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The Spartan circulates largely over this and adjoining districts, and offers an admirable medium to our friends to reach customers.

From the Columbia Guardian.

"Chicora."

The following piece was sung last evening by the young Ladies of Barhamville Institute, at their monthly Concert. Chicora is the Indian name of Carolina. This patriotic effusion was sung to the air of "Daughter of Zion."

Lone star of nations Chicora—Chicora!
Hail, 'midst the darkness of tyranny's night!
Shine in thy Heavens—alone in thy glory;
Justice our buckler, and freedom our might!

Vainly the wizards of darkness would vail thee
High in the azure thou shinest afar;
Sages unnumbered hereafter shall hail thee,
As they of the orient did Bethlehem's star.

Sword of the Spirit, and God of the Bible,
Thine is the might by which battle is done,
On in that name, then, which heathess would libel,
Ye sons of Chicora! for Liberty, on!

Strike—O strike home—for your hearth-stone and altar.
Wife, mother, and daughter shall serve thee to war;
And where is the craven, whose spirit would falter,
While waves over Southrons—Chicora thy Star.

Lone star of nations! Chicora—Chicora!
Hail, 'midst of darkness of tyranny's night!
Shine in thy Heaven,—alone in thy glory:
Justice our buckler, and freedom our might!

Convention of South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi.—The National Intelligencer assumes that the Conventions in South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi will violate the Constitutions of these States if they change or modify, in any manner or degree, these instruments, unless in the mode prescribed by them respectively. The call of a Convention without the legal formalities would be, as argued by the Intelligencer, a revolutionary proceeding. But a Convention assembled in the manner which its organic law prescribes may not only amend but destroy a Constitution, if it so wills although it cannot assemble but in the mode prescribed. It may change the whole form of Government. A Convention embodies the Sovereignty of a State.

The argument that would be applicable to the mode of *assembling* a Convention otherwise than as prescribed in its fundamental law, has therefore no pertinence when applied to a Convention *after* it is *legally assembled*.

The same Convention that carries a State out of the Union, may perform a subordinate or less sovereign act of amending its Constitution. These State Constitutions were framed subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and to render them harmonious with it. So when secession takes place, and another Union is formed, the same supreme power that performs this act, has competency to abolish or amend the State Constitutions, in conformity with the new relation such States have assumed. Even if the hypothesis assumed by the Intelligencer is admitted, that a convention may take upon itself all the functions of Government, legislative, judicial and executive, the argument would not be impaired of the supremacy of a Convention. This might be done, but it is highly improbable that it would be done.—*Charleston Evening News.*

The Position of South Carolina.—Senator Wigfall, Texas, declared, in his speech Tours day the intentions of South Carolina:

South Carolina, he assured the Republican Senators, would be out of the Union before this day week. Immediately on the passage of the seceding ordinance, a Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, accredited to the United States Government, would be dispatched to Washington, fully empowered to negotiate for the recognition of the sovereignty of South Carolina, which would bring up the question as to her right to secede. The forts at Charleston may remain in possession of the United States "for a minute, for an hour, for a day, or even for a month," until action has been taken on the subject by the government at Washington. But he assured Senators that if the envoy of South Carolina was not received, and the demands of that State for recognition complied with, her gallant sons would seize the forts and send those who came to resist them "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." This declaration, made in much more violent language than I have given it, is another cause of the depression that pervades the friends of the Union to-day.

Interesting Incident.—Just before Lord Renfrew left this morning, a very interesting interview took place at Congress Hall. Philip Mills, an old veteran of Waterloo, one of the guards, to whom Wellington said on that eventful day. "Up Guards, and at them," was presented to Lord Renfrew and his suite. He showed the Prince his Waterloo medal, his certificate of honorable discharge from the army for "extremely good conduct", and his certificate of ten years service in the Police of London. He also handed the Prince two letters, one from the Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and one from the Superintendent of the London Police, addressed to the governor-General of Canada. They were given to Mills in 1835, and their seals have remained unbroken till they were broken this morning by the Prince.—They were found to contain the strongest possible commendation of Mills. The Prince and his suite manifested great interest in the veteran—Viscount Henchingbrooks and Mr. Elliot are themselves officers in the Guards at present the former being in the same battallion in which Mills formerly served. Gen. Bruce took Mill's address and we trust and believe the veteran will have cause to remember the visit of the Prince with life-long pleasure. Mills is a shoemaker and has a shop 116½ Lydins street in this city.—*Albany Journal.*

But for the sorrows of the heart, where would the affections find their strength? Our virtues, like the aromatic shrubs of the forest, only give out their sweets when their leaves are bruised and trampled. He who has not felt of sorrow, may be scarcely said to have known love; since the most precious joys of the soul arise from sympathies that are seldom known till they are sought, and never sought till they are necessary to soothe an infirmity or satisfy a need.

A Lordly Park.—General Harding, a gentleman of great wealth, residing near Nashville, Tennessee, has a park including 800 acres. In it he has 300 deer, about 30 buffaloes, and a herd of elk.

Our Story.

[From the Greensboro' (N. Y.) Times.]

COINCIDENCE.

BY HELEN R. RODRIGUES.

CHAPTER I.

"When the stranger knocketh, ye shall
Open your doors and take him in;
Ye shall clothe and feed him,
And he shall be as one of you."

'Twas biting cold, and the snow lay inches thick upon the ground as the March winds, whistling around the corners of the house, warned us to draw closer about the blazing fire. Our home circle had greatly diminished this winter, three of the loved ones had gone out into the cold world with buoyant hearts, to return to the warm nest which had sheltered their unfledged pinions so many years; how? the answer lies hidden in the pages of the mysterious future. It was a small room, and though the fire cast a bright glow around, a feeling of gloom began to settle upon our hearts, as memory mirrored the features of the dear missed ones we had parted from and blessed, one by one, as they went forth to meet the storms of life. One had cast his fortunes upon Neptune's domain; another had directed his steps towards that "Vanity Fair," New York, and the last, a wee, curly headed darling, whose footsteps were wont to greet us on every side, and whose nimble fingers were traceable in every chamber, had, in some ill starred hour, met a tall stranger, who a few weeks since had borne her away to grace his Southern home. I felt the gloom creeping over us, and, in a desperate effort to dispel it, I turned to my old grandmother, knitting in a corner, and asked, in my most coaxing tones, for a story.

"A story, child!" repeated the old lady, dropping her work and removing her spectacles, "I don't know any."

"Oh, yes, Granny, try and remember; tell us something that happened when you were a girl," I pleaded.

The old lady smiled and mused for a while, then resumed her work, knitting away briskly, as she answered in a subdued tone:

"I'll try and tell you a true story, Lizzie;" we all brightened up and prepared to listen, as she commenced:

"It was just such a night as this, only the wind was much more piercing, as it whistled through the trees; I was living in the old homestead down in M———, Massachusetts, then, like to-night, we were gathered around a blazing hearth, chatting and cracking our jokes and the nuts we were busily engaged with. About ten o'clock, the wind increased in violence, and the snow began to fall in thick flakes and very fast.

"What a night!" exclaimed one of us, as she drew nearer to the fire.

"Hark!" cried the mother, "I thought I heard a child crying! Hark!"

We all sprang to our feet as the plaintive wail of a young infant rang out upon the air; with the quickness of thought I threw open the door and rushed out into the storm to rescue the little wanderer; but vain was my search, for almost blinded by the snow I was forced to seek shelter from its violence. On returning I chanced to stumble against something, which, on raising and bearing into the house, proved to be the form of a little child. It was cold and numb, and the light of life seemed flickering in a last lingering effort; but the destroying angel, though hovering near, seemed loth to lay his icy finger upon its pallid brow. We used every means at hand to restore consciousness, and our efforts were repaid, as we stood gazing upon the almost inanimate form resting on my lap, by perceiving a slight respiration. She was very fair, with an abundance of golden hair, gradually the heavily fringed lids unclosed, revealing a pair of almond-shaped eyes, of the violet hue and full of melancholy sweetness. They wondered around the room, and finally rested upon my face for a moment with eager inquiry, then moaning piteously, she cried, "Mamma, take me, please," and stretching out her little arms in the vacant air, as though her mother was there. I hugged her to my heart, as I inquired:

"What is your name, little one?"

"Alice, mamma's Alice!" she lisped.

Kissing the innocent countenance upturned to mine, I remained silent, pondering over her origin; for, in the small village where we resided, I had never met her sweet face.

At my mother's suggestion I bore her to my chamber and undressed her; in doing which I discovered suspended around her neck, by a slender gold chain, a miniature of a beautiful women, no doubt her mother, judging from the resemblance between them. On removing it, the little waif wailed out her heart-rending cry of "Mamma! mamma!" It was set in pearls, and upon the back of it, in small gold letters, was engraved the single word "Alice." Covering her up warmly, I said as I stooped and kissed her quivering lips:

"Alice will go to sleep now."

But she fixed her large wandering eyes upon my face and repeated her plaintive cry as I left her.

After conversing awhile with my mother, and endeavoring to guess at the child's parentage, I returned to ascertain if she slept. On approaching the bed I discovered her large eyes wide open, and fixed upon the taper burning in the room while her pale cheeks were wet with tears.

As I entered she stretched forth her arms, crying "Mamma!" but perceiving her mistake, she quickly drew them back, murmuring tearfully, "No, no, mamma!" It was heart-rending to see this infant of three years, pining after the one who perhaps had abandoned her to the charity of this cold, cold world.

The following day we made enquiries, but none had ever seen our little foundling before; and the ensuing day we ascertained that the dead body of a woman had been discovered in the snow some miles from the village, and we concluded the deceased was Alice's mother.

My mother proposed sending Alice to the work house, to be taken care of, but the little creature's helplessness and beauty had touched my heart, and I formed the abused idea of adopting her. My mother consented to her being kept, although she joked me a great deal about my maternal dignity, and Alice became installed an inmate of our home, and endeared herself to every one, by her many winning ways. Alice soon learned to love me—was she not mine and mine only? It became her chief delight to climb into her seat upon my lap, and gaze upon a minature which never left her neck; she would pass her dimpled hand over the lovely face, and murmur words of endearment in a low, sweet voice.

CHAPTER II.

"O! spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you."
King John.

"Whence is that knocking?
How is it with me when every noise appals me?"
Macbeth.

At the age of eight Alice was able to read, and soon learned to write and sew.

"Minnie!" said she one day, coming to my side, "where are you?"

"Here at your feet, pet!"

"I can not see you; all is dark before me!" she replied, feeling for my shoulder.

"You are joking, Alice!" said I, taking her on my lap.

"No, Minnie, oh! how they ache me!" she laid her hand upon my shoulder, as she spoke.

Becoming alarmed, we sent for a physician; he examined her eyes, and told us there was no hope, she was *incurably blind*. The blow was as terrible as it was sudden, and much time elapsed ere we became reconciled to the belief that those beautiful eyes, so full of melancholy sweetness, were forever closed upon God's earth. What rendered Alice dearer to our hearts, was the gentle submission with which she bore her misfortune. Years wore on, and our darling became more beautiful and good, as the days flew by; the symmetry of her form was perfect, and though her hair had darkened considerably, at times the golden tint of childhood was perceptible, while the roseate blush of maiden modesty was ever coquetting with her cheek.

It was an autumn evening, and the bright sunshine of God's heaven was obscured by ominous, black clouds. I was sitting by a window, sewing, when Alice entered and threw herself into her favorite seat upon an ottoman at my feet, and leaned her head against my knee. She remained thus some time when, laying aside my work, I enquired the cause of her silence.

"I was thinking!"

"Of what, love?"

"Do you believe in predestination, Minnie?"

"How do you mean, Alice?"

"Do you think that every event that happens in one's life, every happiness or misfortune that befalls us, has been foreordained at our birth?"

"No, Alice! I do not consider God so unjust, as for instance, to decree at the birth of one man, that on arriving at maturity, he should become a murderer, and in another's that he should be raised to a throne. No, I believe we are rewarded and punished, according to our deserts; besides, Alice, it is a very bad doctrine to profess: for, should our passions actuate us to the committal of any crime, we would, without a struggle, yield to their sway, considering resistance truitless, it being foreordained that we should commit the crime, and therefore not be responsible for it."

"Yes, that is very true; but should not exactly refer to every act of our lives; I meant to ask, do you believe in matches being made in heaven?"

"I think there would be fewer ill assorted couples in this world, were that so!"

"Well, do you believe in dreams?"

No, Alice, I consider dreams but the effect of imagination, during the partial paralysis of the reasoning powers, while sleep is attaining a more complete sway, and on awaking, this effect assumes a form we call a dream!"

"I do not concur with you, for I firmly believe that dreams, or visions, are sent to us by God, as warnings of the future."

"A belief, as sweet as it is fallacious, Alice!"

"Perhaps so, but that is my belief, and all the arguments in the world would not shake my faith in it!"

"I will not attempt such a Herculean labor then!" I replied, smiling, "but what has settled you so firmly, Alice?"

She hesited awhile, but finally after a little coaxing, answered my question.

"A dream, Minnie, a dream, which has appeared to me so often during the past six months, that I am convinced it is no effect of imagination!"

"Tell it to me!"

"On retiring and failing asleep, it would seem as though I were in a beautiful land, beside a murmuring stream, gazing upon its waters, when a lovely female appeared, and taking my hand, led me along its banks, the rich melody of a superb voice swelling louder and louder upon our ear as we approached the singer, who proved to be a young man, reclining beneath the shade of an orange tree. He arose, as we drew near, and my guide, clasping our hands, laid one of hers upon each of our bowed heads, raising her eyes to heaven, as if asking God's blessing upon us."

"Has this dream never varied?"

"Never once!"

"And how do you interpret it?"

"As a revelation of the husband, chosen for me by my mother, who, an angel in heaven, watches ever my welfare!"

"How absurd, Alice; for were this so, how would you know him?"

"By his voice, which I would recognize immediately!"

"Where are your reasoning powers? Alice, that you allow an idle fancy to obtain so strong a hold upon your———?"

"That is a question we all ask, Minnie, when we are endeavoring to argue another out of a belief we deem false; but I do not intend to give up this point; my faith is too strong to allow me; I love it; it is sweet to me to look forward to the period of its realization!"

I remained silent for a time, when a sharp knock at the gate startled me. Opening it, a stranger entered and begged of us shelter for himself and horse from the fast approaching storm. He was of a commanding height, very robustly built, with an eagle eye of piercing black, while his somewhat disheveled hair curled, in little ebon rings, about his broad hair of clear olive. I would have pronounced him handsome, were it not for a care-worn, anxious look, that seemed to linger about his countenance. Giving his horse in charge of one of the farm helps, we re-entered the house, accompanied by our unexpected, and to me, no welcome guest; for I felt a cold chill pass over me, as his loud knock grated upon my ear. On returning to the parlor, the stranger paused in the door way, and surveyed Alice attentively, then turning to me, enquired:

"She is blind; is she not?"

"Yes!" I replied hastily, for my attention had been arrested by the changes which were rapidly taking place in Alice's face; as the stranger's voice fell upon her ear, a look of joyful, surprised recognition appeared, and passed away; succeeded by a crimson blush, which gradualy faded, as she recovered her self-possession. I felt as though my heart had been split, and a wedge of ice driven in it. Sinking in a chair, I passed the evening silently, attending to the conversation of the stranger, who rendered himself very agreeable to my parents; but who, alas! drove a dagger into my heart, with every glance he bestowed upon Alice.

The following morning, on entering the sitting room, I discovered, to my dismay, Alice and the stranger earnestly conversing.

"Alice!" said I, "you have forgotten to attend to your birds!"

She rose and left the room, and after bidding me "good morning," the stranger remarked:

"She is very beautiful—she calls you Minnie: is that your name?"

"Yes!" I replied, as calmly as possible, for his large black eyes were fastened upon my face with an earnestness which frightened me.

CHAPTER III.

"The sweetest sleep, and fairest boding dream,
That ever entered in a drowsy head."
Richard 3d.

"To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do teach me
How to respect you:
But here's my husband;

And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my Lord."
Othello.

"I here do give thee that, with all my heart,
Which but thou has already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee!"
Othello.

He mused for a while; then drawing his drawing his chair nearer to mine, he said, in a low voice:

"I have a tale to relate which you will listen to?" and without waiting for an answer continued:

"I will tell you the dream which I dreamed long ago, in my own beautiful home—the dream which has been my horoscope through long years gone by—the dream which led me to leave my Sunny Clime, without a sigh; without one regretful look, as I gazed upon its Orange Groves, and Vineyards, perhaps for the last time, to seek far distant countries, where snow-crowned mountains rise, one above another, in the distance and where the tall pines elevate their heads, like so many giants of antiquity!

"One evening, lured on by the aroma burdened zephyrs, I wandered far away among the Orange Groves. Wearied by my long ramble, and overcome by the overpowering perfume which the blossoms exhaled layed me down beneath a tree, and fell asleep. 'Twas there I had this dream. A beautiful woman appeared to me, leading a lovely young girl, the counterpart of herself. She approached; and rousing me, said in a commanding voice; 'Rise, and follow the guiding star of your existence!'—and disappeared, leaving her companion, who receded, as I approached. She led me thus over miles of unknown country; finally gaining upon her, I would have clasped her in my arms; when a young girl appeared, and endeavored to interrupt me; but my coy prize growing bold, turned, and flinging her arms around my neck, clung to me, despite her efforts to the contrary. I awoke; and impressed with a feeling I had never before experienced, I bade adieu to Italy, and bearing in my heart the image of her I felt God had destined for my wife, I set forth on my weary pilgrimage to find her. But truitless proved my toilsome journey; for many years I have wandered, and endured the cold, searching glances of strangers: have been a voluntary exile from my beloved Italy; have, leading an unloved life, refused all entreaties to return to the yearning hearts of my kindred in the vain search of her whom I dreamed as an ideal, until last evening when the kind storm forced me to seek your door. Now that I have found her *living reality*, you will give her to me; will let me press her to this heart, which beats for her alone, and call her mine—my Alice!"

"Oh! God spare me! take all else, but leave me Alice!" I answered shuddering; and rising left the room, to seek Alice and speak with her. I found her on the door step, standing in the sun-time which had followed the storm. Once had her head in my lap, and prepared to listen to me.

"This is very sudden Alice!" I began as I played with her curls.

"What is, Minnie?"

"The presumptuous proposal of this stranger!"

"Beware! Minnie, I love him."

"This is too ridiculous—a stranger you have known but a night!"

"I have known him for months; have loved him as my future husband; the chosen of my mother; the blessed of of my God and as such, will continue to love him until I die."

"This is infatuation, Alice!

"It *may be*; but an infatuation that will last until the cord which binds me to life wears away!"

"Do you entertain the slightest idea of marrying this stanger, Alice?"

"Yes; with your consent!"

"*That* you will never obtain!"

"I love you dearly, Alice, but I can never consent to your marrying one, of whom I know nothing, and besides dislike!"

"But you will conquer this dislike; will love him for my sake; will you not Minne?" And as she spoke, she twined her arms caressingly about my neck.

"No!" I replied bitterly—"You must choose beween this stranger, who would sever every tie that is dear to you, and the one who rescued you from the arms of death; who took you, an unknown foundling to her heart, and wrapping you in the mantle of her love, gave up her life for you, and whom you now ask to bestow you upon one who would separate you from her and those you have loved."

"Oh Minnie,—sister,—my more than mother, spare me! I can not help it; God has given him my love, I can not wrest it from him!"

"The sophistry I thought you would use; God has not bestowed your love upon him, but your own heart."

"Minnie, do not endeavor to explain to me what you yourself do not understand."

"You have seen him in your dream; will you describe his personal appearance, Alice."

"Why?"

Feeling certain she would fail, I replied:

"Should you give a correct description, I may think over this union; and perhaps consent; but should you not, I exacta promise from you to dismiss the subject forever—do you agree to this, Alice?"

"I do!" she replied while a smile lit up her face.

"What is his stature?"

"He is tall!"

"The size of his mouth?"

"Small!"

"What kind of nose has he?"

"Inclined to aquiline!"

"The color of his hair?"

"Black!

"His eyes?"

"Black!"

"Is he handsome or ugly?"

"Inclined to be handsome!"

"What is his complexion?"

"A clear olive!"

Dismayed at her accurate description, I was silent.

"Have I been correct in my answers, Minnie?"

"Yes!"

"Then you'll think this over?"

"Alice!" I exclaimed, passionately; attempting for the last time to appeal to her affections; "This thing is impossible; you cannot marry this instain upon the probable consequences, ere you make up your mind to hastily plunge into the river of matrimony without sounding its depths. After marrying, he will bear you away from those who have cherished you to his family, who may repudiate and scorn you as an unknown foundling. Suppose that he deserts you, in an unknown land, where not even your native language is understood? There turn and think how many ties you would sever, how many loving hearts you would leave; of the home you would make desolate—Alice, think of all the familiar faces, which may never again bend lovingly over their darling of this dear old homestead where your childhood's days were passed; of all the pets you have caressed; of me, Minnie who has loved and cared you, and whose child you have ever been.—Oh! Alice, do not desert me; you'll break my heart for this stranger? Say you will not; and be my child; my own Alice once more!"

I pleaded with tearful eyes. For several moments she answered not; I could see the inward struggle between gratitude, and love, by quivering of the rubby lips, and the rapid heavings of the snowy bosom. I dwelt with eager eyes upon her troubled countenance; awaiting her reply when a hasty step sounded upon my ear. I turned, to meet the eyes of the stranger fixed upon my face.

"Have you ever loved?" he enquired.

"Sir!" I replied, indignantly rising. Paying no further attention to me, he stooped, and taking Alice's hand, in his, said:

"Alice, you will go with me to Italy's beauteous shores, where the maiden twines the pure blossoms of the Myrtle and the riched hued Pomegranate with the silken tresses of her ebon hair as she wanders through the Orange Grove, or along the banks of some silvery lake, plucking the luscious purple grape of her sunny clime where heavenly strains of music lull you to sleep and starry eyed flowers cluster about your footsteps, on every side. You will go with me, Alice and be my bride?" I noticed that his voice took the same low, musical tone in which he had pleaded to me and fearing the result of his speech, I threw as much sternness in to my voice as I could command, and said; "Choose between us, Alice?"

She answered not, but twined her arms about his neck, and rested her head against his breast. Almost heartbroken; I reluctantly yielded my consent to their union, feeling it useless to struggle against the current, which would inevitably bear me on.

Six months after, a bridal party stood up in our village church. The bride, was our Alice; the groom, Ernest Solvestio L' Estrange.

CHAPTER IV

"Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife."
Romeo and Juliet.

Her rosy lips how sweet they smiled,
Her jet black eyes how bright they shone,
There never was a lovier child;
And * * * * * *
Lewis.

With Alice departed the sunshine of the old Homestead; and though bright rays would break in and dispel the clouds of gloom settling upon our hearts, shedding a warm glow around when her sweet voice from afar would speak to us in terms of endearment, telling of her great happiness in her foreign home through the long loving letters we received monthly, and over which we pored with brimming eyes; still the dark clouds would gather, closing up the void; shutting out the sunshine, and clothing every thing in their own sombre hue; as memory recalled that she was no longer the child we had taken to our hearts, the bud we had watched unfold its each leaf, beneath the genial rays of our love, opening into a beauteous blossom, with which we had crowned a stranger's happiness. Nay! we even murmured in our hearts, on receiving the joyful tidings that after giving birth to a sweet babe, and lying for hours in a deathlike slumber, she had awakened with the glorious gift of renewed sight, that we had not been the first object to greet her newborn vision. But time continues his onward course, heedless of grief's tears of pleasure's smiles; and so the years were on until the 6th of Alice's absence arrived; during which, when the earth was robed in white and her rainbow hued diamonds glittered upon her bosom, my gentle mother, weary of her long journey, laid aside her heavy burden of cares, and bidding us all a tender farewell, plunged into the dark waters of the river of death. Then during my bereavement, came a message of love from my child, telling the welcome news, that she would come to us in the spring. And when the tender leaves peeped forth, to greet their smiling protectres, Alice returned to us with a little lisping minature, that she had named after me; a sweet prattler, whose gleeful shouts of infantine laughter were echoed back by the Ivy over-grown wall of the old Homestead; as with childish curiosity she peered into its nooks, and corners. Alice passed the summer with me; and as time flew, the day appointed for their departed drew near. But Alice was destined never to return to Italy. Within a week of the day, her husband sickened; and despite our careful nursing, and the best of medical attendance passed from earth.

We laid him beside my mother; and Alice, tarried with me yet a while longer, tending her little darling, and strewing flowers upon the graves of the departed; her spirit yearning for its release. A few months after God granted her prayer, and summoned her to heaven. We laid our Alice, to slumber serenly beside the one she loved."

"But what became of the little Minnie?"

"As Alice's last gift she took the place in my heart her mother had left vacant; and has lived to bless me for the care I bestowed upon her childhood!"

As she spoke, the old lady took off her spectacles, and wiped them; adding as she replaced them,

"Yes! she has indeed!"

"But who is she now?"

"Your mother, my child!" I turned my eyes towards my mother's seat, to find her chair vacant, and catch a glimpse of her skirts, ere the door closed behind her, as she glided from the room.

South Carolina Conference.

We subjoin the list of appointments for the next Conference year.

CHARLESTON DISTRICT.

W P Mouzon, Presiding Elder.

Charleston—Cumberl'd-st.—J A Porter
" Trinity—T R Walsh.
" Bethel—W H Fleming.
" Spring St. and City Mission—J W Miller. W A Hemmingway, Supernumerary.
St. Andrew's Mission—To be supplied.
Walterboro'—J D W Crook, J Penny.
St. George's and St. Paul's Mission—A Nettles.
Pon Pon Mission—P G Bowman.
Ashepoo Mission—J W Coward.
Combahee Mission—M L Banks, J A Wood
Bamberg—W Crook.
Allendale—L M Hamer.
Black Swamp—J W Kelly, F. Auld.
Prince William's Miss.—W W Mood.
Savannah River Mission—J R Coburn, J W McRoy.
Bluffton Mission—Sam'l Leard, N K Melton.
Beaufort Mission—I P Hughes.
Edisto and Jehossee Mission—C Wilson.
Missionary to China—B Jenkins.

ORANGEBURG DISTRICT.

F A Mood, Presiding Elder.

Orangeburg—A B Stephens, R B Tarrant.
St. Matthew's Miss.—To be supplied.
Cypress Circuit—D W Seale.
Summerville Miss.—C McLeod.
Cooper River—A N Wells.
Cooper River Miss.—G W Moore, J L Dixon.
St. James Goose Creek.—To be supplied.
St. George's—W Hutto.
Blackville—W G Connor.
Edisto Fork Miss.—E A Price.
Barnwell—W W Graham.
Aiken Miss.—E F Thwing.
Graniteville Miss.—M A McKibben.
Lexington—E J Pennington, J B Massebeau.

MARION DISTRICT.

A M Chritzberg, Presiding Elder.

Marion—Thos Mitchell.
Marion Circuit—J W Murray. One to be supplied
Georgetown—C H Pritchard.
Santee Mission—J Finger, J. H. Tart.
Black River and Pee Dee Mission—A Ervin, C E Land.
Sampit Mission—J A Mood.
Waccamaw Mission—C Betts, D J McMillan.
Conwayboro'—G H Wells.
Conwayboro' Mission—A S Link.
All Saints—W Bowman.
Darlington—D J Simmons.
Lynchburgh—M A Connelly.
Brownesville—W L Pegues.
Williamsburgh—L M Little, J C Stoll.
Darlington Circuit—D F Kistler, J D Carpenter.

COLUMBIA DISTRICT.

R J Boyd, Presiding Elder.

Columbia—Washington Street—W A Gamewell.
Columbia—Medium St—M Brown.
" Congaree Miss—N Tally.
" Marion St—J W Humbert.
Fairfield—J W Pucett, J J Workman.
Sandy River Miss.—W S Haltom.
Chester—A G Stacy.
Rocky Mount—A J Cauthen, E T B Trippe.
Richland—W A Clark.
Richland Fork Miss.—J L McGregor.
Camden—E J Meynardie.
Wateree Mission—J L Shuford, W M Wilson.
Sumter—R P Franks.
Sumter Circuit—A L Smith, W A Hodges.
Santee—M Puckett.
Manning—N D Moore.
Sunday School Secretary—C Taylor.
Columbia Female College—W Martin, President.

COKESBURY DISTRICT.

W A McSwain, Presiding Elder.

Cokesbury—W H Lawton, A B McGilvray, S B Jones, Super.
Laurens—J T Kilgo, J L Stoudemiso, A P Martin, Super.
Newberry—B English.
Newberry Circuit—J W Wightman; one to be supplied.
Saluda River Miss—One to be supplied.
Ninety-Six—J M Carlisle.
Rocky Pond Miss.—G W M Creighton; one to be supplied.
Butler—J R Pickett.
Edgefield—J S Connor.
Abbeville—Thos Raynor, H J Morgan.
Anderson—T G Herbert.
Pendleton—V A Sharpe.
Pickens—F M Morgan.
Williamston—J L Lifley.

WADESBORO' DISTRICT.

S H Browne, Presiding Elder.

Wadesboro—L A Johnson H C Parsons, Supernumerary.
Albemarle—J M Cline.
Concord—E W Thompson, P L Harman.
Rocky River Missouri—O A Chritzberg.
Monroe—B J Jones, G W DuPre.
Catawba River Miss.—A H Harman one to be supplied.
Chesterfield and Miss.—L Scarboro, J F Wilson.
Cheraw—W S Black.
Bennettsville—R R Pegues, R B Alison.
Society Hill Mission—
Agent of Carolina Female College—W C Power.

LINCOLNTON DISTRICT.

John T Wightman, Presiding Elder.

Lincolnton—G W Ivey, J Hoover.
Dallas—Thos H Edwards.
Fineville—A. McCorquodale.
Charlotte—F M Kennedy.
Charlotte Circuit—W W Jones, J W Abernathy.
Catawba—Wm Carson, J H C McKenny.
Rich Mountain Miss—A P Avant.
Lenoir Circuit and Caldwell Miss—J Watts, J W Raby.
Morganton Circuit—W J E Trippe.
Shelby Circuit—J S Nelson.
Yorkville—L C Weaver.
Rock Hill—Daniel May, S A Roper, J W North, Super.
Davenport Female College—H M Mood, President.
Rutherford Academy—R L Abernathy, Principal.

SPARTANBURG DISTRICT.

H A C Walker, Presiding Elder.

Spartanburg—J Stacy, W C Kirkland, Supernumerary.
Broad River Mission—Jos. Parker.
Spartanburg Circuit—A J Stokes; Alex. W. Walker, Supernumerary.
Rutherford—J S Ervin.
McDowell—M Eaddy.
Columbus—T J Clyde.
Hickory Nut Gap Mission—A P Bennick.
Pickensville—T S Daniel.
Keowee Mission—To be supplied.
Greenville—S J Hill.
Greenville Circuit—E A Lemmond, A H Lester.
Union—J H Zimmerman, J P DePass, C Murchinson, supernumerary.
Goshen Hill—J W Cridel.
Pacolet—O A Darby.
Wofford College—A. M Shipp, President. W Smith, Professor. H H Durant, Agent.

Not Bad.—A blooming young widow, living in one of the Southern States, which is strongly in favor of secession, sends word, through a lady friend, to a spry widower of this city, but who is not in very robust health at present, that "she is for Union." To which he replied: "And so am I, but due regard must be had to the Constitution."

One John W. Jones, who has been sent to prison for marrying two wives excused himself by saying that when he married she fought him, but when he got two, they fought each other.