

**Patriotism of Truth.**

There is the patriotism of truth, a subject which seems inseparable from any consideration of its intrinsic qualities. Moralists are not yet determined whether instances may not occur in which falsehood may not only be permitted, but would be justifiable. Perhaps, if our survey in the moral world were bounded only by the present hour and the pressing necessity, the proposition might be answered in the affirmative. But moral things, unlike all others, endure for all ages—extend through all nations—affect the destinies of all times, and form the most imposing interests of eternity. We can not, therefore, reason on such a subject with a simple reference to the present case and the passing moment. The truth concerns our children as well as ourselves. The truth belongs to our people as well as to our family. It is essential to man throughout—it is the great essential of the human race, and on its immortality depends their own—their greatness, happiness and glory. A falsehood is likely to do harm ultimately, in some way or other, and with greater or less degree of hurt. It is an experiment in poisoning, and it is doubtful whether our fingers, having once dealt in it, will ever become free from the taint. Falsehood, by itself, might be of little danger; but it is never by itself. It runs and reproduces itself the moment it is born. But its attitude of greatest evil is as the direct antagonist of truth. It is an active principle, as subtle as light, which is its opposite. A fanciful allegory of one of the orientals very happily describes every new truth as immediately marshalling itself among the children of light, in the ranks of God; while every falsehood, in like manner, and by a like instinct, ranges itself instantly under the sable standard of Lucifer. They become, each in its place, spirits of power, and traverse the world, in behalf of their respective commanders, engaging, in frequent conflict when they meet, and making an eternal battlefield of that province of civil discord, the poor, benighted, scourged and ravaged heart of man! The idea seems to us quite as felicitous as fanciful. The question is asked, "May we not, in the last hope of struggling humanity, resort to falsehood, when this is obviously the only mode left of escape from unjust torture, punishment and death?" The example of the apostles might be relied on here. They have answered the question. Christ, in anticipation, rebuked the feebleness of Peter, who, shrinking from human penalties, denied equally the truth and his Master. But the case supposed is one in which, though you yourself escape, the falsehood may do harm; and the truth, though you perish, must ultimately be productive of good. Your martyrdom, alone, would most probably overthrow the tyranny, by arousing the people, whom no less matter could inspire into activity, and to a just sense of the general danger. Such was the martyrdom of the Saviour and the Saints; and, for a like object, the safety and circulation of the truth, for the preservation of the many. We grant that martyrdom is

not very desirable under any circumstances, and that it is not the ordinary mind which will be willing to encounter it in any behalf. But there are men, fortunately for mankind, to whom the truth itself brings consolation enough, and whom glorious memories in after times; and a perpetually musing gratitude, keep holy through long ages, and thus reward for their sufferings under the scourge and upon the rack. The pang of death is only an instant in duration, but the life which follows in consequence is eternal, and as glorious as eternal.

What would have been, what would be, the case, if there were not, and had not been, such men? Where would be our glory, our strength, our security, happiness and intellectual freedom, but for those daring and enduring martyrs, who, with a spirit setting at defiance every weakness of the flesh, have gone fearlessly into the gloomy dens of ancient error, denouncing the superstition, overthrowing the idol, and setting up the true God, which is truth? All innovation upon established customs is invariably and sturdily resisted, and men are known to fight for their prejudices who would never fight for their country. The teacher of the hitherto unknown truth, in all past times, has been stoned to death by the serviles of ancient error. In this way perished the long array of the "just made perfect," the saint, the sage, the philosopher and the patriot—of all who have ever shown an honest determination to seek out and elevate the truth, in the teeth of unholy prejudice and unwise passion! Our condition would be lamentable, indeed, if there were not some few consecrated spirits in every nation, and through all periods, who, scorning the policy of the worldling, (which, for the uncertain safety of the moment, would barter the glorious guarantee of permanent assurance,) can appreciate and assert the true nature and just rights of his race, without reference to the penalty or the reward! There will be truth-loving men to the last, whatever the bondage, however ruthless the pursuing enemy, who, looking beyond their own day and destiny, from the moral Pisgah, will direct their people to the distant Promise. Who, sustained and stimulated by higher and holier considerations than the love of gain or aggrandizement, or the yet meaner desire of safety and obscurity, will challenge the tyrant of error and abusive custom openly in the highways; and, like the Peasant Telf, amidst the spears of his enemies, refuse, though they stand alone, to bow down, in derogation of the truth, before the cap of usurpation!

**The Last Rumor.**

We have some new rumors along the streets of a kind to keep the *quid nuncs* busy, to scare the women, and excite with expectation the boys and the negro wenches. We are now told that we are to have a Yankee garrison in Columbia of no less than six hundred men. By one set, they are announced to be here on Tuesday, (to-day;) another party avers that Wednesday will be the day, and that we may look for their advent by half past 4 p. m., precisely. They are thought to be coming, like the herds of little Do Peep, bringing their tails behind them. By one class of our citizens, we are

told they will be welcomed as deliverers; by another, it is hoped that the bands organized against the commissary, quartermaster, railroad and other provision stores, will encounter them along the river banks, when it is hoped, by all parties, that the two will play the game of the Kilkenny cats, not leaving even the tails behind them. There is another set, who fancy that the Yankees will come to place a military governor and provost marshal over us, when all of us, who wish to feed, sleep and speculate any longer, will be required to take an oath of forty-horse power, binding us in allegiance to Andy Johnson and his beautiful companions. The more quiet and undemonstrative of our citizens indulge in the hope that, if they do come, they will bring with them a good supply of preserved meats. Pickled oysters and champagne grow evident to the imaginations of all persons of fine taste, while the more tolerant of spirit, look for an advent of *aqua vita*, as quite sufficient for all human wants. All are agreed that six hundred Yankees in garrison here will bring about lively times. Confederate paper, endorsed by our visitors at fifty cents on the dollar, will cause this money to look up with more confidence. But there are fears that they will bring the enrolling officer along with them, and marshal, under conscribing recruiting officers, the thousand able bodied lads whom we can muster here, for a crusade against the French in Mexico. Meanwhile, what does the ration house give forth to-day? for dinner is essential even to patriotism, and though swallowed by the Yankees to-morrow, we still like to swallow our cutlets to-day.

**Hint from a Paroled Prisoner.**

I address the good people of South Carolina at large. Try to help yourselves, and God will help you. The war seems to be over; at all events, it seems that we are to fight no longer. What remains? Work! Go to work, all of you, as fast as you can. Select your representatives, whether in the Legislature or in Congress, as you have rarely done before. Select good men—true men—men with manhood all over. Don't select any mere cubs. If I may be permitted to recommend, choose among the first, as the immediate Representative from Richland, Gen. Wade Hampton. He is, according to my thinking, the right man for any place involving responsibility, talent, courage, patriotism—all the virtues which you need in office. He is the man for me; and I pretend to nothing, being only a citizen, a mechanic and a

PAROLED PRISONER.

**OUR BRAVE BOYS.**—Our brave boys from the army are now on their way home, and many of these homes are in ruins. Let us welcome them with the best that we can. They have fought well, have served faithfully, have made themselves famous, and though unfortunate, there is no reproach upon their names. They will be held in honor to the remotest times. They are not Tories. They have never been skulks. They have embraced battle as a bride, and the enemies whom they have a thousand times made to fear, do them honor at the last. Let us welcome, as well as we can, the brave boys who have honored their country, and carried its banners unsullied to the last.