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## The Watchman and Southron.

Published every Tuesday.

Watchman and Southron Publishing Company.

SUMTER, S. C.

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## GORDON.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

There comes from the East with its clouds of wrong.

Ab! keen as the lightning's dart—

The shaft of a pain that shall quiver long

In Christian England's heart—

There come from the East on the burdened breeze

Such voices of woe and wail,

That beyond the bounds of the barrier-seas,

The face of the world grows pale—

Aye! pale with a sympathy deep as tears,

And a sorrow of hopeful gloom.

For the splendid sum of a Hero's years

Death rounded in dark England—

He carried the banner of Boston high

In the flush of the Orient's skies.

And the fiercest of antique chivalry

Outfought from his warrior eyes!

'Twas a *Cocor de Leon's* hand once more

Which the Lion flag led on.

But the soul of the fearless soldier bore

The crimson of pure St. John:

Oh! hand of iron, but heart as sweet

As the rose's fragrant breath.

We deem that his pulses of pity beat

In the very grasp of death!

And the onsets thousands for whom he

In the pangs of toil and strife,

Far, far, from the glitter of lance or sword,

The waters of Love and Life—

They are looking with moistened eyes, to-day

On the streets his footsteps tread—

"Shall we meet him again?" they softly say,

"In the wonderful City of God."

They left him to perish by steel or shot

In the core of the savage lands.

And he thrust away in a desert spot

Of the wild Soudanian sands—

But the reckless at home, and the traitor

Abroad,

What matters it now to one

Who is resting at last in the peace of his

Lord?

Above the stars and the sun?

Still, come from the East with its stormy

woe.

Ab! keen as the lightning's dart—

The shaft of a pain that shall quiver long,

In Christian England's heart—

Still, come from the East, on the mournful

breeze,

Low voices of woe and wail—

And beyond the bounds of the barrier-seas,

The face of the world grows pale—

From the New York Independent.

## FURMAN'S MEMORIAL.

COL. GRIEVE'S REMARKS.

At the request of friends of Parish

Carter Furman, we publish in full the

memorial delivered by Col. Grieve, of

the Georgia bar, in honor of that pro-

gressive farmer. His life though short

indeed, was a brilliant success, and con-

tained lessons of plain practical wisdom

for all his fellow-countrymen.

May it please Your Honor:

It is always grateful to the feelings

of the eulogist, to find his subject at

the time of nativity, in the regions of

the darkest obscurity, and the most ab-

ject poverty, and to accompany him

through the most straitened circum-

stances, amidst the greatest disadvan-

tages, along that rugged and storm-

beaten path that generally leads to that

towering eminence upon which fame's

proud temple stands. But such is not

the province of the panegyrist of our

lamented brother. The grandson of

two remarkable men, the first born of a

stir, distinguished for science and liter-

ature, refinement, culture and art; born

under a most propitious star, nursed in

the lap of luxury, surrounded from his

youth by affluence, blest with high in-

tellectual endowments; a vigorous mind,

an untiring energy; an iron constitu-

tion, an athletic frame, a handsome

person with pleasing manners, adorned

with all the elegant accomplishments of

the most refined and polite society, he

commenced his course, a favorite of

fortune, and a stranger to adversity.

Arrived at manhood, and having

adopted his profession, possessed of a

beautiful home, surrounded by every

comfort that wealth could give, every

delight that books could afford, to make

that home a paradise, there needed then

but the softening, the refining, the

purifying, the elevating influence of an

efforts, far was it from him, to hug

to his own breast the secret of his grand

desideratum for his own selfish purposes

and individual aggrandizement. But

with that princely liberality, which was

part of his nature, and with a patriot-

ism worthy of the highest praise, he

freely gave it all to his country, togeth-

er with his young life, in order that his

people might reap the product of his

genius, without money and without price.

To accomplish all this he needed no

weary years of a long and tedious pro-

batory course; as a planter he passed

through no useless age of feeble in-

fancy, but leaped forth at maturity, in

the full panoply of his power, like Mi-

nerva from the brain of Jove.

But he is gone, and all that we can

do cannot bring him back, all that we

can say, will never wake him again.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn-

ing,"

The swallow twittering from the straw-built

shed,

The cock's shrill cry, or the echoing horn,

No more shall rouse him from his lowly

bed.

As I stood beside that lowly bed and

looked down for the last time on all that

remained of him on earth, as a gentle

breeze shook from an overhanging tree,

a few first falling leaves of the approach-

ing autumn, how mournfully, and oh,

with what a desolate feeling did the sad

apostrophe of the poet fall upon my

heart:

"The leaves were falling, when thou didst go

In life's mid bloom,

Down to the appointed house below,

The silent tomb.

But then, the green leaves of the tree,

The cuckoo, and the busy bee,

Will come—but with them, bring not thee."

Farewell, then, my friend, farewell!

Oh! have we sported together since man-

hood like boys; oh! have we mingled

our counsels as men; oh! have we

wrangled even as little children, but al-

ways we were each to our friends.

For thyself, thou didst live long enough

for life and for glory. For thy country-

men—could their prayers have been

answered—thou wouldst have sunk to

rest with the setting sun, and not in

the brilliant noon-day of thy joyous ex-

istence.

## Cleveland's New Home.

Since the election of a Democratic

President we all feel an interest in

presidential surroundings, and we give

our readers a brief description of the

principal rooms in the White House.

The President's house was the first

public building erected in Washington,

and was constructed after the plan of

Mr. James Hoban, of Charleston, S. C.,

the corner-stone being laid Oct. 13,

1792. President Adams was the first

occupant of the new mansion, having

moved into it during November, 1800.

The British destroyed the White House

in 1814, and after they evacuated

Washington the President occupied the

Octagon House, at the corner of New

York avenue and Eighteenth street, a

block from the present War, State and

Navy Departments. Congress author-

ized a restoration of the mansion in

1815, but it was not again ready for

occupancy until 1819. Frequent reno-

vations and repairs have been made to

the interior since that date, and the amount

expended from 1800 to the present on

the Executive mansion aggregates

\$1,700,000. The building is 170 feet

long by 86 feet wide, two stories high,

broken by pilasters and crowned with a

balustrade. The general style is a

modification of the residence of the

Duke of Lincolster, at Dublin, Ireland.

## IN THE CONSERVATORY.

Originally the conservatory of the

White House consisted of two lean-to