

The Daily Dispatch.

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

Vol. 11 CONWAYBORO, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 30, 1862. [No. 46.]

THE Daily Dispatch
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY MORNING,
AT CONWAYBORO, S. C.
BY GILBERT & DARR.
TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS invariably in advance.
No paper will be sent outside the District, without the money accompanying the order.
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, or 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 POETRY.

[From the Richmond Dispatch.]
THE SENTINEL.

When the curtains are drawn, and the candles are lit,
And cosy and warm by the fire-side I sit,
My thoughts wander off from the themes I like most
To the cold, lonely sentinel on his dark post.
When cold blows the wintry wind over the plain,
And cheerless driveth the pitiless rain,
I start from my warm bed and pillow of down
To think of the sentinel walking his round.
For faithful he stands, in the sunshine or storm,
Through the darkness of night, in the glimmer of morn;
All unsheltered from wind, or from rain, or from snow,
In silence and solitude watching the foe.
And though marshalled strong in embattled array,
Our foes wait the moment to spring on their prey;
Yet our army and nation may sleep without fear,
For his signal will warn when their cohorts draw near.
Ere again unto slumber my eyelids are given,
My heart and my lips frame petitions to Heaven,
That the angels of God might the sentinel keep
Who painfully watches while we sweetly sleep.
"O, Thou whom the winds and the waters obey,"
I pray, "hull the storm, drive the dark clouds away,
And to brighten his watch, and his lone hours beguile,
Send the stars with their light and the moon with her smile."
"And his spirit to cheer, and his bosom to warm,
Give him memories dear, and sweet thoughts of home;
And may hope paint the future in colors so bright
As to lighten about him the darkness of night."
Hanover County, Va., Jan. 1, 1862.

POSSIBLE ECONOMY IN MARRIAGE.

Michelet handles this fabulous point very daintily:
"Receive for a truth this exact mathematical maxim—Two persons spend less than one. I see many bachelors who remain such from sheer fright at the expensiveness of matrimony, and yet spend infinitely more than a married man after all. They live dearly at the cafes and restaurants, and at the theatres. Havana cigars, smoked all day, are to their solitude an extravagant necessity. Why do they smoke? "To forget," they say. Nothing can be more disastrous. We should never forget. Woe to him who forgets evils, for he never seeks their antidote. The man, the citizen who forgets, ruins not only himself but his country. A blessed thing it is to have by your hearth-stone a reliable and loving woman, to whom you can open your heart, with whom you can suffer. She will prevent you from either dreaming or forgetting. We must all suffer, and love, and think. In that is the true life of man. If the wife has no female friends whose rivalry incites her to extravagance in dress, she spends almost nothing. She reduces all your expenses to such a degree that the formula given above is no longer correct. We must not say "two persons," but "four persons spend less than one." She supports the two children besides. When the marriage is judicious, entered into with forethought, when the family does not increase too rapidly, the wife, far from being a hindrance to liberty of action, is, on the contrary, its natural and essential element."
"Hould on," cried Pat, as he ran like mad after the train. Hould on, ye murdering' old sbtame-ingin; ye've got a passenger aboard that's left behind."

Battle at Fishing Creek, Ky.—Defeat of Gen. Crittenden's Command.—Death of Gen. Zollicoffer.
We take the following from the Richmond Dispatch of the 24th instant:
We regret to say that the report of a Federal victory in Kentucky, conveyed to us on Wednesday night from Northern sources, by our special correspondent at Norfolk, and published in yesterday morning's Dispatch, is more than confirmed by intelligence received here at the War Department.
It appears that our defeat was not decisive than even the Northern accounts had led us to believe. The information received here is to the effect that on Sunday last Gen. Crittenden, with eight regiments of infantry and six pieces of artillery, attacked the enemy at a place called Fishing Creek, near Somerset, in Southeastern Kentucky. The Federals were under the command of Generals Schepel and Thomas, and were strongly posted and entrenched behind Fishing Creek. The result of the action was disastrous to our arms. Gen. Zollicoffer was killed, and immediately on his fall, our army was seized with a panic and was utterly routed, losing all its artillery, baggage and camp equipage, and leaving 500 in killed and wounded on the field.
At last accounts, Gen. Crittenden was in full retreat on Knoxville. It is not stated whether or not the enemy was in pursuit.
Somerset is situated in Pulaski county, Ky., and is by an air line, about eighty miles Northwest of Knoxville, and by the road probably over a hundred. The intervening country is mountainous, and might offer serious impediments to a pursuing force.
The scene of the battle-field was North of the Cumberland river, which would interpose another obstacle to the advance of the enemy in case Gen. Crittenden had destroyed the bridge over that stream. Of course it is to be supposed that he has done so.
The route from Somerset to Knoxville, Tenn., does not run through Cumberland Gap or any of the avenues leading into Virginia.

WELL DONE.—Some days ago one of the Texas Rangers in Kentucky, whilst out on a scouting expedition, rode suddenly and unexpectedly into the presence of a Federal picket. Before he had time to cock his trusty rifle, the picket brought his Minnie to bear on him, and ordered him to surrender. The Ranger felt that he was in a fix—he was fairly in for it, and could not do anything more than to throw down his gun with best grace possible. Having done so, the picket stooped to get it when, in an instant the Ranger's lasso was thrown around him, and he felt himself dragged along as fast as a horse at full gallop could carry him. The picket yelled, but it was no use—the Ranger had him to his heart's content, the Ranger returned, got his own and the picket's gun, and proceeded with his prisoner into camp. It is not often that a man escapes under such circumstances. The Yankee was badly hurt in the dragging, but it taught him a successful lesson. When he gets loose, and meets a Ranger again, he will know something of the "ropses."—Nashville Patriot.

THE TWO BEARS.—A word to married people! Are there any among you wranglers? Read this:
Once upon a time there lived an old couple known far and wide for their interminable squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were as complete patterns of conjugal felicity as they had formerly been of discord. A neighbor, anxious to know the cause of such a conversion, asked the gude-wife to explain it. She replied, "Me and the old man have got on well enough together, ever since we kept two bears in the house." "Two bears!" was the perplexed reply. "Yes, sure," said the old lady, "bear and forbear."
No doubt we have all read this, or something very like it, several times before. But it can't hurt any of us to stick a pin there and read it once a week for the future.—Edgfield Advertiser.

A Universalist minister in Chicago, in the course of a recent sermon on the duty of Christian patriots in the present national crisis, remarked that he was aware that most of the Christian public differed with him on the mooted question of future punishments; but he would say that he agreed with them on one point; he wished it to be distinctly understood that he had a bell for all traitors and rebels.

DECEIT IN WARFARE.
Deceit in war, is as unjustifiable and as unworthy, as it is under any other circumstances, and we would have our Generals to wage an open, fair and manly war, even if they are contending against enemies who practice all manner of Punic cunning and Grecian subtlety. The late disaster in Kentucky, in all probability, was the result of a base deception, practiced upon us by the Federal Generals—and we are not surprised that a people, who have lived by craft and cheating, and who boast of their ability in making fortunes by trickery, should practice double-dealing and treachery in war. May we never obtain a victory by fraud, and when we suffer a defeat, the result of treachery or misadventure, and not for want of valor or manly fighting, we should not be discomfited or cast down. They who resort to deceit, confess themselves to be cowards, and they are welcome to a victory achieved by fraud and not by courage and valorous contest. The Great Alexander once made the following answer to some one, who persuaded him to surprise Darius in the night time, "No," said he, "it is not for such a man as I to steal a victory. I had rather lament a defeat, than be ashamed of a victory."

THE PLANTERS' BANNER, OF LOUISIANA, gives the following recipe for raising mammoth Beets:
If you wish to raise very large beets, spade the ground up, and spade deep for each row where the seeds are to be planted. Then, with a spade or crowbar, work large holes in the ground a foot apart in each row, of the shape of a funnel, and eight or ten inches in diameter at the top. Fill these with well rotted manure, plant your seeds at the centre, on top, and cover with earth. Leave one plant standing to each hill, and beets will grow as big as tea-kettles.
The Columbus (Ga.) Sun, of the 15th, gives the following words of good cheer from Western Kentucky: "We had the pleasure of a personal interview, last evening, with a gentleman who holds the honorable position of 'high private' in the army of Gen. Polk. We gather from him the gratifying intelligence that Gen. Polk is confident of a successful resistance to any force the Lincolnites can bring to bear on Columbus, either by land or water. The health of our army there is good, and our brave boys are impatiently waiting the 'tag of war.'"
Lincoln's Ramp Congress will probably tax newspapers half cent for each sheet; this will yield \$5,000,000.

Horror Dispatch.

JOSEPH T. WALSH.
Thursday Morning, January 30.

The Editorial and Proprietary Departments of the Dispatch, will be conducted entirely independent of each other. All communications referring to the former, must be addressed to the Editor. Financial matters and everything connected with the paper, will be conducted by the Proprietors, or Mr. N. G. Osteen, who will transact any business during their absence from town.

From and after this date Cash will be required in advance for all advertisements.
January 2nd, 1862.

We again request those of our subscribers, who have paid only one half of their subscriptions, to come forward and pay the balance due.

Soldiers' Board of Relief.
It will appear by a notice in this issue, that the members of the above Board, are for a third time requested to assemble at this place for the purpose of organizing; the former calls having been unsuccessful in bringing together a quorum.

What is the matter with the Mercury? is a question we have often heard of late. A big screw must be loose in its machinery. The package directed to and received on the 22d inst., at this Postoffice, was evidently misdirected. On the 24th instant none were received—and on the 27th, the Daily was received instead of the Tri-Weekly. The man who makes up the Mercury's mail must be very sleepy, when at work, for many numbers come with no direction, and he makes an awful list of the names on his mail book. Our postmaster thinks he could write Hebrew better than he does English.

DECEIT IN WARFARE.
The Yankees are represented as being about to make one more great effort, upon which they rest their ability to subjugate the South. That they may have nothing to upbraid themselves with in case of defeat, they have even gone so far as to ask the direction and blessing of God. To this end, Friday the 17th instant, was observed, in Washington City, as a day of fasting and prayer.
McClellan is now said to favor active operations for the speedy suppression of the rebellion.
The Richmond Dispatch of the 25th instant, thus refers to the Burnside Expedition: "We have said that if its destination was Pamlico Sound, we did not see any great results in store for it; and if the people of the South were to select a point for its attack, that point would be the North Carolina coast. But it is so far from being certain that that point was selected by the enemy, that it may now be rather believed that a more southern field is that chosen for the threatened demonstration. Mobile has been suggested, with much plausibility, as the point for which it took its departure. The entrance into Pamlico, in that case, was merely to escape the storm. If Mobile is the object of the grand naval preparation, employment will be given to a very able and gallant officer and a well disciplined and brave army under him, that have been a long time waiting anxiously for the appearance of the enemy in some way or other. More deliberate and terrible salvos which quieted the ferocious Brown may have some effect on Burnside."

The War Correspondent of the Savannah Republican, thus refers to current rumors: "The rumor that Gen. Price, now in command of the State troops of Missouri, has been made a Major-General in the Confederate army, is I understand, without foundation. The people of Missouri are very desirous that the President should confer upon him the appointment in question—in which event the State troops would immediately enlist into the Confederate service."

It has been observed, with much significance, that every morning we enter upon a new day carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection. Thoughts may be born to-day which may never die. Feelings may be awakened to-day which may never be extinguished. Hopes may be excited to-day which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.
He who marries beauty only, is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A dispatch from Frederick, Maryland, dated January 20, says that Gen. Jackson was at Ronney with 17,000 Southern troops, and that Lander, the Yankee General had retreated towards Cumberland.

It is reported that five vessels of the Burnside Expedition had grounded in Pamlico Sound and were burnt to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Confederates. Also, that a large steamer with troops for the Burnside Expedition was wrecked on the South Carolina coast and burnt. The crew and troops were all saved. Three coal vessels were also beached and burnt. It was stated at Fortress Monroe that the steamer Louisiana, of the Burnside Expedition, with seven hundred troops on board, had been lost.

The New York Herald, of the 22d, says that a bill passed Congress providing for two Assistant Secretaries of War. The War Department has inquired of Massachusetts and other States what number of troops could be furnished in seven days for active service. The Herald says the Treasury is so depleted that it has become impossible to pay the most ordinary demand, and in a few days there will be no money.

Lane, it is said, has told Gen. McClellan that if the people of Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian country resisted, he would slay all the secessionists and give the lands to the loyalists. Lincoln was present and heard the conversation.

Intelligence from St. Louis to the 17th, states that the Federals expect an early attack from Jeff Thompson, at Pilot Knob. They were recently defeated by Jeff, near Ironton.

Mayor Monroe of New Orleans, has closed up all the gambling houses of that city, and evinces a desire to prevent a recurrence of such practices and convict all who have violated the law by gambling. The "sports" are holding indignant gatherings, or meetings.

Messrs. R. M. T. Hunter, and William Ballard Preston, have been elected Senators from the State of Virginia to the Confederate Congress. Mr. Hunter being now Secretary of State of the Confederate Government, his election to the Senate will occasion a vacancy in the Cabinet.

The operatives in the Philadelphia Navy Yard have become mutinous in consequence of the increase of their hours of labor and the diminution of their pay. A concerted strike is expected.

The Yankees are represented as being about to make one more great effort, upon which they rest their ability to subjugate the South. That they may have nothing to upbraid themselves with in case of defeat, they have even gone so far as to ask the direction and blessing of God. To this end, Friday the 17th instant, was observed, in Washington City, as a day of fasting and prayer.
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But the President is said to take the position that the troops must enlist first, and that then he will take into consideration the appointment of Gen. Price. Meanwhile the Confederacy is in danger of losing Missouri, the most important, in a military view, of all the border States. It is believed that the people and the troops would readily consent to the transfer of the latter to the Confederate service, but for the attempt, which was happily defeated, to supersede their efforts by the appointment of Col. Heth.

I may mention a rumor in this connection, that a committee of Congressmen proceeded to Manassas yesterday, charged with a request to Gen. Beauregard, that he would consent to be transferred to the military department embracing the State of Missouri. Gen. B. is almost indispensable to the Army of the Potomac, and there are many who would regret to see him leave it. It is reported that the President is entirely willing to make the transfer. Of one thing you may feel satisfied—to wit: that Gen. Beauregard will do what he believes to be best for the public service. A more loyal and unselfish patriot does not breathe within all the bounds of the Confederacy.

Work Ahead.
We suppose that the event in Kentucky, so much to be regretted by the South, will infuse more activity into the pending struggle. The incidents of the revolution are evidently taking a concentrating direction, and great struggles are near at hand it is to be hoped. The fifth act of the national drama has been brought on the stage, we believe, and the end, in which the villain is exposed and the wrong righted, is, we trust, to come before the curtain drops again. There has been an unusual and painfully prolonged time occupied in the clearing of the stage—the removal of the tables and chairs—for the final scene. We have been long tired of the supes, and trust to see no more of them. Let the actors indeed come on, and let us behold their deeds—let us see them settle the right by the wager of battle, by the strong arm, the strong will, and all the high impulses of manhood and patriotism. If we fail, let us fail. But we shall not fail! We shall conquer as sure as there is justice in this world. We shall conquer and enjoy that independence and happiness to which a great trial, a great tribulation, and great struggle with a powerful and brutal enemy will entitle us.—Richmond Dispatch.

BEREAVED HOMES.—Since the commencement of this unhallowed war, the death angel has gathered many a gem from the mother's bosom, and from his dusky wings, as he hovered over the camp of the brave, the fatal poison has fallen on many a son of hope, about whose person the tendrils of paternal affection had fondly entwined. Yet, when the hour of weeping grief has passed, and the wounded spirit is able to lip, "he died in his country's cause," what a halo of glory bursts over the tomb! Bereaved homes? Nay, say not so. They are blessed and honored altars, about which the tender affections of a nation shall gather, and from which the incense of a people's gratitude shall arise forever and forever.

WHEN TO SAY I WON'T.—If boys can only learn just the right time to say "I won't," they will escape many temptations by which others are led into evil habits. Here is a boy who had learned it. "I will not," said a little boy stoutly as I passed along. The tone of his voice struck me. "What won't you do?" I stopped and asked. "That boy wants me to 'make believe' something to my mother, and I won't," he answered in the same stout tone. The little boy is on the right track. That is just one of the places to say "won't." I hope he will stick to it. He will I feel sure.

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LATEST BY MAIL.

[From Dispatches to the Associated Press.]
The London Herald says although Mason and Slidell have been surrendered, England and France have commercial inducements to recognize the Southern Confederacy, and unless immediately recognized by the British Ministry, Parliament will certainly recognize the Confederacy early in February.
MEMPHIS, January 25, (over Tennessee River) January 25, says, Northern papers received at that place say that England, France and Spain have announced that the stone obstructions in Charleston harbor must be removed.

RICHMOND, January 25.—It was stated in Congress to-day, that a message had been received by a high official of the Government, conveying intelligence of the failure of the Burnside Expedition, most of the vessels having been wrecked. The official report of the battle of Fishing Creek, Kentucky, which has been received, considerably lessens the reported loss and extent of the defeat.

THE DEATH WATCH.—This name evidently has its origin from dark and superstitious times. It is nothing more nor less than a diminutive beetle, the little creature that perforates the round holes in old worm-eaten furniture and wood work. "The ticking," says an eminent naturalist, "is produced by striking its head against the wood," in the progress of these perforations; and yet how often has it struck terror in the minds of the attendants of the sick, and from communicating the omen to the patient, the skill of the physician has been completely baffled! Even yet, in isolated rural districts, the belief that it is the harbinger of death remains unshaken.

QUITE LOGICAL.—An old Connecticut farmer went to his parson with the following serious inquiry:
"Dr. T., do you believe in the new story they tell about the earth moving around the sun? And do you think that it is according to the Scripture? If it be true how could Joshua command the sun to stand still?"

"Hum!" quoth the doctor, scratching his cauli flower wig, "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still did he?"
"Yes," quoth the farmer.
"Well, it stood still, didn't it?"
"Yes."
"Very well; did you every hear that he set it going again?"

REASON.—Reason never walks a path so safe, nor is ever elevated to a degree of honor so eminent, as when ceasing to see with its own eyes, it sees only with the eyes of the infallible God. The jurisdiction of reason in matters of faith and Divine revelation does not extend so far, as that a doctrine should be rejected merely because it may be attended with difficulties which reason cannot solve; reason never shows itself more reasonable than when it ceases to reason about those things which are above reason.

"Humor originally meant moisture—a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, pouring from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls.

Although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

"The Soldiers' Board of Relief"

THE MEMBERS of the above named Board are requested to meet at the office of the undersigned on SATURDAY, the 8th of February next, at 12 M., to organize and enter upon their duties as prescribed by law.
Jan 29 46 J. T. WALSH, Secy.

SALT! SALT! SALT!!!

THE SUBSCRIBERS having formed a co-partnership for the purpose of manufacturing Salt on DUNN'S SOUND, near Little River, S. C., adopt this method of notifying the public that they now have their works completed, and are

MAKING SALT AT THE RATE OF ONE HUNDRED BUSHELS A WEEK.

Persons who have not yet laid in their supply of Salt for the season, will do well to call at our Salt Works for a supply, as we intend to SELL CHEAP FOR CASH. Come one, come all—we will sell GOOD SALT FOR

Three Dollars per Bushel.
W. L. GRAHAM,
OTIS EATON,
JAMES EASTUS,
W. I. GORE.
Jan 28 46