The Abbeville Press.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, POLITICS &C., &C.

TERMS---TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,] "Let it be Instilled into the Hearts of your Children that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Rights."—*Junius.* [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON, JR. ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1860. VOLUME VIII.---NO. 31.

BOWIE, LAFITTE & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

BOWIE, BRO. & CO.,

Factors and Commission

MERCHANTS,

Central Wharf,

JOHN A. BOWIE, JOHN B. LAFITTE, EDWARD LAFITTE. } CHARLESTON, S. C.

Sept 11, 1860, 20, 3m

G. M. CALHOUN,

WAREHOUSE

AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Reynold's St., between Jackson and McIntosh

Augusta, Ga.;

will attend strictly to the sale of

COTTON, BACON, GRAIN,

And all other produce consigned to him. Personal attention giving to the filling of all orders for Bagging, Rope and Family Supplies. Liberal Cash advances made on produce in Store.

June 24, 1860, 8 tf

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

SIR JAMES CLARKE'S

Celebrated Female Pills.

PROTECTED LETTERS BY ROYAL SEAL PATENT

This invaluable medicine is unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases incident to the female constitution.

It moderates all excesses and removes all obstructions, from whatever cause, and a speedy cure may be relied on.

TO MARRIED LADIES

it is peculiarly suited. It will, in a short time bring on the monthly period with regularity

CAUTION—These Pills should not be taken by females that are pregnant, during the first three months, as they are sure to bring on Miscarriage; but at every other time, and in every other case they are perfectly safe.

In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections Pain in the Back and Limbs, Heaviness, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Lowness of Spirits, Hysterics, Sick Headache, Whites and all the painful diseases occasioned by a disordered system, these Pills will effect a cure when all other means have failed. Full directions in the pamphlet around each package, which should be carefully preserved

A bottle containing 50 pills, and encircled with the Government Stamp of Great Britain, can be sent post free for $1 and 6 postage stamps.

General agent for U. S., Job Moses, Rochester

Sold in Abbeville by Donald McLauchlin, Dr. I. Branch, and C. H. Allen, and all Druggists everywhere. Van Schaick & Grierson, Charleston, Wholesale Agents. 7,-13t

HOWARD ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent institution established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

MEDICAL Advice given gratis by the Acting Surgeon to all who apply by letter with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, Medicine furnished free of charge

Valuable Reports on the New Remedies employed in the Dispensary, sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Two or three Stamps for postage will be acceptible.

Address, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President

GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. [Jan. 20,12m

JAMES D. CHALMERS.

ABBEVILLE C. H., S. C.,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN

MARBLE,

HAS Just received three hundred new pieces together with the old, making one of the largest Stocks in the State which will be sold as low as can be bought in any other place.

MARBLE SLABS,

6 feet by 3, from $26 to $40

HEAD STONES

from $3 to $25.

MONUMENTS

And Fancy Head Stones always on hand together with a large quantity of designs, which can be made to order at short notice.

All Marble Cutting and Carving neatly done

J. D. CHALMERS.

Jan. 26, 1860 40 tf

JAMES T. GARDINER, Formerly Simpson & Gardiner | ST. JOHN MOORE

GARDINER & MOORE,

WAREHOUSE AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

(Warehouse formerly occupied by Simpson & Gardiner.)

McINTOSH STREET,

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

WILL give their personal attention to the Selling of Cotton, or such other Produce as may be sent to them by their friends and the public.

Orders for Bagging, Rope, and Family Supplies, filled to the best advantage.

Cash advances made upon produce in store when required.

July 13, 1860, 11,-6m.

NEGROES WANTED.

THE Subscriber will at all times be in the market for Young and

Likely Boys and Girls,

from the age of 12 to 25.

Persons having negroes for sale will address me at Greenwood, S. C.

J. T. PARKS.

Feb. 1st, 1860, 12m.

THE ABBEVILLE PRESS.

BY LEE & WILSON.

ABBEVILLE S. C.

Two Dollars in Advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the Expiration of the Year.

All subscriptions not limited at the time of subscribing, will be considered a indefinite, and will be continued until arrearages are paid, or at the option of the Proprietors. Orders from other States must invariably be accompanied with the Cash.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The Proprietors of the Abbeville *Press* and Abbeville *Banner* have established the following rates of Advertising to be charged by both papers:

Every Advertisement inserted for a less time than three months, will be charged by the insertion at **One Dollar** per Square, (1¼ inch—the space of 12 solid lines or less,) for the first insertion, and **Fifty Cents** for each subsequent insertion.

1 square 3 months,	$5;	6 month $8;	1 year $12
2 squares 3 "	$8;	6 " $10;	1 year $20
3 squares 3 "	$10;	6 " $14;	1 year $25
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7 squares 3 "	$25;	6 " $35;	1 year $45
8 squares 3 "	$30;	6 " $46;	1 year $50

One column, one year $85.

Obituary Notices

Exceeding one square, or twelve lines, will be charged for, as advertisements.

All Communications not of general interest will be charged for.

Announcing Candidates Five Dollars.

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on the copy, will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Money for Job Work and Advertising from any except regular patrons will be considered due as soon as the work is done.

CANDIDATES.

For Ordinary,

JOHN A. HUNTER,
Col. J. G. BASKIN,
JOHN W. LESLEY,
NATHANIEL McCANTS, Esq.

For Sheriff.

ROBERT JONES,
WILLIAM G. NEAL,

LAND AND NEGROES FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale his LAND, consisting of

740 OR 50 ACRES,

Situated on Greenville and Bellwether roads, five miles North-West of Calhoun's Mills, and bounded by J. A. Norwood, W. McCelvey, and J. A. Calhoun, in good order and repair, well ditched and drained.

For further information address

DR. EDWIN PARKER,
Abbeville C. H., S. C.

June 26, 1860, 9, 12m

W. N. MERIWETHER,

Wholesale and Retail Druggist,

NINETY-SIX, S. C.

HAVING enlarged his Stock of Drugs and Medicines, would respectfully call the attention of his friends and the public generally to his fine stock of the same, and solicit a continuance of their kind patronage and liberality.

He proposes selling Drugs as low as any first class Drug Store in the up country. His stock is complete, and everything sold by him is warranted to be fresh and genuine. At his store may be found

DYE STUFFS, PAINTS, OILS

Varnishes, Varnish and Paint Brushes, Spices, Mace, Cloves, Pepper, Teas of all kinds, Buggy and Carriage Grease,

Also, a fine lot of CHEWING TOBACCO, and SEGARS of the best brands.

A large and varied stock of excellent

PERFUMERY.

He also offers Confectionaries,

BRANDIES,

Pure Old Port, Madeira and Maliaga

WINES

At exceedingly low figures. Also, a good article of Apple Vinegar, Kerosene, Oils and Fluids. Lamps of all kinds. Wicks for any kind of Lamps, and everything usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

Prompt attention will be given to all.

May 25, 1860—1-tf

DR, WM, A. ALLEN,

SURGEON DENTIST.

HAVING graduated in the Dental College of Philadelphia, offers his services to the public. Being thoroughly posted in all the departments of his profession, he flatters himself that he will be enabled to give entire satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage.

Room—Over the new Book and Drug Store of Mr. C. H. Allen, in White's Building.

April 4, 1860 50 1y

D. MALONE,

BRICKLAYER

AND

ROCK MASON,

Ninety Six, S. C.

OFFERS his services to the public as Bricklayer and Rock Mason, and feels confident of his ability to warrant satisfaction, as he has had a long experience in the business both in Europe and America. Persons wishing work of this kind done would do well to address him at Ninety Six, S. C.

May 1, 1860, 1, tf

GEORGIA

Manufactory of Saddles and Harness.

169 Broad Street, under the August Hotel.

JULIUS DARROW, Proprietor,

Machine Stretched Belting of Oak, Hemlock and Rubber. Gin Bands of Oak, Hemlock and Rubber. [Sept 28, 1860, 22, 4m

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

I stand at the portal knock,
And tearfully, prayerfully wait:
Oh, who will unfasten the lock,
And open the Beautiful Gate!

Forever and ever, and ever
Must I linger and suffer alone?
Is there none who is able to sever
The fetters that keep me from home?

My spirit is lonely and weary,—
I long for the beautiful streets:
This world is so chilly and dreary,
And bleeding and torn are my feet.

Oh, open the Beautiful Gate
For a world-weary pilgrim—alas!
My spirit impatiently waits
Thy diamond-starred portals to pass.

There is no one to answer my call,
And the beautiful gate is barred,
And high on the adamant wall
Angels unnumbered stand guard;

And here I must linger alone,
And patiently suffer and wait,
Till the joyful summons shall come,
To pass through the Beautiful Gate.

THE CONTRAST.

You look to the future, oh, above,
I only look to the past;
You are dreaming your first dream of love
And I have dreamed my last.

You watch for feet that are to tread
With yours on a shining track;
I hear but the echoes, dull and dread,
Of feet that come not back.

You are passing up the flower slope
I felt so long ago;
Your rainbows shine through the drops of hope,
And mine through the drops of woe.

Night glides in its visions sweet away,
And at morn you live them o'er;
From my dreams by night and by day,
I have waked to dream no more.

You are reaching forth with a spirit glad,
To the hopes that are still untried;
I am burying the hopes I had,
That have slipped from my arms and died

And I pray that the blessedest things there be
On thy future may descend;
But, alas, for mine! it were well for me,
If I made a peaceful end.

From the Southern Guardian.

An Appeal to the South.

When the Abolition cloud was not bigger than a man's hand, I predicted its progress, its expansion and its desolating burst, with almost as much accuracy as if I had been inspired; and I suggested a mode by which it might be dissipated, and its ravages prevented. Old men in Georgia know this to be true—indeed, it is of record among the literary rubbish of that State.—I mention it not in boasting, but in the hope that it will add some little weight to all that is prophetic in what follows:

Upon the action of the cotton growing States between now and the fourth of March hangs their destiny for weal or for woe forever. If they will quit the Union now in a body, while the times are the most propitious to the movement they ever had, or ever will have, they will be a great, rich and happy people. If they let this opportunity slip—if they suffer themselves to be lulled into security by the fair promises of Lincoln, by the thread bare rhetoric upon 'the glorious Union,' or by any thing else they are a ruined people, and the worst ruined people who have ever trod this earth since the sacking of Jerusalem. Come near me, plain, honest farmers, mechanics, laborers and young men, and let us talk over this matter candidly, and with a sole eye to truth and our country's good. And the better to accomplish these ends, dismiss from your minds all those glowing harangues under which you have wept and shouted and voted; and listen to a little plain common sense which you can understand perfectly, remember, and use for the benefit of your children and neighbors. And I here make a most startling assertion, upon which reserve your judgment until you hear my reasons for it. It is this: if Lincoln would pledge himself under oath, and I were sure he would keep his oath, to enforce the fugitive slave laws to the letter—if all the people of the Northern States would not only vow to repeal their anti-slavery codes, but actually do it, and pledge themselves to allow your servants to accompany you through all the States without a whisper to decoy them from you—as I hope to be saved, I would not stay in this Union one hour longer than I could get out of it! And now for my reasons: They would keep their vows, (we suppose that,) but they would be exactly the same people they are now—they would hate you, and hate slavery, as much as they do now: a little more, if you extorted these concessions from their love of your cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco; and they would be exactly what they are now. Let me put a case to you. But first, let me draw a moral from your *surprise*, which ought to alarm you, and improve you. I only suppose the Northern President and Northern people to do what all Presidents and all people did for thirty years after the Government was established—respect the Constitution. I only supposed you to give them an acquittance for all the past, upon their assurance that they will observe the law on a single point for the future; and it amazed you, dear for this *great boon*, I would not yoke myself to them indissolubly, as you would do joyously. Oh, my countrymen, have you reached this point, while your wives and daughters are hallowing the grounds and consecrating the tomb of Washington? Have the once called 'chivalry of the South' sunk so low before all of General Greene's children have passed away! 'But it would save the Union.' I tell you, men, the Union is no more like it was, when I first knew it, than a zephyr is like a tornado—than a Caligula is like a Luther. But have you any hope of realizing the supposed case in a single particular? You do not dream of it. Lincoln will give you some double faced promises to lull you, and gull you, and his supporters will dress them up in heavenly attributes—this is all you may expect. He cannot even give you encouraging promises without believing himself. But he is not the thing to be feared; it is the power that pushed him up, and will pull him down if he dare to resist it. But to my case: Suppose I should ask which you would prefer, to live under an absolute despotism of one man, or an absolute despotism of ten thousand men?—You would instantly answer, 'Of one man, without doubt. He would treat all his subjects alike. If he plundered, he would plunder all his subjects alike. If he were bad, we might chop off his head and get a better; and if not assassinated, time would soon dispose of him. But the ten thousand would make all others tributary to them and their neighbors. A little, comparatively, would satisfy the rapacity of one man, but millions upon millions would not satisfy the ten thousand. If the one should be inclined to butchery, his murders must be limited to the range of his acquaintance mainly. But the ten thousand would butcher by whole communities, and they would never die.' Now, henceforward, you are to be subjected to an absolute despotism, not of ten thousand, but of nineteen millions, concerning whom there need be no '*ifs*;' for they have disclosed their character, their conduct, and their plans, fully, fearlessly, and shamelessly.

The Republicans have all power in their hands, and are under no restraint of law, oath or conscience. They believe that to abuse you, persecute you, plunder you, tax you, degrade you, and force you to a condition worse than all these put together, (better conceived than printed,) is doing God's service. Your fathers fought seven years to avoid taxation without representation. You will remain a hundred years under taxation without representation; for your representatives will be no better than dead men in Congress. Your fathers would not endure a tax upon tea and paper; you will have to endure a tax on every thing; and only to glorify your masters, and strengthen your bonds. At the footstool of a Negro you would have a hearing; by flattering him, you would receive largesses from him; but you will receive no hearing no crums from your masters. Is this fancy? No, I take it all from the lips and acts of the Republicans themselves. To their praise, be it spoken, that they are open and frank in the avowal of their purpose, and in their efforts to accomplish it. Herein they are better than Phillip. We encourage them by apathy and bounties; and herein we are worse than the Athenians.

A. B. LONGSTREET.

THE CAREER OF WALKER.—Few men, perhaps, at the age of Gen. Walker, who has just terminated his career at the executioner's hands on the soil of Nicaragua, have passed through a more eventful life. He was but thirty-six years of age, and was born in Nashville, Tennessee, and received a most liberal education, first by a collegiate course at the University of Nashville, where he received the highest honors, and afterwards in the Medical Schools of Philadelphia and Paris; enjoying, also while in Europe, the advantage of a tour through Germany and Italy, where his opportunities were appreciated and embraced. His distaste to the medical profession turned him to the law, and finally, in 1850, in California, he first entered upon the hazardous career which has at last been brought to a close. Condemn him who may he can not be denied qualities of courage and military talent worthy of a better cause, and which applied in the proper direction, would have illumined a page in history.

Not long since, in South Carolina, a clergyman was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating for a considerable length of time on the truly awful consequences of disobedience to the divine commands he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, 'And are there any Jonahs here?' There was a negro present whose name was Jonah, who, thinking himself called on immediately rose, and turning to his white race in the preacher, said he, 'Dat's easy enough fixed now, sarcumstances dere be one, massa.'

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THE STRONG MAN, AND HOW HE BECAME SO.

The public have been not a little interested, for a few years, in occasional accounts of Dr. Winship, the "strong Yankee's" experiments in physical self-education. He is about twenty-six years old, five feet, seven inches in height, and weighs one hundred and forty eight pounds. He can lift *eleven hundred pounds*, and is now the best example of physical education in the United States. He was seventeen years of age before he began his experiments, and was then but five feet high, and weighed only one hundred pounds; his health was not good, for he already suffered from the usual dyspeptical troubles of American youth. So great has been his improvements, that he now declares it to be his opinion that no one, having "an atom of strength and life," need despair of the benefits of a right system of training. He instances Dr. Warren's testimony respecting a veteran invalid, who began gymnastics in his seventieth year, with very salutary effects: and, of course, old Cornaro (famous in Addison's *Spectator*) is not forgotton, who, though no gymnast, began in his fortieth year to restore a broken constitution, and lived a life of health and of enviable cheerfulness till his hundredth year.

But what has been the efficacious theory of the strong Yankee? He has given it in the Massachusetts *Teacher*, but, unfortunately, in an article of too great length to be read much. We propose to take unusual liberties with his communication, in order to condense into a more readable shape, his interesting details.—They are the best prescriptions we have ever met for physical self-recuperation; and, in this day, when 'muscular' merit has become a matter of special ambition, and physical training a subject of even moral preachments, it may not be unprofitable to present to the public an example which, from both its moderate good sense, and its extraordinary results, may be pronounced a model one.

How, then has the Yankee doctor surpassed all the pugilistic training of the age? We enumerate at much length the principles of his system. We give the most essential particulars, presenting them, however, with our own enumeration.

1. He has breathed an abundance of fresh air 'almost constantly;' practising, we suppose, inflation of the lungs.

2. He has drank no ardent spirits, and used no tobacco. The English 'training' for the 'ring,' it is well known, prohibits these articles.

3. He has taken nearly every day, about a *half hour's gymnastic exercise*, in the open air, and he is an example of the surprising results.

4. He has eaten heartily of such food, animal and vegetable, as agreeable with his stomach, scouting the maxim that 'you should leave the table hungry.' He began not to recover from his dyspepsia till he escaped this nonsense.

5. He has taken at least ten hours rest daily, including sleep, and appears to have devoted as much of it to sleep as nature would allow.

6. He has worn every article of his dress as loose and as easy as the freest action of his muscles and limbs would demand.

7. He has used the bath once a week in winter, and twice a week in summer. He denounces the daily use of cold baths.

He has pursued this course for nine years, and it has, during this long period, afforded him some important observations, if not discoveries. Here are a few of them:

1. That it is as easy to increase the strength of the human body as it is that of a magnetic.

2. That whatever increased his strength increased his general health. He enjoys now the maximum of the latter as he probably does of the former—for his force is now equal to that of two ordinary men.

3. That by developing his body harmoniously, he could preclude the possibility of hernia, or any similar injury, that otherwise might result from an extremely violent exercise of his muscles.

4. That *lifting* is the safest and surest method of procuring 'harmonious' development, as also the most strengthening of all exercises—a fact not generally supposed.

5. That the performance of twenty different gymnastic feats once, is better than the performance of one feat twenty times.

6. That he gained more by forty minutes' exercise once in two days, than by twenty minutes once a day.

7. Twenty or fifteen minutes' gymnastics sufficed for each day.

8. That as strength increases, more intense but less protracted exercise should be the rule.

9. That increase of muscular power is attended with a proportionate increase of digestive power.

10. That great physical strength may be acquired independently of hereditary tendency to it, and, indeed, in spite of hereditary weakness of constitution.

11. That increased strength cannot long continue on a purely vegetable diet.

12. That increasing the strength makes excretion take place less by the skin, and more by the lungs and other emunctories.

13. That long before he could raise eleven hundred pounds with the hands, or shoulder a barrel of flour, he had put to flight the whole brood of ailments—sick headaches, nervousness, indigestion, etc., which are the familiar companions of American health, or rather ill health.

The [illegible] doctor proceeds to give [illegible] directions resulting deducted from his experience, for all aspirants to good health and manly vigor. He advises as follows:

1. You should sleep in your sleeping room, an apartment [illegible] sunny side, and let the sun play into it, at least six hours a day, if the clouds will allow him to show his face.

2. Keep it ventilated all the time, and especially keep the windows partially open at night, but avoid drafts.

3. Practice general ablution once a week in cold weather, twice a week in warm. Too much bathing he asserts, "defeats every intention for which water is externally applied."

4. Take not less than eight hours' rest per day.

5. Use no food which has been prepared in a copper, brass or bell metal utensil Use no water that has come in contact with lead.

6. Use such food as your appetite prefers, in spite of Leibig or any other authority.

7. Practice lifting as the best of gymnastics; but begin cautiously, and be careful of too much fatigue. Dumb bells he considers next desirable to lifting.

8. Never exceed half an hour in any gymnastic exercise.

9. Never rise early unless you retire early. Be sure to get sleep enough.

10. Gradually wear less and less clothing about the neck, till you can keep it entirely exposed without taking cold.

Such is an outline of Dr. Winship's system. It is singularly sensible; it is almost universally practicable, except, perhaps, the prescription about sleep. Could it be generally adopted in the United States, we doubt not that, in one generation, it would reduce the medical faculty fifty per cent., and the rates of life assurance correspondingly, and render us the most vigorous and most long lived nation on the globe, as we are now decidly the 'smartest'—*N. Y. World.*

NO POSTPONEMENT.—The story is related of a lawyer who has since attained eminence in his profession: A case in which he was engaged as counsel for the defendant came at a certain day. As he was insufficiently prepared, he was very anxious to have the case posponed a few days, that he might have further time for his purpose. Unfortunately there was a great press of business, and he knew that the motion would be overruled unless some extraordinary reason was alleged. Under these circumstances he bethought himself of an expedient. Rising, with his handkerchief to his face, he addressed the judge in accents of great apparent emotion: 'May it please your honor, I have just been informed that my mother is at the point of death. My emotions are too great for me to proceed in this case. I move that it be postponed until day after to-morrow.' This request would, of course, have been granted by the Court, whose sympathies were strongly excited in his behalf; but at this moment, to the discomfiture of the lawyer and the amusement of the audience, the shrill voice of his mother was heard from the gallery: 'Ichabod! Ichabod! how often have I whipped you for lying?' The case wasn't postponed, nor was it gained by the afflicted counsel.

MADE TO LAY.—A lady correspondent, writing from Kansas, relates the following extraordinary proceeding:

After breakfast, I was surprised to see my landlady go out, and catching hens tie each on's legs together, and [illegible] them upon the ground, with, 'There—be good.' 'What did you do that for?' I asked. 'To make 'em lay,' she answered. 'Make them say? Will that do it?' I enquired. 'La, yes,' she said. 'Didn't you ever hear tell of that before?' I confessed that I had not. In an hour she went out again, and picking up the hens, sure enough, some of them had laid.—These she let go, and they ran off, not even cackling their gratitude. But those hens that seemed disposed to be contrary she struck on the back' saying: 'You'd better lay—you'd better lay; for you won't go until you do'—and in a little while they, too, had recompensed their mistress for feeding them so bountifully. She says that she does so every morning, and the hens know well enough that 'they have got to lay.'

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Away among the Alleghanies, there is a spring so small that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches out a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many a cultivated farm, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity.—Receiving of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient, only to God, shall roll on year till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hands to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with mortal influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.—*Southern Illustrator.*

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts sinews of the wrists.

All men look to happiness in the future! To every one heaven and earth seems to embrace in the distance.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man as good to carry around a lightning-rod to attract trouble.

MY REWARD.

Blindly, madly had I loved Mark Tiverton; and, as we are forbidden to make ourselves idols of clay, no wonder that my earthly deity fell. He had given me every reason to suppose that he loved me; and yet, some months previous, he had gone away off on a two years' journey without confessing his love, without bidding me a friendly good bye. 'Never, never,' I said, 'will I trust man again.—Constancy is a myth! Farewell, faith in human nature!'

The cup of life, with its mingled draught had been held to my lips. My unsteady hand had shaken the vessel, and the liquid, the honey and gall were mingled. I had drained the draught; the honey had passed into the stomach, but ah! the gall remained in bitterness upon my lips.

I was wild, wayward, and I became more wayward still. My guardians never sought to control me; perhaps it would have been better had they done so, but we will let that pass.

I pursued my studies for nearly two years, and then went into teaching.—Those two years had added much to my apparent age. My brow was somewhat furrowed; my manners hasty, rash; yet I was esteemed as a teacher and loved as a friend.

One night after I had been teaching for three months, a restless spell came over me. One of those unaccountable fits when I seemed to be controlled by a power not my own. I tied on my hat—it was summer time—and went down to the beach. I often wandered thus alone, and my friends took no heed of my journeyings. The moon was shining brightly on the foamy sea. Pillars of vapor rested on the waves. The blue sky came down and canopied the billows. The busy waves, singing as they came, rolled gay-tinged shells on shore.

The playful breeze played with and lifted my hair. The dews of night were threading the fibres with pearls of first water; but hardly did I enjoy these lavish beauties. I did not heed the lesson taught by trustful nature, to smile on that beautiful night. I was thinking, bitterly thinking of Mark Tiverton. Where was he now? The two years of his absence were past. Had he wooed another maid and left her desolate? Heaven forbid!

Right back of me, a quarter of a mile from the moonlighted beach, stood an old ruined mansion. I had never visited the place, for rumor said 'twas haunted; but it looked down so pleasantly that the great fissures in the walls seemed to beckon me to come up there and see for myself whether it was as bad as people said. I sprang up the path and entered the front doorway. I took my station in a room that overlooked the sea, and I felt supremely contented to stay there all night.

I pulled an old stool to the broken casement and sat down. A strip of paper lay at my feet. Mechanically I took it up, and, by the moonlight, read, 'Mark Tiverton.' Then I fell to wondering again about Mark. Sometime, then, he had been in the room where I was sitting.—Where was he now? Unconsciously my head had dropped on the window sill, and I fell asleep, dreaming all the time of Mark.

Only a few moments elapsed ere I was aroused by a warm breath upon my cheek. I looked up in affright, but saw nothing. I arose. My dress caught on a projecting nail. I turned to disengage it, and directly behind me stood Mark, with his arms outstretched to receive me. I was too surprised to move or speak, but I remembered all the past.

'Won't you come to my bosom, birdie?' he asked with the same tone as of old.

'Your breast is no resting-place for me now, Mark Tiverton,' I answered.

'I did not do just right, birdie; but I meant no wrong by leaving you as I did. I was poor; I would not bind your young heart then. I intended to say good bye, but the steamer sailed before I expected, hence my abrupt departure. To-night I came here for a pleasant walk, and saw your head upon the window, betraying its owner by the wealth of long black curls, which I knew no other woman than my birdie could boast of possessing. I have a competence now, and I have come for my mate. Will you go with me, Ellen?'

'Yes,' I replied.

There was a simple wedding at Farmer White's, and my fortune was linked with Mark Tiverton's. For two little years we were happy, too happy, for the death angel became jealous of our love. He came to Mark and laid his seal on the noble brow. It faded from the hue of life to the pallor of death, and Mark, my idol, my idol—died.

I knew where he had gone—he with his strong faith in Christ—but I couldn't see the way. The road up Calvary's Mount looked thorny. I strove to travel it. Bleeding and faint, I fell by the way. Then, for the first time, I realized my impotency. I stretched my thin hands upward, and cried for help. My prayer was heard. My weary frame was placed against the great Corner Stone which will never fail to decay; my feet were planted on the Rock of Ages; and now, when the storms of life howl round me, I look down fearlessly and look unflinchingly, knowing that if I fight the good fight, and my own Him among Saviour, who hath opened my eyes and cleansed this leprous soul, saying—I will, be thou clean, that great will be my reward. In this world peace that passeth all understanding, and in the one to come life eternal.'

MARY I. PURINGTON.

'Mother,' said Mark, one morning—'mother I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near the place where I go to.' Musing a little while as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, 'Mother, there was not reason; it was because I was in a place where I fell out.'