

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE AND INDUSTRIAL IMPROVEMENTS. VOLUME 2. DARLINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 2, 1870. NO. 15. \$2.50 PER ANNUM.

STRAY LEAVES.

BY A SOLDIER.

The difference between winning and losing? Who does not know it? In the world's eye it is generally the difference between right and wrong. Spread-eagle oratory may extol suffering patriotism; but the praise is after suffering is past, and if suffering patriotism chances to go down, while triumphant despotism goes up, the whole affair is changed, and patriotism is damnable rebellion; while despotism is enthroned and worshiped by the adoring multitude.

Washington was a rebel of the first water, but he succeeded and became *pater patriae*. Jeff Davis was no worse a rebel; but he failed, and the descendants of rebels of '76, curse the rebels of '62.

Reader, we will not murmur at our lot; yet we cannot help a momentary sigh when we remember, that had Jeff Davis succeeded, these aimless sleeves, and wooden legs, and other scars of battle would have given their owners proud pre-eminence; and we cannot but ask, shall they not meet with such a reward any way? It is no sin against God or country, to say they should. Let us not forget the men who fought, suffered and bled to avert just the fate we endure to-day. Let no person of the victorious North, hush the thrilling "well done," which they deserve at our hands. Let the pen of the historian tell to generations to come, how bravely they bore themselves on the battle field; how they met the toils of the weary march, and endured the hardships of the tentless bivouac; let the poet sing in immortal verse, how Southern heroes maintained the cross of the country on scores of enanguined fields. It is our due. Let the children learn to be proud of the record of their sires, that in the next decade it may be a great honor to say, "My father followed Hampton," or "my brother died in Virginia," or "my boys lie in the cemetery at Marietta." It will be so. These martyrs for the truth's sake will yet wear their crowns of martyrdom woven by the tongues and pens of grateful countrymen.

We had heroes in the struggle through which we passed; heroes before whose shades Grant, Sherman and Butler, and all their peers shrink into pigmy proportions. We had heroes too. Would to God every one of these had a historian? What a record would their lives make! What wonders would their history reveal!

I do not propose to take the place of the historian; but I do propose to give a truthful history—names excepted—of a few days in the life of one of the Southern heroes—mine shall be an unvarnished tale—only too true in all its facts.

The fire roared and crackled in the chimney, and its ruddy blaze lit up the countenance of the grave, but cheerful man, who sat knitting away in the easy chair in the corner. Upwards of sixty years had left a trace of silver in her hair, and some wrinkles on her face; but the fire of younger days still glowed in her countenance and sparkle from her eyes. Can it be possible, I thought, that this lady passed through all the sufferings of these years of sorrow, and yet retains so much vigor, and life and energy in that frail looking frame? It was even so.

I broke in upon her reverie with a question relating to my own thoughts, and said, "So you remained at home during all those terrible months when the enemy reared up and down this valley, did you?" "Yes," she replied, "all the time, I could not give up home. Mr. Hart was compelled to do so. He was a thorough rebel. We were all Southern in our views and feelings. When South Carolina set up for herself, we wanted her to be alone. When coercion was determined upon, we saw clearly the shadows of a great conflict looming up in the near future, and at once arrayed ourselves under the Southern banner. But neighbors were Unionists. Many a stout argument we held around the fire-side; and many the efforts we made to induce them to join us in defence of our rights and liberties. Some were convinced and yielded; others were immovably devoted to the Union. With them it was the Union, right or wrong; the Union forever! This division of sentiment grew at length into bitter hate, and eventually compelled the flight of Mr. Hart, and all who sympathized with the Southern cause. I determined to stay by the old homestead."

"Where did the boys go to?" I asked, referring to the names she had mentioned before.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

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HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure and Rich Blood—Increase of Flesh and Weight—Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion—SECURED TO ALL.

Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.

It is formed by three classes of Mason, who receive ten degrees of instruction. The classes or degrees do not designate such or such grades, but are the generic names of collections, which need only to be developed to the utmost degrees of which they are capable, in order to evolve an almost infinite number of degrees. Thus the first six degrees indicate the knowledge of the grades available to those which they compose, that is to say: First Class, 1. Apprentice; 2. Fellow Craft; 3. Master, in all the Rites. Second Class, 4. Under the title of Perfect Master, Elc., Architect; 5. Under the title of Sublime Rite; 6. Under the title of Knight of the Sword, Knight of the East Prince of Jerusalem. Third Class, First Chapter of Rose Croix—It preserves those branches of knowledge which in some *regimes* settle the Masonic worship, and attract the veneration of a great many respected brethren. Second Chapter of Rose Croix—It is the repository of his historical documents, very curious in their kind, connection, and variety. Third Chapter of Rose Croix—It occupies itself with all that Masonic, Physical and Philosophical knowledge whose products can have an influence upon the material and moral well-being of temporal man. Fourth and last Chapter, called Chapter of the Brothers Rose Croix, or the Grand Rosary—It astiduously studies the specialties, Ontology—the Science of Existence—Psychology, Pneumatology, in a word, all the branches of those sciences which are termed occult or secret; their special object being to restore the intellectual man to, and reinstate him in, his rank and his primitive rights.

At Columbus, Ohio, they had a baptizing not long since. It didn't turn to be a success, because the minister took a derky first and after sloshing him around in the tank, asked several young ladies to step in, who were all prepared. They wouldn't go in unless he changed the water, and he told them he would see them darned first. That's the way the matter rested at last accounts.

A Yankee one day asked his lawyer how an *hess* might be carried off. "You cannot do it with safety," said the counsellor, "but I'll tell you what you may do. Let her mount a horse and hold a bridle-whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you." The next day the lawyer found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

A clergyman in Virginia, writing to some friends, says: "Yesterday, at half-past three o'clock, I preached the funeral sermon of a man; and today, at the same hour, I married his widow to another man."—*Exchange*.

A V-ster editor has placed over his marriage heading a cut representing a large trap spring, with the motto, "The trap down; another *henny* caught."

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boasting. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

"Look at that ragged hem of your dress, my dear; why don't you bind it over?" said a thrifty mamma to her careless daughter. "I intend doing so, ma."

"Then do it at once, or we shall have words."

"Oh, no mamma, dear," replied the young lady, "I promise to bind it over to keep the peace."

An old lady, who pretends to "know all about it," says the only way to prevent explications is to make the explications "hile the water on shore." In her opinion, "all the bustin' is done by cookin' the steam on board the boat."

K. D. CHARLES, ATTORNEY AT LAW. TIMMONSVILLE, S. C.