

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS.

BY J. E. BRITTON. WINNSBORO, S. C., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1865. [VOL. II.—NO. 107.]

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS.

BY J. E. BRITTON.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
"THE NEWS" is published on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and will be supplied to subscribers at \$1.00 per month, invariably in advance.
Single copies ten cents.

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Ordinary advertisements, occupying not more than eight lines, (one square,) will be inserted in "THE NEWS," at \$1.00 for the first insertion and seventy-five cents for each subsequent publication.
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column 1 mo. \$ 30. column 6 mo. \$100.
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While containing all the latest religious intelligence from the Churches at home and abroad, it will also contain a weekly digest of social, mercantile and political intelligence, as well as general information on literary, scientific and agricultural subjects, making a journal acceptable to the city and country reader.

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oct 24/65.

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A native Carolinian, the publishers will naturally look to the interest of their own State, and to that of the South; and as citizens of the United States they will not be wanting in the proper amount of devotion and respect for the General Government. Every effort shall be made to make the DAILY NEWS a first class newspaper, and in every way worthy of the patronage of the public.

Our terms, for the present, will be at the rate of \$10 per annum. Subscriptions received for 3, 6 and 12 months, payable in advance.

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Proprietors,
No. 15 Hayne St. Charleston, S. C.
oct 24/65

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oct 24/65.

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oct 24/65.

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oct 24/65

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Through receipts given on which insurance can be effected at lowest rates.

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ADAMS EXPRESS CO.
oct 19/65

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Contains complete poetical writings of the popular author, and is a beautiful setting of all the sparkling diamonds that have been found clinging to the "rolling stone" of a great life, as it washed with the ebbs and flows of the soothing tides of Thought and Imagination.

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OR
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oct 19/65

The Cannon Journal.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT CANNON, S. C., BY J. T. HERSHMAN.

oct 24/65

Bill Arp on the State of the Country.

"Sweet land of Liberty, thus I sing,"
Not much I dont, now, this time.
If there's anything sweet about liberty in this part of the vine, I can't see it. The land's good and I wouldn't mind hearin a hyme or so about the land I live on, but as for din sugar and liberty in Georgy soil, 't's all a mistake. Howsumever, I'm hopt I'm much calmer and sorerer still I was a few months ago. I begin feel kindly towards all people, and some. I'm now endeavorin to be a great national man. I've taken up the motto of no North, no South, no East, no West; but let me tell you, my friend, I'll bet on Dixie as long as I got a dollar. It's no harm to run be'nd Dixie. In fact it's highly harmonious to do so. I'm a good Union reb, and my battle cry are Dixie and the Union.

But you see, my friend, we are gettin restless about some thing. The war had bekum mighty heavy on us, and after the big collap, we thought it was over for good. We had killed folks and killed folks, and the novelty of the thing had wore off, and we were mighty nigh played out. Children were increasin and stels diminishin. By a close calculashun, was perseerved that we didnt kill our enemies as fast as they were imported, and about those times I thought it was pity that some miracle of grace hadnt out off the breed of farmers some 18 or 20 years ago. Gen. Sherman wouldnt have walked over the tract and Ulysses would have killed more men than he did—of his own side. I have always thot that a General ought to be pertickler which side he was sacrificin.

Well, if the war is over, what's the use fillin up our towns and cities with soldiers any longer. Where's your reconstruction, that the papers say is goin on so rapidly? Where's the liberty and freedom? The fact is, General Sherman and his caterpillars made such a clean sweep of everything, I don't see much to be proud of.

So many libertie's around here that there's nary liberty left. I could have rekonstrukt a thousand sich States before this. Any body could. There wasn't nothin to do but jest go off and let us alone. We've got plenty of statesmen—plenty of men for Governor. Joe Brown aint dead—he's waitin—standin at the door with his hat off. Then what's the soldiers here for—what good are they doin—who want's to see 'em any longer? Everybody is tired of the war and we don't want to see any more signs of it. The niggers dont want 'em, and the white men dont want 'em, and as for the women—whoo-peel. I golly I Well, there's no use talkin—when the stars fall agin maybe the women will be harmonized.

That male business—that oath about gettin letters! Gettifer! They always was jealous about the males anyhow, and that order jest broke the camel's back. Well I must confess that it was a powerful small concern. I would try to sorter smooth it over if I knowed what to say, but I dont. If they were afeerd of the women, why didnt they say so? If they want, what do they make 'em swear for? Just to aggravate 'em? Didnt they know that's the best way to harmonize a man, wasnt it to harmonize his wife first? What's the matter with the women do by receivin letters and oah free? They can't vote, they can't preach, nor hidd offis, nor play soldier, nor muster, nor wear breeches, nor ride straddle, nor cuss, nor chaw ter-backer, nor do nothin hardly but talk and rite letters. I learn that a valant kernel made a woman put up her fan because it had a pikker of Borygard pon it. Well she's harmonized. I reckon. Now the trouble of all sich is, that after these bayonets leave here and go home, these petticoat tyrants can't come back any more. Some Gorgy fool will mash the juice out of 'em, settin, and that wouldn't be neither harmonious nor healthy. Better let the women alone.

Then there is another thing I'm waitin for. Why dont they rekonstrukt the niggers if they are ever goin to? They've give 'em a powerful site of freedom, and devilish little else. Here's the big freedman's bure, and the little bure's all over the country, and the papers are full of grand orders and special orders and paragrafs, but I'll bet a possum that some of 'em steals my wood this winter or freezes to death. Freedman's bure! freedman's bumbug! I say. Just when the corn needed plowin the

worst, the bure fung the bell and tolled all the niggers to town, and the farmers lost the crops, and now the freedmen is gettin cold and hungry, and wants to go back, and there aint nothin for 'em to go to. But freedom 's a big thing. Hurraw for freedom's bure! Sweet land of liberty, of thee I don't sing! But it's all right. I'm for freedom myself. Nobody wants any more slavery. If the Abolishunists had let us alone, we would have fixed it up right, a long time ago, and we can fix it up now. The bure aint fixed it; and it aint goin to. It don't know anything about it. Our people have got a heap more feeling for the poor nigger than any Abolishunist. We are as poor as Job, but I'll bet a dollar we can raise more money in Home to build a nigger church than they did in Boston. The papers say that after goin round for 3 weeks, the Boston Christians raised thirty-seven dollars to build a nigger church in Savannah. They are powerful on theory, but devilish scarce in practice.

But it's no use talkin. Everybody will know by waitin who's been fold. Mr. Johnson says he's goin to experiment, that's all he can do now—it's all anybody can do. Mr. Johnson's head's level. I'm for him, and everybody ought to be for him—only he's powerful slow about some things. I ain't worshippin him. He never made me. I hear folks hollerin hurraw for Andy Johnson, and the papers say, oh! he's for us, he's all right, he's our friend. Well, souse he is, hadnt he ought to be? Did you expect him to be a dog, or a Black Republican pup? Because he aint a banking of us, is it necessary to be playin hipocrit around the foot-stool of power, and makin' out like he was the greatest man in the world, and we was the greatest sinners? Who's sorry? Who's recotin? Who aint proud of our people? Who loves our enemies? Nobody but a durn sneak. I say let 'em hang and be banged to 'em before I'd beg 'em for grace.

Whar's Socrates, whar's Cato? But if Andy holds his own, the country's safe, provided these general assemblies and sinods and bishops' conventions will keep the devil and Brownlow tied. Here's a bossos of siink hearted fellers who played tory just to dodge bullets or save property, now a howlin about for offis—want everything because they was for Union. They was for themselves, that's all they was for; and they aint goin to git the offis neither. Mr. Johnson aint got no more respck for 'em than I have. We want to trade 'em off. By hoky, we'll give two of 'em for one copperhead, and ax nothin to boot. Let 'em shinin on their own side, and get over among the folks who don't want us rekonstrukt. There's them newspaper scribbler who slip down to the edge of Dixy every 24 hours, and peep over at us on tip toe. Then they run back to puffin and blowin with a strait coat tail, and holler out, "He aint dead, look out everybody. I'm jest from thar—seen his toe move—heard him gam; he's goin to raise agin. Don't withdraw the soldiers, but send down more troops immediately." And here's your Hays, a headin all sich—a gassin and standers in every issue—makin' up pikkers in every sheet—breedin aristian discord, and chawin bigger than ever since we got licked. Well, old Stone-wall had kitched these soldiers at their ferry, and we boys had knowed they was goin to keep up this government so long. We'd made Baptists of them settin, payroll or no payroll. Hurraw for a brave soldier, I say, reb or no reb, yank or no yank; hurraw for a manly foe and a generous victor—hurraw for our side, too. I golly, excuse me, but sich expressions will work their way out sometimes, brakes or no brakes.

But I'm for Mr. Johnson. I'm for all the Johnson's, its a bully name. There's our Governor, who aint going at a discount, and there's Andy, who is doin powerful well considerin, and there's the hero of Shilo, peace to his noble ashes.

And there's Joe, my bully Joe—wouldnt I walk ten miles of a rainy night to see them hazel eyes and feel the grip of his soldier hand. Didnt my rooster clap his wings and crow when ever he passed our quarters? "Instinct told him that he was the true prince" and it would make anybody brave to be nigh him. I like all the Johnsons, even to Sam—J. C. He never leaved me, if he could git round it. For 20

years, me and Sam have been working together in the justice court. I was an everlastin defendan, an i Sam the constable, but he never sold my property nor scared Mrs. Arp. Hurraw for the Johnsons!

Well, on the whole, there's a heap of things to be thankful for. I'm thankful the war is over—that's the big thing. Then I'm glad I aint a Black Republican pup. I'm thankful that Thad. Stephens and Sumner and Phillips, nor none of their kin, aint no kin to me. I'm thankful for the high privilege of haim all sich. I'm thankful I live in Dixy, in the State of Georgy; and our Governor's name aint Brownlow. Poor Tennessee! I golly, didnt she catch it? Andy Johnson's pardons won't do rebs much good there. They better git one from the devil if they expect it to pass. Wonder what made Providence afflikt 'em with such a cuss.

But I can't dwell on such a subject. Its highly demoralizin and unprofitable.

"Sweet land of Liberty, of thee I could not sing in Tennessee."

But then we've had a circus once more, and seen the clown play round, and that makes up for a heap of trouble. In fact, its the best sign of rekonstruction I have yet observed.
Yours, hopin,
BILL ARP.

P. S.—Andy hawled Grant's cabin a thousand miles. Well! Sherman's war horse strayed in my stable one night. I want to sell the stall to some Yankee State Fair, as our people aint the sort that run after big folk's things. The stall aint no more any other stall to me. State Fairs, its for sale. I suppose that Harper's Weekly or Frank Levy will paint a pikker of it soon, by drawin on their imagination.
D. A.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.—We see it stated that the whole of Jeff. Davis' Cabinet has been pardoned. Is that the fact? If it is, is not John C. Breckinridge, who was in the Cabinet at the evacuation of Richmond, one of the pardoned?

If Mr. Breckinridge is not pardoned, and if he wishes to be, we hope that he will be. We know no reason why he should not. No charge, so far as we can learn, lies against him that does not lie equally against all who were in rebellion. No one has ever accused him of inhumanity to prisoners, or of anything inconsistent with the most knightly courtesy and chivalry.
To pardon such offenders as our Government has pardoned, and yet to keep Mr. Breckinridge in exile, if he is willing to come under the prescribed obligations, is an unreasonable and unjust discrimination, according to our opinion. We do not know what Mr. Breckinridge will or will not swear or promise, but we would lay our life that he will do whatever he says he will do. And none can doubt that, as a loyal citizen, he would be a portion of the intellectual wealth of Kentucky and of the nation.
[Louisville Journal.]

TWO GOVERNORS.—From our exchanges, we learn of a most extraordinary gubernatorial muddle in Mississippi. The people of that State recently adopted a Constitution, which, among other things, provided for the election of a Governor. As soon as the Convention adjourned, an election was ordered by the Provisional Governor, and a Constitutional Governor was elected. General Humphreys proving the successful candidate. His ineligibility was at once removed by a pardon from Washington, and he entered some weeks ago upon the duties of his office. The Legislature of Mississippi, in the meantime, elected the late Provisional Governor to the Senate of the United States, and Judge Sharkey retired temporarily to private life.

Suddenly, however, Mr. Seward orders Judge Sharkey to continue to perform his duties as Provisional Governor, but there is no proclamation of the intention of the Government to displace General Humphreys. Mississippi is, therefore, well supplied with the article of Governors at this time. As the relations between the constitutional and Provisional Governors are of the most friendly character, they will, in the discharge of their duties, probably "ride and tire." Humphreys taking the reins one day and Sharkey the next. The Roman Trunvirate tried that plan, but it worked badly.—Columbia Phoenix.