

"IDEA IS A SHADOW THAT DEPARTETH, SPEECH IS FLEETING AS THE WIND-READING IS AN UNREMEMBERED PASTIME; BUT A WRITING IS ETERNAL "-TUPPER.

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### SELECTED TALE. A RAINY EVENING.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

A pleasant little group was gathered round Uncle Ned's domestic hearth. He sat on one side of the fire place, opposite Aunt Mary, who, with her book in hand, watched the children seated at the table, some reading, others sewing, all occupied but one, a child of larger growth,' a young lady, who, being a guest of the family, was suffered to indulge in the pleasure of idleness without reproof.

"Oh! I love a rainy evening,' said little Ann, looking up from her book, and meeting her mother's smiling glance, it is so nico to sit by a good fire and hear the rain pattering against the windows. Only I pity the poor people who have no house to cover them, to keep off the rain and C . blc

"And I love a rainy evening too,' cried the weather is fair.'

one smiled but the young lady, who,

glance towards the bandsome matron in the opposite corner, whose color perceptibly beightened, and he could not forbear exclaiming-

Ahl Aunt Mary is blushing- I understand uncle's metaphor. She is his rainbow, and he thinks life one long rainy day. Not exactly so. I mean your last conclusion. But don't interrupt me, my boy, and you shall hear a lesson, which, young as you are, I trust you will never forget .---

'Pa is as pretty as he can be, now,'

interrupted little Ann, passing her hand fondly over his manly check

Uncle Ned was not displeased with the compliment, for he pressed her closer to him, while he continued-

"Well, when I was young I was of a several of them would have made no ob- vapors will disperse before her radiant mation from Thereas. jection to take me as a partner for life. glance, and this interminable equinoctial Good heavens, motherl was there ever pleasing as that of a muiden whose name presence.' My gentle knock not being I have not been completely caught." was Mary. Now, there are a great many apparently heard, I stepped into the ante- "I hopo you will mind my advice next Marys in the world, so you must not take room, set down my umbrells, took off my time,' replied her mother, in a grieved the deep mysteries of our own being.' it for granted I mean your mother or your drenched overcoat, arranged my hair in tone. I told you not to sit down in that aunt. At any rate, you must not look so the most graceful manner, and, claiming slovenly dress. I have no doubt you have turned, with a transient obliquity, to- with melodious echoes - Wylie's Filprimsignificant till I have finished my story. a privilege to which, perhaps, I had no lost him for ever.' Mary was a sweet and lovely girl-with legitimate right, opened the door of the a ourrent of cheerfulness running through family sitting-room, and found myself in ing to outer the penetralia of family se- I said that Mrs. Carlton was an invalid, her disposition that made music as it the presence of the beautiful Theresa-', crets. flowed. It was an under current, however, Here Uncle Ned made a provoking always gentle, and kept within its legiti- pause. boisterous mirth or unmeaning levity. She was the only daughter of her mother, and she a widow. Mrs. Carlton, such was her mother's name, was in lowly circumstances, and Mary had none of the appli- calities of a lady's wardrobe, but I can and I hailed it as the shipwreaked mariner all the time,' exclaimed George, looking ances of wealth and fushion to decorate give you the general impression of her hails the star that guides him o'er ocean's archly at Aust Mary. A bright tear, her person, or gild her home. A very personal appearance. In the first place, foam to the home he has left behind. which at that moment fell into her lap,

George, a boy of about twelve. I can and she wished for nothing more. I have sliding step towards an opposite door, as I passionate admirer of beauty, I had very uninterested auditor. study so much better. My thoughts stay seen her, in a single white dress, without entered; but a disobliging chair was in exalted ideas of domestic felicity. I knew at home, and don't keep rambling out a single ornament, unless it was a natural the way, and I was making my lowest how, that there was many a rainy day in life, Ann, in a disappointed tone, 4 thought after the bright moon and stars. My rose, transcend all the gaudy belles, who before she found an opportunity of dis- and I thought the company who was born heart feels warmer, and I really believe sought by the attractions of dress to win appearing. Confused and mortified, she slone for sunbeams and mocolight, would I love everybody better than I do when the admiration of the multitude. But, scarcely retarned my salutation, while not aid me to dissipate their gloom. I

Uncle Ned sailed, and gave the boy an dashing belles so fuscinated my attention, pressed, in somewhat dubious terms, their the daughter who thought it a sufficient show my dear young friend here how much approving pat on the shoulder. Every that the gentle Mary was for a while for- gratification at such an unexpected plea- excuse for shameful personal neglect, that Theresa Vane was, indeed, a rare company at home, and one gets so tired so fair. But what charmed me most was, folds of that loose, slovenly robe. Where of seeing the same faces all the time. I the sunshiny smile that was always wait- were those glistening ringlets and burcannot imagine what George and Ann ing to light up her countenance. To be nished locks that had so lately rivalled loud, but then her laugh was so musical, in tangled bunches behind her curs, and "Supposing I tell you a story, to calivon and her teeth so white, it was impossible, tucked up behind in a ikind of Gordian to believe her guilty of radeness, or went knot, which would have required the "Oh yes, father, please tell us a story," of grace .- Often, when I saw her in the sword of an Alexander to unsie. Her exclaimed the children, simultaincously. social circle, so brilliant and smiling, the frick was a soiled and dingy silk, with Little Ann was perched upon his knee life and charm of everything around her, trimmings of mllow blonds, and a faded as if by magic, and even Elizabeth moved I thought how happy the constant com- fancy handkerchief was thrown over one her chair, as if excited to some degree of panianship of such a being would make shoulder. me-what brightness she would impart You have caught me completely en his hand, but his bright eyes, sparhling to the fireside of home-what light, what deshabille,' said she, recovering partially with unusual animation, were riveted upon joy, to the darkest scenes of existence." Oh! unele,' interrupted George, langh-I am going to tell you a story about a ing, if I were Aunt Mary, I would not let you praise any other lady so warmly. hibition of gallantry as this."

# George saw his uncle cast an expressive There had been a great many parties of wealthy and independent, and perhaps and suffered also from an inflammation of brook, the wing of the bird, the creak of

rains, and I am sorry to confless it, but a rainy evening."

on every side.

'I am not very well skilled in the techni. modest light glimmering in the distance, 'Ab! I know who Mary was. I knew

pleasure, ridiog parties, sailing parties, and of all Theresa's admirers what the world the eyes. Mary had been reading sloud our dilligence, the voices of the postition talking parties; and summer slipped by, would call the best match. I maliciously to her from her favorite book. What do and Conductsur, all felt the softening almost unconsciously, and gathering clouds, asked her to play on the pisno, but she you think it was! It was a very old fash. influence of the hour. north-eastern gales, and drizzling rains, made a thousand excuses, studiously keep- ioned one, indeed. No other than the But mark! what glory is this which besucceeded to the soft breezes, mellow skies, ing back the true reason, her disordered Bible. And Mary was not ashamed to gins to burn upon the crest of the spowy and glowing sunsets, peculiar to that beau attire I asked her to play a game of have such a fashionable young gentleman Alper First there comes a flood of rosy tiful season. For two or three days I chess, but she had a headache; she was as I then was to see what her occupation light, and then a deep bright crimson, was confined within doors by the continuous too stupid; she never could do anything on had been. What a contrast to the scene like the ruby's flash or the sapphire's blaze,

session of me-one strided upon my nose, biessing the moving spirit which had led prefer the artificial graces of a belle to this ration were about to begin. But suddenly When I was a young man I was thought another danced on the top of my head, me abroad that night, that the spell which pure child of naturel I drew my chair the light fades, and piles of cold, pale one pinched my ear, and another turned had so long enthralled my senses might be to the table, and entreated that they would white rise above you. You can scarce besomersets on my chin. You laugh, little broken. Theresa called up one of her not look upon me as a stranger, but as a lieve them to be the same moontains. But, Nanny; but they are terrible creatures, lambant smiles as I bade her adieu. these blue gentlemen, and I could not Never call again on a rainy evening,' faited privileges of an old sequaintance. again. A flood of glory rolls once more

endure them any longer. So the third said she, sportively; I am always wretch. I was understood in a moment, and, with. along their summits. It is a last and mightrainy evening, I put on my overcoat, edly dull. I believe I was born to live out a single reproach, was admitted again ty blaze. You feel as if it were a struggle buttoned it up to my chiu, and taking my among the subbeams, the moonlight, and to confidence and familiarity The bours for life-as if it were a war waged by the umbrella in my hand, set out in the the stars. Clouds will never do for me.' I had wasted with Thereas seemed a kind spirit, of darkness against these celestial gay spirit, and a great favorite in society. direction of Mrs. Vane's. Here, thought 'Amen,' I silently responded, as I close of mesmeric slumber, a blank in my exise forms. The strugle is over : the darkness The young ladies liked me for a partner I, as my fingers pressed the lateb, I shall ed the door. While I was putting on my tence, or, at least, a feverish dream. What has prevailed. These mighty monstain, in the dance, at the chose board, or the find the moonlight smile, that will illumi- coat, I overheard, without the smallest do you think of a rainy evening, Mary? torches are extinguished one after one ; evening walk, and I had reason to think ust the darkness of my night-the dull intention of listening, a passionate excla- asked I before I left her.

Among all my young acquaintances, there storm be transformed into a mere vernal anything so unlucky? I never thought home-drawing, so heart-knitting, in its calm in the firmament above you. You, was no one whose companionship was so shower, melting away in sunbeams in her of sceing my neighbor's dog to night. If influence. The dependences which bind foel relieved when darkness interposes its

"The rain still continued unabated, but my social feelings were very far from be-'How was she dressed?' repeated he. Mrs. Vane's fashionable mansion, I saw a she was not sorely displeased.'

"I love it of all things,' replied she, me to the world seem withdrawn; and, re-

wards heaven. She paused, as if fearful age from the Alps and the Tiber. "Here I made good my retreat, not wish- of unscaling the fountsing of her heart. and consequently retired early to her chamber: but I lingered till a late hour, nor did I go till I had made a full conmate channel; never overflowing into "'Pray, go on.' 'How was she dressed?' ing damped. I had the cariosity to make an- fession of my folly, repentance, and awa-'And was she glad to see you?' assailed him other experiment. The evening was not kened lovel and, as Mary did not shut very far advanced, and as I turned from the door in my face, you may imagine

modest competency was all her portion, there was a jumping up and an off-hand Though I was gay and young, and a showed that though a silent, she was no

you were going to tell a story. You have been talking about yourself all the time." alasi for poor human nature. One of those Mrs. Vane offered me a chair, and ex had, moreover, a shrewd suspicion that be sure, my little girl, but I wasted to "I have been something of an egotist, to might depend upon a rainy evening. Life not made all of sunshine. The happiest and most prosperous must have their seasons of gloom and darkness, and wee be to those from whose souls no rays of brightness emanait to gild those darkened hours. I bless the God of the rain as well as the moshine. I can read His merey and His love as well in the tempest, whose wings obsoure the visible glories of His creation, as in the splendor of the rising sup, or the soft dews that descend after his setting radiance. I began with a metaphor. I said a rainbow was drawn on the clouds that lowered on that eventful day, and that it still continued to shine with undiwas sent by God to be the rainbow of man's darker destiny. From the glowing red, emblematic of that love which warms and raddens his existence, to the violet melting into the blue of beaven, symbolical of the faith which links him to a purer world, her blending virtues, mingling with token of God's mercy here, and an earnest of future blessings in these regions where porainy evenings ever come to obscure the brightness of eternal day."

I had just quitted !- How I losthed myself and then a circlet of flaming peaks stads the blue devils actually got complete pos- At length I took my leave, inwardly for the infatuation which had led me to the horizon. It looks as if a great conflagfriend, anxious to be restored to the for- quick as the lightqing, the flash comes and cold, ghastly piles, of sepulchrol hue ; which you shiver to look up at, and which with animation. There is something so remind you of the dead, rise still and veil betwixt you and them. The night tiring within ourselves, we learn more of sets in deep, and calm, and beautiful, with troops of stars overhead. The voice of "Mary's soul beamed from her eyes as it streams, all night long, fills the eilent hills

### SWEAT OF THE BROW.

We talk about happiness. In short, what do we not talk about? Do we know what we mean when we talk about happiness? Is freedom from toil a part of it? Is absence of thought another part of it? Is heart-ease the main part of it? Then away with it if that is what you mean, for

no such thing as that is attainable on this earth; and if it were, it would definat map's highest attainments in every thing. This is not the place for us to be crowned; this is the place to fight the battle of eternity. Tears are often sweeter than miles-much more than the loud langh. Self-denial that blesses others, is boundless luxury by the side of any self-indulas gence. Is the heart made pure, or generous, or intrepid; or tendor. by keeping trials and surrows far from it? Is the grand intelligence in which we shall shine for evermore nourished and expanded in this world, as we sugger undisturbed through all earthly enjoymenter, Surely no; surely no. Let not the sweat dry upon thy brow; let not thy brains, forget their mighty toil; let not thy heart settle down either into security or indifference. What happiness is attainable here below must come with these great necessities, com-manded of God, and that infinite mercy. What comes not so ognes misnaued, and only to make our lot more hopeless .-- Pres. Oritic.

and looked into the fire.

rainy evening like this."

you?' said Uncle Ned.

interest. George still held whis book in his uncle's face.

rainy evening,' said Uncle Ned. "Oh! that will be so pretty!" cried Ann, You are so taken up with her beauty, you tenance fell below zero. It was an omi- ing." nous annunciation.

"Xes,' continued Uncle Ned, a raing those which now mantle the sky were lowering abroad, and the rain fall heavier and faster, the rainbow of my life was

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elapping her hands; but Elizabeth's coun- have forgotten all about the rainy even.

Aunt Mary smiled, but it is more than probable that George really touched one of their confusion, and never appeared move evening. But though cleads darker than the hidden springs of her women's heart, at my ease, or played the agreeble with for she looked down, and said nothing "Don't be impatient,' said Uncle Ned, and you shall not be chested out of your covered friedon. My goddess had fallen drawn most beautifully on these dark story." I began it for Elizabeth's sake, from the pedestal on which my imagina-

I have no doubt Theresa wished a languid, discontented air, now played piece of mortal mechanism. Her figure me at the bottom of the Frozen Ocean, would, as a wife, be equally regardless of a with a pair of seissors, now turned over was the perfection of beauty, and she if I might judge by the freezing glances Ausband's presence. While I pursued the leaves of a book, then, with an ill sup moved as if strung upon wires, so elastic she shot at me through her long lashes, these reflections, my feet involuntarily pressed yawn, leaned idly on her elbow, and springing were her gestures. I never She sat uneasily in her ohair, trying to drew nearer and more near to the light, saw such lustrous hair-it was perfectly conceal her slipshod shoes; and furtively which had been the loadstone of my "And what do you think of a rainy black, and shone like burnished steel, arranging her dress about the shoulders opening manhood. I had continued to evening, Elizabeth?' asked Uncle Ned. and then such ringlets! How they waved and waist It was a most rebollious sub- meet Mary in the gay circles I frequent-I should like to hear your opinion also, and rippled down her beautiful neck! ject for the body and skirt were at open ed, but I had lately become almost a stran-I think it ever dull and uninteresting, She dressed with the most exquisite taste, warfare, refusing to have any communion ger at her home. Shall I be a welcome indeed,' answered she. I always feel so delicacy, and neatness, and whatever she with each other. Where was the grace- guest' said I to myself, as I crossed the stopid, I can hardly keep myself awake- wore assumed a peculiar grace and fitness, ful shape I had so much admired? In threshold. Shall I find her en dishabille, one cannot go abroad, or hope to see as if art lov d to adors what nature made vain I sought its exquisite outlines in the likewise, and discover that feminine bean ty and grace are incompatible with a rainy evening?" I heard a sweet voice reading aloud as I opened the door, and I see to admire so much in a disagreeable sure, she sometimes laughed a little too the trasses of Meduan? Her hair was put knew it was the voice which was once music to my ears. Mary rose at my ontrance, laying ber book quietly on the table, and greeting me with a modest grace and self-possession peculiar, to herself. She looked surprised, a little barrassed, but very far from being dis-

pleased. She wade no allusion to my ostrangement or neglect; expressed no actonishment at my untimely visit, no once hinted that, being alone with he from her embarrassment; but the evening mother, and not anticipating visitors, she was so rainy, and no one but mother and thought it unnecessary to wear the habilimysel". I never dreamed of such an exments of a lady. Never, in my life, had

I seen her look so lovely. Her dress was She could not disguise her veration, perfectly plain, but every fold was arranged with all her efforts to conceal it, and Mrs. by the hand of the Graces. Her dark-Vane evidently thared her daughter's chagrin. I was wished enough to enjoy it, not anourled by the daupness, was put back in smooth ringlets from her brow. revealing a face which did not consider more signal success. I was disenchanted its beauty wasted because a mother's eye at once, and my mind revelled in its se- alono rested on its blosse. A beautiful ed to gu to sleep bageat: the friendly shadclouds, and its fair colors still shine most than yours, and I see she is wide then had enthrough her, despoiled of the and a bright blaze or the bearth diffused framewas had descended upon them. awake. She thicks I was by this sime beautiful drepery which had imparted to sapirit of shell fulnear around, while it Over all same shed this spirit of

### SUNSET IN THE ALPS.

Anon the evening came, walking noiselessly upon the mountains, and shedding on the spirit a not unpleasant mplancholy. brown hair, which had a natural wave in The Alps seemed to grow teller. Deep masses of shade were projected from surgmit to summit, ... Pine forest, and green vale, and dashing torrent, and quiet hamlat, all, retired fram view, as if they wishsinster of antumnal roses, placed in a glass own. A deep and reversal slipnce stole vano on the table, perferred the apartment, tovor the Aips, as if the stillness of the however, the bow of promise, but the more this half is love with Theres. Yans, but the more this half is love with Theres. Yans, but the more this half is love with Theres. Yans, and she thinks more than half right. I was a favorite in the family, for I was moistered. Mark Carley was an inwith, the was an inwith the set of the set

### NO ENTHUSIAST.

Rowland Hill's manner, and the power " his voice, were simost overwheiming, minished beauty. Woman, my children, Once; at Wotton, he was completely carried away by his factings, and raising himself to his fall stature, he exclaimed, Because I am in carnest mon call me an enthusiast; but I am not; mine are words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel pit such other in beautiful barmony, are a fall in and bury three human beirgs alive. I lifted up my voice for help o load that I-was heard in the fown below, at the distance of a mile; help came and rossied, two of the sufferers. No one called me an entlingingt then; and when I see sternal

destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to satomb tham, irrecoverably in sternal was, and call abad on them to escape, shall I be called an arthusiast now? No. sinner, I am not an enthusiass in so doing: I call on thes alond to fly for. refuge to the hope sat before they in the gospel."

The great, the wise, are always in the enformation. Let us not drawn that reason can ever be popular. Passions, emotions, by be popular, but reason remains av the property of an elect.

Ges.