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[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON, JR.

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1861.

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## SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

See! the shades of eve departing,  
Falls the sunlight from the west;  
Night her darksome robe is taking,  
Tired Nature sinks to rest.  
O! my heart, search well each chamber,  
Lest some sin be lurking there;  
Cleanse it from its foul pollution,  
Seek thy maker kneel in prayer.

Soon the light shall fade forever,  
Hewn the grave our dust shall hide;  
Each faint beat the heart is giving  
Brings us nearer that dark tide.  
Ere the sun shall gild the morrow,  
Ere the stars forget to shine—  
We pass the gates of sorrow—  
Make us, Lord, more wholly thine.

Now, while nature sinks, repose,  
Whilist the air a stillness keeps,  
Would I mourn my sins in sorrow  
To that one who never sleeps!  
Should death's angel, cold appearing,  
Bear my willing soul away,  
Steer me, Lord, o'er death's dark billows,  
Guide me to thy perfect day.

O! FOR A KIND TRUE FRIEND.  
Oh! for a kind true friend,  
A friend whom I could trust,  
'T would be a source of joy to me  
To know that I was blest  
With one in whom I could confide  
My secret hopes and fears.  
And who would not in coldness turn  
From me in future years.

But oh! I fear I never shall  
Have that consoling thought  
To help me on through life's cold stream,  
Though very close I've sought,  
To find this jewel of a friend,  
That poets so applaud;  
And as I have not found one yet,  
I fear it's all a fraud.

## A JUST MAN.

A just man is always simple. He is a man of direct aims and purposes. There is no complexity in his motives, and thence there is no jarring or discordancy in his character. He wishes to do right, and in most cases he does it. He may err, but it is by mistake of judgment, and not by perversity of intention. The moment his judgment is enlightened his action is corrected. Setting himself always a clear and worthy end, he will never pursue it by any concealed or unworthy means. We may carry our remarks, for illustration, both into private and public life. Observe such a man in his home. There is a calm about him which no artificial grace has ever had the power to bestow; there is a sweetness—I had almost said a music—in his manners, which no sentimental refinement has ever given.

His speech, ever fresh from purity and rectitude of thought, controls all that are within its hearing with an unfeigned and yet effortless sway. Faithful to every domestic as to his religion and his God, he would no more prove recreant to any loyalty of home than he would to blaspheme the Maker in whom he believes, or than he should forsake the Heaven in which he hopes. Fidelity and truth to those bound by love and nature to his heart are to him most sacred principles; they are in the last recesses of his moral being; they are imbedded in the life; and to violate them would seem to him as a spiritual extermination, the suicide of his soul.

Nor is such a man unrewarded for the goodness that he so largely gives; he is largely paid back to him again; and, though the current of his life is transparent, it is not shallow. On the contrary, it is deep and strong. The river that fills its channel glides smoothly along in the power of its course—it is the stream which scarcely covers the raggedness of its bed, that is turbulent and noisy. With all this gentleness there is exceeding force; with all this meekness there is imperious command; but the force is the force of wisdom, and the command is the command of love.

We refer our readers for further information on this point to 'The Life and Correspondence of John A. Quitman,' page 353.

Some justice has been done to Beauregard in the histories of the Mexican war—but its incompleteness we have been reminded of byron's satire of military glory: 'To be shot dead on the battle field, and have your name misspelt in the Gazette.'

The position now so promptly assigned to Gen. Beauregard is a just tribute to his worth. It is a great satisfaction to our people that the enemy can bring no talent against us which we cannot match with its equal in our Southern land; and amongst all the bright galaxy, no one could be more acceptable than our native born Louisiana Beauregard.

Nor is it more silly than the pleasure some people take in speaking their minds. A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend or made his fortune.

There seems to be little practical difference between the friend who does you no good and the enemy who does no harm.

There is no great difference between what an ambitious man is and what he is not; he is not, he is not, what a vain one is and what he is not.

## GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

There is no name better known for science and worth among army men, than Gen. Beauregard.

The histories of the Mexican War, favorably as they have mentioned him, have failed to notice two of the most conspicuous incidents of his life, and which have gone far to establish his fame. We will relate them, promising that we were not in the war, and that we repeat them from memory on authentic information. The principal facts will be stated accurately though there may be errors in unimportant details.

The first occurred before Vera Cruz.—Gen. B., then a Lieutenant of Engineers, was sent out by his Colonel (Totten, if we remember aright) with a party of sappers to dig and prepare a trench, according to a profile and plan prepared by the Colonel. No sooner had Beauregard examined the ground than he discovered great objections to the plan. To assure himself, he climbed into a tree, and the aid of the marine glass, the engineer's *vade mecum*, he made a reconnaissance and saw plainly that the trench, as planned, would be enfiladed by the enemy's cannon. Here was a difficult for a subaltern ministerial officer. He decided promptly, and returned to headquarters without sticking a spade. The Colonel met him and expressed surprise that he had so soon performed his task. Beauregard replied that he had not touched it. The Colonel, with the astonishment military men feel in hearing their orders have not been obeyed, inquired the reason. He was soon informed of it. He was incredulous—"the ground had been examined"—"the reconnaissance was perfect," &c.—The young Lieutenant was satisfied, however, that the reconnaissance of his old chief had not made like his, 'from up in a tree.' The Colonel, like a sensible man, concluded to make another examination—the plan was changed in accordance with the young Lieutenant's views. The work done from these trenches is matter of history—but its pages nowhere inform us to whom the credit is due.

Our second incident occurred before the city of Mexico.

A night or two before the attack a council of war was held. There were assembled all the big folks, from the (now) Lieut. General (who practices Mexican tactics from the house-tops in Washington), including Worth, Twiggs, &c., down to our friend Beauregard, the youngest officer in the room. The debate went on for hours. Scott was solitary in his opinion. Every other officer present, except one, had spoken, and all concurred in their views. The silent one was Beauregard. At last Gen. Pierce expressed order and said, 'You have not expressed an opinion.' 'I have not been called on,' said Beauregard. 'You shall be, however,' said Pierce; and soon resuming his seat, announced that Lieut. Beauregard had not given his opinion. Being then called out, he remarked, that if the plan which had received the assent of all but the commanding General was carried into effect, it would prove disastrous. It would be another Churpusco affair. He then detailed the objections to it at length—and taking up the other, urged the reasons in its favor with equal earnestness. The Council reversed their decision. The City of Mexico was entered according to the plan urged by the young Lieutenant; and it would seem that his reasons influenced the decision. A few days afterwards General Scott, in the presence of a number of general officers, alluded to Lt. Beauregard's opinion at the Council, and the consequences which had followed from it.

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## CAREER OF A RICH MAN.

We have seen it stated lately, upon what appeared to be reliable authority, that the wealth of William B. Astor, of New York amounts to at least forty millions of dollars. It is curious to trace this broad yellow stream to its first little beginnings in the early career of John Jacob Astor, father of the present millionaire.

From a sketch of this remarkable man, which appears in a work entitled "Fifty years in both hemispheres," by Vincent Nolte, we learn that John Jacob Astor was born at Heidelberg, where the original name of his family is said to have been Asohter, and that he came to New York as a furrier's apprentice. He was at that time as poor as any other apprentice boy, then or now in New York. The wages he got in the peltry warehouse for beating out and preparing various skins, he invested in the purchase of all kinds of peltry—bear, mink, and rabbit skins—which he got from the Indians, who at that time wandered about the streets of New York, and as soon as he had collected a certain quantity he sent them to Europe, particularly to the Leipzig fair.

There, it is stated, he traded them off for Nuremberg watches, cheap knives, glass beads, and other articles adapted to trade with the Indians on the Canadian frontier, and took them himself to the latter points, where he again exchanged them for furs of various kinds. He had often told Mr. Nolte that he carried on this work untriflingly for twelve long years, going in person, alternately, to the Canadian frontiers and then to Leipzig fair and lived all the while as he had been accustomed to do, humbly and sparingly. After he had thus managed to bring to either a considerable capital, he gradually became a freighter of ships and fitted out expeditions to the Northwest coast to trade with the Indians of Nootka Sound for furs.

Another and very considerable round up the ladder of fortune was taken by Astor in land speculation. Some of his countrymen owned land in New York by virtue of being relations and heirs of German soldiers who had fought in the American Army in the Revolution, and to whom Congress had voted land in consequence. Many of the soldiers died without converting their property into money, and Astor, after visit to Heidelberg, made arrangements with the heirs which was mutually agreeable; they thinking it better to have a little ready cash than to own a great deal of land, the value of which was very low in increasing, and he having foresight to anticipate, and the patience to await the result.

So the heirs got their money, and Astor obtained their land, some of which is now among the most important in the city of New York. In this way a fortune of twelve millions of dollars was accumulated. This vast income, under the management of his son, Wm. B. Astor, Esq., shows that he inherits the energy and business habits of his father, but affords no such demonstration of money making genius as the career of John Jacob. Indeed, the latter is reported to have said that it cost him more trouble to make the first thousand dollars than all the remainder of his fortune.—*Baltimore American.*

Good Humor.—Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor!

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble limbs, and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Until cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost! Keep in good humor!

The company of a good natured man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed everywhere—eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams' fire or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentions into amicable discussions. Keep in good humor!

A good conscience, a sound stomach, a clean skin, are the elements of good humor. Get them, and keep them, and be sure to keep in good humor.

If any one speak evil of you see home to your own conduct and examine your heart; if you be guilty it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction, make use of both; and shall you still honey out of gall, and put it all upon your neighbor's account?

We should use our tongues as if we were always ready to offend our neighbor, never to offend others.

## POLITENESS AND GOOD BREEDING.

Good-breeding, or true politeness, is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by good company. Good breeding is never to be learned, though it may be improved, by the study of books; and therefore they who attempt it, appear stiff and pedantic.—The really well-bred, as they become so by use and observation, are not liable to affectation. You see good-breeding in all they do, without seeing the art of it. Like other habits, it is acquired by practice.

An engaging manner and genteel address may be out of our power, although it is a misfortune that it should be so. But it is in the power of every body to be kind, condescending and affable. It is in the power of every person who has anything to say to a fellow being, to say it with kind feelings, and with a sincere desire to please; and this, whenever it is done, will atone for much awkwardness in the manner of expression. Forced complaisance is foppish; and affected easiness is ridiculous.

Good breeding is, and ought to be, an amicable and persuasive thing; it beautifies the actions and even the looks of men. But the grimace of good breeding is not less odious.

In short, good-breeding is a forgetting of ourselves so far as to seek what may be agreeable to others, but in so artless and delicate a manner as will scarcely allow them to perceive that we are so employed; and the regarding of ourselves, not as the centre of motion on which everything else is to revolve, but as only one of the wheels or parts, in a vast machine, embracing other wheels and parts of equal, and perhaps more than equal importance. It is hence utterly opposed to selfishness, vanity or pride. Nor is it proportioned to the supposed riches and rank of him whose favor and patronage you would gladly cultivate; but extends to all. It knows how to contradict with respect; and to please, without adulation.

This following are a few plain directions for attaining the character of a well-bred man.

1. Never weary your company by talking too long, or too frequently.
2. Always look people in the face when you address them, and generally when they are speaking to you.
3. Attend to a person who is addressing you. Inattention marks a trifling mind, and is a most unpardonable piece of rudeness. It is even an affront; for it is the same thing as saying that his remarks are not worth your attention.
4. Do not interrupt the person who is speaking by saying *no*, or *hem*, at every sentence; it is the most useless thing that can be. An occasional assent, either by word or action, may be well enough; but even a nod of assent is sometimes repeated till it becomes disgusting.
5. Remember that every person in a company likes to be the *hero* of that company. Never, therefore, engross the whole conversation to yourself.
6. Learn to sit or stand still, while another is speaking to you. You will not of course be so rude as to dig in the earth with your feet, or take your penknife from your pocket and pair your nails; but there are a great many other little movements which are scarcely less clownish.
7. Never anticipate for another, or help him out, as it is called. This is quite a rude affair, and should ever be avoided. Let him conclude his story for himself. It is time enough for you to make corrections or additions afterward, if you deem his account defective. It is also a piece of impoliteness to interrupt another in his remarks.
8. Say as little of yourself and your friends as possible.
9. Make it a rule never to accuse, without due consideration, any body or association of men.
10. Never try to appear more wise or learned than the rest of the company. Not that you should affect ignorance; but endeavor to remain within your own proper sphere.

## HOW TO AVOID A BAD HUMOR.

1. Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the thing she possesses.

2. Never marry a top or one who strains about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with gold-headed cane and rings on his fingers. Beware! there is a trap.

3. Never marry a signifier, a close-fisted man, would stretch, who comes every penny or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stir you to death.

4. Never marry a man who is constantly filling your ears with long sentences. Take care, lest the long words, be a snare.

5. Never marry a woman who is continually formal in her manners. Well bred persons seldom make time by consulting pretensions of dignity.

6. Never marry, on any account, marry a man who is addicted to the use of oaths and imprecations.

## FOR YOUNG MEN TO THINK OF.—

In the latest of his preachings upon "Popular Proverbs," Dr. Holland chose a thoughtful and suggestive discourse on sensual pleasure, with the following earnest remarks to young men, which deserves to be thought of.

"Oh! if this world could rise out of this swamp of sensuality, rank with weeds and drunk with deadly vapors—full of vipers, thick with pitfalls, and lurid with deceptive lights—and stand upon the heights of virtue, where God's sun shines, and the winds of heaven breathe blandly and healthfully, how would human life become blessed and beautiful. The great burden of the world rolled off how would it spring forward with a grand career of prosperity and progress! This change for the young men of the country lies with them more than any other class, and more than all other classes, to say whether this country shall descend still lower in its path of brutality, or raise higher than the standard of its loftiest drama. The devotees of sense, themselves, have greatly lost their power for good, and comparatively few will change their course of life. Woman will be pure if man will be true. Young men! this great result abides with you! If you could but see how beautiful a flower grows upon the thorny stock of self-denial, you would give the plant the honor it deserve. If it seems hard and homely, despise it not; for in it sleeps the beauty of heaven and the breath of angels. If you do not witness the blossoming during the day of life, its petals will open when the night of death comes and gladdens your closing eyes with their marvelous loveliness, and all your soul with their grateful perfume."

## CHOOSING HUSBANDS.—

When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred has she any choice? Does not the man, probably the last she would have chosen, select her? A lady writer says: "I have been married many years; the match was considered a good one, suitable in every respect—age, position and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. I loved my husband when I married him, because, by unwearied assiduity, he had succeeded in gaining my affections; but had choice been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in his easy-chair, sleeping before the fire, a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of the many pockets of his shooting-coat, I cannot but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was for a clergyman; he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a lawyer, a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after walking, talking, and dancing and flirting, left me. Either of these would have been my choice; but my present husband chose me, and, therefore, I married him. And this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance."

## AN HUSBAND'S DREAM.—

The editor of the Xenia (Ohio) News gives an account of a recent trip to Cincinnati, from which we extract the following:

But it is impossible to love everybody on the train, and I give it up, and settle myself for a dog and dream. \* \* \* The mild, sweet face of the dear girl four seats forward turns into a sun. The sun was just rising over Fort Sumter.

Fort Pickens was a few rods to the right and Washington city stood just on the brow of a little hill in front. The steamer Brooklyn was going up the hill, and Gen. Scott, with Jas. Buchanan on his back, was coming down. Somehow I seemed afraid that Scott was going to fire Buchanan off at me and I dodged behind the Palmetto on the flag of South Carolina; and just then a cannon on board the Star of the West struck up Dixie's Land, and I waded with a splat at the steam whistle, to find that I had been dreaming up editorials for to-morrow's issue; and that we were just plunging into the gas-strewn darkness of Christmas.

The sun shined, and the earth close her great eye like that of a dying god. The hills smoke like alps; and of every wood, second a shrike; the valley of day, the shadows, that around the sublimated transparent blue-top, and fell upon the grey-green slopes. And the lightning of the most thunders back a dead golden glow, and shines with very light the covering breast of the tempestuous land, the swirling hall of pain.

If you have the feeling of love or jealousy, submit it to the over-pressures of mental excitement, breathe life in nature, in the philosophy, and, before you have finished the century, it will probably vanish like a volatile substance into the air.

Ladies, don't take your revenge. You would do it more than ten times over than you.

## THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.—

Men dislike to praise it or acknowledge its power. Many habitually deny its influence, and as constantly court its favor and encouragement. It has made more reputations for public men, more fortunes in business, and more professional characters for individuals than have ever been made otherwise, by ability, energy and skill. It is a great benefactor for politicians, their main reliance, and their only means of acquiring public notoriety. It is the ordnance department for politics—the arsenal and magazine from which small minds draw their weapons and ammunition for political warfare. It furnishes them with all their dates analyzes their subjects draws their conclusions, and confers upon them the distinction of ostensible authorship. It is, with its thousands of editors, still an impersonality. The press speaks; we listen to it—not as the voice of one, but as the impetuous organ of many. It is assailed by dwarfs and drones who often affect to treat it with disdain to the infinite delight of its laborers and conductors. Men frequently ask to be praised or puffing by it, for some particular excellence they possess, and when the notice appears they will affect to have known nothing of it, and pretend to be indifferent to what is said in their praise, while at the same time they glory in it, and when they get an opportunity run to the editor and purchase all the extra copies containing the notice to send to friends. The Press is powerful for good or evil.

## A MAN WHO HAS FAILED.—

Let a man fail in business, what a powerful effect it has on his former friends and creditors! Men who have taken him by the arms, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug up the shoulders and pass on with a chilling "how do you do?" Every trifle of a bill is humped up and presented, that would not have seen daylight for months to come, but for the misfortune of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good—if not the scowl of the sheriff, perhaps meets him at the first corner. A man that never failed knows but little of human nature. In prosperity, he sails along gently westered by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself upon his good name and spotless character, and boasts that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when the reverse comes upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move, or whether to do this thing or the other, for there are spies about him, and a writ is ready for his back. To understand what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate and stop payment once in his life time. If he has kind friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral sieve; it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that a man's words and good will does not constitute real friendship.

## INTEGRITY.—

One of the most excellent qualities of mind is integrity. Let us aim to cultivate this trait of character, and we add much to our worth in whatever department of life's varied scene we may chance to mingle. A man cannot long prosper, or what is of more importance, secure the respect or love of his fellows without integrity. A thousand devices are needed by the artful man to cloak his designs or hide his failures, of which the honest, upright man knows nothing, it is on the principle that a number of falsehoods are necessary to prop a single truth, that it may not fall. The man of integrity stands up in the proud consciousness of his own moral worth, he needs not the darts of malice—the breath of slander cannot harm him, his word has the efficiency of a bond. An exchange says in regard to this subject: "Reproaches have no power to afflict the man of unblemished integrity or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which is alone miserable—often the man who has not firmness enough to avoid a disreputable act on his feeling enough to be ashamed of it."

## A YOUNG BACHELOR.—

He had been appointed deputy sheriff, and called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said: "Madam I have an attachment for you." The widow blushed, and said she was happy to inform him that his attachment was highly appreciated.

"You do not understand me; you must proceed to court."

"I know it is a long way, but I prefer you'd do the courting."

"Mrs. P. this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting."

"The justice! Why, I should prefer a partner."

"Every day has its pains and sorrows, is universally experienced, and almost universally confessed; but let us attend only to painful trials, if we least impartially do so we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys."

## "LOVE covers a multitude of sins."

When a scarp cannot be taken away, the next kind office is to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults. It is like a painter, who, about to draw a picture of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of his face. It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop.

Every young man should remember that the world honors industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of mind and body are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn upon the laborer engaged at his toil; but his scorn is praise—his contempt honor.

Human doctrines cannot cure a wound in the Conscience. The remedy is too weak for the disease. Conscience, like the virtue of Prometheus, will still lie gnawing, notwithstanding all that such doctrines can do.

That is a beautiful thought where some one says:—Habit in a child is first like a spider's web, if neglected it becomes a thread or twice, next a cord or rope, finally a cable—then who can break it?

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER.—Judge Low, of the Land Court, St. Louis, has decided that a paper published in the interest of a religious sect is not a newspaper, and that legal notices published in such journals are null and void.

A MAN of virtue is an honor to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the whole world. He is rich without oppression or dishonesty, charitable, without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without vice.

Most thoughtful men have probably some dark fountains in their souls, by the side of which, if there were time, and it were decorous, they could sit down and wall indefinitely.

GREAT thoughts are not produced amid noise and mirth: the mind's thunderbolts, like the clouds, are forced in silence and darkness.

It sometimes seems to us that men are ironically called human beings, because they are of all beings the most inhuman.

Even if a woman had as she has upon her head, a spinning rosette would find his way into it.

If you cannot have friends without continually cultivating them, the crop may not be worth the trouble.

Generally the difficulty with those who complain of the want of language to express their ideas is the want of ideas to express.

Most ladies never realize the full beauty of the painter's art until they have their portraits taken.

## THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

SIR JAMES CLARKE'S

Celebrated Female Pills.

## PROTECTED LETTERS

BY ROYAL 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 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 Head and Limbs, Headaches, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Losses of Spirit, Hysterics, Sick Headaches, 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 30 pills, and enclosed with the Government Stamp of Great Britain can be sent post free for 3d and 6 postage stamps General agents for U. S. Job Messrs. Dr. J. C. Abbott, 55 South Broadway, New York; Dr. J. Branch, and C. H. Allen, and all Druggists everywhere. See Schenck & Co. Agents, Charleston, Wholesale Agents.

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## CANDIDATES.

For Congress

JOHN A. HUNTER,

Col. J. G. BARNES,

JOHN W. LEE,

WILLIAM W. WALKER,

For Sheriff

ROBERT JONES,

WILLIAM W. WALKER,

For Justice

JAMES A. WARD,

For Justice

WILLIAM W. WALKER,

For Justice

WILLIAM W. WALKER,

For Justice

WILLIAM W. WALKER,