

Advertisements. One Square, first insertion... \$1.50. Every subsequent insertion... 1.00. Containing Advertisements inserted upon the most reasonable terms.

The Darlington Democrat.

BY E. P. LUCAS.

"Man's noblest mission to advance, His woe assuage, his woe enhance, His rights enforce, his wrongs redress."

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, GENERAL INTELIGENCE AND INDUSTRIAL IMPROVEMENTS. VOLUME 2. DARLINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1869. NO. 1.

Job Department.

The above Department will be promptly attended to, and all work in this line executed on the most satisfactory terms. We will furnish at short notice LAW BLANKS, HAND BILLS, POSTERS, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING CARDS, BILL HEADS, PAMPHLETS, LABELS.

TIMMONSVILLE CARRIAGE AND BUGGY MANUFACTORY.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Darlington and adjoining Counties that he is prepared to put up in the best style and at the lowest rates, Buggies, Carriages, Wagons, Carts, &c. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

Onward! Upward!! Having met with success, far beyond our expectation, in the publication of the CHARLOTTE OBSERVER, we take this method of offering our papers, Daily, Tri-weekly and Weekly, as among the best advertising mediums in Western North Carolina.

ARLINGTON MUTUAL Life Insurance Company. INSURE YOUR LIFE! Insure in Arlington Company! 1st. Because it is the Best Company. 2nd. Because it is the Cheapest. 3rd. Its Dividends are Higher than any other.

CHERAW MARBLE WORKS. THE undersigned informs his friends and the public generally that he has resumed his business, since the late fire, and keeps constantly on hand a fine and select stock of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, TABLETS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, HEAD STONES, &c.

SOAP MAKING.—Put in a strong barrel twenty-five pounds of potash, broken into small pieces. Pour over it four and a half pails full of boiling water. Stir well, let stand twelve hours or more, and then dip off carefully three and a half pails of the clean lye into another barrel.

If You Want GOOD SODA AND CREAM TARTAR, GO TO HART, PARKER & CO. TURNIP SEED. OF all kinds, for sale at HART, PARKER & CO. OSTENDORFF & CO., Wholesale Grocers, DEALERS IN LIQUORS & SEGARS.

Poetical.

Jewels Not in Rhyme. We commend the following to all whom it may concern. There is truth as well as poetry in it, that should sink deep into every delinquent's heart, and cause him to come to time, that he may enjoy the sweets of a conscience void of offense towards the printers and proprietors.

How happy are they, Who the printers pay, And have squar'd up for one year or more; Tongues cannot express, The great joy of the press, When delinquents have paid the old score.

Selected Story. JANIE BROWN'S VACATION IN THE COUNTRY. BY HANNAH HOPPER.

"How hot and dusty and close the city seems to me, now I know that I shall be in the country next week," said Janie Brown, standing at the shop window and looking down into the busy, noisy street.

"Don't talk about it to me, Janie, I am afraid I shall become uneasy and dissatisfied if you do," said pale-faced Mariel Lane, bending low over the handsome dress she was trimming, and brushing away the tears that would spring to her eyes, lest they might fall upon the costly fabric in her lap.

"My little blind sister, Daisy," said Mariel, forgiving me for sometimes thinking you were close and stinky because you always dress so plain, and never buy nice things to eat like the other girls, but you never told me about it, so why should I know that you had a little blind sister care for?"

"I do not blame you," said Mariel, "working steadily at the dress. 'I do not care so much about going in the country myself, but if I were only able to send Daisy there for a few weeks. She is a delicate little thing, and I know the country air will do her so much good.'"

"My dear little thing! I know it would, too. Let me go home with you to-night, Mariel, and see her." Daisy, the blind girl, sat in a dingy little room, on a dingy street, with her pale cheek pressed against the window-pane, listening anxiously for the step of Mariel, her sister.

"O! so very, very much," said the blind girl; "but Mariel can't afford it. She works so hard every day, poor dear Mariel, because, you know, I am blind and cannot help her. Only for that I would not mind being blind. But it would be so very, very nice to go away from the city. I am so tired of the smoke and the noise."

Masonic.

The Lack of Moral Principle. Noah Webster, in one of his definitions of "principle," says: "It is a settled law or rule of action in human beings." This particular definition of a "principle," we adopted for ourselves on arriving at the years of discretion or common understanding, and have endeavored to adhere to it through life as a "rule of action," and we feel sad to see around us such a multitude of men who never adopted anything to be governed by, but are mere floaters on the great sea of humanity.

Among the profane this lack of principle is disgraceful, but among Masons it is criminal. In the examination of the character of a petitioner for the mysteries, this is the first point to be inquired into, for upon it hangs the whole future life of that Mason, in case he is elected. The lack of moral principle is much more prevalent than most persons imagine. It exists among that large family of nondescripts whom you cannot place any where, and you can not rely upon them as friends or enemies. They blow hot and cold with the last man who talks to them, and will side with any question for the mere sake of popularity or policy.

"Come in, come in," said the woman, and Janie opened the gate and walked through into the beautiful lawn with Daisy's hand in hers. The little blind girl put her slender white fingers in the water and felt of the beautiful shells, and as they wandered over the smooth little pebbles and sea shells of every kind, she laughed with delight.

"Poor child!" said the woman, "poor child!" and she crossed over to where Daisy stood and laid her hand caressingly on her shoulder. "What is your name, my child?" "Daisy Lane."

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Miscellaneous.

The Stove Scandal. "George, the Count Johannes, of the Supreme Court of New York," publishes a long article refuting Mrs. Stow's charge against Byron. We make this extract: SOLEMN DENIAL BY LORD BYRON ON HIS DEATH-BED.

In a conversation I had with the late Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington—the warrior of Waterloo—and having read my "Biography of General Harrison," I was pleased to say that he wished such a pen would do him justice after his death, in regard to the only event of his life in which justice had not been done, viz: "It is said that I could have saved the life of the brave Marshal Ney. I could not. I tried. —But King Louis XVIII was inexorable." The Duke of Wellington then told me the circumstances of proof, which are now in my manuscript autobiography.

There is no revelation, human or divine since the creation of the world, that does honor to or moral towards, and the only use that has ever been made of them has been as tools in the hands of some more ingenious coward to do dirty and mean work.

There is, however, another proof more solemn. When a man is assassinated, and in his dying moments he proclaims his murderer, it is proof of the criminal, and all other dying confessions are received with equal reverential solemnity. I now transfer the reader to the death-bed of Lord Byron at Missolonghi, on April 29th, A. D. 1824.

There were present among others, Count Pietro Gamba, the brother of the Countess Guiccioli; Teclaway, of Cornwall; William Fletcher, the vallet, and Colonel the Hon. Leicester Stanhope, afterwards the Earl of Harrington. This gentleman honored me with his friendship to the day of his death, extending over a period from 1834 for more than twenty years. I was intimate with him in his confidence, and often was his invited guest in London and at Ashburnham House, his country residence.

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Miscellaneous.

Several of our contemporaries of the Georgia press are discussing the question of the formation of a new party, "embracing all the elements of opposition to radicalism." It is urged that the retention of the Democratic organization, with that name, is an obstacle to the overthrow of the radicals, and some new organization ought to be formed against the prejudices engendered by former political contests could not be maintained.

To KILL NUT GRASS.—Editors Southern Cultivator—I will tell you how to "kill nut grass without killing the land." On the plantation, where I lived in 1840, there was a large pen which was filled, in the fall, with straw and leaves from six to eight feet deep, which the cattle of the place were penned during the winter. In the spring, the manure was hauled into the fields, and directly nut grass sprang up in thick spots within the pen. I had it hoed every morning until the pen was filled in the fall. In the following spring, when the pen had again been emptied I noticed the grass springing up, but the spots were fewer and thinner. I started my boy again to hoeing it every morning and, by fall, had it entirely extirpated.

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