

THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

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NO. 48.

CURRENT TOPICS.

WHAT YOU KNOW AND WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW.

Personals and Short Items of Interest to the Local and General Reader.

Mrs. G. E. Dargan is visiting relatives in Camden.

Miss Pauline Dennis is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hearon.

Mrs. T. E. Norment is visiting her parents in Charleston.

Capt. J. S. Fairley, of Charleston, was in town last week.

Miss Mary Lucas, of Society Hill, is visiting Miss Bessie James.

Mr. Frank Wardlaw has returned from a trip to Pittsfield, Mass.

Miss Nonie Williamson has gone to Saldade to spend some weeks.

Mr. Laurin Parrott, of Sumter, spent part of last week in town.

Mrs. Zimmerman and Mr. Bunch are both living in their new houses.

Miss Bessie Williamson left on Wednesday for a trip to the sea coast.

Mr. C. B. Edwards and family left on Wednesday for Cleveland Springs.

The pastor of the Baptist church will return in time to hold services on Sunday.

Mr. Harry Andrews left on Monday for a short sojourn at Cleveland Springs.

Dr. McGirt and family have gone to Gallivan, Marion county, to spend several weeks.

Miss Ella Davis, of Camden, who has been visiting Mrs. G. E. Dargan, returned to her home last week.

Miss Jennie Rast left yesterday to spend several weeks with friends in Charleston and Orangeburg.

The Misses Lide, daughters of Rev. T. P. Lide, of Harlin City, are visiting their numerous relatives in Darlington.

The Rev. J. E. Carlisle has been granted a vacation by the Methodist church, but has not decided when to leave.

Mr. S. A. Woods returned home last week after spending some time on the sea coast, with his sister, Mrs. W. Mc. Buck.

Miss Addie DesChamps, of Sumter, who has been spending some weeks with Miss Josephine McCall, left for home Monday.

Mr. J. J. Blackie, a member of the Pee Dee Artillery, came all the way from New York, where he now resides, to attend the reunion.

Mr. N. L. Harrell and Dr. W. J. Garner left Wednesday for Tate's Spring, Tenn., from which place they will extend their trip over parts of Tennessee and Virginia.

Miss Saide Rhett, of Charleston, who has been spending several weeks with Miss Bessie Williamson, left on Wednesday for Pendleton, S. C., where she will spend the balance of the summer.

Misses Mammie and Lula Vass, who have been visiting friends in the county, returned to their home at Greenwood on Monday. They were accompanied by Miss Janie Howie, who will spend some time with them at their home.

Mr. J. W. Blackwell returned from a visit to his brother, Mr. J. A. Blackwell, on Friday and brought with him an immense watermelon grown on the farm of the latter. It weighed sixty pounds, and was as fine a specimen as we have ever seen. Mr. Blackwell has a great many others nearly as large.

Rev. J. Y. Law and family left on Tuesday for a two months' stay on Sullivan's Island. While there he will fill the pulpit of the first Presbyterian church in Charleston. There will be no regular supply at his church here, but arrangements will be made to hold services occasionally during the absence of the pastor. The regular round of union services, at night, will go on as usual.

We are indebted to Rev. J. G. Law for a copy of the minutes of the Pee Dee Presbytery, from which we extract the following figures: Churches, 25; Elders, 80; Deacons, 71; Communicants, 1,418; Ministers, 11; Candidates for the ministry, 3. The financial reports show that the Darlington church is the strongest financially and that the various assessments, placed upon this church, have been paid in full. The church here has 182 members.

The water pipes will be extended on Cashua to Oak street, and from there to the residence of Capt. Coker at the end of the street. This would be a good time for the residents on Cashua street to have the pipes extended as far as Ervin street. It would be well also for the Broad and Pearl street residents to do the same and thereby have plenty of water in case of fire, to say nothing of the convenience of having it for other purposes. Neither the town council or the Water Company can afford to lay the pipes unless the people will use the water, the cost of which is very reasonable.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Editors Take Possession of the Capital City.

The meeting of the State Press Association, in Columbia last week was a very pleasant and successful one, and all the editors seemed to enjoy the brief relaxation from their labors. The attendance was very large and the Association was strengthened by the addition of a good many new members. The representatives hall was courteously placed at the disposal of the Association and the meetings were held in this large and beautiful room. Whatever may have been the opinion of the public as to the amount of wisdom possessed by the members of the Association, as compared with that of the legislature and of other bodies that have met in this historic place, it was beyond dispute the most good-natured and quiet assemblage that has ever assembled in the capital, and all its proceedings were marked by the utmost decorum and dignity. However much the editors may pitch into each other through their respective papers, they always bury the hatchet at these annual meetings and nothing is said or done that could in the slightest way wound the feelings of the most sensitive.

The Mayor extended a cordial welcome to the city to which President Wallace responded with his usual dignity and grace. The members all took a lively interest in the proceedings and we are sure that they were all, especially the young ones, very much profited by what they heard in regard to the work of managing a newspaper. The essays were all practical and instructive, written as they were by practical newspaper men who do not write unless they have something good to say, and that, too, in as few words as possible. It was a matter of profound regret when President Wallace announced that his retirement from the field of journalism would force him to decline a re-election to the position that he had held for a number of years. Hugh Wilson, of the Abbeville Press and Banner was elected President in the place of Mr. Wallace, and in a few appropriate words thanked the Association for the honor it had conferred upon him. Mr. C. H. Prince, the efficient secretary, and to whose untiring energy is due the credit of arranging all the details of the trip to the World's Fair, also declined re-election, but the Association just simply would not listen to him and elected him to the place unanimously. The members of the Association were shown every courtesy by the officials and citizens of Columbia, and were so favorably impressed that it was decided to meet there again next year. On Thursday afternoon the members were taken in carriages and driven over the city and all its sights pointed out to them, after which they were given a ride in the electric cars. At night they were entertained by a fine banquet, at which there was some good speaking which was very much enjoyed by all who were present. If there is a place where the people are more courteous and hospitable than those of Columbia we would like for some one to name it. We regret that owing to the pressure on our columns we are unable to give a more detailed account of the proceedings of the Association.

During the banquet on Thursday night, Mr. C. H. Prince, the secretary, was surprised and, as the saying goes, almost taken off his feet by being made the recipient of a fine gold watch as a testimonial from the Association in recognition of his arduous work in arranging for a trip to the World's Fair.

Another Fire.

The residence of Mr. Charlie Williams, on Broad street, was consumed by fire about half-past eleven o'clock on Tuesday night. The fire originated in the kitchen and had gained considerable headway before being discovered. The family had to get out very hurriedly and only saved a few articles. Mr. Williams estimates his loss at about \$1,100. He is not certain, owing to the absence of the insurance agent, as to the amount of his insurance, and fears that it is very light. The loss is a severe one to Mr. Williams, and one that he can ill afford. The fire was out of reach of the water pipes and the engine could not be used. The fire had made considerable progress when discovered.

The town was visited with a very fine rain on Tuesday afternoon, which will be a great help to cotton and peas. There was a great deal of electricity in the clouds, more than there has been at any other time during this summer, and nervous folks were pretty badly frightened by the vivid flashes of lightning. Some of the electric lights on the west side of the square went out, but there was no damage done either to the wires or to the works, as they are perfectly insulated.

If any of our citizens would like to take a very cheap trip to Mount Airy, N. C., they will please call at his office for information.

THE REUNION

OF THE SURVIVORS OF PEE DEE ARTILLERY.

A Royal Repast--The Election of Officers--Eloquent Address of Major Armstrong.

The thirtieth annual reunion of the Pee Dee Artillery took place at the Mineral spring on Friday of last week, and was well attended by the old veterans of that famous command. The day was pleasantly spent in reviving recollections of war times, and in telling jokes on different members of the company. Advancing years have not taken away the appetites of these battle-scared warriors, and the full justice to the ample dinner that was provided for the occasion, and such a dinner that the sight of, thirty years ago, would have made them think that they were in Fairy Land. Maj. James Armstrong, the orator of the day, and Capt. J. S. Fairley, both of Charleston, were the special guests of the day.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, James Lawhon; first vice president, J. J. Blake; second vice president, J. W. Brunson; executive committee, R. McLendon, J. E. Pettigrew, J. H. Cole.

This command has the honor of having inaugurated the movement in favor of paying pensions to the needy old soldiers, and steps were taken with a view of having these pensions increased. The secretary was instructed to send copies of these resolutions to the senators and representatives of Florence and Darlington counties.

Maj. Armstrong delivered the following address to a vast concourse of patriotic citizens:

LADIES, FRIENDS, COMRADES:

It was nothing unusual for the Pee Dee Artillery to surprise the enemy, and now the survivors of that spirited and splendid company have surprised one of their most devoted friends. When my dear old comrade, Elihu Muldrow, apprised me of the fact that the survivors of the battery wished me to be present at their reunion and address them, he did not mention that I would have to face a battery, or rather a battalion of beauty; probably he had heard of my lamentable failure in the lists of love, and concluded that I might not attend if informed that the gentler sex were to be present. A letter written by "Elihu" from Ebenezer, had an evocative sound, and this enchanting scene has an Eve-Angelic significance. The gallant gentleman who has complimented me so handsomely omitted to mention that I was one of the few officers of Maxey Gregg's old regiment that remained true to his Carolina chime, and did not flirt with the lovely Virginia girls. Captain Keith Dargan's reason for being silent on that subject is highly commendable; he wished to spare my feelings, which was more than she did, for she married a handsomer man.

This beautiful scene recalls the ancient sentence of Simonides that "A picture is a silent poem, and a poem a speaking picture." This favored spot! The memorial in marble, mute as are the lips of the silent sleepers whose virtue and valor it commemorates; yet how eloquent a proof of woman's work and woman's worth--the noble women of the South represented here to-day. The survivors of the Confederate army, who illustrated the highest order of courage and patriotism. The fair young maidens, daughters--the gallant young men, sons--of heroes. These, my friends, conjoin to make a poem that is matchless in its melody, sublime in its simplicity; a picture grand in its grouping, revealing the lights and shadows which enroiled the cause of the Confederacy. This is the home of the Darlington Guards, one of the finest companies of our citizen soldiery that nobly upheld the fair fame of Carolina throughout the stirring past. Captain Thompson, your corps recalls the dawn of the days and deeds that are no more. The beautiful sky of that April morn in Charleston harbor--the early sunbeams sparkling upon St. Michael's spire, the flashing from St. Finbar's Cross; burnishing as with gold, the undulating breast of our beauteous bay, and kissing the folds of our flags that so proudly floated in the balmy breeze; the sound of the war canon--the faces and forms of our men, whose breasts glowed with patriotic ardor, and whose hearts thrilled with valor and devotion.

I have been asked to address my old comrades of the Pee Dee Artillery, and I comply with their gracious request as cheerfully, as they promptly rallied to the standard of the State in 1861, leaving their peaceful and pleasant homes, the sweet society of the loving and loved ones, to face danger and to defy death. I shall not attempt to describe the emotions which swell up in my breast at meeting, after an absence of twenty-eight years, the

men with whom it was my privilege to serve in the grand old army of Northern Virginia; to whom I am attached by ties as strong as they are sacred, by memories sad and sublime, by associations as loving and inspiring, as ever pulsed the heart and stirred the depths of its devotion.

It is beyond the power of human speech fittingly to express the thoughts that crowd upon my mind, as I look into your faces, listen to your familiar voices--faces which have been mirrored in my memory--voices that have fallen upon the ear of fancy ever since the fearful field of Appomattox was the scene of the surrender of the heroic remnant of the army, of which you were a part from its formation, and to the unsurpassed, unsurpassable, fame of which your contributed services as splendid, fidelity as unchangeable, courage as unflinching, fortitude as unshakable, a self sacrifice as sublime, as that of any other command which fought beneath the Southern Cross. Not even the desolation of defeat, or the wearied years which divide us from the scenes through which we pass along the perilous path of duty, have lessened the light which illumines the noble and heroic deeds done in defence of principles enshrined in every Southern breast.

This day marks a memorable event in the chronicles of the South. The daring deeds it commemorates are inscribed in the Pantheon of fame, in characters as eternal as the sunlight which beam upon yonder monument to Darlington's martyr dead, as unextinguishable as the stars that gem the dome of night, shedding their soft, silvery light upon the scattered graves, in which shrouded and coffinless so many of our Confederate comrades rest in untroubled sleep. Thirty-two years ago to-day that fine and splendid company, the survivors of which it is my pride to address, was enrolled for the war, then being waged against the South, and from that time until the close of the struggle the Pee Dee Artillery was in the field fighting for Southern liberty.

I remember the day you arrived in Virginia, and it was not long until we became warm friends. We passed a delightful time, enjoying Virginia hospitality of the kindest strain. Owens was mail carrier. How longingly you looked for letters from home and when one of those tender, treasured missives was received the happy individual would hurry to some sheltered, secluded nook, to commune in spirit with the charming maiden to whom he had pledged his troth, whom, when the cruel war was over, he hoped to wed and enjoy the bliss of married life. Some were disappointed at not hearing from their sweetheart and sought solace in the society of the Suffolk ladies, and forgot blighted hopes in innocent flirtations. Nothing serious, for you were lively as you listened to the sparkling and sportive sayings of the village belles, who favored "Camp Hugger" almost daily with their winsome presence, to witness dress parade, and watch the regiment as it double quicked to the familiar air of the "Prarie Flower." Elihu Muldrow, in his letter reminded me of those dreamy and delightful days when our hearts were as light as our purses. His letter conveyed the honor you conferred upon me and it caused my blood to throb in every pulse, and to tingle in every vein, as he formerly mentioned that he and his brother survivors still remember their comrade of the "Irish Volunteers," whom he was pleased to term "the smooth faced, boy Adjutant." No more a boy, for time and its sad mutations have long since removed the freshness and buoyancy of youth. He was a smooth faced boy when you first met him, and his temerity in trying to entertain this select audience, will induce many present to say that he is bare faced still.

I mentioned that the Pee Dee Artillery shared in the earliest triumph of the Army of Northern Virginia. The first star that shone in the sky of its fame was at Gaines' Mill, and its first sheet of flame which reddened the front of that fight, flashed forth from your guns; its reverberation intoning your manly voices as you responded to the glowing appeal of Capt. David G. McIntosh, when, with glittering blade he pointed to the flag presented to you by the patriotic ladies of Darlington, and told you to defend its sacred folds, and die rather than let it be lowered in disgrace. That flag is here to-day, blood-stained and battle-torn.

Throughout war and woof, with every silken strand, are interwoven the trophies of many a battle, the trials and terrors through which you passed. It was furling in defeat, but has never been touched by a hostile hand, and is as stainless of disgrace, as it was when committed to Keith Dargan by Gen. Maxey Gregg. Over the precious, priceless relic, which reverently touch, as sacredly as a mother's kiss upon the cold cheek of her dear, dead, darling boy, many tears of sorrow have been shed, but thank God, and I say it with deep and due reverence--with these tears of sorrow, there have been no tears of shame. From Meadow Ridge to Malvern Hill the roar of your guns

was heard among the death dealing artillery, which did so much to dislodge McClellan's great army. Your captain complimented you on the coolness and courage you displayed, and the infantry acknowledged the invaluable aid you rendered them. At Warrenton Springs the skillful firing of the Pee Dee Artillery elicited the commendation of the lion-hearted General A. P. Hill. "Approbations from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."

You will remember the day we captured the supplies at Manassas Junction, our Federal friends having left hurriedly. The sutlers' stores were packed with choice comforts--caldrons of "real coffee," barrels of lemonade, hams, cigars, canned goods, crackers, Rhine Wine and cheese. We had badly been in need of food. We had received rations of fresh beef, but there was no salt. A member of the regiment emptied part of a cartridge into his floor, and after mixing the mess with water, and kneading it, placed it on embers to bake. He had heard there was salt-petre in gun powder. He came near going to St. Peter. We were so much confused in the sutler shop that we did not know what to take. I came out with a box of cigars and two bottles of wine. In mentioning the circumstance to a lovely lady after the war (she was the wife of a gallant general whom we knew and loved) she remarked that I could not have been very much confused, to judge from the articles I came off with.

How heartily Gen. Gregg praised the Pee Dee Artillery for their splendid services at second Manassas, in supporting his brigade, and scattering column after column of Federal infantry. You will recall the fact that for hours we had to bear the brunt of the battle, for reinforcements did not arrive until late in the afternoon. It was a time of trial, of terror--the firing was continuous, the Federal forces outnumbering ours three to one. The sheets of flame from their rifles lighted up the line. You were hidden from our view by the curling smoke rising from your guns, along aside of which you stood as determinedly and defiantly as the Spartans at the pass of Thermopylae. At Harper's Ferry you fired the first signal gun for the attack, fortunately the enemy surrendered. You received two cannon--a Napoleon, taken with French leave--a rifle, rifled from the enemy. At Sharpsburg and Shepherdstown you did effective service.

The famous field of Fredericksburg rises before the recollection, and we again see our old antagonists, with whom we had been grappling since June who had twice changed commanders, whom disappointments did not discourage, or defeat dishearten. That December day presented as splendid a spectacle as war's dread drama ever introduced; one which we to-day recall with feelings of pride, mingled with emotions of sorrow. It was a great, a costly triumph, for the snow-clad slopes were crimsoned with the rich, red life tide that ebbed from the best and bravest of soldiers. Staffords' heights trembled beneath the shock of Burnside's Artillery protecting the advance of his divisions, which, marched steadily to death. They charged up the slippery slope in the face of a withering fire of artillery and infantry. Valiantly, but vainly, they tried to reach the line held by Longstreet's veteran corps, before the well directed fire of which they fell as fast as dead, dried leaves beneath the blasts of autumn. The men of McLaws' Division could see the green spots in the caps of Meagher's Brigade, who, when the brilliant charge was checked, and with decimated ranks they had to retreat were not far from the Confederate columns. You were posted to the left of Hamilton's Crossing, where A. P. Hill's Light Division had its desperate and deadly struggle with the foe; where we were surprised, and the intrepid and beloved General Maxey Gregg was slain before we fired a shot. We were under the impression that our front was protected, but such was not the case. There was a gap between Gregg's Brigade and the brigade on our right; through this the enemy stealthily came, and our rear rank had to face to the rear and fire, while the front rank had to keep off the Federal forces in our front. The casualties in the Light Division outnumbered those of all the other divisions combined. How superbly, how sublimely, the Pee Dee Artillery fought their guns. The accurate aim of the Federal artillery, the rapid discharge of rifles from column after column of infantry failed to force you from the exposed position you so heroically held, from 9 o'clock in the morning until twilight. Truthfully has your eloquent historian, Sergeant Brunson, stated in his admirable sketch of the company that "Well and truly did the Pee Dee Battery sustain the reputation of South Carolina soldiery on that bloody day." Your skillful and effective firing, your fearlessness and fortitude throughout the fight, merited and received a full meed of praise. The stars which replaced the bars on the coat of your devoted

captain attested how highly your services were appreciated.

We follow in your fancy over the fields of fame, where your steadfast courage, unchilled fidelity, patient endurance, shone conspicuously--lighting up some of the proudest pages of Carolina's martial history, adding to the renown of more than one leader, nobly aiding the cause you were first to espouse, and in defense of which many of your valued comrades willingly encountered death.

The readiness with which you responded to every order, no matter how difficult or dangerous, the duty you were expected to discharge, is affectionately recalled by those who are familiar with the touching story of your patriotism and valor, who, when they turn their thoughts to the proud and pictured past, are reminded that the soldiers from the Pee Dee on many a historical hill top repeated the words of the Athenian, on the field of Plataea, "Place us where you will."

Your ardor and faith remained firm through the spring and summer of 1863. With diminished ranks, but as resolute and defiant as ever you shared in the glories of Chancellorsville, and from the opening to the close of the fearful struggle at Gettysburg you occupied an advanced position, and were subjected to the severest artillery fire of the war, yet the enemy failed to silence your guns. You aided in checking the tide of Grant's triumph in 1864, and the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Jericho Ford, Hanover, second Cold Harbor, added new stars to the firmament of your fame. After the close of that campaign, you did not have men enough to handle the guns, and returned to Carolina to recruit your ranks. You did not go back to Virginia, your services being required in the Carolinas, where you did your duty as faithfully and commendably as when you belonged in the Army of Northern Virginia. I shall not speak of the closing scenes of the war--scenes as sad as they are sacred.

I miss from your ranks many a manly fellow, with whom it was my delight to converse around the camp fires, in the ruddy glow of which we seemed to see reflected the happy homes and cherished heartstones, which we had left in bright boyhood, or in the morning of manhood--the sweet, fair faces of the household deities, in whom our heart's fondest affections were centered, whose invocations were wafted Heavenward on the pinions of prayer, as they knelt before the family altar, in behalf of sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, divided from them by distance--doing duty along the perilous picket posts, beneath the silent watches of the sentinel stars--stars whose mild, mellow light we likened to angels eyes, watching over the destiny of the sleeping soldiers in the bleak winter bivouac. Alas! those stars looked down in pity on the pale, upturned faces, and nerveless breasts of many of the brave men who had cheered us in the furious charge, and shielded us from danger, ere they fell, and drooped and died. I look in vain for gallant James McLendon; he is not here. Through the world like mist, rising from the Chickahominy, enveloped in wreaths of battle smoke, we see him pass from earth to the home above the sky. Courageous Charles Lloyd answers not to his name; he fell in the front at the second battle of Manassas. A myrtle voice whispers, "He died on the field of honor." Where is that noble youth, Baxter Rollings, who after the passage of the Potomac in September, acted as guide and gunner at the same time. The flag is here, but where is its fearless young custodian. Orderly Sergeant Brunson grandly answers, "When the battery was being charged, seeing the scarcity of men he (Baxter Rollings) planted his colors between the guns and lent a helping hand as number four at a Napoleon. When in the act of pulling the lanyard a large fragment of shell struck him in the side wounding him mortally. Falling his weight fired the piece, which, recoiling, the wheel passed over and crushed one of his feet. Even in this mangled condition his spirit disdained to yield, and well must his comrades remember, as tenderly bore him away, his fearful entreaty: "Don't carry me to the rear, boys; I know I've got to die. Carry me to the flag. I must die by the flag." There is no event in Grecian story to eclipse the valor he displayed--no scene in Roman history that surpasses the fortitude he exhibited. I wish that some famous painter were commissioned by this dear old commonwealth of ours to paint a battle piece, to adorn our Senate chamber, and the "Battle of Sharpsburg" would be selected. The central figures to be Baxter Rollings, his side torn by a shell, although with the agony of death pressing him to the earth, firing his gun, and with all but the final articulation of his parting breath, pleading to be carried to the flag he had so dauntlessly borne in battle.

I hold in my hand--I press to my heart--this roll of the Pee Dee Artillery. It contains the names of

the loved living, the lamented dead. The fingers that penned many of those signatures have long since crumbled into kindred dust. It was on just such paper as this that the letters we received from home were written. The most elegant and expensive note paper ever made, never had inscribed on its creamy surface, sweeter or more endearing sentences, or periods of loftier patriotism, than the dingy sheets on which were traced by the hand of affection, the outpouring of hearts as noble, as gentle, and as true as ever throbbled within the tender and trusting breast of woman; words of courage, hope or cheer. It was on paper the color of this that sorrowing and sympathizing comrades contained the melancholy tidings of the death of the brothers, James and Pinckney Harrison, James H. Landon, William Brown, and Julius Jordan, the five daring defenders of Southern liberty, who laid their unblemished lives upon the hallowed altar of their country at Fredericksburg. The brothers Harrison were not natives of the Pee Dee section; they came from old liberty loving Laurens District. They were buried in the same grave, over which Heaven's sunlight makes a hale. Death did not divide them, for they were conducted by the Angel of Hope to the home on High. It was on paper like this, that bold, brave Andrew J. Hugg, while he lay mortally wounded, his leg having been taken off by a cannon ball, with an indomitable spirit that has never been excelled, wrote to his darling wife that you tenderly and tearfully communicated to the mother of S. W. Gee, that he died a death sublime, and that the last words which came from his lips were, "Tell mother I die in defence of my country," Washington Waddell is not with us; trusty, valorous comrade! He perished at the post of duty, between your guns at Gettysburg. There are many others whom we miss, whose absence we mourn; who, though dead, live in our love, and their names are among our brightest, fondest, dearest memories. There was no officer in the army who was dearer to me than the warm-hearted, handsome and brave Ervin B. Brunson. He has gone to the Spirit land. Peace to his ashes--the homage of a comrade's heart to his memory. If men were faithful to freedom, if men fearlessly fought for principles ingrained in their nature, if ever men went grandly down to death strengthened with the panoply of patriotism, sustained by the knowledge of the righteousness of their cause--the last utterance of their dying lips breathing a prayer for the liberty of their loved land; their parting soul true to the highest, holiest sentiments that ever inspired the noblest of martyrs, they were the heroes who marched with firm footsteps, with undaunted hearts under Confederate colors, and died in the front of battle. Oh, dear, dead comrades, resting in dreamless sleep on the memorials fields where you so heroically made the last human sacrifice, above which the blue sky bends like a benediction, upon which God's bright sunshine beams, and the violets, the dune daisies and the beautiful for-get-me-nots bloom above your sacred dust.

Having a Bad Effect

It is said that who who profess to know, that different kinds of whiskey produce different effects, and that while one special brand may induce a man to want to commit murder, another may put him in a good humor, both with himself and every one else. The dispensary has not been open long enough for a definite opinion to be formed in regard to getting drunk on the kind of liquor it sells, but if the incident which we relate is any indication of what it will do, then it is a pretty dangerous kind and folks who don't want to get into trouble had better not taste too much of it. On Monday night three colored citizens were arraigned before the Mayor for wife beating, all of which occurred on Saturday night, and each one found guilty and sentenced to a fine or to work the streets, which, by the way they are now doing. It may possibly have been blind tiger whiskey, but we think this a matter of grave doubt, and are inclined to lay their disorderly conduct to the effects of the dispensary whiskey, which, if what we are told be true, may have been too strong and too pure for them, and this perhaps is what may have induced them to behave in such an unseemly manner. Be it as it may we suggest as a precaution, that the women who have drinking husbands would do well to keep a good broom in reach, just to guard against accident. For no man, whether drunk or sober, can stand up against such a formidable weapon wielded by the hands of an indignant woman.

Pee Dee Artillery Reunion.

In another column we publish the address of Maj. James Armstrong, of Charleston, delivered before this command, and those who were not fortunate enough to hear it will enjoy reading what is in reality a