

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS.

By Gaillard & Desportes.]

WINNSBORO, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1866.

[VOL. III.—NO. 25.]

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEWS

BY GAILLARD AND DESPORTES.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

"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:

Column 1 mo. \$ 20.	Column 6 mo. \$ 75.
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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.

Sumner's People—An Original Letter from General Washington.

In Pollard's "Southern History of the First Year of the War" an original letter from General Washington to one of the immortal Signers (and still preserved in the family), is for the first time allowed to meet the public eye. It was written from Washington's headquarters, near Boston, in the midst of the struggle for American Independence. The picture it draws of Massachusetts people is strangely different from what they have sought with such pertinacity to impose on the public as a true representation of their character. If Washington was not mistaken in his judgment of "these people," many of them in 1775 were much the same as the present generation showed themselves in seeking to fill their quota with negroes obtained from distant States, and by seizing freshly landed emigrants and forcing them into the army, and who now, under the lead of their Sumners and Wilsons, seem determined to keep up a war of strife and bitterness, and to prevent a reconstruction of the Union. The letter to which we refer will doubtless prove interesting to our readers, and is given below as it is printed on pages 331-2 of the volume referred to:

CAMP AT CAMBRIDGE, }
August 29, 1775. }

DEAR SIR: * * * As we have now nearly completed our lines of defence, we have nothing more, in my opinion, to fear from the enemy, provided we can keep our men to their duty, and make them watchful and vigilant; but it is among the most difficult tasks I ever under-took in my life to induce these people to believe that is or can be danger till the bayonet is pushed at their breasts; not that it proceeds from any uncommon prowess, but rather from an unaccountable kind of stupidity in the lower class of these people, which believe me, prevails too generally among officers of the Massachusetts part of the army, who are nearly of the same kidney with the privates, and adds not a little to my difficulties, as there is no such thing as getting officers of this stamp to exert themselves in carrying orders into execution. To carry favor with the men (by whom they were chosen, and on whose smiles possibly they may think they may again rely) seems to be one of the principal objects of their attention. I submit it therefore, to your consideration, whether their is, or is not, a propriety in that resolution of the Congress which leaves the ultimate appointment of all officers below the rank of General to the Government where the regiments originated, now the army is become Continental?

To me it appears improper in two points of view. First, it is giving that power and weight to an individual colony which ought of right to belong to the whole. Then it damps the spirit and ardor of volunteers from all but the four New England Governments, as none but their people have the least chance of getting into office. Would it not be better, therefore, to have the warrants, which the Commander-in-Chief is authorized to give, *pro tempore*, approved or disapproved by the Continental Congress, or a committee of their body, which I should suppose in any long re-

cess must always sit? In this case every gentleman will stand an equal chance of being promoted, according to his merit; in the other all offices will be confined to the inhabitants of the four New England Governments, which in my opinion is impolitic to a great degree. I have made a pretty good show among such kind of officers as the Massachusetts Government abounds in since I came to this camp; having broken one colonel and two captains for cowardly behavior in the action on Bunker's Hill; two captains for drawing more provisions and pay than they had men in their company, and one for being absent from his post when the enemy appeared there and burnt a house just by it. Besides these, I have at this time one colonel, one major, one captain, and two subalterns, under arrest for trial. In short, I spare none, and yet fear it will not all do, as these people seem to be too inattentive to everything but their interest.

* * * There have been so many great and capital errors and abuses to rectify—so many examples to make, and so little inclination in the officers of inferior rank to contribute their aid to accomplish this work, that my life has been nothing else (since I came here) but one continual round of vexation and fatigue. In short, no pecuniary recompense could induce me to undergo what I have; especially, as I expect, by showing so little countenance to irregularities and public abuses, as to render myself very obnoxious to a great part of these people. But as I have already greatly exceeded the bounds of a letter, I will not trouble you with matters relative to my feelings.

Your affectionate friend and obedient servant.

[Signed] GEO. WASHINGTON.
RICHARD HENRY LEE, Esq.

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.—A Yankee traveler, who saw the live hoosier wrote to his mother as follows:

"Western people," said he, "go to their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you do down East, without fighting. A few days ago a man was telling his neighbors, in my hearing, a pretty large story."

"Says I, 'stranger, that's a whopper.'"

"Says he, 'lay there, stranger.'"

"And, in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself in a ditch, the worse for wear and tear."

"Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed:

"That isn't a specimen of your Western women, I should think?"

Says he, "You are afraid of fever and agues, stranger, ain't you?"

"Very much," says I.

Well," replied he, "that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologise in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (which he held in his hand) shall cure you of that disagreeable disorder entirely; so don't fear, stranger."

"So I knelt down and politely apologised."

"I admire this Western country much, but confound me if I can stand so much etiquette; it always takes me unawares."

Paper socks have been invented. We hope soon to chronicle paper shirts.—We could dress cheap in our exchanges. —*Charlottesville Chronicle*.

The Richmond Enquirer states that twenty-one Swedish immigrants, who passed through that city last summer, on their way to find employment in the interior of the State, have just returned, much dissatisfied.

Several names have been suggested to succeed Hon. Milton Brown as President of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and among them Generals Braxton Bragg and Dabney H. Maury.

The New Orleans Times says it is rumored that Stewart, the New York dry goods king, and the rival house of Claffin, Mallen & Co., are to open branches in that city.

A directory of Indianapolis has just been completed, and it contains 13,440 names against 7,860 in 1864. From this the Journal figures out that the present population of that city is 53,360.

A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog, which barked intolerably. "Who," exclaimed an Irishman, would you beat the dumb brute for spakin out?"

On Marrying.

Some fellow who seems to think well of the "institution," discourses of marrying. Here him.

Get married young man, and be quick about it, too! Don't wait for the Millennium, hoping that the girls may turn to Angels, before you trust yourself with one of them.

A pretty thing you'd be longside an angel, wouldn't you—you brute!—Don't wait another day, but right now—this very night ask some nice, industrious girl to go into partnership with you, to help clear your pathway of thorns and plant it with flowers. Suppose she "kicks" you, don't you know, you blockhead, that there is such a thing as trying again, and that the "minnows" having bitten at the hook and run away, there is now a chance to catch a better fish? Marrying won't hurt you—it won't. It'll sew the buttons on your shirt, and mend your breeches and your manners too—it will!

Going to get out of this subjugated country, and try your fortune in Mexico or Brazil, are you? Well if you will go, take somebody with you who will love and care for you, where all others may be indifferent to your welfare. But don't go—at least, for a time. Get married! There never was a better time, for we are all subjugated rebels together, and no one will "make remarks" about the scantiness of your wardrobe, or the coarseness of your furniture. You can cut the wood, and she can do the cooking, with a nice little stove that won't cost much.

Plenty of freedwomen to wash and iron, and clean up generally. Stop your whining about being poor, and get married!

Stop drinking whiskey, chewing and smoking tobacco, and playing cards, and save money the thus foolishly—worse than foolishly spent! Your wife—that is to be—will take care of your savings, and furnish you in return with woman's affection, and pure coffee to warm your frozen nature.

Get married—you especially who are in the "sear and yellow leaf" of bachelorism, and if you don't, may you freeze to death some of these cool nights—You ought to freeze you good-for-nothing buttonless creature!

On Marrying.

Some fellows who don't seem to think well of the "institution," discourse of marrying. Hear them:

Don't get married young men and thus show your good sense. Wait even until the millennium, hoping that the girls may turn to something nearer angels or female perfection.

A pretty thing you'd be, tied fast to one of those 'bread and butter Misses,' wouldn't you? You'd be a pretty hen pecked fool. Don't wait another day but banish the thought this moment.

This very night stay at home and don't you go and ask any frisky, fashionable young lady to go into partnership with you, to strew your path with thorns and crush its fragrant flowers.—Suppose she does try to ensnare you, don't you know, you blockhead, that there is such a thing as a rebuff? and that the eels having bitten at your hook and run away there is no chance to catch a fish so slick that the grip of the strongest of you is insufficient to hold it?

Marrying will hurt you, it will. True it will sew the buttons on your shirt, mend your breeches, but it will rend your happiness, it will.

Get out of this subjugated country and go to Mexico or Brazil, or some country where you can be free from the wiles and guiles of women; and not carry with you a woman that will harass and tease you to death—but take with you some disinterested male friend whose friendship is constant and will not prove indifferent to your welfare. But don't go, at least, for a time—and get married. There never was a better time for old bachelors, "for we are all subjugated rebels together and no one will make remarks about the scantiness of our wardrobe or the coarseness of our furniture?" We can cut the wood and there are plenty of freedwomen to do our washing and cooking, &c., with a nice little stove that "won't cost much." Stop whining about buttonless shirts and getting married!

Conclude at once that your money spent in the enjoyment of your celibate state is not too wisely spent and listen not to the lectures of those who have

tasted the sweets of married life. They advise, stop drinking whiskey, chewing and smoking tobacco and playing cards, and taking a wife to curtail such expense. Take a wife, indeed! Your wife—that is to be—will increase expense and furnish you in return with a callous affection, and cold coffee to freeze your generous nature.

Don't get married, but remain in the "sear and yellow leaf" of bachelorism and if you don't may your little responsibilities keep you up some cold night, until you freeze to death.

If you do get married you ought to freeze for being such a fool.

SOME OF 'EM.

P. S. Written in reply to "On Marrying" that appeared in the News of the 22d March.—*Goldsboro News*.

James Stephens Escaped.

The Dublin correspondent of the New York News, under date of March 8th, announces the escape from that city of the renowned James Stephens, the Head-Centre of the Fenians. He says:

On Saturday evening, at 6.40, or thereabouts, five men seated in an open carriage might be seen scouring along one of our principal streets, in which apparently with no other reason than to take a drink, they carelessly hauled up in front of a small hotel, situated by the most direct route, from half a mile to mile from the post office. The men did not dismount, however, but without any preconcert, a gentleman emerged carelessly from the front door, and after a moment's parleying entered the vehicle and was driven off with the party, as if for a Sunday evening's pleasure ride. They were soon on the high road, and, unless their movements had been anticipated, the party were in no danger of being intercepted. The longest distance between us and Dublin became the word, and the wheels of the vehicle whistled rapidly. And there was reason for this, for the sixth personage who had entered the carriage was no less than the Head-Centre, the daring of whose successful escape will, in a day or two, be the theme of every tongue and the wonder of every confiding Irishman.

The clock struck 8: Stephens was half way on the road; and the police was still debating the possible authenticity of their information. But there was now no danger except from pursuit, and on, on the carriage sped with the speed of a railway train—every mile lessening the danger and rendering the probabilities of a successful pursuit more and more problematical. This was kept up for three hours, and at length the panting and wearied steeds were hauled up when the road led upon a low, sandy bit of shore about three-fourths of a mile from a small town, of which, nobody in America has ever heard of before. I need not offer a word in explanation, except that it lies at a distance of thirty miles or thereabouts, due north from Dublin. And here, at this point of the shore, as if conjured by some magic of Stephens, no sooner had the party alighted than

A FISHING SMACK

made its appearance suddenly, some few words of recognition passed hurriedly between the former occupants of the carriage and the occupant of the boat, and James Stephens stepped on board—having thus successfully eluded the utmost invention of the keenest detectives in England. Then the boat sped rapidly from the shore further and further out, until the land seemed indistinct in the darkness, and the sleepy bulk of a vessel loomed out of the darkness into view of the occupants of the Castle. A few moments and Stephens was on board, the ship sped swiftly out at sea, and when Monday morning dawned the Head-Centre was beyond British jurisdiction.

In regard to the destination of the vessel in which Stephens sailed, information is conflicting. Some, whose means of knowing ought not to be doubted, aver that the Head-Centre is on his way to France; while others aver that the vessel in waiting was an American steamer. If the last be correct, as I am inclined to believe it is, James Stephens will probably land in America nearly as soon as my letter shall have been promulgated, or may be daily expected, in which case, of course, a tremendous sensation will be excited among the Fenians on your side of the Atlantic, and England will grow a little at your hearty welcome of the hero—but submissively.

At a railroad meeting in Chattanooga, on the 8th instant, it was voted unanimously to submit to a tax to enable the city, as a corporation, to subscribe \$200,000 to aid in the construction of a railroad from Chattanooga to Cincinnati.

According to the Home Journal, the reason why so many Americans are going abroad, is in the fact that a family can live in England or France on the rent of their house in New York.

"I wish you would not give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer, who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

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

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A NEW SERIES OF
"THE BAPTIST BANNER,"
WILL BE COMMENCED

ON SATURDAY, THE 9TH INSTANT, AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.
By the Former Proprietor.

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

Subscriptions are respectfully solicited. \$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 PITHER,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT CHESTER C. H., 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 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, etc.,) Editorial Correspondence, Miscellaneous, 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, \$16 00
three months, 5 00
Tri-Weekly, one year, 7 00
three months, 2 00
Weekly, one year, 4 00
three months, 1 25

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 every session. oct 24/65

The Keowee Courier,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT PICKENS C. H., S. C.,

BY R. A. THOMPSON & CO.

TERMS—One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents for six months, in advance. Advertisements inserted at \$1 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. [oct 24/65]