every year he went to Washington, and his voice was often heard in the halls of Congress. Yet, though he was called great, he was not good, because he was very fond of drinking wine, brandy, &c., and he frequented the gambling houses on his daily, until they conquered all his moral strength. His townspeople refused to send him as their delegate any longer.

Judge Rose had an admirable wife and three pretty daughters. Mary, the eldest, was an especial pet. He thought more of her than of himself, and no wish of hers went ungratified. She was of a sweet temper, and so obedient and respectful to her parents, and so kind to everybody, that her father's dwelling was the most elegant, and they had beautiful grounds, and servants, and horses and carriages, and fine clothes, and never put on airs as many do, but was modest and retiring.

Mr. Rose and his wife and daughters were all members of a Christian Church. He was often suspended from his fellowship, and on promises of repentance received again. His influential position in society, and the pious conduct of his wife and daughters, caused much pity for him, and elicited much patience.

She was often loved by love and forbearance to receive him wholly. But all the love of his family and of the church could not stop this erring man in his downward course.

At last so low did he fall as to lose all self-respect, and frequent thievous whiskey shops in the town. Daily he went out unshaven, unwashed, ragged and almost naked, and when drunk would sing a low song, which would draw around him a crowd of boys, and laugh and sing the once dignified and respected judge. In personal appearance he was now the lowest of the low.

It is not to be supposed that Christians and temperance men allowed such a man to ruin himself without efforts to him. Early and persevering endeavors were put forth, prayers were offered up and his family left no avenue to his heart untried. But all were alike useless and hopeless. His wife and daughters wept and prayed, but could not save him from open disgrace, if not from private shame.

She became very sad, and refused to attend church, or go into society. When her father was sober, he had sense enough to perceive the sorrowful change in his once happy Mary, and seemed to regret his course more for her sake than his own.

One morning he started as usual for his drinking shop. He was a horrible object to be looked at, as well as a nuisance, at least, to hold him back and get him, at least, to put on some decent clothing, but he would not yield. Mary made her appearance by his side, clothed in rags, low at the neck, bare armed and homeless, with an old whiskey bottle in her hand. Taking her father's arm she said, "Come, father, I'm going too."

"Go to where?" said he, staring at her as if horror-struck.

"To the dram shop. What is good for you is good for me."

Then she began to flourish her bottle and to sing the same songs she had heard him sing in the streets.

"Go back, girl, you are crazy," Mother took

But I am going, father, with you, to ruin my soul and body.

"It is of no use for me to be good, while you are going off to the bad place. You'll be lone there without your Mary."

"Go away, girl, you'll drive me mad."

"But you have been mad for a long time, and I am going mad too. What do I care? My father is only a poor old despoiled drunkard; his daughter may as well drink and die as the gutter too."

So Mary called away at her father's arm, and went to open the door. He drew back; still she dragged on and sang louder. A few boys began to run toward them, and then her father broke from her hold, and went into the house. There he sat down, and putting his face in his hands, wept and sobbed aloud. Still Mary stood out.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Rose.

"My father is crazy, and I have made her so. I wish I was dead. Do go and get her in. I won't go out today."

Mrs. Rose went out, and told Mary what her father had said, and then she went in. She sat down with her bottle in her hand, and all day she kept on the old rage. Mr. Rose was in a terrible state for want of his accustomed stimulus, and frequently would go to the door, but Mary was ready at his side, on every occasion. Mrs. Rose prepared her meals with extra care, and gave her husband cups of good strong coffee, and the latter part of the day he laid down to sleep. When he awoke Mary was still there in her rags, and her bottle by her side.

With much trembling and shaking he put on a good suit of clothes and asked his wife to send for a barber. Then after tea, he said, "I am going out."

"Where?"

"To the Temperance Hall. Go with me and see if I do not get there."

So Mrs. Rose went with him to the door of the hall, Mary still saying: "I must follow, for I'm afraid he'll go to the whiskey shop without me."

But his wife saw him go up stairs and enter the meeting room, and the door closed upon him. Then she and Mary went home to rejoice with trembling at the success of the stratagem.

Surprise, joy and some distrust pervaded the minds of the assembly of temperance brothers when Mr. Rose walked in. He was invited forward and asked to speak whatever he wished.

He rose and told the tale of the day, and added, "When I saw how my angel daughter was transformed into a low, filthy creature, when I knew how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I abhorred myself. She vowed to go every where I went, and do everything I did. Could I see her do that? Her loveliness stained—her character ruined—she, pure as an angel! No, sir! if it kills me, I will leave off and never touch, taste or handle more from this night henceforward and forever. And now, gentlemen, help me to be a man again."

The building vibrated with the cheering, stamping and clapping, and a rush of some rose from those many hearts which might have been heard for miles. Oh, "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

We hope God converted the soul of Mr. Rose, and that he will be a man again.

From the Lectures (Wiz.) Democrat.

The Auctioneering of Massachusetts Girls in Washington Territory.

A PIQUANT DESCRIPTION OF IT.

SWEETHEATS FOR CANNIBALS.

A Pacific coast editor protests against the Mercor project of shipping Yankee girls to that region, and desires the press east of the Rocky Mountains to speak out and put a stop to this business. He says: "Let no more unprotected females be exposed to the perils of these shores."

People have wondered at the sense of this Massachusetts abolition philanthropy for some time. It is much like the old story of dealing in the handsome girls of Canaan, when hundreds of their "school marmes" were huddled together and shipped off to parts unknown for the pleasure of "Harem" scarem Turk. We suppose the mode of disposing of these Yankee girls on their arrival to the Pacific coast is something like this:

The ship has arrived in port. Notice has been given to the long-haired miners and rough bachelors of that auferious section. The girls have been bathed by squads, platoon and brigades, in the mouth of some "water-fall" from the mountains; their best raiment has been put on. Standing on the poop deck, the charge d'affaires, with hair pushed back from his receding forehead; and a sharp nasal twang, thus holds forth:

"Now you wild beasts of the Pacific strand, I've brought you a whole parcel of handsome ladies, right nice and fresh from Boston and along the shore. I have a picked lot of girls, fresh as a daisy and lively as a butterfly. I won't sell the entire lot to one man, for that would be too much of a good thing, but I'll sell each of you a little charmer, warranted not to cut in the eye, big enough for the tallest miner, and small enough for the least there is among you! Walk up, fellows. Stand up to the traffick, gals. No crowding on the hauser! Git out yer dust and select yer gal!"

The first old fellow, a freckled-faced, red-nosed, named Betsy Jane. 'Twas her name said no matter. You can give her a name. She is nineteen years old by the Bible, has good teeth, twenty-seven inches round the waist, and is warranted kind in harness. How much for Betsy? Sold to Jack Loughhead for five hundred dollars. Good by, Bet!

The next gal, ladies and gentlemen, I mean fellows, is a shy puss, named Phillis Maura. She is a choice gal, raised in Boston—poor little honest parent—early inured to the Gospel and Abolitionism, and warranted as perfect as far as heard from! She can dance a stocking or make a pumpkin pie, in the twinkling of an eye, and she can have a sigh, you bet! She is going on twenty years, has a cheek like a spittoon, the sweetest lips and most dainty breath you ever tasted—all for—six hundred, make it nine, and down she goes to Captain Ball of the Woods for nine hundred!

The next specimen—oh, sweetest! I fellows, is a blue-eyed Yankee gal, named Jemima Jane—never mind her other name. She is a bustin' gal. Knows all her letters—has a constitution like a tea-kettle, which is good after its nose is knocked off for all it will fetch, and is an ornament to her sex or any other man—She is twenty-five years old—aint so awfully handsome, but is heavy on the lug, and is warranted to last a life-time, if she don't die first. Arose and for her? Come, walk up, fellows! Massachusetts wants you to enlighten you! Here is the best chance for happiness—only a few more left! Sold to Dave Divil for fifty ounces of dust!

Now, fellows, stand up close. Here is a stunner. Tabitha Marier, as was her mother before, also her grandmother. She is nineteen years old, poor but honest parents, eats but little; a pine gum lunch will last her a week. Sold for no fault, but Massachusetts has no further use, and takes this means to pay her way back in Boston. She never smiles except in an anger, and like George Washington, never speaks a word with her little hatchet. She is warranted genuine, and if not sold will be thrown ashore for you fellows to play with—and over she goes, for all its chance, you know!

[From the N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.]

A SOUTH CAROLINA VIEW OF IT.

Mr. Editor—Much has been said in our religious papers about Northern and Southern Baptist co-operation. I hope that this letter will not be considered improper, or uncalled for. I think that my experience and observation have taught me that candor and plain speaking, though not always the most expedient and politic so far as the speaker is concerned, is yet always the best so far as the cause of truth is concerned. Waiving expediency and policy, I shall use candor and plain speech—yet not conscious of being under the influence of any improper spirit.

Co-operation seems to be urged principally by Northern Baptists, and I have no individual may be found at the South who thinks it desirable, and would be glad to see it effected. But I am sure that I express the feelings of nine-tenths of Southern Baptists, when I say that they do not think it desirable; and that they would with kindness, yet with firmness, say to the Baptists of the North, as Abram said to Lot: "Let there be no strife between us and you; if you will take the left hand, then we will go to the right; or if you depart to the right hand, then we will go to the left." Under these circumstances, the question appropriately arises, Why do the Northern Baptists urge it, or desire it, even?

With regard to the Episcopal and Methodist Churches, and I may add, also the Presbyterian, we can see reasons from their church government, which might make it desirable that there should be, in each case, an organic union embracing the whole country. But our independent form suggests no such reasons, and I think it has been already said by our excellent writers, that it is not our duty to co-operate with them, or to reject them, without impairing efficiency.

Again, the question appropriately arises, how can Northern Baptists consistently propose co-operation? Before we, we separated upon the question of slaveholding. We were of an enormous size of Northern Baptists, which, notwithstanding some individual excellencies, vitiated Christian character and forbade Christian fellowship and co-operation. But it is known, I presume, by Northern Baptists, that we have held no opinion or principle upon that matter. If any suppose so, let me assure them that we still maintain that slaveholding is morally right. We deeply regret its sudden abolition; not merely from the feelings of loss of property, (though an atrocious wrong has been done to us in that respect,) but from sympathy with the poor negro, whom we always viewed more than the so-called philanthropists of the North, and whose ruin is inevitable. We just as much as ever believe and assert that we may rightly and lawfully own slaves, and that a man does not lose his humanity by asserting his right to do so. We assert that the result of the law is no more an expression of God's disapprobation of slaveholding, than the burning by lightning of a man's house is an expression of God's disapprobation of houses, or of the man who owned the house. (It is to be regretted that men do not think and talk scripturally about divine providence.) Now, if Southern Baptists do not desire co-operation, and if consistency should lead Northern Baptists not to desire it, then question raised, with double force, Why do I latter write it?

May I be permitted, in the connection, to say a word or two, suggestively the letter of your correspondent, G. W., in your paper of December 14th? It is remarkable for several reasons. I intensely hate slavery. If anybody hates with a deeper hatred than he, he would be pleased to see the "psychological" he has "then been than he ever loved any people upon the face of the earth!" (The italics are mine.) "We of the North," he says, "by always made a clear and sharp distinction between the sin and the sinner." (The last phrase he does not use, to avoid hurting feelings, but that is the idea.) Now there is, in certain sense, a clear and sharp distinction between the sin and the sinner, and in certain other sense there cannot be. He hates the sin, but not the sinner. In this sense there is a clear and sharp distinction. But he hates the sinner. A distinction between the sin and the sinner. A distinction between the sin and the sinner. A distinction between the sin and the sinner.

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cruel torture, just to get money from them.

and all this, not as the result of human and unauthorized excesses which may occur in any war, but as a part, an avowed part, of the mode of warfare—we must, on principle, stand aloof from the Christianity that can not find words of exultation over such outrages upon civilization and humanity.

(3.) When it is remembered that Northern pulpits, of every denomination, for the last four years, have been, to a greater or less extent, turned into political rostrums, and that Northern Baptists, like others, regarding the Apostle's example to "know nothing but Christ and him crucified," have preached havoc and hounded on the dogs of war against us, we cannot, on principle, receive into our arms and hug to our embrace these "dear" brethren. Perhaps fifty years from now some an embroil may be effected. But, in the writer's humble opinion, not till then, if Southern Baptists preserve their self-respect. Charity and forgiveness are Christian virtues, but not such as to make us forget the wrongs of the past.

(4.) Northern Baptists maintain towards us the air and tone and assumption of superiority. Their civilization is higher, and their Christianity purer, than ours. The damning sin of slavery has contaminated everything here. The whole country presents an inviting field for missionary efforts to enlighten and evangelize. The Negroes, too, must be taken under their special charge. We of the South have never done anything for them, and if anything is ever to be done for them, they must do it. In a word, the North must lift the degraded South into the light of a pure Christianity and civilization. We cannot, on principle, co-operate with those who act on this assumption. Ordinary self-respect forbids it. We are bad enough. We hope to feel it, and are willing to confess it. We hope we do not indulge any of that spirit which can thank God that we are "not as other men are," but rather that other spirit, which can say, "We are merciful to our sinners, which the broken heart must sustain, deeply wound our pride of character, than to compare our civilization and Christianity with that of the North."

(5.) In the Examiner and Chronicle of the 14th December, it is said editorially, that no "dust-and-ashes" humiliation is required of us as a basis of co-operation; but what is required is, that accepting the fact that we have "an undivided free and glorious country, we go for it, the country, the whole country." Under these circumstances, the question appropriately arises, Why do the Northern Baptists urge it, or desire it, even?

With regard to the Episcopal and Methodist Churches, and I may add, also the Presbyterian, we can see reasons from their church government, which might make it desirable that there should be, in each case, an organic union embracing the whole country. But our independent form suggests no such reasons, and I think it has been already said by our excellent writers, that it is not our duty to co-operate with them, or to reject them, without impairing efficiency.

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