

The Horry Dispatch.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, AND THE PRESS IS THE ROYAL THRONE UPON WHICH SHE SITS, AN ENTHRONED MONARCH."

Vol. 1] CONWAYBORO, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8, 1861. No. 23.

The Horry Dispatch
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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 accompanies the order.

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SELECTED STORY.

STEIGEL'S TOWER.

About two miles from Shafterstown, on the road to Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, there are still the ruins of a fort or castle, standing on the very summit of a lofty hill. Previous to the Revolution, the celebrated German, Baron Steigel, built two of these towers, in the height of that remarkable prosperity that attended him while having charge of Elizabeth furnaces, near Philadelphia.

Baron Steigel was a man of great wealth, was possessed of uncommon skill and business-tact, and no small share of vanity. Residing in Philadelphia, it was his passion to maintain the state of a country residence, also; but as his wife and family preferred living in town the year round, he erected these towers, or castles, as they were called. They could be seen from a considerable distance, as they were of great height; and as they were mounted with cannon, the baron had only to order them to be fired, and that gave the signal for his friends to join him.

As the signal was given, on one fine September morning, about twenty of his friends repaired to the spot from whence it proceeded. An immense room or rather hall, was sat out with a long table, on which was loaded every delicacy which the country afforded—fish, game, poultry, venison, accompanied with delicious fruits and vegetables, and the whole crowned with the choicest and most expensive wines.

To give as much pleasure as possible to his friends, all the workmen from the furnaces were called off from their labor, water and clean frocks provided for the "great unwashed," and they were then ordered to take their muskets and accoutrements, of which every German possesses, at least, one, and place themselves in a sort of gallery which ran around the hall, and served the purpose of an orchestra.

The baron had long promised his wife and daughter at one of these entertainments: and on this day, he kept his word. Everything, therefore, was to be done in a more recherche style even than usual, and the company abstained from the deep libations in which they sometimes indulged.

When the dessert was placed, the baroness entered the hall, attended by Carl Steigel, the baron's nephew, and the only daughter of the family, the young and beautiful Bertha. It was the first time that either of the guests had seen her, and perhaps from the fact that she was the only lady present, excepting the baroness, her appearance excited a perfect furor of admiration. She was richly dressed, as far as material was concerned, for the baron's vanity would not permit her to do otherwise; but her own good taste had prevented anything like gaudiness, and it was simply rich.

To one person there, she seemed the embodiment of everything fair and beautiful. He did not stop to analyze her features, else he might have discovered that her face was far from being formed on a classic style; that her mouth was too large, her nose slightly retroussé, and her color somewhat too brilliant. Hitherto he had been fastidious in the extreme respecting a lady's figure, maintaining that a waist more than four fingers round was a great blemish, where Bertha's was full five, if it was an inch.

This was a young Englishman, Reginald Hennessy, highly born and bred, and possessing ample wealth. His own person was eminently handsome. A peculiar repose and dignity rendered his countenance extremely striking. It was like that of a Greek statue, so finely cut were the almost perfect features. Everywhere his company was sought; for despite the severity of his face, he was eminently social—the prince of pleasant companions, the very soul of generosity; but still excessively proud of his wealth.

Bertha Steigel would have been surprised to know that she had made such an impression upon the fastidious bachelor. She had heard of him, and her quick eye recognized him by the description which her father had given her, even before he was introduced.

A ball succeeded the dinner, more ladies having arrived; and the night was far spent when Reginald Hennessy

parted from the Steigles, as their carriage stopped before the magnificent town residence in Philadelphia. Long before that moment his heart was gone from him; but the lady herself did not seem so deeply touched, as perhaps she ought to have been, with so distinguished a lover. Permission to call on her again had been given, and before many weeks his mornings were spent exclusively at the baron's, while it was with difficulty that the latter could induce the devoted lover to join the pleasure-loving crew who feasted so often at the castle revels.

Both the baron and his wife were well pleased with their prospective son-in-law, and attributed the success of the match more to the effect of shyness than of indifference. They did not doubt that an interest would be awakened for him ere long, and, in the meantime, they showered upon him every possible attention.

There was another heart at the castle on that feast day that beat faster at the entrance of Bertha Steigel than that which beat under the aristocratic vest of Reginald Hennessy, and which, though covered by a workman's frock, was full of noble and manly feeling. An orphan boy, friendless and alone, he had won for himself an education which would not shame the son of the proudest man in England; yet circumstances had made him glad to obtain work at the furnaces of Baron Steigel. But while no one worked harder or with more perseverance than he did, his mind was perpetually wandering afar off towards some imaginary place, where wealth and fame would dawn upon him, and with some fair being to be his bride. Such dreams were broken by the sight of the smoky furnaces which he was always feeding; the burning, fiery, molten iron that he brought out from the hot kettles, or the hard horny hands that attested to his industry.

"What have I to do," he then impatiently asked himself, "but to sit down contentedly with such a life? A life which must always be a battle, a struggle, because there is a lack of the yellow gold that fools are scattering to the winds! So must it be, so long as the purse is so much mightier than the man!"

Such was Percy Lansfeldt at the period we are speaking of; feeling within himself that he had something in his soul that did not conform to the fate which he bore. But never had he felt the weight press so heavily as when Bertha Steigel entered the hall, where he, a dependent on her father, a workman in the furnaces that brought her wealth and riches, but which only left him with means of a mere subsistence and the horny hands of labor, was amusing her father's guests by the only talent which he dared display—his musical abilities. For Percy, while at the school which he had worked hard for the privilege of entering, had received ample instruction in several accomplishments, of which this was not the least. He had tried to make them available in procuring his daily bread; but having no powerful friend whose influence could pilot him in the higher walks, where alone they could avail, he had given up the idea, and devoted himself to the mechanical labor which he loathed.

For the moment that Percy saw the daughter of his employer all his old pride and ambition came back to him. The pomp and glitter of life he despised, but its real riches, the ability of drawing all that is truly noble and beautiful around a beloved object, seemed worthy of his strongest effort, and for a moment the dream seemed all too powerful for his senses. He gazed upon her long, and every moment the spell grew stronger. Music was forgotten, and the flute he was playing upon lay motionless in his hand, until he was gently touched on the shoulder by a fellow workman. As if to complete his confusion, he saw plainly that the whole scene had caught the eye of the young lady, and that she often glanced that way before she left the hall.

Once after this day he had seen her again. The furnaces had been visited by a large party of ladies and gentlemen, and Lansfeldt was deputed to explain certain parts of the process. His superior language and manners did not escape any of the party; and Bertha, who had not forgotten him, was bewildered with the questions they poured upon her. She could only refer them to her father; and the baron, full of his own importance, it may be supposed that he had not troubled himself about his inferiors, and could say nothing except that he was a good workman. Reginald Hennessy was present, and the appearance of confusion that Bertha vainly endeavored to hide, excited the strongest wonder. The thought that she was interested in any of these people of her father's never entered his mind, or if so, was instantly dismissed.

The war of the Revolution shortly after broke out. At the first call of the trumpet Percy Lansfeldt felt it echo in his inmost soul, and laid down his implements of labor and took up those of warfare. A brave and fearless spirit was his, and through the whole of that trying period he was one of the foremost. Wherever was danger he was sure to be found, and his skill and military tact were often in requisition. Washington knew, and admired the noble youth who, friendless and unaided, had thrown himself into situations of difficulty and danger, and who had more than once risked

his own life to save one he considered more valuable.

The cannon of the Revolution had scarcely ceased to thunder, and its glorious results made known, when Percy Lansfeldt made his way to Philadelphia, to find if possible the family of his old master. He went to the house in which they had formerly lived, but a stranger's voice told him that they had long ago removed. No one could tell him where they were. He turned aside from the door and took his way to Shafterstown. Near the iron works he met an old charcoal burner, who used to work at the furnaces. He learned from him that the baron's resources in Europe were wholly cut off, and his business was irrevocably ruined. He had heard that the baron had accepted a situation, temporarily, as a superintendent of some new works, but that he was broken down by his disappointments and mortifications that it was not probable that he could go on with any business whatever.

"Are all the family living?" he asked.
"Yes, sir; but I am sorry to say they have no better home than the old tower. We did hear that Miss Bertha was going to be married to the handsome young man who used to wait on her, but—excuse me, sir," said the man, looking at Percy's uniform; "you have been in the war. Did you see anything of a young man who used to work with them yonder, one Lansfeldt? Ah, he was a brave boy, I am thinking!"

"I did, friend; but go on with what you were saying of Miss Bertha. Is she married, did you say?"
"No, sir. Mr. Hennessy, that was the name, was greatly took up with her while they were rich, but when the baron failed, he just went and married the English Governor's daughter."

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of Lansfeldt.
The man looked up, astonished.
"Are you a relation of the Steigles, sir?" he asked.

"No, my good man, but I have seen them." And thanking the charcoal burner for his information, he sought the tower.
The baron was at home, and probably the name of Lieutenant Lansfeldt, which he sent up to him, was a passport to the baron's abundant smiles. Percy was sorry to see his old master cast down. The wife and daughter appeared, and Bertha blushed as she recognized him; and as for Percy himself, he was more in love than ever. The result may be inferred from this record of the Lansfeldt family: "Percy Lansfeldt married Bertha, daughter of Frederic Steigel, October 20, 1778. He was afterwards largely engaged in the iron business, near Shafterstown, in connection with his father-in-law. The 'Stiegel Stoves' are still in use among the old families of Lebanon and Lancaster."

It appears, therefore, that the baron's aristocratic notions must have given away before the reputation and talents of the young soldier of the Revolution. As we said before, there are still the ruins of one of the old towers, although probably all who once revelled there have fallen into the grave.

THE MANIA FOR EXCITEMENT.—Steady-going people, who take life easily and are contented with the routine of an honorable business, are rare now-a-days. The new generations are not content with the tranquil enjoyment of sustained labor, but some extraneous subject must furnish them a sensation. No matter whether it be a business speculation, a literary attempt, or an artistic predilection, they must needs have their minds diverted from the pursuit which furnishes them employment. Occasionally the mind is benefitted by the current of its thoughts flowing into some new channel, but if the relief, the occasional indulgence, be made a permanent recourse, the mind will be as unfitted for its original train of thinking as the body is rendered unfit for labor by the constant use of stimulants. Chance often throws us into his most appropriate sphere of action, and departing from it he finds his faculties impaired when he would again return, and perhaps where he would at first have been successful by devoting his attention to one thing, by dividing it among two, is successful in neither. Incessant devotion to one thing often brings its own amusement, and the happiest hours are in nine cases out of ten those which are the busiest.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.—As we have already stated, the demise of Gov. Ellis places Henry Toole Clarke, Esq., Speaker of the Senate, in the Executive Chair of North Carolina. The Raleigh Standard thus speaks of the new Governor:

We have known Mr. Clark for many years. He has been a good deal in public life, has been observant of men and things, and brings to his aid a knowledge of our public men, the character of our people, and the demands of the present crisis. He has a cool judgement, a modest estimate of his own abilities, an honest heart, and a purpose to do his duty to his entire State and the South. We rely upon his honesty, and prudence, his cool judgement, his patriotism, his readiness to counsel with the wise, the judicious, the representative men of the State, and, more than all, upon his will and ability to do right, to conduct the ship of State through the perils of the war for the next eighteen months.

In Time of Peace Prepare for War.

If these words of advice, from a wise and good man, were ever worthy of the attention of those for whom he labored and fought, with how much more force should they come to us at this time? If somewhat of the energy and wealth of a Christian people, loving peace, should, by the advice of the best of men, ever be given to preparation of war, how much should our efforts, now that war is upon us, tend towards preparation for the peace of all we hold dear? Will it do us to sit tamely down and leave all to the hands of those who are not so ready to bind us? Did not the people move up firmly and quickly into the line without orders from any leaders, and shall they now, when their best military officers are in the field, confronting superior numbers, shall they fail to support them by every means in their power?

What will our officers say—what our soldiers—if, having nobly met our invaders during the summer, they ask us, as cold weather approaches, for clothing to enable them to keep the field in winter, and are told that their friends at home have only thought of them to read of their encounters, the Confederate States making the work easy; for their Quartermasters pay money in lieu of clothing—every six months twenty-one dollars. The State of South Carolina will soon have ten thousand men in the field, not less dear to her because far removed from her borders. Each one of these men will want a stock from which to purchase his clothes, shoes &c. She must also be prepared, in case of invasion, to provide for as many more, who would spring to arms at the first touch of a hostile foot upon her soil. Can individual enterprise do this? Can any merchant undertake it? Can any officers leave an order looking to this? Why, half of his men may be sick or dead, and he not able to draw their clothing money. Who is to do it? We say the people. Let their voices ring out clear and loud. Let those in authority feel that no man, woman or child is willingly an idler. That each and every one is ready, to do all in his or her power for the general defence. Let them, as with one voice, say: "We will do it."

Let us do this, and we will venture the assertion that not merely those things, of which we have hinted, would be provided, but that even the proud naval power which now lies so provokingly off our shores, would soon learn that we were thinking of them. This community may have ninety days in which to prepare—enough, if improved, to bid defiance to a really powerful expedition. Let each of us, men and women, say to ourselves, what am I doing? Let us all remember that the whole is to be made up of individual efforts.—*Charleston Mercury.*

FEELING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The following is the experience of a wounded Frenchman, in the Crimean war, in regard to the feeling of a soldier in conflict:

"Before the battle begins it is usual to feel a little tremor, and many cheeks which are known to be in communication with stout hearts, blanch visibly. As the conflict becomes eminent, courage returns, and with the first flow of blood an enthusiasm is raised which constantly increases, and very seldom flags in the least until the last shot is fired. The effect of seeing a comrade shot down is generally to excite an unappeasable thirst for vengeance against the foe, though in the end one gets used to it."

When wounded less than mortally, it is not usual for the soldier to be immediately aware of the fact unless some bones are broken. A sabre may be run through any fleshy part of the body, and even a bullet lodged in dangerous proximity to the vitals, and he for some time be totally unconscious of even a scratch. When life is taken by a single blow, the effect is varied with the nature of the wound, as well as with the temperament of the man. Sometimes the poor fellow will leap high in the air, giving a piercing scream, and again he will lie down quietly. Often, however, he simply falls dead without a struggle. In most cases the features of the killed remain unchanged for a long time after death—eyes open and brilliant, and perspiration, a smile illuminating the face. To see such a one it is difficult indeed to realize the presence of the grim monster, death.

"DOUBLE QUICK."

A popular military movement with the Northern army, taught by Beauregard in one easy lesson. Nothing succeeds so well as success.

Senator Breckinridge.

A Baltimore paper thus describes a speech lately delivered by Senator Breckinridge, of Kentucky, in the Senate at Washington:

"The galleries of the Senate were thronged, this morning, with spectators eager to hear the voice of Kentucky, through her gallant and honorable statesman. A greater number of ladies were present than had ever been known before; many of them being unable to secure seats. The Senators ceased all other employment, and dropping back in their arm chairs, paid all possible attention to the words of the orator. Representatives were on the floor of the Senate; and when Mr. Breckinridge arose in his place, a whisper could have been heard in any part of the spacious Senate Chamber. It was a thrilling sight to see one man arise and boldly attack the Administration, which has the support of over 100,000 armed men and five sixths of the Senators of the North ready and willing to uphold its acts.

I say it was a thrilling spectacle to see one man boldly and indignantly denounce the actions of this ungodly power. As he read the Constitution to those men who seek its overthrow, and time and again coolly challenged them to refute his statements, he inspired those in the gallery with an irrepressible feeling of patriotism that escaped in bursts of applause.

When he alluded to the perils before the country, and exhorted the people to look to their Constitution and their rights before it should be forever too late, his voice trembled, and by its uncontrollable modulations, it could be seen that his emotions were not to be easily restrained. At the conclusion of his remarks, a burst of sympathetic applause went up from the galleries, that was only repressed by the remarks of Mr. Tumbull, who addressed the galleries on the score of indecency.

He concluded a long and spirited denunciation of the Abolition war as follows:

But why utter words? I shall trouble the Senate no longer. I know that no argument or appeal will have any effect. I have cherished all my life an attachment to the Union of these States under the Constitution of the United States, and I have always revered that instrument as one of the wisest of human works, but now it is put aside by the Executive of the United States, and those acts are about to be approved by the Senate, and I see proceedings inaugurated which, in my opinion, will lead to the utter subversion of the Constitution and public liberty. It is vain to oppose it. I am aware that, in the present temper of Congress, one might as well oppose his uplifted hand to the descending waters of Niagara as to risk an appeal against these contemplated proceedings. The few of us left can only look with sadness on the melancholy drama being enacted before us. We can only hope that this flash of frenzy may not assume the form of chronic madness, but that Divine Providence may preserve for us and for posterity, out of the wreck of a broken Union, the priceless principles of constitutional liberty and self-government.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BULL'S RUN FIGHT.

The Lynchburg Republican narrates the following:

During the height of the battle, many of our troops, in their anxiety to get a sure pop at the enemy, left the ranks for that purpose, and advanced some distance in front. One of these, James Woodruff, of Capt. Blankinship's company, who was wounded, made for a tree, which would afford him protection, but just as he arrived there, a Lincolnite came up, who disputed the possession of the tree with Woodruff. The matter was, however, quickly settled, for without any parley, Woodruff ran his bayonet through the Yankee, killing him instantly. A Federal officer then rode up, who had observed the affair, and while Woodruff's bayonet was still in the body of his victim, ordered him to surrender. The proposition, however, did not accord with Woodruff's idea, for in an instant his bayonet was withdrawn, when he let the officer have the full benefit of it, and killed him instantly also. Two more Lincolnites were just then rushing upon Woodruff, but observing the fate of those who had preceded them, immediately turned about, and, taking to their heels as fast as they could, left our hero in possession of the much coveted tree. Woodruff was the subsequently wounded, no doubt in consequence of exposing himself unnecessarily.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

The Baltimore Republican tells a queer story in connection with the search for arms that has been going on in that city. As a detachment of federal soldiers were poking about in a cellar, they stumbled on a singular looking machine with a long funnel, which had been partially concealed in one corner. They were about to remove the affair from the house, when the lady of the house rushed towards them, and begged of them not to touch it, as it was filled with powder. The words had scarcely escaped her lips, when the soldiers rushed pell mell out of the door, and only halted upon hearing a hearty burst of laughter from the lady, who, upon being interrogated, informed them that it was a "patent German sausage machine."

FEMALE REBELS IN BALTIMORE.

The Baltimore correspondent of the New York Herald, in speaking of the public feeling in that city, says: "Women in private life are in the habit of wearing small revolvers, and threaten to kill the Union men who shall show any disposition to resist their insufferable vanity or even succumb to it. They are seen stopping the soldiers to lecture them on their duties, and they even transcend the dedication of their sex in their objections against patriotism and the United States. When the troops are passing certain women are seen wearing aprons of the Jeff. Davis pirate flag, and others parade on the street with rebel badges pinned conspicuously on their bosoms."

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.

The indications of progress, are already manifesting themselves throughout the South. Arrangements are being made in Charleston and throughout South Carolina for securing the South from its dependence upon the North for the many articles which it has heretofore furnished at enormous profits. At no distant day there will be a boot and shoe manufactory upon the largest scale, a furniture manufactory, a manufactory of Kerosene oil, tanning mills, a match-making establishment, a lace manufactory, and manufactories of various useful and necessary articles upon the North. Already there is in operation a manufactory of tinware, a clothing establishment, and several other enterprises which we do not at present recollect, but which have been chronicled in the Mercury. In other portions of the South the same spirit animates the people. Percussion cap manufactories have been established in Nashville, Tenn.; Macon, Ga.; Raleigh, N. C., and Richmond, Va. In Portsmouth, Virginia, a pistol manufactory has been established. Oil cloth is being manufactured at Atlanta, Georgia, and at Columbus paper machinery. Extensive shoe manufactories have also been established at Nashville, Tennessee, New Orleans, and Staunton, Virginia. A type foundry has been established in Richmond, and printing ink manufactories at Richmond, Atlanta, Augusta and New Orleans. Thus, it will be seen that the South is really becoming independent; and if, during the prosecution of the war, so much energy is displayed, how much more rapid will be the strides taken after the establishment of our independence, and our recognition as one of the nations of the earth.—*Charleston Mercury.*

USES OF THE POTATO.

In France the potato is largely used for culinary purposes. The famed gravies, sauces, and soups of France are largely indebted for their excellence to that source, and its bread and pastry equally so; while a great deal of the so-called Cognac imported into England from France is the produce of the potato. Throughout Germany the same uses are common; and in Poland the manufacture of spirits from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well-known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent from thence to many of our foreign possessions as the produce of the grape, and is placed on many a table of England as the same; while the fair ladies of our general country perfume themselves with the spirit of potato under the designation of Eau de Cologne. But there are other uses which this excellent is turned to abroad. After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture frames, snuff-boxes, and several description of toys; and the water that runs from it in the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer. For perfectly cleaning woollens, and such like articles, it is the housewife's panacea; and if the washerwoman happens to have chilblains, she becomes cured by the operation.

A GREAT MAN.

The highest, noblest conception we have of a great man, is one who understands the power of his own soul, and is continually exerting that power for the promotion of good; who cherishes a deep and solemn sense of the sacredness of duty, and never hesitates to discharge that duty, be the consequences ever so injurious to his interest; who, in matters of religion, lends naught but a deaf ear to the loud voice of sects, naught but a blind eye to all party creeds; but scans the works of nature, the revelations in Scripture, the deep yearnings of the human soul; who gives all truth a welcome, how much soever it may conflict with his pride; who is ever ready to execute inflexible justice, who rebukes all evil, however high the transgressor stands, and whose sympathies always espouse the cause of the oppressed, down-trodden and injured.

ATROCITIES OF THE YANKEE INVADERS.

The editor of the Leweburg (Va.) Chronicle, (Mr. S. J. Warren,) writing to his paper from Laurel Hill, in Barbour County, says: "The invaders are perpetrating upon the loyal citizens about Phillipa atrocities of the most execrable character. Not content with seizing and appropriating to their own use, or destroying any and every kind of private property which may fall in their way, the monsters have been hunting married females from house to house, for the gratification of their brutal lusts."

Mr. Warren says that these charges against the enemy are proven to be true, by unimpeachable witnesses.

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