

The Daily Dispatch.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, AND THE PRESS IS

"UPON WHICH SHE SITS, AN ENTHRONED MONARCH."

Vol. 11 CONWAYBORO', S. C., TH

Y MORNING, JUNE 27, 1861. [No. 17.]

The Daily Dispatch

IS ISSUED EVERY
THURSDAY MORNING,
AT CONWAYBORO', S. C.
BY GILBERT & DARR.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS invariably in advance.
No paper will be sent out of the District, without the money accompanying the order.
Advertisements inserted at Seventy Five cents per square, (12 lines or less), for the first insertion, and half that sum for each subsequent insertion.
The number of insertions to be marked on all advertisements, or they will be published at the publisher's risk.

and peace. Leave me to perish; leave me to God! Annette, the young girl who had lived so long alone in the little cottage I have spoken of, pined for a moment, gazing at the pile of feathers, then she said, timidly, "Perhaps you have done wrong, young woman; but we are all sinful. You are sick, suffering. Do let me lead you to my home. I know some one loves you—you are, you must have been in great trouble. Come! My dear father, who is dead now, told me never to desert even the outcast, and he cannot be wrong."
"Your father?"
"Yes, my father."

to heaven. I know that he blessed me, and he will bless you. Annette, your mother may be dead, but she will see her child's soul, my heart tells me she has seen it. Forget all that has happened. Leave her—for living. I am dying. I love her still. If you can do something to save me, do it, and something tells me she can. Come, penitence, however late, is never too late. All the world, forgive me, and I will be forgiven."
"I will," said the young woman, and she followed him to the door of the cottage.

constant, he observed his comrade not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of the raft. "What's that you're doin', Mike," said he, "set down on you know now, for there isn't nothin' between us and Purgatory!" "Be easy, Pat," said the other, as he continued to punch the water with the pole; "be easy now! What's the use of prayin' when a fellow can fetch bottom with a pole!"

by one upon the laughing waters, and watched them glide away. But at length her rosebuds were all gone, and her happy heart became sad. Then she cried in anguish "to the swift waters, 'Bring me back my flowers!' And an echo from the reedy margin of the streamlet repeated her words, 'Bring me back my flowers!' But the waters were silent, and they hurried along, for they were anxious to join the Chattahoochee on its way to the big sea."
"And now, merry maiden who are you? It is the precious hours of our summer vacation. Will you not take a stroll with me?"

ing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capacity to retain humidity, is proportionately greater in warm than in cold air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth, the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate. Now, when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, its temperature is suddenly reduced by condensation of the vapor, and the clouds are formed.

for public office or trust—or putting exhibitions, will be charged as advertisements.
Marriages inserted gratis. Obituary notices over six lines, will be charged at advertising rates.

SELECTED STORY.

LYNCH LAW.

The night was closing in dark and stormy, as a stranger, mounted on a small pony-like horse, entered the wood through which the main road to the town of Bolivar lay for several miles before it branched off upon the river bank. He had stopped at the tavern some distance back for several hours, which delay he now regretted as he heard the fitful wailings of the wind through the tree-tops and felt in the heaviness of the atmosphere an indication of a coming storm. But it was necessary that he should reach Bolivar that night: much depended upon his promptness in reaching the village before the fury of the storm should be such as to impede his progress. Strapping a valise which he carried more freely upon his saddle-bow, he urged his jaded horse into a painful trot and plunged into the forest, the darkness increasing visibly with the sudden transition.

The person who journeyed thus was the agent of a wealthy land-holder in an eastern city, and was now bound upon an expedition of important business for his principal. In the valise upon his saddle were stowed away ten thousand dollars in bank bills, to be expended in the purchase of lands in the neighborhood, from parties residing in Bolivar. This long and tedious journey was almost completed, and as he rode along the narrow forest path his thoughts were upon the anxious watchers at his freest at home who would daily look for his return. He had thus far encountered no perils, and had scarcely observed any precaution in arming himself to meet them should they come; the knife in his belt being the only weapon visible on his person.

As he continued on his way, there suddenly flashed across his mind a thought of impending danger. In the hurry of his departure from the inn, he had not regarded it before, but now it suddenly arose before his imagination, clad in the aspect of a formidable danger. His thoughts reverted to the little parlor of the inn, where he had been seated an hour before, waiting for his supper, which his hanger demanded ere he proceeded on his journey. As he sat by the round table, he had unlocked his valise, and taking the bundle of bank notes from it, he had proceeded to count them over that he might be sure that all was safe. As his fingers threw them rapidly over and his voice attested their numbers in a low tone, he was interrupted by the cracking of the door. Turning hastily he saw the head and shoulders of a man thrust into the room, his eyes fixed with

left of the path. "I should know these woods—haven't altered any; and they don't cut down the trees then the path'll be all the same they were then. But I must hurry: I haven't followed this agent over so much ground to lose him after all. He's got a heap of money—there must be five or six thousand, at least, in that satchel of his, that he's so careful of. If he'll give me that—why, then he can go—if not—"

The man here drew a pistol from beneath his coat, and placing a cap on the nipple, replaced it and continued his search. "Curious where that other path is. If I thought he had missed it I might dive straight through the bush and run the risk of losing myself and the bird too; but that won't do. This here looks like it; those two big tracks with the bark peeled in a ring—yes, this is the one. Now for making up for lost time." And he rose to his feet and darted swiftly through the woods, his hand poised upon the butt of his pistol and his eyes fixed on the vista before him.

The agent had pursued his way amid the storm which had now somewhat abated; and, as he calculated, was about mid-way between the inn where he had stopped, and his destination. He felt somewhat more assured as the first half of the way was passed without the happening of anything ill, and congratulated himself three miles more would end his journey. He was passing a large oak tree which he saw by a flash of lightning a moment before started the crossing of two paths, when suddenly his horse reared violently and refused to proceed. He attempted to soothe and encourage him but in vain; the next flash which lighted up the scene, showed him to his horror and dismay, the figure of a man in front of his horse, holding him by the bridle, while with his right hand he presented a pistol at his own head!

"No words," said the man, "give me that satchel and you may go—refuse and your life isn't worth a minute of time." That face was the same that had appeared to him twice before: that voice the same that he had heard in the inn! "But you don't wish to rob me," said the agent. "This money is neither mine nor yours, and—"

"I tell you, no words! Whether it's mine or not, I'm determined to have it; so give it up quick, or you die without mercy!"

"Never," said the faithful agent. "I will defend it with my life! And he drew the knife from his belt, but before he could strike the robber, the latter had discharged his pistol, and the agent fell heavily from his saddle, dead ere he touched the ground!"

His horse snorted wildly as the report of the pistol was heard, and breaking from the grasp of the murderer, fled wildly back toward the inn. "That's bad," said the man as he gazed after him. "I meant to get away from here on his back. And here—the fool forced me to do it," he added, and turned his gaze toward the dead agent.

William Larkin had been reared in the neighborhood, and number of villainous acts, had five years before, after committing a robbery in this very forest! And now he was turned to the scenes of his youth and end his career by a felon's death!

Forest justice is speedy. The derider was in the hands of the woodsmen, and before them lay the full evidence of his guilt. A rope noosed around his neck and passed over the lowest bough of the oak, and a sturdy man grasped it, ready to strangle the murderer at the signal. He kept stout forth and addressed a few words:

"William Larkin, have you any say why you should not be hanged for this awful crime? You have taken a fellow-creature, unprovokedly, for his money, and you have no words to say in defence of your wickedness?"

"Nothin'—I would do it had the chance!" he shouted. "Haul him up!" shouted the rope was drawn, and he struggled in the air. For a moment his limbs twitched in convulsion, but his struggles soon ceased and his expiation.

There was something in his expiation. There, under a large oak tree, where his victim had been lying, nothing should remain of the passer-by of the forest path.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.—An Indian legend relative to the Indians of Washington is from Moravian. It is curious, and the estimation in which his country was held by the people, and their ideas of freedom. "Among the modern beliefs upon the ancient faith of the Indians, there is one which is worthy of notice. It relates to a legend according to their present belief, man ever reached the Indies, being created by the Great Spirit, and made for him in the heaven, and the place of punishment was made in the forest of Washington. Because of his justice to the Indians, he stood above all other white men. In the year 1783, the Indians were their British allies, and by their own terms with the American Government, the Iroquois were in severe measure than the British in their alliance. At this crisis, Washington interfered in the

Mr. Lincoln buys the navy, and of his own volition eliminates eighteen thousand seamen to man the navy."

The Constitution says, that "no man shall be deprived of his life, liberty or property, but by the judgment of his peers, or the laws of the land. Mr. Lincoln seizes and imprisons whom he pleases, invades a State with an army, and occupies cities with troops, and in Missouri, attacks and captures the military of a State, encamped according to the orders of a State, and, finally, the whole, a Brigadier General of the United States undertakes to put the Legislature of a State up to the bayonet for its defence. It is merely as regards the Southern States, but as regards the Northern States, the Constitution of the United States is abolished; and the Government of the United States in its internal, as well as its external operations, is a military despotism."

There is an avenging Nemesis, which has all wrong. When, in 1850, a Brigadier-General of the United States, orders from Washington, issued a proclamation to the people of California to pay them, because they had no motive but supposed duty and patriotism to move them; and, moreover, they will have rendered almost the entire service required of them, before Congress shall meet. But the audacious usurpation of President Lincoln, for which he deserves impeachment, in daring, against the very letter of the Constitution, and without the shadow of law, to raise and support armies, and to provide and maintain a navy, for three or five years, by mere Executive proclamation, I will vote to sustain or ratify—never. Millions for defence—not a man or a dollar for aggressive and offensive war.

The war has had many motives for its commencement; it can have but one result, whether it lasts one year or fifty years—FINAL, ETERNAL SEPARATION, DISUNION. As for the conquest and subjugation of the South, I will not impeach the intelligence of any man among you, by assuming that you dream of it as at any time or in any way possible. Remember the warning of Lord Chatham to the British Parliament: "My Lords you cannot conquer America. A public debt of hundreds of millions, weighing us and our posterity down for generations, we cannot escape. Fortunately shall we be if we escape with our liberties. Indeed it is no longer so much a question of war with the South as whether we ourselves are to have constitutional and a republican form of government hereafter in the North and West."

In brief: I am for the Constitution first, and at all hazards; for whatever can now be saved of the Union next, and for Peace always as essential to the preservation of either. But whatever any one may think of the war, one thing, at least, every lover of liberty ought to understand: that it should be a necessary and inescapable result of the

are extracts from a report of the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham to a committee of gentlemen who had requested his opinion upon the recent condition of the country. After giving extensive extracts from the speech of Stephen A. Douglas, in opposition to the policy against the South, made on the 13th March 1861, and heartily endorsing the anti-war policy of Mr. Douglas, Mr. Vallandigham closes his letter as follows:

"These were the sentiments of the Democratic party, of the Constitutional Union party, and of a large majority of the Republican presses and party, only six weeks ago. They were mine—I voted them repeatedly, along with every Democrat and Union man in the House. I have seen nothing to change, much to confirm them since, especially in the secession, within the last thirty days, of Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina and Tennessee, taking with them four millions and a half of people, immense wealth, inexhaustible resources, five hundred thousand fighting men, and the graves of Washington and Jackson. I shall vote them again."

Waiving the question of the doubtful legality of the first proclamation, of April 15th, calling out the militia for "three months," under the act of 1795, I will yet vote to pay them, because they had no motive but supposed duty and patriotism to move them; and, moreover, they will have rendered almost the entire service required of them, before Congress shall meet. But the audacious usurpation of President Lincoln, for which he deserves impeachment, in daring, against the very letter of the Constitution, and without the shadow of law, to raise and support armies, and to provide and maintain a navy, for three or five years, by mere Executive proclamation, I will vote to sustain or ratify—never. Millions for defence—not a man or a dollar for aggressive and offensive war.

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the New York editorial camp:

Massa Greeley in a Rage.—The Hon. Massa Greeley, though a small beer philanthropist, is a monstrous big liar when the truth is against him. We say big liar, because the qualification of this charge in dainty phraseology with Greeley would be like casting pearls before swine. In holding up before the world the identity of his views for weeks and months on the question of secession, and the views of Rhett and Yancey, we have planned our abolition contemporary to the wall. He wriggles and twists like an ugly worm on a bodkin; but there are philosophers who, even in this position would stick to the truth. Not so with Philosopher Greeley. He lies into a rage, against the Herald, the Herald editor and the Herald office, he hangs a string of falsehoods together like a string of onions upon a wisp of straw. Having changed from a legal advocate of secession, into a military defender of the Union, Massa Greeley is hot upon the trail of traitors. He would like to find one, and gloat over him, in the midst of a riotous mob, like the Chevalier Webb. But when justice gets her dues—when the chief offenders in the work of bringing upon the country this civil war shall be punished—such abolition and disunion agitators of the last twenty years as Greeley, Garrison, and Giddings will be among the list of traitors hanging up like herrings to dry in the sun. Greeley, particularly, has been a great sinner, and withal a very dirty one. Let him be washed, or let him retire.

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich.' And it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation that 'there may be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequal; for if we see another abound in riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

drive out also, two or four more States, and two or three millions of people. War may, indeed, be the policy of the East; but peace is a necessity to the West.

I would have volunteered nothing, gentlemen, at this time in regard to this civil war; but as constituents, you have a right to know my opinions and position; and briefly, but most frankly, you have them. My only answer to those who indulge in slander and vituperation, was given in a card of the 17th of April, herewith enclosed.—Very truly,
C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.

PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.—To understand the philosophy of rain, a few facts derived from observation and experience must be remembered:—1. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, of a uniform temperature, we should never have any rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface, would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated. The absorb-

me better. I didn't think it would am undone. I am lost!" Perhaps he said, "It is not pleasant to be cooped up in church. What harm is there in taking a stroll into the woods? What harm in carrying my fishing tackle, and sitting on the bank to fish? What harm? Why, the harm is that God is disobeyed, who says, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' The moment a youth determines to have his own way, choosing his own pleasure before God's will, that moment he lets go his rudder, his compass, his chart; nothing but God's word can guide you safely over the ocean of life. Give that up and you get bewildered; you are drifting; you are lost!"

PREVENTATIVE OF LOCKJAW.—When any one runs a nail or sharp iron into any part of the body, take a common smoking pipe, light it after filling it with tobacco, then place a cloth or silk handkerchief over the bowl, and blow the smoke through the stem into the wound. Two or three pipeful will be sufficient to set the wound discharging.