

The Horry Herald.

"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

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The Blue and the Gray.

[Decoration day was first established in the south, and on the 26th of April 1866, the ladies of Columbus, Miss., in a noble spirit of tenderness and hope for the renewed union, strewed flowers upon the graves of both Federals and Confederates. This act elicited the following poem.]

By the flow of the inland river
Whence the fleets of war have fled
Where the blades of grave grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sodden dew,
Waiting the judgement day,
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robes of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle's glory meet,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day,
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day,
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day,
Brothered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day,
Wet with the rain the Blue,
Wet with the sun the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No heavier battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day,
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.
FRANCIS MILLS FRENCH.

FLORA MACDONALD.

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In the winter of 1870 I started to follow the line of General Green's famous retreat before Cornwallis from the Catawba to the Dan, in 1781; but soon turned eastward to Fayetteville, North Carolina, where I arrived toward sunset on a mild January day. In the evening I called upon Mrs. McL., a sprightly Scotch woman and a widow, eighty-seven years of age. She was the "oldest inhabitant" in all the region. She had been brought from Scotland when she was an infant. I was told that she well remembered the notable Flora MacDonald when that lady was a resident of North Carolina. She received me very kindly, and seemed to be pleased to be questioned about the famous heroine of the Hebrides.

"I was a girl of fourteen," said Mrs. McL., "when Flora and her husband came to Cross Creek [an old name of Fayetteville.] She was then about forty years of age, not very tall, but a very handsome and very dignified woman, with fair complexion, sparkling blue eyes, the finest teeth I ever saw, and hair nearly covered with a fine lach cap and slightly streaked with white," as she had endured much trouble. Her voice was sweet music," continued Mrs. McL., "and oh, how the poor and the church missed her when she went home, after experiencing much trouble here. She was often at my mother's house when she first came, and I almost worshiped her because of her beauty and goodness."

"Is her dwelling-place here yet standing?" I inquired.
"No; it was partly burned in a great fire here about twenty years ago. As you pass from the market-house to the court-house you may see the ruins of it near the creek."

The old lady then stepped to a quaint looking chest of drawers, and taking out a dingy letter written by Flora to Mrs. McL.'s elder sister, then a maiden of twenty, handed it to me to read. It was a brief note, but an exceedingly interesting one, as it was in the bold handwriting of the heroine of Skye. I was permitted to make a copy of it and a tracing of Flora's signature. Here is a copy:
Feb. 1, 1776.

"Dear Maggie: Allan leaves tomorrow to join Donald's standard at Cross Creek, and I shall be alone with my three bairns. Canna ye com' an' stay wi' me awhile? There are

troublesome times ahead, I ween, God will keep the right. I hope a' our ain i' the right, prays your guide friend, FLORA MACDONALD."

"You see," said Mrs. McL., "she wrote her name Flora—She always did. The letter was written at her new house at Cameron Hill, near the Barbacoe Church, where the good Mr. Campbell preached as often as possible. Flora was a pious member of the Barbacoe congregation."
"Then she did not live here long?" I said.

"No; she soon moved to Cameron Hill, about twenty miles north of here."

On the day when that note was written the royal Governor of North Carolina issued a proclamation calling upon all friends of the King to assemble with arms at Cross Creek and join his standard. The Macdonalds were all staunch loyalists. They had been loyal to the Stuarts, now they were loyal to the House of Hanover. The troubles of Flora in North Carolina now began. Her husband and others, to the number of about fifteen hundred, mostly Scotchmen, readily obeyed the call of the Governor.

"Flora came with her friends," said Mrs. McL., "I remember seeing her riding along the line on a large white horse and encouraging her countrymen to be faithful to the King. Why, she looked like a queen. But she went no farther than here, and when they marched away she returned to her home. She dined with us, and the next day sister Maggie went out to Barbacoe to stay awhile with Mrs. Macdonald, as she had desired."

Nearly a month afterward these Scotch loyalists were routed, dispersed, and prisoners or killed in battle at Moore's Creek bridge. Flora's husband was among the prisoners and was sent to Halifax jail. He was soon afterward released on parole, when he left North Carolina with his family for Scotland in a British war-ship. On the way the vessel was attacked by a French cruiser, when the courage of the English seaman and marines appeared to desert them, and capture seemed inevitable. They were about to surrender when Flora appeared on deck, and by words and deeds so stimulated their spirits that they beat off the enemy and the Macdonalds were landed safely on their native soil of the Isle of Skye. During the engagement Flora was severely wounded in the hand. She remarked, when speaking of her peculiar situation, "I have hazarded my life both for the House of Stuart and the House of Hanover, and I do not see that I am a great gainer by it."

Flora Macdonald was the mother of five sons and two daughters. She retained much of her beauty and all of her loveliness of character and dignity until the last. She was always modest, always kind, always sweet and benevolent in disposition. She died early in March, 1790, and was buried in the cemetery at Kilmuir, in the Isle of Skye. Her shroud, as she had requested long before her death, was made of the sheets on which the Young Pretender, whom she helped to escape to France, reposed at the house of her kinsman, the Laird of Kingsburgh, on the night before he sailed for the continent. Two years later the remains of her husband were laid by her side. Their resting place was covered with greensward for eighty years. In 1871 a beautiful monument was erected over them.

"When the news of Flora Macdonald's death came to the Barbacoe congregation," said Mrs. McL., "a solemn funeral service was held in the church, when the Rev. Dr. Hall preached a sermon."

The venerable lady's exploit to tell the story of Flora's attempt which made her famous, but her narrative was so mixed and meager that it was unsatisfactory. I will endeavor to give the narrative as concisely and clearly as possible from the best authorities, prefacing the story with the remark that I regard my personal interview with one who had conversed with the heroine as a memorable privilege. I gratefully pressed the hand of the old lady when I bade her good-by.

The "Young Pretender," as Prince

Charles Edward Stuart of James II. of England, was called, had landed in Scotland to attempt the recovery of the British throne, from which his grandfather had been driven nearly sixty years before. He drew hosts of adherents around him. He fought battles with the English, but was finally beaten at Culloden. His followers were dispersed and he was for five months a fugitive, hunted from mountain and glen, from crag to cave, among the highlands of Scotland. He at length found a hiding place on the Isle of Uist, one of the Hebrides, and a friend in Laird Macdonald.

To the house of this Laird came his young kinswoman Flora, in June, 1746, a beautiful and romantic girl, fresh from school at Edinburg, to visit her relatives. The island was swarming with soldiers in the person of the Prince, at the head of a large number of his countrymen, who could not much longer endure the presence of the British soldiers. Lady Macdonald received a plan for his escape, no assistant willing to be sent to Scotland and sequences. Flora heard of the plan and became deeply interested. She had seen the Prince when his followers rode into Edinburg.

"Will you undertake to smuggle the Prince, Flora?" asked Macdonald.
"I will," was the prompt answer. She was joined in the enterprise by a young kinsman, Macdonald. Flora of her stepfather a passport for the island, with Neil and three other stout Irish women, whom she pretended to have engaged as a seamstress for her mother in the Isle of Skye.

Betsy Burke was the Prince in disguise. On a bright afternoon the little party embarked on Uist. A terrific storm burst upon them that night, but they reached Skye in safety the next morning. Confronted by soldiers on shore, they rowed eastward and landed near the home of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Leaving the Prince among the rocks, Flora told her secret to Lady Macdonald, who entertained them all for the night.

On the following morning Flora accompanied the Prince to Portree. She had conducted him as her servant through crowds of soldiers and people who were eagerly seeking him, for a reward of \$150,000 had been offered for his arrest. A small vessel was at Portree ready to convey the fugitive out upon the free coast of France. She bade him adieu. The prince kissed her and said, "Gentle, faithful maiden, I entertain the hope that we shall yet meet in the royal palace."

They never met again. Neil Macdonald accompanied the Prince to France, where he married and settled at Sancerre, the place of long residence of some of the Clan Macdonald who accompanied King James to the continent. His son, born there four years before the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte, became that great military leader, the eminent Marshal Macdonald.

Flora's complicity in the escape of the Prince became known, and she was taken to London with Macdonald of Kingsburgh, and others, and cast into the Tower as a prisoner of state, when George II. asked her sternly,

"How could you dare to succor the enemy of my crown and kingdom?" She replied, with sweet simplicity,

"It was no more than I would have done for your Majesty had you been in his place."

Her romantic story touched the best hearts of England with sympathy and admiration. It was so evident that Flora was not a partisan of the Young Pretender nor of his religious faith, and that she had acted from the generous and benevolent impulses of a woman's heart, that she and her kindred were pardoned and released. The house wherein she tarried a few days afterward was crowded with the nobility and gentry of both sexes, who congratulated her upon her freedom and poured money into her lap. The extreme youth and radiant beauty captivated all hearts. A chaise and four horses were provided by Lady Primrose to

convey her back to her home; and so the fair young girl who went to London to be hanged as a felon, returned in state, followed by the blessings of thousands.

Four years after her release Flora married Allan Macdonald, the son of Laird of Kingsburgh, and not long afterward she became the mistress of the mansion wherein Prince Charles slept in the Isle of Skye on the night before his escape to sea. There in 1773 she entertained Dr. Johnson and his shadow, Boswell, and allowed them to occupy the bed in which the Prince slept. Although she had then been a wife more than twenty years and the mother of several children, Dr. Johnson spoke of her as a beautiful woman, of pleasing and elegant behavior. Her visit to her relatives, the island, was then in embarrassed circumstances. They contemplated the Prince, at the head of a large number of his countrymen, who could not much longer endure the presence of the British soldiers. Lady Macdonald received a plan for his escape, no assistant willing to be sent to Scotland and sequences. Flora heard of the plan and became deeply interested. She had seen the Prince when his followers rode into Edinburg.

LOSING, LL. D.

INDUSTRY.

Importing Matting From China in Georgetown

Those who will remember reader, columns a brief account of the matting industry that was being carried on by the southern capitalists in the importation of a substitute for the matting now imported from the south coast in this County. Samples of this natural product were sent by Mr. R. E. Fraser to a gentleman in New Jersey, who has succeeded in making from the fibre a remarkably handsome piece of matting. Its flexibility is far superior to that of the ordinary straw matting and it is claimed to be equally superior in point of durability. A sample of the matting has been sent to Fraser for examination, and, judging from its appearance, it seems likely that it will meet with a ready sale.

The Morrinstown (N. J.) Democrat. The Banner published the following interesting communication from Washington in reference to the patent issued for the new process:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 21, 1888

Editors Banner:

A patent has recently been issued here which is of so much importance that a brief description of it will, I think, interest your readers. I refer to a patent for manufacturing of floor matting, similar to that now imported from China, but of finer quality, stronger, more pliable and better texture. This matting is woven on looms, while that from China is made by hand. There has never been any of this matting made before now in the United States, all of it comes from China. Therefore this will be an entire new industry, and a large one. The matting is made from rushes that grow abundantly in South Carolina. A company is now being formed in New York for its manufacture, and they have already purchased a large tract of land, upwards of 3,000 acres in Georgetown County, S. C., which is covered with rushes from which the matting is manufactured. The factory will be located on Winyah Bay, directly open to the ocean. As this matting is better and can be made cheaper than that we now import from China, it bids fair to become one of our important industries. I understand that the company proposes to also have a factory somewhere in New Jersey, and utilize the rushes that grow on the salt meadows. Some of the stock of this company is held by Morris County residents—Georgetown Enquirer.

The Visit of the Water Worm.

Almost the entire surface of the water in the two docks of Accommodation wharf was covered on Thursday morning with remarkable looking worms, the like of which have never been seen there before. They are described as many-legged, varying in length from one to three inches, and of a red color, deepening to brown at the tail. Unfortunately none of them were secured for the investigation of the Elliott Society, and what they are still remains a mystery. Later in the day the strange marine "forty-legs" disappeared.—Charleston World.

A devoted swain declares that he is so fond of his girl that he has rubbed the skin from his nose by kissing her shadow on the wall.

A SHABBY TRICK.

By Boys Who Subsequently Undid it.

A deaf old man, wearing shabby clothes and riding in a market wagon, was slowly toiling up a long hill with a load of potatoes, drawn by a poog, bony horse. Near the foot of the hill stood the schoolhouse, around which the boys were playing. As the old man passed, one of them said: "Let's go and raise the end-board of that old man's wagon and let the potatoes drop out. Won't it be jolly to see him stare when he gets to the top of the hill and finds them gone?"

"All right," says one and another; "let's go."
These boys soon caught up with the wagon, quietly raised the end-board and the potatoes dropped rapidly out and were scattered along the dusty road. The last bell rang, and in a minute the scholars were sitting quietly in their seats. Delaying the opening exercise, the teacher said:

"As I came into the school house I saw an old man picking up potatoes from the dusty road. I want to tell you something about him. At the beginning of the civil war he and his only son, a young man of twenty-three, enlisted in the army and fought in many battles until at Gettysburg he was wounded and his son killed. It was six months before he could leave the hospital to come home, and what he suffered in trying to live and get well cannot be told. Since that time he has had many aches and pains, and it has been very hard for him to earn enough to support his wife and himself. He is very lame, and has to move slowly; it will take him a long time to pick up his potatoes. People say that he never did a mean thing in his life, and he is the kindest man I know."

At the point one of the three boys raised his hand and said he would like to go out and help the old man pick up his potatoes. The other two boys quickly raised their hands, too, and offered to go. The teacher looked pleased, and gave them permission, then the school went on quietly with its afternoon work.

It was a hot day early in September, very dry and dusty, and the sun poured down upon the three boys as they hurried up the hill to the old man, who was leaning with one hand upon the wagon-box to rest.

"Mister," said one of the boys, as he stepped bravely up, "we have done a mean thing, and we are willing to say so. We lifted the end-board of your wagon to let the potatoes drop out. Now, if you will sit down in the shade of that tree, we will pick up all your potatoes for you." The old man laid his trembling hand upon the head of the boy, and looking from one to the other, said: "Well! well! my dear boys, you have done a brave thing. Never be ashamed to tell the truth or confess a fault. I will gladly sit down and rest, for I am very tired."

The boys then took the horse and wagon and spent a good hour of hard work in undoing a mischief that took them only a few minutes to plan and carry out.

When the boys returned to the school the teacher said nothing to them; everything went on as usual, only there seemed to be an uncommon thoughtfulness and attention. The pupils had learned a life-long lesson. Its value consisted in the object lesson of three boys willingly doing what they could to repair the evil effect of a mean action.

"Foul Dishonoring Word."

The News and Courier, referring to recent decisions of the supreme court of the United States, tending towards a fuller recognition of state rights, uses the following remarkable language:

"They offer a guarantee of the perpetuation of free institutions—of states indestructible with a Union indissoluble—and for this the peoples of the states which were once in rebellion are as anxious for themselves and for their children, as the peoples of any other states in the galaxy of sovereign commonwealths."

No self-respecting Southern man can advisedly use the word "Rebellion" in referring to the Secession of

the Southern States, and no Democratic newspaper of Charleston should dare use the opprobrious term. If the war of Secession was a "Rebellion" against legitimate authority then were Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson and Jefferson Davis arch traitors, and not as we have been taught to believe, the noblest advocates of constitutional liberty the world has ever seen.

"Words are things," said Daniel Webster, and we understand the dreadful import of that fact remembering the false inferences drawn by the Websters, and Storrs and Mobleys of the North from the three little words, which introduce the constitution of the United States; "We, the people."—Charleston World.

Quick Wit Wins.

Years ago into a wholesale grocery store in Boston walked a tall, muscular looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. According to the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself he asked, "You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know. What can you do?"
"Do?" said the man; "I rather guess I can turn my hands into almost anything. What do you want done?"
"Well, if I were to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well—a strong, wiry fellow, one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store and never lay it down."

"There, now, captain," said the countryman, "that is just me. I can lift anything I like to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that will suit you?"
"I'll tell you," said the merchant, "if you will shoulder this sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you a year at a hundred dollars a month."

"Done," said the stranger; and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and waited to join in the laugh against the man, who walked up to the sack, threw it over his shoulder with perfect ease, as it was not extremely heavy, and walked with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook, which was fastened to the wall, and hanging it up, turned around to the surprised merchant and said:

"There, now, it may hang there till doomsday; I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and a hundred dollars a month, and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant, discomfited, yet satisfied, kept his agreement. To-day that backwoodsman is the senior partner in the firm and worth a million dollars.

An Oriental Legend.

REV. EZRA ISAAC.

Among some old manuscripts of his family, the writer had found the following extract, made by one of his ancestors. The legend has frequently been quoted by others in various forms. The quaint and different rendering of it, in this instance, induces the writer to give his translation of the same: "When Noah was planting the vineyard, Satan asked him, 'What good will it do?' 'It will make glad the heart of man,' says the patriarch. 'Let me go into partnership with thee,' says the Adversary. 'And what good will that do?' asks Noah. 'I will cause the wine to strengthen (lit., to harden) man's heart,' answers the Evil One. Not discerning the subtlety of the expression, Noah accepted the offer. Satan brought four animals as his share in the business—a sheep, a lion, an ape, and a sow. Killing these, he let their blood run into the roots of the vine. 'What is this for?' cried Noah. 'These are the four stages a drunkard shall have to pass through. By taking a little, he becomes as simple as a sheep, allowing everybody to shear him. A little more, he imagines himself a lion,—none so violent as he. A little more, he becomes a monkey,—jumping and dancing, and imitating all foolishness. And a little more, he is turned into a sow that walloweth in the mire, forfeiting the good both of this world and of that which is to come.'—S. S. Times.

A Negro Mayor.

WREATHLAND, CAL., April 13.—E. P. Duplex, a colored Republican, was elected mayor to-day. He is the first colored man honored with such a position on the Pacific coast.

Progress and Poverty: Western Man—Oh, you folks are too slow. Why don't you build up towns the way we do?

Progress and Poverty: Western Man—Oh, you folks are too slow. Why don't you build up towns the way we do?

Some Smart Things.

Sold again—second-hand goods. The man who wages not is better than a better.

"Small potatoes produce small potatoes," is an anarchist motto.

Many a homely, unattractive girl gets a husband on account of her poor value.

It is said that the poet Goethe's death was hastened by his hearing an American pronounce his name.

When is a theater manager like a dog?
Answer—When he lies about his house.

A man down in Oldtown, Me., never ate an oyster, and yet he has attended church fairs regularly all his life.

Evolution—Tight boots make a corn, corn makes whisky, whisky makes a man tight in his boots.

Daly's Theater is showing "The Railroad of Love." Passengers change cars at Chicago on that road.

One of the western ranches is owned and managed by a woman. She is probably, the cow-belle of the west.

No, of course we don't want our wheat receipts to fall off. Don't amount to much, but kind o' goes against the grain.

England pays \$15,000,000 a year for imported eggs. Neither the sun nor the hen seems to "set" on British territory.

An all-round wag has placed the following placard over his coal bin: "Not to be used except in case of fire." The cook's relatives are in consternation.

An exchange speaks of "Death's Fatal Work." When death tackles a job his work is generally fatal. There may be exceptions, but they are not on record.

"What two rivers in New England ask and answer a question?" Hoo-sic and Passumic.

Sensational Suicide of a Society Young Woman.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Bessie Hillyar, daughter of Judge Hillyar, who created a sensation here recently by jilting a son of Comptroller Trenholm and eloping with Grassie Bulkey, committed suicide this morning with poison. Several days ago she took poison, but was saved by prompt treatment. She was still very sick and her mother was sent for yesterday. The girl seemed to have a horror of meeting her mother and this morning took a second and fatal dose.

Miss Hillyar, it will be remembered, was engaged to a son of Comptroller of Currency Trenholm, and on the eve of the marriage with him eloped to Baltimore with Grassie Bulkey, a young bank clerk. After the marriage she returned to her home, and owing to the opposition of her parents did not see her husband for some days. Finally a meeting was had, and through the intervention of Senator Stewart, a friend of the family, they assumed marital relations. Within a fortnight, however, she left her husband and returned to her father's home, where she has since been, both parties declining absolutely to speak or reason.

No official investigation of the suicide has been made, and there are no new developments up to this hour.—Charleston World.

An International Burst.

NEW YORK, April 13.—The suspension of the American Exchange in Europe, limited, was reported to-day, and William C. Boone, treasurer of the company, was appointed receiver by Judge Lacombe. The liabilities are about \$4,000,000. The company was formed in 1880, under the English limited liability law, with an authorized capital of \$5,000,000, of which \$780,000 was paid in, and succeeded to the business of H. F. Gillig & Co., which had been established in 1878, paying \$800,000 in stock for the purchase. Henry F. Gillig remained as vice president and manager. The Hon. Joseph R. Hawley was president.

Trick of a Telephone Girl.

The young man had been trying to tell her how madly he loved her for over an hour, but couldn't pluck up the courage.

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Featherly," she said, "I think I hear a ring at the telephone," and in her queenly way she swept into an adjoining room.

Presently she returned and then his mad passion found a voice.

"I am sorry, Mr. Featherly," she said, "to cause you pain, but I am already engaged. Mr. Sampson, learning that you were here, has urged his suit through the telephone."