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# The Sumter Watchman

**JOB WORK**  
OF  
**EVERY DESCRIPTION**  
PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THE  
OFFICE OF  
**The Sumter Watchman**  
— IN THE —  
**Highest Style of the Art**

VOL. XXI WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1870. NO. 12

**DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.**

**VIRTUS ET VALOR.**  
ADDRESS OF GEN. WADE HAMPTON.  
Delivered at the Unveiling of the Washington Light Infantry Monument, Charleston, S. C., June 12th, 1870.

In accepting the position assigned to me by your kindnes, in the solemn ceremonies of the day, many and conflicting emotions stirred my heart. On the one hand, said he, should I not be proud of my inability to discharge the duties imposed in a manner worthy of the occasion, oppress me and bid me keep silent; while on the other hand, a sense of duty to my living as well as to my dead comrades, impels me to join in this demonstration of honor to those who are sleeping beneath the soil they gave their lives to defend. Let me then place on their tomb a votive offering, which, unworthy as it may be of our noble dead, has at least the merit of coming from hearts filled with sympathy for the cause in which they fell; admiration for their devoted patriotism and heroic courage; respect and affection for their memory; and profound grief for their untimely death. There are other motives, scarcely to be named, why my voice should not be silent on any occasion where honor is paid to the living or dead of the Washington Light Infantry.

Have you forgotten, comrades of that gallant corps? I shall always remember it with pride, that when our State called her sons to defend her, and that command was organized—when your banner, unsullied by any stain of defeat. Untroubled by any breath of dishonor, was born so heroically through the storm of nearly every great historical battle of the war—it was the Washington Light Infantry that gave me the first company of the Hampton Legion.

Can you suppose that I have forgotten the name of "Company A"? that company which was four years of heroic struggle on the right of the Legion? I can never forget that devoted friend, that noble patriot, that gallant soldier, that noble gentleman, Johnson, who was your first and one of your costliest sacrifices laid on the altar of our country? Can I forget the gifted Pettigrew, who lived truly long enough to achieve an undying glory for himself, but who died too soon for his mourning country? Standing over the graves which hold the hallowed dust of so many patriotic soldiers, looking upon yonder tomb where are inscribed the names of forty five of my loved and trusted comrades of that simple company which you gave me, how did I forget the men who fought and died for me? Can I, turning from the lamented dead to the honored living, looking once again upon the familiar faces of the men whose danger taught me to trust, forget the friends who never betrayed that trust? Can I look upon Connor, as he leans upon the crutches which tell proudly how nobly he discharged his duty, and then forget the Washington Light Infantry? Oh, no! My friends. Memory and associations such as these are amongst the most cherished though saddest of my heart, and they bind me to my old comrades by ties which death may, but nothing else, can sever. They remind me, too, of my duties to the dead, and amongst them there is none more sacred than that which calls upon me to vindicate their motives, to praise their patriotism, to commend their example, and to protect their memory. These are the duties which devolve upon us, the sad survivors of that gallant band who, at the call of the State, fell for the defense of our country.

Mourning over the graves of "our slain," who "for faith and freedom, lay slaughtered in vain;" and for freedom, lay slaughtered in vain;" and amidst the wreck of our dearest hopes, looking at the ruin of our country, witnessing the steady but rapid overthrow of Republican institutions and constitutional liberty, which is left to cheer us to future exertion but the hallowed memories of the past—that past was made glorious by our great dead. Amid that noble and, alas, vast wrong, none have done higher honor to their State, none deserve deeper gratitude, than the men who died in her cause. Not until death has placed his eternal seal upon the living, and stamped with his irrevocable decree all the actions of their being on they be truly estimated. The judgement we pass upon our contemporaries is too often warped by envy, jealousy, personal dislike, or political prejudice; and it is not until death has closed their career, here that we can recognize the greatness of their actions or the integrity of their purposes.

The men to whom you dedicate this monument as a testimonial of your respect, gratitude and affection, have passed this last dread ordeal, and we deem them worthy to be enshrined in a people's heart, and to receive the grateful plaudits of a people's voice.

"A people's voice! we are a people yet! The all men also their nobler dreams forgotten; Confined by brainless mobs and lawless power; We have a voice with which to pay the debt of boundless love and reverence and regret. To those great men who fought and kept it ours."

They fought to vindicate the great truths enunciated in '76, and their illustrious rights established by our fathers and bequeathed to us as our noblest heritage. For these fought in vain; there is left to us only a peoples voice, which, tho' stifled, calls heaven to witness that we were sincere and honest in the convictions which prompted our actions, which still assert our unshaken faith in the justice of our cause, and which, rising from our hearts in our desolate land, utter lamentations for the precious blood that was so lavishly but so bravely shed in our country's cause. We, my friends, who were the

## CHARLES DICKENS.

**THE STORY OF THE DEATH OF LITTLE FLORE AND LITTLE PAUL.**

No writer of fiction ever appealed so directly to the better feelings of human nature as Dickens. None ever described the death of children (whom he loved supremely) with such consummate touches of beauty. No more touching story was ever told than that of little Paul Dombey, unless, possibly, it be that sadder one of "Dear, gentle, patient noble Little Nell," in the Old Curiosity Shop; and so long as English literature endures, will these be read in every household, in every land, with swelling hearts and overflowing eyes. Had not Dickens written nothing but these two sorrowful stories, he would still have touched a responsive chord, and have been embalmed in millions of hearts on both sides of the ocean.

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**DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.**

She was dead. No sleep so beautifully calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God; and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with herbs and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put me near something that loved the light, and had the light above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child—mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged, in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there unaltered in this change. Yes! the old friend had smiled upon the same sweet face; it had passed like a dream, thro' the haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

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Waking she never desired in her mind but one, and that was, "beautiful music, which she said, was in the air. God knows, it may have been. Opening her eyes, at last, from every quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face, such, they said, as they had never seen, and could never forget, and clung, with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

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## WHAT THEY EAT IN CHINA.

The New York Observer furnishes an interesting chapter on the food of the Chinese. The readers of it will gratify curiosity, without exciting envy.

One of the most curious, but not the most agreeable parts of a traveler's experience in going around the world, is to be found in the great diversity of manners and customs in regard to eating and drinking. One can accommodate himself readily to many new circumstances in which he finds himself on stepping into a new country, but he can not always make his taste agree with the tastes of the people among whom he is thrown. Happily in this age of the world he finds some of the staples of life much the same the world over, so that he is not obliged practically to put the most fastidious of the sense to the strongest test which it had to endure, when traveling, as one of the fine arts, was more in its infancy; but he can still indulge in observation and speculation to his heart's content.

The Chinese from time immemorial, at least from the days when we studied the pictorial geography, have been celebrated for the range of their animal diet, and for some of the luxuries of life which are peculiar to the celestial kingdom. To begin with the first course, soup. All the world knows that in China they have a delicacy which has not reached other parts in birds' nest soup. One of my first inquiries, as I got into the streets of Canton, was after this commodity, or the nests from which it is made, and I was taken into a fine shop, fitted up in a costly manner, where it was the only article sold. Birds' nest is a great luxury in China, being within the reach of the wealthy alone. They are sold at prices graduated according to the quality of the article, none of any value bringing a less price than their weight in silver, and some bringing almost their weight in gold. Nests are sold high as \$30 or \$40 a pound.

The nests are simply a mass of pure gelatine, secreted in some way by a species of swallow, and deposited against a wall, just as the swallows in our country stick a nest mud against a beam. Some naturalists maintain that the gelatine is formed from a sort of sea foam which the swallow gathers, and is exuded from the mouth of the bird. It closely resembles the gelatine which is known by the name of isinglass, and the purer sort is almost transparent. There is nothing repulsive in its appearance, and its origin is just as honorable and commendatory as that from which our jellies are made at home; I am disposed to think, more so. The nests come chiefly from the island of Java, where they are obtained with great labor and often at much peril, from deep caves along the coast. Some of these caves are in the southern coast of the island, and are approached only by a perpendicular descent of great depth, by means of ladders, the racking of the sea below preventing all approach from the water.—When collected they are assorted into different grades, these which have been occupied by the birds bringing the highest price; and the other grades at prices according to cleanliness and quality. I have put one of the lower grades, but a fine specimen of the nest, into my trunk, (I mean my baggage,) and presume it will be one of the earliest importations into America.

The Chinese do not have as great a variety of animal food as the Western nations, which most nations reject. I find a great diversity in the testimony of travelers and residents in regard to the use of "rats, cats and puppets," none of the latter, (I mean the residents,) stoutly affirming that they are not used at all, or if so, only in cases of extremity where nothing else in the shape of food can be obtained. But I have seen all these animals exposed for sale in the markets of Canton, in the very heart of the city.

struggling to escape, while the dead specimens hanging around him awaited their destiny with more composure.—There is no more reason for denying (that such animals are regularly sold in the markets of Canton for food, than that beef and mutton are sold in the markets of New York. And yet, it is nevertheless true, that the mass of the people do not use them for food. Their use is confined to those who are unable to obtain flesh meat, or to those who are poor. Another staple in the line of animal food is pork. Chinese pigs are celebrated the world over for their excellent quality, and, as well as Shanghai chickens, have long been imported into America. They are raised with great care; as carefully, if not more so, than the children. They are often kept in little cages in the shops and houses, where they receive every attention and are fed with the choicest food, instead of living on what is thrown away. And a very quiet and well behaved race they are. They are carried about the streets in baskets just large enough for them to be slipped into with their legs folded, and in this state are laid away at the markets and other places, but I do not remember ever to have heard in China a single note of that delectable music which is their peculiar forte in other parts of the world. Perhaps it is out of gratitude that they remain so quiet, for I have been told that until the government interfered and required that they should be carried in baskets, they were slung by the heels across a pole, a mode of conveyance which would very naturally develop their musical powers.

The fruits of China are generally poor and destitute of flavor. We had some grapes from the North, but the only fruit in the South, that was in season and really palatable, was the pumelo, corresponding to the West India shaddock. Nor is this fruit pleasant to the

## FAIRBANKS'S GRILLS.

Fanner's girls are expected to understand housekeeping, but sometimes a hard barren life of toil begets in them a disgust, which leads to extreme carelessness and indifference in the more parts of home duties.

Beware of this, I pray you. Study grace and beauty in the folds of a curtain, the arrangement of a table, the position of a chair—the amount of light and shade to give the right effect to all. Take the prettiest way of doing things, you will soon discover a charm in toll and all the effect on your nature will be ennobling. Do not begrudge five minutes to trim a dish with green leaves upon the dinner table, not forgetting to twist a spray of flowers or leaves about the dark or gold of your hair; isomobid's eyes will brighten to see it, and, ere aware, you will become "a trap to catch a sunbeam"—Country Gentleman.

A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup with an angel at the bottom. When she filled it for him he used to drink it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop.

"Because, duckey, I long to see the dear little angel at the bottom."

Upon which she had the angel taken out, and a devil engraved at the bottom. He drank all the same, and she again asked him the reason.

"Because I won't leave the old devil a drop," he replied.

- 100 years a secret—
- Cures ails by magic—
- 1,000 persons testify—
- Pains, wounds, and sufferings cease—
- Physicians use and recommend it—
- 85-00 pots ordered daily for hospitals and public institutions in all parts of the U. S.

## PICHEE BAKER SALVE

All Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scars, Ulcers, Cancers, Sore Nipples, and Broken Breasts, Chapped Lips and Hands, Ringworms, Chilblains, Bites or Stings of Insects, &c. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR MILKS. Put up in 50c. sizes (and still put for families). All Druggists everywhere have it for sale.

**DON'T BE ONE DAY Without it in the House.**

## "COSTAR'S" VERMIN EXTERMINATORS

"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c. Exterminators.— "Costar's" (Liquid) Bed Bug Exter.— "Costar's" (Only Pure) Insect Powder.— "Costar's" (Only Sure Remedy) Corn Solvent.

Ask for "COSTAR'S" (make no other). \$1, \$2, \$3, and \$5 sizes, order from COSTAR CO., 12 Howard St., N. Y.

**GODFRICH, WINEMAN & CO.,** Wholesale Agents, CHARLESTON, S. C.

## MARBLE YARD

The undersigned would most respectfully announce to the people of Sumter and surrounding country that he has just received a SHIPPED LOT OF

**MARBLE** and is now prepared to receive and execute orders of all kinds in his line, with neatness and dispatch.

**IRON RAILING TURNED TO ORDER.**

W. P. SMITH, SUMTER, S. C.

**Josh Billings thus speaks of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited:—John Rogers' revolving, expanding, uncorroding, self-adjusting, contracting, self-sharpening, self-greasing and self-righteous horse rake is now and forever offered to a generous public. These rakes are as easy to keep in repair as a hitching post, and will rake up a paper of pins scored broadcast in a ten aket lot of wheat stubble. These rakes can be used in the winter for a hen roost or be sawed up in stove wood for the kitchen fire. No farmer or good moral karakter should be without it, rake, even if he has to steal one.**

To remove stains from character.—Get

**CHARLES DICKENS.**  
told him yes or no, the river, running very fast and confining his mind.  
"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"  
"No, darling, why?"  
"Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"  
He asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.  
"Oh yes, dear."  
"Whose, Floy?"  
"Your old nurse's. Often."  
"And where is my old nurse?" said Paul.  
"Is she dead too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"  
There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more than all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his hand upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.  
"Show me the old nurse, Floy, if you please?"  
"She is not here, darling. She shall come to morrow."  
"Thank you, Floy?"  
Paul closed his eyes with these words and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro; then he said, "Floy, is it to morrow? Is she come?"  
"Yes, it is to morrow, if you please."  
"Perhaps it was Susan. Fany thought he heard her telling him when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them so see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one called them by their names.  
"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.  
"Yes, yes. No other stranger would have had those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stepped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody else but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity."  
"Floy! this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here."  
His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name that he knew.  
"Who was that, who said Walter?" he asked, and looked around. "Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much."  
Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, "Call him back, then; let him come up!" After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said "Good bye!"  
"Good bye, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good bye?"  
"For an instant, Paul looked at her with an awful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah yes," he said placidly, "good bye! I have said good bye!"—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"  
He felt his father's breath upon his cheek before the words had parted from his lips.  
"Remember, Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face. "Remember Walter. I was found of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "good-by!" to Walter once again.  
"Now lay me down," he said, "and Floy, come close to me and let me see you!"  
Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together.  
"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"  
Presently he told her the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now; how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?  
He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.  
"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining as I go!"  
The golden ripple of the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will, last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old, fashioned—Death.  
Oh thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

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