

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS.

By Gaillard, Desportes & Co.]

WINNSBORO, S. C., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1866.

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[From the Petersburg Index.]

Closing Scene of the War—The Evacuation of Petersburg.

There is not much need to dwell upon the scenes of which these bright, quiet days are anniversaries. No one has forgotten yet; still, some notice may be expected.

At daybreak on the morning of the 1st of April, 1865, the cannonading, which along the lines on the immediate front of the city had been continuous and severe, extended along the whole line with redoubled fierceness, until, by sun-rise, from the Appomattox to Five Forks, there was scarcely fifty yards of ground along the entrenchments but had its black-mouthed pieces belching forth angry smoke, and lending the reverberation of its fearful thunders to the maddening tumult.

Early in the morning, the rattle of musketry began on the right, and soon increasing roar told that the battle was in earnest, and that the spring campaign had begun. Gen. Grant's forces—two corps of infantry and the cavalry under Sheridan—advanced in solid lines upon the entrenchments held by Pickett and Bushrod Johnson's divisions, under the command of Lieut. Gen. R. H. Anderson, and after several gallant and ineffectual feint attacks, a movement in column was made by Sheridan to force a passage between the left flank of the Confederate infantry and Fitz Lee's feeble cavalry for continuing that line. By some error, a gap had been left, which Sheridan struck, and his troopers poured through.

Pressing back towards the rear of Lee's cavalry, they swung to the left upon Pickett's lines, and ere long a wild cheer rung from the troopers in the rear to the infantry in front, and long lines of empty trenches, roads strewn with abandoned guns, and fields dotted with hurrying, beaten men, showed that the work was done—that Lee's right had been crushed. But this had not been done at once. Night followed speedily upon its accomplishment, and the rumors of disaster which reached Petersburg from the battle-field, though gloomy enough, were not explicit of the total overthrow of our forces, and slumber in the city was assured of safety that night as ever. No one knew what real ruin had come.

Night brought with it no quiet, but instead the streaming fuses and bursting shells of a new bombardment. Morning came, as bright and smiling as any day of any spring-time. With light came sounds of conflict, which grew louder and more frightful. Did they not draw nearer? It sounded so. And soon strange rumors filled the streets. The church bells rung out their first call to prayer, but no one heeded the summons. The clear, sweet tones fell upon the agony of hearts that listened, as the bird-notes sounded to those who mourn the dead. Men gathered in groups around the corners, and looked with straining eyes, toward the clouds of battle-smoke that hung around the town—stood silently, and listening to the dull reports of heavy ordnance, and the sharp rattle of musketry, upon which their fate hung trembling.

Men grew white in the agony of suspense, and women wept. The old town clock struck 8—the breakfast hour—but the scanty meals stood on the board untasted. The houses were deserted, and eager questioners crowded around the men who now came in, with haggard faces and wild eyes. What is it?

And one answered, "They have taken the River Salient." And another, "Pickett and Johnson were overwhelmed yesterday, their line broken, and their commands broken and crushed—cut off from the army and forced up the country."

And another, "Gibbons' corps struck Wilcox's front at day this morning, piercing his line; the troops to the right were turned, and those to the left forced back. The enemy have reached the railroad and the river, and our line is at the stone bridge."

And just then a cry of "look" was heard, and turning, we saw from the warehouses, where, by order of the military authorities, had been stored all the tobacco in the city, columns of black, thick smoke go up above a mass of lurid flames. "Tis so," was the

speech of every white cheek and streaming eye. Few words told how like a whirlwind of wrath came to the thousands the death of the hopes of years. The groups dispersed and sought their homes. Agonizing suspense had become certainty, and they could weep now.

Any attempt to tell of that day, with its hours of dull, dead hopelessness, its moments of wild hope, its feelings of utter wretchedness, is the end of all things to be desired. God spare such another experience.

Now and then would fly from house to house some good report. "We are pressing them back—General Lee has re-established his lines," and for awhile the feverish wish would be parent to belief. About 11 o'clock the Confederate rates did recapture the lines at Rives', and a ray of real light came in upon the anxious souls. But the real danger was not there. On the right the work went resistlessly on. Fort Gregg fell, despite the most heroic defence. The Union line advanced from Coghill's to Turnbull's, from Turnbull's to Woodworth's, and there, in a stone's throw of the corporation limits, marshalled their enthusiastic masses.

At last Longstreet came. A strengthened line was formed, and at 4 o'clock the dispatch from General Lee to his commanders across the Appomattox and James was, "I can hold out until night, and shall then withdraw."

Its terms are noised abroad, and there was no doubt of hope. The time passed in silent preparation. The Federal officers seeing the inevitable result of their successes, wisely and humanely forbore further assault, and the comparative stillness was oppressive.

Dusk came, and with it began the evacuation. Noiselessly from the lines they had so gallantly defended the Confederates withdrew, and the long dark columns passed through the streets unattacked, unpursued. We were spared the horror of a fight through the streets, which had been feared. Now began the wild farewells and long embraces with which mothers sent forth their sons to unknown fates, and perchance endless partings.

We draw the curtain over them. The darkness fell; the silent march continued until the old bridge at Pocahontas had re-echoed to the tread of the last Confederate soldier. A signal gun said: "It is finished." From right to left of the empty trenches rang deafening explosions, while bursts of angry light shot upward to the bending sky.

The army held on its track of retreat along the river bank, the citizens awoke to their changed condition, and the long agony was over.

HOW TO ACT WHEN THE CLOTHES ARE ON FIRE.—The following which we copy from the *Scientific American*, should be cut out and preserved:

"Three persons out of four would rush right up to the burning individual, and begin to paw with their hands without any definite aim. It is useless to tell the victim to do this or that, or call for water. In fact, it is generally best to say not a word, but seize a blanket from a bed, or cloak, or any woollen fabric—if none is at hand, take any woollen material—hold the corners as far apart as you can, stretch them out higher than your head, and running boldly to the person, make a motion of clasping in the arms, mostly about the shoulders. This instantly smothers the fire and saves the face. The next instant throw the unfortunate person on the floor. This is an additional safety to the face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next instant immerse the burnt part in cold water, and all pain will cease with the rapidity of lightning. Next get some common flour, remove from the water, and cover the burnt parts with an inch thickness of flour; if possible, put the patient to bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until the physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin can be found. Unless the burns are deep, no other application is needed. The dry flour for burns is the most admirable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. The principle of its action is, that like the water, it causes instant and perfect relief from pain by totally excluding the air from the injured parts."

Destitution in Alabama.

The following letter has been received at the Freedmen's Bureau, Washington. It discloses a sad state of destitution among the poor people of Alabama:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
STATE OF ALABAMA,
MONTGOMERY, AL., May 18, 1866.

Major-General Wager Swayne, Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees and Abandoned Lands, Montgomery:

MY DEAR SIR: In view of the alarming increase of destitution and actual want of food which have been reported to this department from the various portions of the State, and the daily cry for bread I dispatched, a few days since, M. H. Cruikshanks, Esq., a commissioner, to provide for the destitute, (then in the mountain districts,) to return to the seat of government and report in detail the true condition of the country. Since his return I have conferred much with him, and also derived reliable information from various other sources.

I regret much (from correct information) to be compelled to state that, notwithstanding the very liberal aid now being rendered by the General Government through your department, and the various contributions made by individual charities, with all that can be done through the State's crippled finances, the supplies are now entirely inadequate to the real destitution and actual want of food.

I cannot consistently ask you to supply the entire deficiency; were I to do so and you grant the request, it would be a draft upon the liberality of the Government apparently unreasonable. Yet we can't very well circumscribe the bounds of starving necessity for bread on which to maintain life.

Without entering into the causes which have produced this frightful and heartrending amount of destitution, hunger, and in some cases starvation in Alabama, I have no hesitation in saying there are not less than one hundred thousand widows, orphans, old men and women, and men disabled by the late war, who are to-day real objects of charity, suffering for food.

In the exercise of your wise discretion it is for you, my dear General, to determine whether or not the supplies of provisions now furnished by the Government shall be increased, without which I am persuaded there must be much suffering. If you can't consistently do more, an increase of 5,000 rations per day will do incalculable good.

I have the honor to be,
Yours, very truly,
R. M. PATTON,
Governor of Alabama.

An Editor's Trials in Utah.

The *Vidette*, a wide awake Gentile paper, has for some time past, been published in Salt Lake City, bearing the Mormon devils in their own den, to the great discomfort of their "Saintships." The editor recently received a letter written in blood—or red ink—which reads—*Skedadde!* It is the "red hand" of the Destroying Angel, and threatens assassination. The editor is not much frightened by the order, but says:

"Well, we shall keep the document, and leave our readers to judge whether we are much frightened. If these miserable hounds and cut-throats think they intimidate the *Vidette*, why they are simply mistaken. We have spoken plainly in the past, and we shall speak still more plainly in the future, holding ourselves accountable only to God, our conscience, and the laws of the land."

The following day the editor received another warning, of which he says: "We stop the press to give place to the following: 'Now, as the lark said to her young ones, 'it is time for us to leave!' We could stand the 'bloody hand' and the 'skedadde' of the other warnings, but the following gets us:

SALT LAKE CITY, April 1866.
Mr. Editor Vidette: If you don't quit abusing Stenhouse and the Mormons, we'll come and marry you. We don't 'mean blood,' but we won't stand to have Stenhouse maligned; so look out.
27 MORMON WOMEN.

We weaken on the turn. '27 Mormon Women!' We apologize. We don't edit the *Vidette*—Stenhouse is a good fellow—a brave man—and he can look a dog in the face! Besides, he never did borrow a pair of brass knuckles. O Lord have mercy on us poor miserable sinners! Don't shoot this way! We are not the 27 wives! We'll go!

A wicked editor says that at church some people clasp their hands so fervently in prayer, that they are unable to get them open when the contribution box comes around.

A close watch is kept on the fish markets by the Irish loyal police, for fear a pike might be offered for sale.

Cookery Scientifically Treated.

Professor Blot, a famous authority in culinary matters, has been giving illustrated lectures on cookery in Boston, where his subject and manner of treating it attracts much attention. He cooked on the stage the dishes of which he discoursed. From a report of his third lecture, published in the *Boston Post*, we extract some general observations, which will be found interesting and useful by the ladies:

An omelet may be made more flaky by being set in the oven as soon as done. Never bring fat to the table.

Potatoes, when cut into thin slips like a pencil, make them potatoes Francaise.

The quicker broth cools the longer it will keep.

Many people mistake rich food for high seasoned food. Rich food is healthy—high-seasoned food is unhealthy. Rich food is not stimulating—hot food is stimulating.

In summer, make broth every other day.

In baking meat, no matter what kind, always put in some broth. The top of an oven is always the warmest. To prevent from burning, grease a paper with butter and put on the top of the article baking. This will keep the top of the meat or bread as moist as the bottom. The paper prevents the steam from rising. You need only to baste the paper occasionally. Some meats require less time to bake than others. Pork and veal, to be healthy, should always be overdone.

Speaking of the trichina in meat, the Professor said that, if the meat is overcooked, there was no danger from it. Many people have eaten diseased meat without injury. A whole brigade of the French army, in 1793—and it was an historical fact—was fed on diseased meat for four or five months; and at the end of that time the men were apparently as healthy as those of other brigades who eat wholesome meat. The fact of it was, the diseased meat was overcooked, and the men did not know the difference.

The Professor could not recommend diseased meat, but the object of referring to the subject was simply to show the importance, sometimes, of over-cooking meat.

At the close of the lecture, the ladies came forward to the platform, and with spoon-tasted some of the Professor's cooking. It was evident that they relished, as on the two previous occasions, the result of his gastronomical experiments.

The outfit making in New York for a Nashville belle who is soon to be married, consists of twenty-five dresses, and the bride's dress will be in material and style, like the dress worn by Queen Victoria when she opened the last Parliament. It is composed of white satin, and is made in the new Empress shape, with plain and tight front, pointed back, gored skirt, and trail, one yard in length, trimmed with a liberal supply of rich point lace. A dress for the bride's sister consists of green striped and spotted silk, made with new style of waist and puffed sleeves, trimmed with Cluny lace. The bridesmaids' dresses are of pink tartan, overskirt of same material, waist tastefully adorned with lace with a profusion of silk ribbon running round the skirt. Then there are grenadines, bareges, and some lighter dresses, as well as choice under skirts and other "mysteries of the toilet."

SILK WORM.—A curious discovery has been made by General Faidherbe, Governor of the Colony of Senegal. The General had remarked, on the trees of that country, numbers of grubs of a species of silk-worm, and he was induced to take some pains in observing them. He was soon satisfied that they were a superior species of silk-worm to those known heretofore. The worm, it appears, was known, and was described by entomologists many years ago, but nothing was known of its habits nor the value of its cocoons. It is now discovered that the cocoon of this silk-worm weighs, upon an average, six hundred and thirty-three milligrammes, whilst that of the common silk-worm weighs two hundred and ninety, and at the same time the silk is of much better quality. The food of this worm is chiefly *Ziziphus Ortheacantha*. Means are now being taken to introduce this silk into commerce.—*Northwestern Church.*

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

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oct 24/65

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