

The Horry Dispatch.

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

Vol. 11 CONWAYBORO', S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 3, 1861. No. 31.

THE
Horry 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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
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, as they will be published until ordered to be discontinued and charged accordingly.

One Dollar per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and monthly advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as new ones. All transient advertisements must be paid for cash in advance.

SELECTED STORY.

[From the Southern Field and Fireside.]
LOVE—A REMINISCENCE.

Everywhere, in my wanderings I sought to find the love of which poets had told me in their impassioned verse—the love I had imagined in my girlhood, when the days and nights were full of rich, sweet dreams that all sang of the future—the love which Paul had pictured as "suffering and enduring long," and "seeking not its own;" asking no reward; untainted by passion and full of delicate reverence; requiring no hope to feed upon, but burning, like the fixed stars, by its own steadfast light, unalterably and forever, as long as the soul shall last.

Such was the love, which to me seemed of all beauty and poetry—worthy to live in heaven. But I sought it in vain. Often, I heard of love, but when analyzed, its beauty vanished, as the brightness of the diamond before the battery of passion and selfishness mingled with it—all—miserable passion and selfishness, which men share in common with the brutes around them! Was there then nothing more spiritual in love? No love of the soul—unmixed with grossness and sensuality? A love that could worship its idol afar off; that would place it on so high a pedestal, that the hands of men could never touch it with their fleshly hand. I knew that, from the necessities of our present humanity, such love could not be universal, but might there be some rare peculiar souls set apart to enshrine it? I saw forms of such loveliness—mildly splendid as the star of evening, with such nobleness of features; such softness of coloring; such grace of movement, that they seemed fit shrines for my ideal love; but the inner corresponded not with the outer form.

I turned to woman, for their eyes were purer, their brows calmer, than those of men; and, in the hidden paths they trod, they learned such lessons of patience, and silent resignation, and forbearing tenderness, that perchance their natures had been purified and etherealized by the ordeal, and made capable of that love which haunted me like the perfume of a wild violet, which itself cannot be seen. And I found, indeed, that there were women, who had this high ideal of love implanted in their souls, but they would not prove true to it. They were not strong and brave enough to keep their hearts, like the crystal vase of a temple, consecrated to the wine of heaven alone. They took Passion's hot hand, regardless of the pleading of Love's sweet eyes. Or they sold their ideal for policy's sake—bartered it for wealth, for stoutheadness, for position, or for the sake of conformity to the usages of society.

I found not the love I sought. Then I despaired. It is not a human plant I said. It is like the wondrous bird that is fabled to float always in the air, and never to touch the earth, not even to alight upon roses and lilies. So this beautiful Love floats only in the pure ether of the poet's dream.

But, one day, I sat among the low limbs of a thick-leaved juniper tree, and saw a lady walking slowly along the lane—a lady pale and plain, save for the sweet light in her eyes and the gentle look about her mouth. As she walked, she dropped a rose from her light hair, but she did not stoop to replace it. She went on, down the hill, with thoughtful steps and eyes that sought the ground. As she passed from sight, a sun-burnt youth—scarcely more than a boy—in the coarse dress of a peasant, sprang over the fence, took up the rose, and kissed it, and put it in his bosom. It was not done passionately, but with reverent tenderness—with something of the feeling with which the kneeling Mary kissed the Saviour's feet.

Afterwards, I came to know the lady, and in a little while we grew to be friends. She had nothing beautiful about her except her soul—which, shining sometimes through her pale eyes, gave them a beauty independent of coloring or shape. I questioned her about the boy—not in such way as to betray his secret—and found that she knew little about him. She had met him occasionally in her charitable visits among the poor. Several times she had seen him at his mother's house, when she had been ill so long and she had sometimes spoken to him. That was all she remembered. She loved flowers—wild flowers—that

owed not their blossoming to the care of man—wild roses, and convolvulus, sweet azaleas, and the golden jessamine, whose hue was a shade or two darker than her moonlight-colored hair. She was too weak and delicate to seek them in the woods and upon their native hills, but there was no need of this. Every morning upon the low post of the outer gate, was found a bouquet of wild flowers, in all the freshness of their dew and the gracefulness of their foliage. Early as she might rise, the flowers were there to greet her. Who placed them there she could not tell, and I kept the secret safely, for already she was a betrothed bride, and had she been free, knowledge of her patriotic training and her pride of family would have sealed my lips.

She married; not, I think, from passion or love, or yet worldly policy, but because it was customary to marry and was expected of her by her circle of friends, and because she knew not how else to fulfill a purpose in life. She did not inquire too deeply into the motives of him who took her for his wife; whether it was for her wealth that he wooed her, or for the love of her fragile self, that was not lovable, save to one, who could appreciate the delicate beauty of her heart and mind.

She was more weak and fragile still, after her marriage. She never followed her thoughts out to the green woods, where they loved to wander, but the flowers still came, and in autumn a branch of golden or crimson haws occasionally, or a wreath of bright-colored autumn leaves.

This I learned from her for I was away, and when I returned she laid in my arms a little baby, with her eyes and smile. And she herself was dying, fading slowly like the waning moon, and looking as though she needed to be but one shade paler to be wrapped in her winding sheet.

One day I took the baby and its nurse to walk with me, and while I stood on the hill-top watching the sunset bathe goldenly the sea of forest green beneath, the nurse went down to the field on the other side where two men were reaping; and one of these, she said, asked to see the child, and reached for it across the hedge, and kissed it. And then he had sat down with it in the corner of the fence, and when he rose up and gave it back to her without a word, his face was wet with tears, and he wiped them off on his sleeve.

She had lost a baby of her own, and so young looking, with golden hair, and a face all brown, except his forehead, that was white as most baby's.

That summer closed the life of my gentle friend. She passed away with the flowers, and when I came again a year after, I found her grave. I went there alone one evening—it was not the first time I had been. It was an evening in October, but the day had been almost of summery warmth and mellowness, and the sunset was solemn and splendid. As I neared the grave—my feet resting in the long church yard grass—some one started up from the rose tree at its foot. Our eyes met; he was paler than when I saw him first in the lane upon the hill, but the large eyes were the same, though now all red with weeping. I bowed my head reverently and passed him.

He had knelt at the foot of the grave, and upon the slab were lain some late purple gentians and a spray of the yellow jessamine, called into blossom by the smile of the Indian summer. I sat down upon the grave and wept silently and softly; not for the dead beneath, for she slept well; not for the husband, for already he had brought another and a fairer bride to his home; but because I was touched to tears by the beauty of the love I had sought so long. I had found the gem in an unpolished casket, but not the less was it sweet and holy. I cannot tell how it moved me—this silent, unrevealing love, cherished in secret, and in all purity and reverence; unvisited by hope, unfed by passion, seeking only the happiness of its object and surviving after the grave had closed above her, and he, upon whose bosom her head had lain, had ceased to remember her.

That true, high-hearted boy works still, with ready, toil-worn hands in the field by his father's side. His face was full of manliness, of honest and earnest purpose, and, if there is a shadow in his dark eyes, there are none who notice it except his old mother. But I am sure he still keeps the rose that fell from the hair of her so hopelessly and reverently beloved. I think he will keep it to his dying day.

GOD EVER GOOD.—Omnipotence may build a thousand worlds, and fill them with bounties; Omnipotence may powder mountains into dust, and burn the sea, and consume the sky; but Omnipotence cannot do an unloving thing toward a believer. Oh! rest quite sure, Christian, a hard thing, an unloving thing, from God, toward one of His own people, is quite impossible. He is as kind to you when He casts you into prison as when He takes you into a palace; He is as good when He sends famine into your house as when He fills your barns with plenty. The only question is, Art thou His child? If so, He hath rebuked thee in affection, and there is love in His chastisements.

These who call themselves the friends of labor are generally those who like it amazingly in others.

[From the Edgefield Advertiser.]
"Armageddon!"

Some years ago I picked up an article in the Boston Herald, which was a riser attributed to Francis Bacon, High Chancellor of England, which professed wisdom, happily expressed, surpassed by few if any uninspired writings. "He who never changes his opinion must be born a philosopher or die a fool." Such was the apothegm; and such the estimate I set on it, in responding to the editorial call made on me in thevertiser of the 21st August, I find difficulty in saying that my views regarding some things taught in Mr. Bacon's book have considerably modified since the days of the "Southern Independence." Nevertheless, the "Armageddon" has yet a con- siderable margin as to time, to be filled whether it will be done according to the programme can only be determined by the developments. The old Union is broken, and I do not think it probable or desirable that it should be mended. To attempt this would, in my opinion, only result in a piece of "patch work" which could never stand the strain that it would have to encounter. But what alliances or combinations may be formed in the future between the States of the North and the South for mutual protection against Foreign invasion, of course no one can foresee; and it is not wise to rely implicitly on the predictions of either politicians or spiritual teachers.

But aside from "Armageddon," it is not improbable that we are now passing through the scenes of the last act in the tragedy of earth's woes. God grant that "the days may be shortened," that the time be hastened when we shall enter upon that "Rest" of which we read in the epistle to the Hebrews, and of which the old Jewish Canaan was the type. In the expression of this opinion I do not expect much sympathy, nor concurrence of sentiment. "But none of these move me." The world never yet believed in the possibility of any judgment until it came. Noah made no converts that we read of except his own family in all his long preaching to the Antediluvians. The Jew as he "walked about Jerusalem and told the towers" thereof, laughed to scorn the idea that the city of his love would be sacked and plundered and ruined—that city for which Israel's children, even in their dispersion, were ready to die.

Frank, they were driven like Eve from the social Paradise. If even the breath of suspicious blow on her vestal robe, it is soiled. If she lapse but once from the path of virtue, she "falls like Lucifer." No tears can wash away the stain upon her fair name. You might as well attempt to restore the tints and fragrance of a faded flower.

The white snow lay on the narrow pathway When the lord of the valley crossed over the moor. And many a deep print In the white snow's tint Showed the tracks of his footsteps Eeveleen's door. The next sun's ray Soon melted away Every trace on the path where the false lord came. But none shall see the day When the stain shall pass away The stain upon the snow of fair Eeveleen's fame.

And yet that proud lord will lift his head in society, as if he were as pious as an angel, while the victim of his hellish art is, like Cain, a vagabond upon earth. And even the virtuous woman, who would shrink from her presence as from a pestilence, will give him her hand and heart, as if he had never sinned.

NECESSITY OF EXERCISE.—The benefit of exercise, to those whose occupation does not lead them to make any physical exertions, cannot be too highly estimated. The body must undergo a certain amount of fatigue to preserve its strength, and maintain all the calicities, and I cannot perhaps overstate the necessity of exercise. It equalizes the circulation, distributes the blood more effectually through every part. Cold feet, or chilliness, shows that the circulation is sluggish there. The muscles, during exercise, press on the veins, and help forward the current, quickening every vessel into activity. The valves of the heart are in this way aided in the work of sending on its stream, and relieved of a certain amount of labor. If exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much about this central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety, and heaviness, numerous aches and stiches, are evidences of stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise, because they fancy they want breath, and feel languid. But the very effort would free the heart from this burden, by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease their breathing by liberating their lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light, as the effect of equalized circulation and free action.

EASILY PLEASED.—Some grown up people are very easily satisfied. "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." A western editor expressed his delight at having nearly been called "honey" by the gal he loves, because she saluted him as "Old Beeswax," at their last meeting. To sum up, let us glance at the specta-

Europe presents at this mo-

There are sixty millions of people in Europe, perhaps, in three months, engaged in civil war. The very centre of our continent is a vast arena of blood and carnage. Millions of Polish subjects are waiting a favorable opportunity to sever their independence. In the provinces, five millions are waiting for a chance to revolt against the House of Hapsburg. There are near twelve millions of Christians, always in revolt against the Pope, whom, if they could, they would drive back into Asia.

The are now at least twenty millions of men who are looking anxiously to Greece and Venice. The Ionians, which are in open quarrel with Great Britain, the Danish Duchies or the forty millions of Germans seeking for national unity, we find in Europe One Hundred and Thirty Millions of men ready to rush to arms, either to free themselves from a foreign yoke, to unite themselves into one national body, or to work out in their respective countries certain great social and political reforms.

Never was there an epoch more troubled, more fearfully agitated, or more pregnant with revolution.

Such is the state of things in the old world, and if we add to this the disturbances on our side of the water, we have exhibited "a face of affairs" which may or may not (God only knows) indicate the approach of the time when there will be "upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken."

May we all be prepared to say: "Amen—even so, come Lord Jesus!"

E. E. W.

The Way of the World.

Men may swear, gamble, profane the Sabbath; be obscene in speech and licentious in conduct—they may absent themselves from home and spend whole nights in dissipation, excess of wine, reveling and abominable idleness.

ARE NORTHERN WOMEN ALIEN ENEMIES?—Some speculation on this subject having been indulged in among the gossip-mongers of New Orleans, the Crescent curly answers the question thus: Talking of the act of confiscation of the property of the women. Is a woman the legal sense of the word?

In what light will the act of sequestration consider the property within the Confederate States that is owned by females residing in the Northern or Federal States—those females taking no part in the existing contest? There may be a distinction between a femme covert and a femme sole; though both may be regarded as non-combatants, they will fight and talk now and then. But to cut a long argument short, the act, in our view, will apply to females as well as males, considering all as enemies. The act of the Northern States has already been applied to minors' property in Philadelphia, both males and females. A female can be an enemy as well as the masculine gender. In fact, half of the crusade against the South has had its origin among females and tea parties.

CURIOUS FACTS DISCOVERED BY THE FRENCH CENSUS.—The French census recently taken discloses some curious facts. Among these is an excess of marriages in the large towns and cities of France over those in the country, proportionately to population. It also appears that but about seven widows in every hundred marry again, while twice that ratio of widowers re-enter the conjugal state. A majority of male children are shown to be born of parents of nearly the same age. The average duration of wedded life, in 1856, was twenty-five years, against twenty-three years and two months in 1836. One-third of the men and one-half of the woman yearly married are unable to sign their names. This proportion, however, does not hold in the department of the Seine, where only one man in nineteen and one woman in six are unable to write. In the same department, also, the proportion of children born out of wedlock and legitimated by the subsequent marriage of their parents, is much greater than in the provincial towns, and is smallest of all in the rural districts.

AN IRISH DISCUSSION.—A contractor, who was building a tunnel on a certain Ohio railroad, observing one morning, that the face of a member of his gang had its surface all spotted with bruises and plasters. "Ah! Jimmy," said he, "what have you been doing?" "Not vary much, sur," answered Jimmy, "I was just down at Billy Mulligan's last night, sur, an' him an' me we had a bit of a discooshen wid sticks!"

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The latest case of absence of mind is that of a young lady who, on returning from a walk with her lover, the other evening, rapped him on the face, and bade goodnight to the door.

A GOOD ONE.—One of the best conundrums we have been lately, is the following:—Why is a fish chowder like a polygon? Because it is a soup of fishes (superficies) obtained by lines and angles.

Arrest of Children.

When Lincolnism descended to the arrest and imprisonment of women, we supposed it had gone as far as its imitations of Bomba as the ultra advocate of despotism on the subject could desire. But the arrest of two little children, five and eight years of age, in the city of Baltimore, for wearing objectionable colors in their dress, goes a bowshot beyond our utmost expectations of the cruelties and absurdities of the new despotism. The little innocents, upon occasion of their crimes, were carried to the station-house, and we suppose discharged upon galling bonds that they would be good little children, and never go out again in any dress except the Stars and Stripes.

We would suggest to Abraham the Great that he ought to have a special department for the punishment of little children, when they do not appear upon the street either in a ghastly white, or a solemn blue, or in a pattern of the Stars and Stripes; aforesaid, which should be presided over by Mrs. Lincoln, who should spank them soundly and put them to bed, where they could cry their eyes out all night, and not be permitted ever to see their parents till they took the oath of allegiance, acknowledged the consolidation theory of the American Government to be the only true one, and Abraham Lincoln to be the most just, beauteous and beautiful of human beings.

We have never heard before of any Government, however despotic, making war upon little children. There is no better test in the world of a man's kindness of nature than this. Even the Devil is said to give a wide berth to little children, and good angels to be always hovering round them. Is it reserved for this gloomy ogre at Washington, whose myrmidons at Baltimore are casting infants into prison, and in St. Louis have re-enacted the Martyrdom of the Innocents, to surpass even the Devil in the hardness and malignity of his heart? If this unheard of fiend dies in a peaceful bed, it will only be because earth has no punishment proportioned to his crimes.—Richmond Dispatch.

ARE NORTHERN WOMEN ALIEN ENEMIES?—Some speculation on this subject having been indulged in among the gossip-mongers of New Orleans, the Crescent curly answers the question thus: Talking of the act of confiscation of the property of the women. Is a woman the legal sense of the word?

In what light will the act of sequestration consider the property within the Confederate States that is owned by females residing in the Northern or Federal States—those females taking no part in the existing contest? There may be a distinction between a femme covert and a femme sole; though both may be regarded as non-combatants, they will fight and talk now and then. But to cut a long argument short, the act, in our view, will apply to females as well as males, considering all as enemies. The act of the Northern States has already been applied to minors' property in Philadelphia, both males and females. A female can be an enemy as well as the masculine gender. In fact, half of the crusade against the South has had its origin among females and tea parties.

CURIOUS FACTS DISCOVERED BY THE FRENCH CENSUS.—The French census recently taken discloses some curious facts. Among these is an excess of marriages in the large towns and cities of France over those in the country, proportionately to population. It also appears that but about seven widows in every hundred marry again, while twice that ratio of widowers re-enter the conjugal state. A majority of male children are shown to be born of parents of nearly the same age. The average duration of wedded life, in 1856, was twenty-five years, against twenty-three years and two months in 1836. One-third of the men and one-half of the woman yearly married are unable to sign their names. This proportion, however, does not hold in the department of the Seine, where only one man in nineteen and one woman in six are unable to write. In the same department, also, the proportion of children born out of wedlock and legitimated by the subsequent marriage of their parents, is much greater than in the provincial towns, and is smallest of all in the rural districts.

AN IRISH DISCUSSION.—A contractor, who was building a tunnel on a certain Ohio railroad, observing one morning, that the face of a member of his gang had its surface all spotted with bruises and plasters. "Ah! Jimmy," said he, "what have you been doing?" "Not vary much, sur," answered Jimmy, "I was just down at Billy Mulligan's last night, sur, an' him an' me we had a bit of a discooshen wid sticks!"

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The latest case of absence of mind is that of a young lady who, on returning from a walk with her lover, the other evening, rapped him on the face, and bade goodnight to the door.

A GOOD ONE.—One of the best conundrums we have been lately, is the following:—Why is a fish chowder like a polygon? Because it is a soup of fishes (superficies) obtained by lines and angles.

LITTLE OR NOTHINGS.

How intoxicating is the triumph of beauty, and how right it is to name it queen of the universe! How many courtiers—how many slaves have submitted to it! But, alas! why must it be, that what flatters our senses almost always deceives our souls?

"O, Mary, my heart is breaking." "Is it, indeed, Mr. Closest? So much the better for you." "Why, my idol?" "Because, when it is broken out and out, you may sell the pieces for gun-dints."

The essential element of piety is sympathy with the divine government. The proof of sympathy lies in obedience to the laws of God, and in love to the Lord and to his neighbor as thyself."

The Cuban ladies must be model women, for, according to Madame Le Vert—"They never speak ill of each other, but always find some palliation for the errors of their own sex."

It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may, and wofully often do, fail of producing just deeds; but just deeds are sure to beget just thoughts.

ARMY JOKE.—D— sold his "mess" yesterday, by telling them that "O—r was badly wounded." "How, how?" they all exclaimed. "By an accidental discharge of his duty," he replied.

Some minds are like almond trees; they have no foliage, and their thoughts, like the white blossoms, spring from bare and leafless branches.

Should you be talking to a thin lady, of another thin lady, you needn't describe the party alluded to as a "scraggy old maid."

Some men are so rascally that it is only the fear of showing them our pockets that prevents our turning our backs upon them.

What is the height of imagination? Having dined at a tavern, to imagine you have paid the waiter, and for him to suppose so too.

The Arabs have a good proverb on what is called the "lucky man." They say: "Fling him into the Nile, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth."

Mrs. Parington wants to know, if it through the bride ceremony?

A hungry man no doubt wishes himself a horse when he hasn't for a long time had a bit in his mouth.

It was never determined until recently who struck Billy Patterson. No one doubts now that he was struck by the panic.

He who sets up a carriage at the suggestion of his vanity, generally sets it down at the suggestion of his creditors. "Gently the 'dews' are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five bills presented to him at one time.

SHARP ANSWERS.—Some time ago there was a trial for trespass in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel—a blustering man of brass—thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idiocy to be a trait of his family. He therefore interrogated him thus: "Mr. Hodge, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?" "Yes, sir." "Does he know anything?" "Very little." "How much does he know?" "Well, almost nothing; not much more than you do." The witness was allowed to retire, without further question.

A small boy at school, somewhat defective in his upper story, was often bantered by one of his schoolmates calling him a fool, and observing how strange it was that his mother should have but one child, and that he should be a fool; when the weak boy appeared to be inspired, and replied: "Not half so strange as that your mother should have ten children, and that they all should be fools."

"Mother, I don't want to go to church. The speaker, a little bright-eyed boy, looked up into his mother's face with evident doubt as to the propriety of saying what he had said. His mother, who had often heard the same remonstrance, sat down, and drew him to her knee, saying, "Charley, father and I tell you that it is best for you. Don't you think we know best?" Charley made a petulant reply, although obliged to go, yet went in a very unfavorable mood.

Years passed away. Charley had lived to be a man, and had long gladdened his mother's heart by living the life of a Christian. Children growing up around him were taught to tread the path in which he had been led before. One Sabbath, a friend spending the day with him, asked, "Why do you endeavor to get all your children to church, whether they wish to go or not?" You know that many do not approve of such a course."

Turning to his friend, he replied "Because I owe it to my mother that I was saved from infidelity by the respect for the Christian religion instilled into my heart, when she sent me constantly to church."