

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS.

By Gaillard & Desportes.

WINNSBORO, S. C., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

[VOL. III.—NO. 5.]

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS.

BY GAILLARD AND DESPORTES.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTIONS:

"THE NEWS" is published on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at \$6.00 per annum, invariably in advance. Single copies ten cents.

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 seventy-five cents for each subsequent publication.

Larger advertisements, when no contract is made, will be charged in exact proportion.

Contracts will be made in accordance with the following schedule:

1 column 1 mo. \$ 20.	1 column 6 mo. \$ 75.
" " " 30.	" " " 100.
" " " 45.	" " " 120.
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Contracts will also be made for smaller spaces and for all periods over a month.

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.

[From the Charleston Daily News.]

THE JACKET OF GREY.

BY MRS. C. A. BALL.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside, tenderly touch it, look on it with pride—For dear must it be to our hearts evermore, The jacket of grey, our loved soldier boy wore.

Can we ever forget, when he joined the brave band Who rose in defence of our dear Southern land.

And, in his bright youth, hurried on to the fray, How proudly he donned it, the jacket of grey?

His fond mother blessed him, and looked up above, Commending to Heaven the child of her love:

What an anguish was hers, mortal tongue may not say, When he passed from her sight, in the jacket of grey.

But her country had called, and she would not repine, Though costly the sacrifice placed on the shrine:

Her heart's dearest hopes on the altar she lay, When she sent out her boy in the jacket of grey.

Months passed, and war's thunder rolled over the land, Unsheathed was the sword, and lighted the brand:

We heard in the distance the sound of the fray, And pray for her boy in the jacket of grey.

Ah! vain all, all in vain, were our prayers and our tears; The glad shout of victory rang in our ears; But our treasured one on the red battle-field lay,

While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of grey.

His young comrades found him and tenderly bore The cold, lifeless form, to his home, by the shore;

Oh! dark were our hearts on that terrible day, when we saw our dead boy, in the jacket of grey.

Ah! spotted and tattered, and stained now with gore Was the garment which once so proudly he wore;

And bitterly wept, as we placed it away, And replaced, with death's white robes, his jacket of grey.

We laid him to rest in his cold narrow bed, And engraved on the marble we placed o'er his head;

As the proudest of tributes our sad hearts could pay, "He never disgraced the jacket of grey."

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside, tenderly touch it, look on it with pride,—For dear must it be to our hearts evermore, The jacket of grey our soldier boy wore.

THE END.—The Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London is still preaching his favorite theme of the second advent, and in a recent discourse placed the time in the year 1867, at the autumnal equinox.

An American gentleman who heard him, writes to one of our religious papers that "he cited a large number of authorities, which seemed to confirm his view." There is one "authority" which the preacher evidently forgot: "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not even the angels which are in heaven."—Mark xiii, 32.

Bill Arp Returns to the Eternal City and Meets His Friend Big John.

Editor Metropolitan Record:

MR. EDITOR, SIR.—I have not up to this time made any remarks in public about the trials and tribulations, the losses and crosses, the buzzards and dead horses seen on our journey home to the eternal city. I shall not allude to it now, only to remark that our comings back were not so hasty as our leavins. It was in the dead of winter through snow and through sleet, over creeks without bridges and bridges without floors, through a deserted and desolate land where no rooster was left to crow, no pig to squeal, no dog to bark; where the ruins of happy homes adorned the way, and ghostly chimneys stood up like Sherman's sentinels a guard in the ruins he had made. A little one has consumed the height of my worldly possessions, consistin of my numerous and lovely wife and children, and a shuck basket full of some second class vittels. Countin our offspring there was about ten of us in and around that wagin, thus illustratin what the poet has sed, "One glorious hour of crowded life is worth an age without a name," though the glory were hard to perceive on such okkashuns. Mrs. Arp are of the opinyoun that her posterity were never as hungry before in their life as on that distressin journey, and she once remarked that there want many rod of the road that didnt hear some of our hollerin for vittels. My wife's husband is troubled becaus they aint broke of it yet, and it do seem that the poorer I git the more devourin they tekum, all of which will send er sumthin or other if sumthin don't happen.

We finally arrived within the pre-sinkts of our lovely home. The doors creaked welcome on their hinges, the hoppin-bug cherraped on the hearth, and the whistlin wind was singin the same old tune around the bed-room corner. We were about as happy as we had been miserable, and when I remarked that General Vandiver, who okkupied our house, must be a gentleman for not burnin it, Mrs. Arp replied—

"I wonder what he done with my so ing mash-en."

"He didnt cut down our shade trees," sed I.

"My heroes and carpets and crokery are all gone," sed she.

"It may be possibel," sed I, "that the General—"

"And my barrel of soap," sed she.

"It may be possibel," sed I, "that the General moved off our things to take keer of em for us. I reckon we'll git em all back later while."

"After while," said Mrs. Arp like an ekko, and ever since then when I allood to our Northern brethren she only replies, "after while."

By and by the skattered wanderers begun to drop in under the welcome shades of our sorrowful city. It wer a delightful enjoyment to greet em home, and listen to the history of their sufferings and misfortunes. Misery loves company, and after the misery is past there's a power of comfort in talkin it over and fixin up as big a tale as any body. I were standin one day upon the banks of the injun river, a wonderin in my mind who would come next to gladden our hearts, when I saw the shadder of an objek a darknin the sunlit bank. It were not a load of hay nor an elephant, but shore enuff it were my friend Big John, a moving slowly, but surely, to the dog out landin on the opposite side. His big round face assumed more lattitood when he saw me, and without waitin for remarks he sung out in a voice some two staves deeper than the Southern Harmony—

"There came to the beech a poor exile Erin."

"Make him fat," sed I, "and you'll fill the bill." Proud to see him than a monkey show, I paddled the dug out over in double quick and bid welcum in the name of the eternal city and its humble inhabitants. I soon got him afloat in the little canoe, and before I was aware of it the water was slicin over the gunnels at every wabble. "Lay down, my friend," sed I, and he laid, which was all that saved us from a watry grave, and the naboin farms from inundation. When safely landed I found him wedged in so tight that he couldnt rise, so I relieved him by a prize with the end of the paddle. As his foot touchd the sakred soil he gently

separated his countenance and sung with feelin melody,

"Home again—home again—from a furrin shore,

The Yanks may cuni and the devil too but I'll not run any more."

Recolectin some scraps of blank verse myself, I said with much akcent, "Tell me thou swift of foot—thou modern of Asabel—Oh tell me where is thy chariot and steer? Where didst thou go when I did see thee diving like Jehu as we did flee for life."

"I'll tell you all," sed he, "I want my friends to know it. I'm now a man of war, Bill, and I'm glad of it. I've done the state some setvins and she knows it. I've handled guns—yes, guns—weepins of deth. I've slept on my arms since I seed you—night after night hav I slept on my arms, with hundrads of deadly weepins all around me. Ah Bill, Patriotism is a big thing. When you once break the ice, great slices of glory as big as your arat will jest spring up like mushrooms in your buzzum; and make you feel like throwin yourself clean away for your country. Let me set down and I'll tell you all I know, Bill, but as the feller said in the theater, "when you in your letters these unlucky deeds relate, speak of me as I am—nothing exapitate nor set down hot in malice."

"Jest so," sed I, "exactly—exactly so. Proposedin hereo."

"Well you see night after you passed me, my sieer got away. Hang the de-seevin beast! I hunted smartly for him the next mornin, and I hunted more forrards than backwards. Leavin my wagin with a widdar woman, I took it afoot across the country by a settlement road they called the cut off. Devil of a cut off was it to me. I broke down in sight of a little log cabin, and never moved a foot further that day. The old man had a nag that work in a slide. I perswaded him to haul me to the end of the cut off and to show he done it for fear I'd eat up his smoke-house. Every now and then he'd look at the old man, and she'd look at the smoke house and then at me. But that slidin business were the most orfullest travellin that I ever hav had. Every time the pony'd look back he'd stop, and when he'd start agin he giv such a jerk that my contents were in danger. My holt broke on one okkashun, a going down a hill full of gullies. I rolled some twenty feet into the edge of the woods, and catch up agin an old pine stump that was full of yaller jackets. Three of the dingd things stung me before I could rise, but I got through the cut off and fell in with empty wagns that was stamped in my way.

"Gittin on to Alanty, a fool Irishman stopd me right at the edge of the town and demanded my papers. I didnt hav no papers. Nobody had ever axed me for papers, but he wouldn't hear an argument. As Quarles would say, he wouidnt jine isshe, but marched me to an ofis, and I didnt stay there ten minets. I wer sent off to Decatur with some filly conscripts who were all in mournin, exceptin their clothes. I never seed such a pitifal set in my life. I talked with em all, and that was nary one but what had the dyspersey or the swinny or the runatis or the blind stagges or the heaves or the numps or sumthin. Well, there want none of us discharged for there was bran new orders callin for everybody for thirty days to go to the ditches. As I couldn't walk that far, I was ordered to Andersonville to guard prisoners. At Makon I met an old akwaintance, who was a powerful big officer, and he had me transferred to his department and put me in charge of his ordnance. There's where I handled guns, Bill, and slept on my arms.—

"Whole boxes of muskets was round me, and I didnt no more mind taken a snooze on a gunbox than if it had been a couch of featherly down. Its all in gittin used to it, Bill,—all in the use."

"Jest so," sed I, "thats the way I see it—exactly so, my friend. Proceed."

"It's blam'd lucky, Bill, that I didnt go to Andersonville. They would have had me alongside of Wirz, either as principal or witness or sumthin, and some lyin Yank would hav had a swear or two at me about shootin him on the dead line. Before this my carcass would have been eat up by worms or cut up by Doktors, and my pikter spread all over a whole side of Harper's Weekly as a monster of deth."

"Well, I kep handlin guns and bag-nets and dangerous weepins, outill one

day I got a furl to go to Rome. Sherman was playin base around about Alanty, and so I had to circumbrence around by the way of Selma, and the vey day I got there, everlastin blast em, the Wilson raiders got there too. I wasent no more lookin for them Yankkees in Selma than I was for old Beelzebub, and both of em was all the same to me. Blamed if they wasent shootin at me before I knowd they was in the State. How in the dickens they missed me I dont know, for their minnie balls sung yanky doodle all around me, and over me and under me and betwixt me.

"I tell you, Bill, I ran like a mud turkel, lookin ahead of me at every step to find an easy place to fall when I was plugged. An old woman overtook me, and I axd her to take my watch and my money. She took em in a hurry and put em in her boozum. Well I found a gully at last, and rolled in kersplosh, for it was about two feet deep in mud and water. The infernals found me there jest at night, and got me out at the pint of the baynet. They marched me to the wolf pen and there I stayed till the fissa was over.

"Right here, Bill, I want to make an observation. There was a feller with me when I was catch'd, and I seed him make a sorter of a sign to the captain, and they turned him loose in two minets, and he jest went about anywhere as natural as a king, while I had a crosseyed dutchman standin over me with a bayonet grinin from mornin till night.—There was some Free Masonry about that, Bill, and if another one of these fool wars comes along, I'll jine er, if they'll let me.

"But I'm at home now for good. I'm gwine to stay here like a sine die. I'm agin all wars and fightins. I'm opposed to all rows and rumpuses and riots. I dont keer nigh as much about a dog fight as used to. Now, if one could always see the end of a thing in advance, and the end was all right, I wouidnt mind a big fuss, but then you know a man's foresights aint as good as his hind sights. If they was, this war wouidnt have broke out, and I wouidnt have lost my steer, nor watch. I never seed that woman before nor since, and I wouidnt know her from any other woman that walks the yearth—blam'd if I'm certain whether she were white or black. Bill, how is your offspring?"

"Hungry as usual, I thank you my friend," sed I.

"How's Mr. Arp?"

"Rebellious, John, very; but I think she'll be harmonized—*afterwhile*—*afterwhile*."

Mr. Editor, I will not relate further of these trying adventures at this time. Big John are now entirely harmonious, and I suppose his future career will be all screen.

Yours as ever, BILL ARP.

P. S.—Mrs. Arp wants you to git back the letters I writ her when she were sweet sixteen. Them officers hav got em and I suppose, have laughed all the funny part away by this time.—They contained some fool things that boys will write when they fall in love, and my wife sometimes used em upon me as reminders of broken promises.

She says, if they'll send em, she'll try and forgive em—*afterwhile*.

Dont trouble yourself much, Mr. Editor, and it will be all the same to me.

B. A.

The Cincinnati Gazette published the following extract of a private letter from the distinguished Ex-Confederate General Langstreet: "I see that some of the public men of the North are still inclined to doubt our loyalty at the South, and to hold us in our present condition for further guarantees. What can we do to satisfy them? We are willing and anxious to do anything that is wanted of us, provided we are allowed to get on some constitutional platform. I do not suppose that there are a thousand men in the South who think differently from myself on this subject, and I have some doubts whether there are as many as that who would leave the Union to-day, if they were offered the choice to go out or return upon terms of equality."

It is related of Maximilian that, in a recent conversation, he maintained that President Johnson and he are, by position as well as by interest, natural allies. "If he helps me," said the Emperor, "I will help him, and we will raise this continent to such a degree of prosperity and greatness that we shall soon be able to dictate to the rest of the world. Europe included." A capital suggestion; Max, backed by Louis, playing partners with Andy, could beat the world combined against them.

The Church Intelligencer.

DEVOTED to the interests of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is published at Charlotte, N. C. Terms of subscription, cash in advance.

For six months, \$2 00

For one year, 4 00

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—Fifteen cents a line, or for the space of a line, for the first insertion; and ten cents for each subsequent insertion. To yearly advertisers, a liberal deduction on the above will be made.

Subscribers desiring to have their Post-Offices changed, will state both where their papers are now being sent, and where they would have them directed in future.

For one month before each subscription expires, a pencil mark on the margin will remind the subscriber to renew his subscription by an early remittance.

All communications should be addressed, "Church Intelligencer, Charlotte, N. C." oct 24/65

REVIVED!

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I AM happy in being able to make the above announcement. The Banner will be published every Saturday.

Subscriptions are respectfully solicited, at \$3.00 per annum. Address JAMES N. ELLS, Proprietor.

Each newspaper in Georgia and South Carolina will please copy twice, and send bill to J. N. E. sept 28/65—2

DAILY CAROLINA TIMES,

BY WARING & HERRON.

Charlotte, N. C.

TERMS FOR PAPER:

THE DAILY TIMES will be furnished at \$10.00 per annum, in advance.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TIMES will be published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, and supplied for \$8.00 per annum, payable in advance.

The Weekly News.

This paper, containing twenty-four columns, a transcript of the "DAILY TIMES," will be published every Tuesday morning and mailed to subscribers at \$4.00 per annum. It will contain all the Political, Commercial, Agricultural, Financial and other important news, and will be specially devoted to the advancement of the interests of our Agricultural and Mechanical or laboring population.

ADVERTISING TERMS:

For one square, (10 lines or less,) \$1.00 for each insertion. Advertisements not limited, will not be discontinued without a written order, and will be charged at full rates. sept 16/65—

The Chester Standard,

BY GEORGE PITIER,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT CHESTER S. C., S. C.

TERMS: For one month 25 cents, or 75 cents for three months, payable strictly in advance, either in specie or provisions. No subscriptions received on any other terms than the above, nor for a longer or shorter period.

Any person obtaining a club of ten names will receive the paper gratis.

Advertisements inserted at \$1.00 per square (10 lines) for the first insertion, and 75 cents for every additional insertion. oct 24/65

The Intelligencer.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT ANDERSON S. C., S. C., BY HOYT & HUMPHREYS.

AT Three Dollars per annum in United States currency, or Two Dollars a year in specie.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements inserted at the rates of One Dollar per square of twelve lines for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries and Marriage Notices charged for at those rates. oct 24/65

The Phoenix,

PUBLISHED AT COLUMBIA, S. C., BY JULIAN A. SELBY.

THE Daily Phoenix, issued every morning, except Sunday, is filled with the latest news, (by telegraph, mails, &c.) Editorial Correspondence, Miscellany, Poetry and Stories.

This is the only daily paper in the State, outside of the city of Charleston.

The Tri-Weekly Phoenix, for country circulation, is published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and has all the reading matter of interest contained in the daily issues of the week.

Weekly Titanor, a home companion, as its name indicates, is intended as a family journal and is published every Wednesday. It will contain eight pages of Forty Columns. The cost of the Daily and Tri-Weekly will be found in its columns.

Daily, one year, \$10 00

Tri-Weekly, one year, 3 00

Weekly, one year, 2 00

Advertisements inserted in the Daily or Tri-Weekly at \$1 a square for the first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Weekly advertisements \$1 a square, by insertion. oct 24/65