

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS.

By Gaillard & Desportes.]

WINNSBORO, S. C., TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1866.

[VOL. III.—NO. 9.]

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS:

BY GAILLARD AND DESPORTES.

Hymenial Poetry.

MINISTER.

This woman wilt thou have,
And cherish her for life?
Wilt thou love and comfort her,
And seek no other wife?

HE.

This woman I will take,
That stands beside me now;
I'll give her board and clothes,
And have no other frow.

MINISTER.

And for your husband will
You take this nice young man,
Obey his slightest wish,
And love him all you can.

SHE.

I'll love him all I can,
Obey him all I choose,
And when I ask for funds,
He never dare refuse.

MINISTER.

Then you are man and wife,
And happy may you be,
As many be your years,
As dollars be my fee.

Confederate Orphans.

A SPEECH OF HENRY A WISE.

In Richmond, a few days ago, Henry A. Wise delivered an address in behalf of the orphans of Confederate soldiers, and it is proof that he has not forgotten how to talk. He spoke thus:

O! ashes of men, and ashes of houses of Richmond! People of Boston and New York, unsolicited, have contributed a mite, at least, to feed the orphans of your sons who fell in your defense, and these orphans have, for months, been drawing their daily bread from the commissariat of our invaders and conquerors! Cannot you do something more than you have done for orphan children, the fathers of some of whom lived and died for you and yours—your laws, your liberties, and (what seems most precious now-a-days) your "property," your "gold," which you hold so fast, yet spend so vainly.

Mr. Wise thus discoursed of the bravery of Confederate soldiers:

The noblest bands of men who ever fought, or who ever fell in the annals of war, whose glorious deeds history ever took pen to record, were, I exultingly claim, the private soldiers in the armies of the great Confederate cause. Whether right or wrong in the cause which they espoused, they were earnest and honest patriots in their convictions, who thought that they were right to defend their own, their native land, its soil, its altars and its honors. They felt that they were no rebels and no traitors in obeying their State sovereignties, and they thought it was lawful to take up arms under their mandates, authorized expressly by the Federal Constitution to repel invasion or to suppress insurrection, when there was such "imminent danger as not to admit of delay."

The only reason for the delay which could have been demanded of them was to have appealed to the invaders themselves for defense against their own invasion; and whether there was imminent danger or not, events have proved. They have been invaded until every blade of grass has been trodden down, until every sanctuary of temple, and fane, and altar and home has been profaned. The most of these men had no stately mansions for their homes; no slaves to plough and plant any broad fields of others; no stocks or investments in interest-bearing funds. They were poor, but proudly patriotic and indomitably brave. Their country was their only heritage.

The mothers and wives and daughters buckled on the belts and sent husbands and sons and brothers forth, and women toiled for the bread and spun the raiment of "little ones" of shanty homes in country, or of shops in towns while their champions of defense were in their country's camps or marches; or trenches, or battles! They faithfully followed leaders whom they knew and honored and trusted. Nor Cabinets, nor Congress, nor Commissariat, nor Quartermaster's Department, nor speculators, nor spies, nor renegades, nor enemies, emissaries, nor poverty, nor privations, nor heat, nor cold, nor sufferings, nor toil, nor dan-

ger, nor wounds, nor death could impair their constancy! They fought with a devotion, confidence and courage which was unconquerable, save by starvation, blockade, overwhelming numbers, foreign dupes and mercenaries. Yankeeedom, niggerdom and death!

Prodigies of valor, miracles of victories, undoubted and undoubting devotion, and endurance to the last, entitled them to honors of surrender, which glided the arms of their victors and extorted from them cheers on the battle field where at last they yielded peace! Alas! how many thousands had fallen before their few surviving comrades laid down their arms. Of these men of the ranks their beloved leader, General R. E. Lee, said to me during the last winter on the lines: "Sir, the men of this war who will deserve the most honor and gratitude are not the men of rank, but the men of the ranks—the privates."

After telling what he had seen them do in battle, he added:

And I have seen them fire their last volleys at Appomattox; and often in the marches, on picket, in the trenches, in camps and in charges, I have seen them sad and almost sink, but I never saw their tears until their beloved Commander-in-Chief ordered them to surrender their arms. Then they wept, and many of them broke their trusty weapons, the blessed and ever glorious dead were not there to surrender, and they are not here to defend their memories from the taint of the reproach of rebellion and treason. Alas! I am alive and here, and am bound, at every hazard, to declare that those men were no rebels and no traitors. Let whoever will swear that they were rebels and traitors, I will contradict the oath, and appeal to God on the Holy of Holies as high as Heaven's throne, and swear that they were pure patriots, loyal citizens, well tried and true soldiers, brave, honest, devoted men, who proved their faith in their principles by the deaths which canonized their immortal heroes and martyrs!

No one shall inscribe the epitaphs of rebellion and treason upon the tombs of their dead, without my burning protest being uttered against the foul and false profanation. And if any wounds of the living are labelled with rebellion and treason, I would tear away the infamy, though the wounds should bleed unto death. If I suffer their names to be dishonored and their glory to be tarnished, and don't gain say the reproach, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; and if I suffer their orphans to be outcasts for the want of sympathy, warmly unspoken and more warmly felt, may my right hand forget its cunning. Alas! in these times it has no cunning, for it has no coins! I too am a beggar. I can beg, then, and do beg like a Belisarius, for them. "Please give them one obolus! Have you a crumb to spare? Divide it with them. I implore, give them some of your abundance! Their enemies who slew their fathers, honor them enough to feed their poor orphans! They won't hurt you for daring to do deeds of charity. Many of them are brave men, and the brave are always generous to the brave."

POETRY IN UNDRESS.—An English paper which rejoices in the name of Ladies' Own, thus plays tricks with rhyme and reason. "It is many years since I fell in love with Jane Jerusha Skeggs, the handsomest country girl by far, that ever went on legs. By meadow, creek, and wood, and dell, so often did we walk, and the moonlight smited on her melting lips, and the night winds learned our talk. Jane Jerusha was all to me, for my heart was young and true, and loved with a double-twisted love, and a love that was honest too. I roamed all over the neighbors farms, and I robbed the wild wood bowers, and I tore my trousers, and scratched my hands in search of choicest flowers. In my joyous love I brought these things to my Jerusha Jane; but I wouldn't be so foolish now if I were a boy again. A city chap then came along, all dressed up in fine clothes, with a silky hat and a shiny vest, and a moustache under his nose. He talked to her of singing schools (for her father owned a farm) and she left me the country love, and took the new chap's arm. And all that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I loved that girl with a fervent love that might would drive away. I strove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain; the city chap with the hairy lip, married, married Jerusha Jane. And my poor heart was sick and sore

until the thought struck me, that just as good fish still remained as ever was caught in the sea. So I went to the Methodist Church one night, and saw a dark brown curl peeping from under a gypsy hat, and I married that very girl. And many years have passed and gone, and I think my loss my gain; and I often bless that hairy chap that stole Jerusha Jane."—Home Journal.

ANELOTE OF MR. CORWIN.—Mr. Corwin, with all his success at the bar, before the people and in Congress, regarded his life as a failure. We were riding together one sunny morning in the summer of 1860, when he turned and remarked of a speech made the evening before:

"It was very good, indeed, but in bad style. Never make people laugh. I see that you cultivate that. It is easy and captivating, but death in the long run to the speaker."

"Why, Mr. Corwin, you are the last man living I expected such an opinion from."

"Certainly, because you have not lived as long as I have. Do you know, my young friend, that the world has a contempt for the man who entertains it? One must be solemn, solemn as an ass—never say anything that is not uttered with the greatest gravity, to win respect. The world looks up to the teacher and down on the clown. Yet in nine cases out of ten, the clown is the better fellow of the two."

"We who laugh may be content if we are as successful as you have been." "You think so, and yet were you to consult an old fellow called Thomas Corwin, he would tell you that he considered himself the worst used man in existence, and that he has been slighted, abused, and neglected, and all for a set of fellows who look wise and say nothing."

Mr. Corwin uttered this with much feeling, and we have no doubt but that he expressed what he believed to be the purport and upshadow of his life.

DELAWARE LAW CASE.—Some years ago, in Newcastle county, Delaware, an Irishman was knocked down and robbed. He accused a man of having committed the robbery, and in due time the case came to trial. The Irishman being upon the stand, was cross-examined, after sworn positively to the guilt of the prisoner, by one of the keenest lawyers, and something like the following was the result:

"You say the prisoner at the bar is the man who assaulted and robbed you?"

"Yes."

"Was it moonlight when the occurrence took place?"

"Divil a bit ov it?"

"Was it starlight?"

"Not a whit; it was so dark that you could not see your hand before you."

"Was there any light shining from any house near by?"

"Divil a bit iv a house was there anywhere about."

"Well, if there was no moon, stars, nor light from any house, and so dark that you could not see your hand before you, how are you able to swear that the prisoner was the man? How could you see him?"

"Why, year honor, when the spalpeen struck me, the fire flew out of my eyes so bright you might have seen to pick up a pin, you might."

The court, jury, council, and spectators exploded with shouts at this quaint idea, but the prisoner was directly after declared not guilty.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.—In youth we seem to be climbing a hill on whose top eternal sunshine seems to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain its summit!—But when we have attained it how different the prospect on the other side! We sigh as we contemplate the dreary waste before us, and look back with a wistful eye upon the flowery path we have passed, but may never more retrace. Life is a portentous cloud, fraught with thunder, storm and rain; but religion, like the streaming sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

IT WASN'T EITHER.—As I was going up the strate in Boston, I met Pat Flaherty, and says I, 'how are you Dennis O'Reilly?' 'My name is not Dennis O'Reilly,' says I, 'nor is mine Pat Flaherty,' says he; and sure enough, it wasn't either of us.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE IN THE NIAGARA RIVER.—Last Saturday afternoon, a very large quantity of ice passed down the Niagara river from Lake Erie, suspending the trips of the ferry boat which plies between Black Rock and Fort Erie. William A. Thompson, Vice-President of the new Erie and Niagara railroad, was on the Canadian side, and attempted to return with a man and a boy. They had nearly reached the American shore, when the ice crowded round and they were caught by it and wedged fast; they could neither go on nor return. The sides of the boat were crushed, and it began to fill rapidly. The three leaped upon the nearest cake of ice and drew the boat partly upon it.

Mr. Thompson then began to bail out the boat with his cap, but the ice came again upon them and they had just time to spring into the half-filled boat when the sheet on which they had been standing was crushed by another. The boat was struck, and capsized, and both the men thrown into the water. The boy leaped on an ice-cake. Mr. Thompson sank, rose, clutched the boat, and climbed upon its keel. The other man sank and drowned. The boat was again struck and upset; he sank and rose again; clutched the boat and climbed into its stern, where he sat in water up to his chin. It was now dark. A cake of ice drifted against the boat; he put out his hand to ward it off, and finding it to be several inches thick, crawled upon it. But not knowing the size of the ice-rift, he dared not move it. He called to the boy whom he could hear in loud prayer, and found that he was still afloat on his bit of ice.

It was a bitter night. A storm of sleet was falling, driven by keen north winds, and freezing as it fell. All he could do for three mortal hours in that darkness, storm and extreme peril was to cry for help. He was heard. In the vicinity of Lower Black Rock, there was an answer from the shore, but no help. The man who answered said he was without oars and could do nothing. They still drifted on between Grand Island and the American shore till they had passed Tonawanda and were passing the last houses upon Siffer Shore whence help could come. They had reached the very last when their shouts were heard and lights were seen moving from house to house. The neighbors were gathering. There was the gleam of a lantern upon the river and they knew that boats were coming.

When they were reached, Mr. Thompson had to be rolled into the boat like a log. The boy, who was thinly clad, had nearly perished. But what is most astonishing is that neither of them was seriously frozen.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—First, look to the color; if it is white, with a yellowish or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retain the shape made by the pressure that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests it is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody—namely, the staff of life.

A little girl was lately reproved for playing out doors with boys, and informed that being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But with all imaginable innocence she replied:—"Why, grandma, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em." Grandma took time to think.

STARTING THE SALE.—"Give me a bid, gentlemen—some one start the cart—do give us a bid, if you please—anything to start the cart," cried an excited auctioneer, who stood in a cart he was endeavoring to sell.

"Anything you please to start it."

"If dat's all you wants, I'll start her for you," exclaimed a broad-backed countryman, applying his shoulder to the wheel, and giving the cart a sudden push onward, tumbled the auctioneer regained his feet, the countryman had started too.

It is estimated that the receipts from customs this month will amount to upwards of \$11,000,000 in gold.

The Church Intelligencer.

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sept 16'65—

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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, etc.) 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 Gleaner, 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 cream of the Daily and Tri-Weekly will be found in its columns.

Daily, one year, \$10 00
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