

me of your life, daughter." She often calls me so when she is most affectionate. This was it:—

"Stars shine brightest in the darkest night; torches are better for beating; grapes come not to the proof till they come to the press; spices smell best when bruised; *young trees root the*

faster for shaking; gold looks brighter for scouring; juniper smells sweetest in the fire; the palm-tree proves the better for pressing; chamomile, the more you tread it, the more you spread it; and grace, that is hid in nature as sweet water in rose leaves, is most fragrant when the fire of affliction is distilling it."

FIRESIDES AND FACTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

COLONEL WILLIAMS AND HIS WIFE.

COLONEL WILLIAMS was a native of North Carolina, and emigrated to South Carolina in 1773, settling on Little River in Laurens District. He followed the mercantile business and farming till the Revolutionary war broke out. He very early took part in the opposition to the measures of the British government.

At the election of 1778, under the constitution of that year, Colonel Williams was a candidate for the Senate, from the Little River District; but was defeated by Robert Cunningham. In the course of this election, or on some other occasion, Williams was about addressing the people, and noticed that Cunningham was standing at his elbow. He remarked, "You stand too near me." Cunningham coolly replied, without changing his position, "I stand very well where I am." A blow from Williams followed the reply; a fight ensued, in which Mrs. Williams took part with her husband by seizing Cunningham by his *queue*. She was pulled back by a gentleman present, and the rencontre terminated in Cunningham's favor.

Williams was shot at the battle of King's Mountain. He had turned to his command, and was cheering them on; the ball, fired from the heights above, took effect between his shoulders. He fell within a few feet of Colonel Ferguson. He is said to have been rough in his manners, and of rash disposition, but good-natured.

At one time, with an old and favorite negro, he was engaged, after night, in clearing up his storehouse. He was holding a torch; in one corner was a large pile of unbroken flax. While the negro was removing some stands, a large rat sprang by the Colonel; and, as it plunged into the flax, Williams applied his torch to it, exclaiming, "I'll swinge you!" In an instant the house was in a blaze, and was burned down in spite of efforts to save it. The Colonel

patiently submitted to the rebuke of the negro, who cursed him for all the "fools" he could think of.

At the battle of Musgrove's Mills, Williams took prisoner a very diminutive man, named Saul Hilson, who had been under his command at the battle of Stono. Riding along the ranks, he discovered Hilson, and very pleasantly said, "Ah, my little Sauly, have we caught you?" "Yes," replied the little man, "and no great catch, either!" Saul's repartee caused a laugh, and he was subjected only to the restraints of a prisoner.

THE O'NEALLS.

(Of the Family of Hon. Judge John Belton O'Neill.)

IN 1778 the great May frost took place, which utterly destroyed vegetation and the crops. A small crop of late wheat was saved by William O'Neill. In the same year occurred the total eclipse of the sun.

At the fall of Charleston in 1780, William O'Neill owned the mill known for thirty years as O'Neill's Mill. His son Hugh, thirteen years old, attended to it or was a constant assistant. The mill was the most public place in that section of country.

Across Bush River at that place was the most common thoroughfare from the Congaree and Charleston to pass south beyond Saluda, and west to Little River and Ninety-Six.

There often halted the scouts and sometimes the armies, for rest or plunder. There did Hugh learn to hate the proud, overbearing character of the British officers, for there he heard narrated the many deeds of violence and blood with which the country was overspread. Blood and plunder were the watchwords in that cruel partisan war which raged from 1780 to 1783. Each party oppressed and injured the other as much as possible.

When a battalion of Tarleton's command en-

camped at William O'Neill's, everything was seized for plunder; the fences were burned for campfires, the cattle were butchered for beef, and the officers billeted themselves on the unpretending Quaker families without compensation. When Greene's army, on the other hand, on their retreat from Ninety-Six, passed the mill, everything was paid for, and perfect order prevailed.

The marauding scouts entered every dwelling, and carried off everything that suited them; bedding, clothes, and provisions. Often were families left without food or raiment. Sometimes the houses were burned, and women and children were turned out shelterless.

Such scenes passed before the eyes of the young Quaker Hugh O'Neill; his brave ancestral blood boiled at the wrongs and oppression he witnessed; but his parents kept him quiet, and day after day he labored at the mill, providing for the necessities of his family and the neighborhood. He attended the mill, drove his father's wagon, or worked on the farm till his father's death in 1789. He had the care, with his brother Abijah, of a large landed estate, his mother, and a young family of boys. The brothers were in Charleston when a great fire occurred; and, having wagons, were employed to haul goods from the burning district. After several successful trips, as Hugh was about to pass again into the circle of fire, his leader's bridle was seized by a policeman, and he was told the houses near were about to be blown up.

In travelling at that period, mud holes, crazy bridges, streams at flood, and badly managed ferries had to be encountered. Hugh O'Neill and his brother-in-law, Mr. Ford, were on their return from Charleston, with separate teams. Ford was in front, and struck the Four Hole Swamp, covered with water. When he reached the bridge, it was floating; but thinking he could pass it, with the adventurous spirit of a backwoodsman, he made the attempt. The plank gave way under his horses, and they sank into the stream. To cut them (except one) loose and swim them out was but a few minutes' work for him and his daring companion, Hugh. One horse, the old and favorite leader, was patiently lying across the sleeper of the bridge, and to relieve him it was necessary to roll him over into the water. This was done by seizing his legs and turning him over; as he went, with one strong movement of his hind leg, he threw Hugh twenty feet away into water ten feet deep. This was to him no serious matter, however; and both he and the horse were soon on terra firma.

TOBACCO ROLLING.

At this period, and for years after, tobacco rolling was a common mode of carrying tobacco from the upper country to Charleston. A tobacco hogshead was rimmed, so as to keep the bulge from touching the ground; a crosspiece was made fast to each end; in them were inserted wooden gudgeons, which worked into a square frame embracing within it the whole hogshead. To this were fixed swingletrees and a tongue. Thus prepared, the owner mounted on one of two horses geared to it; and, leading the others, with fodder and corn stowed between the frame and hogshead, moved on a free and independent roller to Charleston. There leaving his hogshead, with his money for it, or a tobacco certificate, he would return the sauciest mortal ever seen. Sometimes rollers of hostile parties would meet, and have a skirmish.

In 1792, Hugh O'Neill married Anne Kelly, and settled about a mile below the mill.

THE SOLDIER'S REVENGE.

A CURIOUS instance of revenge is remembered in tradition: Daniel Morgan and William O'Neill were wagoners from Winchester, Virginia, in Braddock's army. Morgan, in a frolic, took a twist of tobacco from an Indian, who complained to a young British officer. The officer ordered Morgan to give up the tobacco; with Virginia recklessness, Morgan replied he "would give it up when he got ready." The officer struck him with the flat of his sword; Morgan knocked him down. For this offence, he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes. The sentence was executed; but he swore to have the life of the officer who had subjected him to the degrading punishment, if ever opportunity offered. After Braddock's war, he and the officer met, mounted and armed, in the mountains of Virginia. Morgan said he had long wished for this opportunity of revenge. "I have sworn," he said, "to kill you; therefore fight for your life, or"—drawing and presenting a pistol—"I will kill you like a dog." The officer declined the battle; Morgan then said, "Get down on your knees, and beg your life." This also he refused. Morgan returned his pistol to the holster, remarking to him, "A life not worth fighting for nor begging for was not worth taking." He rode on, leaving his craven oppressor to his contemplations.