

Published every Wednesday Morning by  
**CHARLES H. ALLEN,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS.**—\$1.50 if paid within three months from the time of subscribing, or \$2.00 if paid within six months, and \$2.50 if not paid until the end of the year. No subscription received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid. Subscriptions will be continued unless notice be given otherwise, previous to the close of volume.

☐ No paper will be sent out of the State unless payment is made in advance.

**ADVERTISEMENTS,** inserted at 75 cts. per square of twelve lines for the first insertion, and 37 1-2 cts. for each continuance. Those not having the desired number of insertions marked upon them, will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

☐ Estrays Titled, \$2.00, to be paid by the Magistrate.

☐ For announcing a Candidate, \$2.00, in advance.

☐ The Postage must be paid upon all letters and communications to secure attention.

(FOR THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.)

## INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

LETTER VI.

But the most popular and attracting curiosity of this county is the far-famed Natural Bridge, from which it derives its name; and truly it is and object of thrilling interest. A view of it is worth many miles travel. And accordingly we find it resorted to, from every point of our National Confederacy, and many portions of Europe. Incompetency on the part of the writer; and the fact you have seen perhaps a dozen of graphic descriptions will prevent me from attempting anything of this order at present. A few facts, however, may be not inappropriately submitted. The awful chasm over-spanned by the massive arch is about 90 feet wide and 213 deep. The arch is 80 feet wide and 55 thick. The walls of the stately pillars are nearly perpendicular, and are hieroglyphiced with innumerable names from various portions of the globe. Perhaps you will be more agreeably entertained with a few suggestions respecting the origin of this marvellous and stupendous fabric of nature. You know that Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, expressed the opinion that all Western Virginia was once an inland sea. The Blue Ridge had for ages indeterminate opposed an insurmountable barrier to the passage of the waters of this territory to the Atlantic; but at length the mighty accumulation of floods forced a passage through the heart of this mountain of rocks. And by a parity of reasoning, an English visitor, in his enthusiastic description has given publicity to a similar sentiment respecting the formation of the Natural Bridge. As the idea was borrowed from Jefferson, and as he belonged to a sect of Philosophers, whose dogmas it would not be always entirely safe to adopt without investigation, we are constrained by caution and prudence to examine the physical structure of the vicinity, before we admit the infallibility of the opinion. And research will not progress very far until it will appear that for a considerable distance above, and some space below the Bridge, the ridge was actually solid dense limestone rock. It is a notorious fact if nature had not furnished this accommodation for transition, Cedar Creek could not have been crossed for miles above or below. Now it seems quite improbable, if not unreasonable that so small a stream could force rocks from the base of this everlasting hill, and leave the superincumbent cap, or upper captum unmoved. Besides the Bridge is about midway between the upper and lower extremity of a considerable acclivity. Now upon the principles of human reason, and experience, we would be strongly inclined to conclude the water would force its way through the narrowest and lowest part of the barrier. Not very distant from the Bridge the surface of the earth does not lack a great deal of being as low as the concave surface of the arch. The water could then, more naturally have made its escape over this depression. You have, doubtless, seen in the Book of the United States and elsewhere a thrilling account of James H. Piper, a student of Washington College, ascending the Eastern pillar of the Bridge to inscribe his name higher in the rock than General Washington, and not being able to return, was obliged to force his way 213 feet up the precipitous rock, and on reaching

the summit was so exhausted that he fell to the ground almost lifeless, and his hair was soon entirely gray. This was all a hoax. He ascended from choice or thorough curiosity, and although it was an exceedingly hazardous and exhausting enterprise, his hair is not gray yet. He was, for several years, a member of the State Senate, from Wythe and is now first clerk in the Land Office at Washington. The same perilous journey has been performed twice by another individual; but who declares he can never be induced to attempt it again. The route of these bold adventurous men was specifically pointed out to me; and to stand below and cast your eyes up, it seems a physical impossibility; but a passage down in the car shows that it is not entirely perpendicular. My cicero also pointed out the American Eagle of gigantic stature, which has always been reported to be visibly delineated, by the moss on the concavity of the arch. By his minute expatiations, and a giant effort of the imagination, I saw his aerial majesty; but his portraiture was very grotesque, and the outlines very imperfect. But after laying under contribution all the energies of fancy's prolific powers I could not reach the height necessary to discover the Lion's head, which is said to be crouched beneath his majesty's wing.— This effort strongly reminded me of the remark of Dr. Reid, an Englishman, who visited this county on ecclesiastical business. When his cicero was describing the outlines of the Eagle and taxing his oratorical powers to elucidate the point; the Doctor in despair gave up the effort as abortive, exclaiming "The Americans can see Eagles every where." Neither was it possible for me to discover the head of Washington, which is also said to be there. We saw an individual perform what was termed a feat of dexterity. He cast three stones up to the arch, a performance few have been able to accomplish. In this as well as many other things Washington excelled. He cast a silver dollar on the top. An aged silver dollar was recently found there, supposed the General's, as his could not be found. Whilst here we were entertained with a practical application of the Baconian system of Philosophising. A gentleman observed he had cut many antics on the trunk of a small tree, which once projected over the awful precipice. A stranger in amazement inquired "Is it possible?" "Yes." "Did any one see you?" was the next suspicious inquiry. Yes. "Was you then married?" "No." "Where there any young ladies present?" "Yes," was the down-cast response. "Was the woman that you married there?" "Y—e—s," lisped the fusion struck man, and appeared as if he would evaporate. "Eh," uttered the catechist, and off he went.

The posthumous works of Dr. Chalmers will be published by the Harpers, from duplicate stereotyped plates, simultaneously with the English edition. The first volume will be published in a few days.

**QUEEN VICTORIA.**—The rumor gains credence, says the correspondence of the Courier des Etats Unis, in circles of the highest authority, of the symptoms of insanity having been manifested by her majesty. The well known liability of her family to this malady, strengthens the probability of this report.

**GEN. DUFF GREEN** proposes establishing, in Washington, a new political paper, to be called the Times, devoted to Southern interests.

**Little Failings.**—"My James is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has his little failings for we are none of us perfect. He put the cat in the fire, flung his grandfather's wig down in the cistern, put his daddy's powder-horn in the stove, tied the coffee-pot to Jowler's tail, let off squibs in the barn, took my cap hobbin for fishing lines, and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eye; but these are only childish follies."

**A Quick Reply.**—A lady whose fondness for wine had given her a flushed face, and carbuncled nose was one day looking in the glass, and wondering at her rubicundity of countenance, exclaimed, "where in the name of fortune, could I have got such a nose!"

"Out of the decanter, my lady," said a sister-visitor, who stood by.

## THE WOOD ENGRAVER; OR, The Odd Fellow's Claim.

BY J. H. INGRAM.

"Where this evening, Charles?" asked a lovely married woman of her husband. The tone was slightly sneering, though she smiled as she spoke.

"I am on a visiting committee, and have to make a call on a sick brother," answered Mr. Preston, as he put on his gloves.

The lady pouted.

He took up his hat, and approached her with a playful smile.

"Ah, Mary, I fear you will never overcome your hostility—it is no longer prejudice, but hostility to the Lodge."

"And I do not wish to. Here you were away from me on Tuesday night until nine o'clock, and now on Thursday you are off again!"

"But I have duties I owe to others as well as to yourself, Mary! I give you five evenings and often six in every week, and you have a great portion of my time during the day. We must sacrifice something for others. As members of the great community, we have duties external to those due to our immediate families."

"But you had no such duties until you became an Odd Fellow."

"I did not till I became an Odd Fellow see so plainly the duty I owed to my fellow creatures as I now do. Becoming an Odd Fellow has enlarged my views of benevolence, and opened to me a field for its exercise."

"A young married man by the name of Pellon, who joined the Lodge a year ago, I learn by a note I received from the Noble Grand while I was at tea, is discovered to be quite ill. He has been absent from the Lodge for several meetings, but as no one was reported, I was not aware of it till just now. As he lives in the next street I must go and see him."

"Who is he?"

"An Odd Fellow."

"I mean his trade!"

"That you mean how respectable is he? We Odd Fellows, Mary, know no distinction of trades within the Lodge. We are all brothers and friends. He is a mechanic—a wood-engraver, I believe—I have several times spoken with him and like him. He is quite unassuming, and quite interesting in conversation. I have heard him speak in the Lodge with great fluency and eloquence. His health has been delicate of late."

"You seem to feel very much for such a sort of person, it seems to me! Well, go! I'll try to pass the evening as well as I can, as I do those when you are at the Lodge!" And the lady pouted and looked ill-pleased.

"Why not let me call and ask lively Amy Otis to drop in and pass the evening?"

"I had rather not have her."

"Why not go to your father's? I will see you there and call for you when I come back."

"No."

"Then pass the time in reading Fredrica Bremer's last."

"I shall go to bed."

This was said so very positively and angry that her husband said no more except "good evening."

She waited till she heard him shut the street door, and then she sprang up and began to pace the room. The cricket was in her way, and she kicked it out of her way. The piano was an obstacle to the free exercise of her limbs, and she tilted it over. For full five minutes she continued in this amiable mood, during which, annuals strewed the floor, chairs were laid upon their backs, and the poker and shovel took a turn or two of cachucha about the room. At length she threw herself upon a sofa and played the devil's tattoo with her little left foot upon the carpet until she was tired. She then pulled a feather fan to pieces and cast the fragments around her; took up a book and glanced into it and flung it to the other side of the room, greatly to the peril of a splendid French mirror, and to the utter demolition of a cologne bottle that unluckily lay in its progress.

The fragrance of the spilled cologne, or perhaps exhaustion, calmed her, and after a few gentle epithets at the Odd Fellows in general and her husband in particular, she rung for an ice cream to be brought her from the next confectioner's; a very excellent cooler in such cases.

Mrs. Preston was not a simpleton, nor a vixen nor a fool. She had good sense, a cultivated mind, and knew a great deal better than to act as she did. But she was jealous; jealous of the Lodge, not of woman; for she had too just appreciations of her own beauty, if not of Charles's constancy, to be jealous of any lady. No The lodge was her rival. It robbed her of a part of his society, all of which she felt it was her right to monopolize. She was like a stingy

child with a sweet apple. He must enjoy it in a corner, lest somebody should want a bite.

She had, from the first, openly shown her hostility to the Lodge; and many had been the scenes of tears and recriminations between them; he being too firm to yield to her weak entreaties to withdraw from an Institution he knew to be so worthy; and blind only to her own selfish love for every hour of time, at his refusal, she would retort—

"You pretend to friendship, love, and truth! Where is your friendship for me? Where is your love for me? Where is your truth, when you refuse this to my love, after you solemnly pledged yourself when you married me, Charles, to love and honor me? Is this honoring or loving me? If you think so, I do not."

While Mrs. Preston was eating her ice, Amy Otis came in; and being now in better humor, (ices are an unfailing prescription in these matters,) she managed to receive her husband very amiably, when at half-past nine he returned.

He looked gratified at the change in her but made no remark before Miss Otis. He was grave and thoughtful. At length he said, smiling, as he looked at his wife—

"Miss Amy, my wife has scolded me a little far being an Odd Fellow, you know. She tried to have me stay in to-night. But as I was on the sick committee I could not, very well. I am thankful I did not," he said impressively.

"Would you like to hear," he added, addressing the young lady, "where I have been?"

"Yes," she answered, laughing. Let us hear, sir, of some of your great benevolent doings!"

"After I had walked five minutes from my door, I turned into Lane, and with some difficulty I found the house I sought. It was small and of humble exterior. I knocked, and a thin, pale young woman came to the door. I asked if Mr. Pellon lived there? She said that he did. I told her I had come to see him, having just heard of his illness."

"He is indeed ill, sir. I am glad you have come to see him, sir. Are you an Odd Fellow?" she asked with an eager look.

"Yes."

"Then all is well for us!" she answered, gratefully. "He is my husband, sir. He has not been well for this six months. And the last six weeks he has not been able to work for the *dengue* in his fingers. This worried him and wore upon him, and made him right sick at last. Well, sir, as his daily earnings were cut up by the four children and us two as fast as it came in, if he lost a day it was robbing the mouths that depended on him; and he has been paid low of late, there is so many engravers that are not married that work for very little. So he grew sick and took to bed with a bad fever."

"And how long has he been ill?"

"Four weeks, sir."

"And why has he not made it known to the Lodge?"

"So I told him; but he said no. He said he would keep from the funds of the Lodge till the very last minute. So he made me sell this and that for food and to buy medicine."

"The sensitiveness was all wrong," I said to her. "The fund was in part his own contribution. He was entitled to it as a right. It is never regarded in the light of alms."

"But he felt it was, sir; and he is proud. Well, sir, we struggled on till to-day, when he proving worse, and nothing to sell and nothing to eat, I made him tell me who was the 'Grantee' of the Lodge; and I put on my bonnet when he was asleep and goes straight to his store. He received me kindly and said my husband should at once be attended to; and that's only an hour since, and here you are already, sir, come to see me!"

She pressed my hand, with tears and expressions of the deepest gratitude. I entered the sick man's room. He turned his large glazing eye upon me, and smiled as he recognized me.

"You have come to a poor man's house sir," he said, as if mortified at his poverty. "I did not expect I should so soon call on the charity of the Lodge."

"You are claiming of me only your right, and my due," I said. "No Odd Fellow can be regarded as an object of charity. He is looked upon as a distressed brother, and the duties extended to him are those of love. We owe each other only love. It is that has brought me here."

He smiled gratefully and pressed my hand with his skeleton fingers, which were hot to the touch. I found that he and his family were perfectly destitute. There was no cooling medicine for them. His wife told me that the children had eaten nothing since dinner, and were gone to bed crying for food, and she had for their sakes eaten nothing since the night before."

"Oh horror! Dreadful!" exclaimed both Amy and Mrs. Preston, in tones of pity and sympathy.

"I instantly went out and hastened to the next grocery. There I filled my handkerchief with bread, cheese, cakes, oranges for the sick man, a paper of tea and sugar; under my arm I placed a bottle of wine, and in my hand bore a quart of fresh milk. With these treasures I hastened back to the scene of affliction and wretchedness. My presence soon cast sunshine upon the gloom. In less than half an hour things bore a new face. I despatched a note to two of my fellow committee men, with instructions to bring a physician, and to come prepared to stay for the night, as my wife would by no means give me permission to be out."

"Charles! Charles! this is too, too severe!" said his wife bursting into tears.

"Nay then, Mary, I did not write so to them of you! I withdraw the words!"

"I deserved it if you did! I have been all, all wrong! Forgive me!"

"Freely!" he said, kissing her hand.—

"I remained until they came with Dr. —. By the time I came away, every thing around the invalid was comfortable; clean bed linen, clean linen for himself, and plenty of food in the house. The doctor said, with careful nursing he might recover. I took leave of him a little while since, leaving the two Odd Fellows watching by his bedside. When they leave him at dawn, their places will be supplied by two others. I ought to be one of them, but"—

"Charles! Go! Be one of them! From this moment I shall speak only of your Order with honor and affection!"

## A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,  
A pearly shell was in my hand,  
I stooped and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year, the day.  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look I fondly cast;  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
And washed my lines away.

And so, me thought, 'twill shortly be  
With every mark on earth from me!  
And wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod—the sandy shore  
Of time; and been to be no more;  
Of me—my day—the name I bore,  
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,  
And holds the water in His hands,  
I know a lasting record stands,  
Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part hath wrought—  
Of all this thinking soul hath thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory or for shame.

## PALINDROMES.

Time, the beautifier of the dead,  
Adorner of the ruin, comforter  
And only healer when the heart hath bled—  
Time! the corrector when our judgments err,  
The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,  
For all the rest are sophists.—Byron.

If the above word, TIME, be artificially transposed or metagrammised, it will form the following words:—*meti, emit, and item.* Now if the before named words and its anagrams be placed in the following quadratic position, then it will form what may be termed an anagrammatic palindromo:—

T I M E  
I T E M  
M E T I  
E M I T

This word, TIME, is the only word in the English language which can be thus arranged, and the different transpositions thereof are all the same time Latin words. These words in English, as well as in Latin, may be read upwards or downwards.

The English words, TIME, ITEM, METI and EMIT (to send forth,) are mentioned above; and of the Latin ones, (1) Time, signifies—fear thou; (2) Item—likewise; (3) Meti—to be measured; and (4) Emit—he buys.

"I HAVE KNOWN," says Cicero, "many sins by speaking, few by keeping silence; it is therefore more difficult to know how to be silent than to speak." And there is a Spanish proverb to the same effect:—"Any fool may babble, but it takes a wise man to hold his tongue."

INDIA RUBBER is now used for saddles—to which its elasticity, durability and other qualities peculiarly adapt it.

"What do you think of whiskey, Dr. Johnson?" hiccupped Boswell, emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy. "Sir," said the doctor, "it penetrates every soul like the small still voice of conscience; and and doubtless the worm of the mill is the worm that never dies."