THE ABBEVILLE PRESS AND BANNER.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1871. VOLUME XIX—NO. 29.

THE FASHIONS!

THE readers of the "*Press and Banner*" are informed that there is now going on at the "EMPORIUM of FASHION" a free exhibition of the fashions of Dry Goods and Millinary for fall and winter.

In Dress Goods all the new fabrics are shown in Solid, Striped, Figured, Brocaded &c.

In Shawls all the styles are shown, in Black, Black and White, Grey, Grave colors and handsome styles in bright colors, also a handsome line of Furs in Capes and Muffs, at low prices.

In Boulevard Skirts, Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Bustles, Breast Protectors, White Skirts, Gowns, Chemese, Drawers, Embroidered Yokes, Stamped Yokes for braid or embroidery. Nubias, Scarfs, Hoods, Jackets, Talmas, Breakfast Shawls, Chignons and Curls, in real and imitation hair—the newest and best styles are shown and sold by Mrs. Wier and Miss Cater.

In handsome trimmings for Ladies garments, Real and Imitation Laces—Real and Imitation Lace Collars, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Crape Collars and Cuffs, Embroidered Infants' Waists, Kid and Silk Gloves, Hosiery, Cravats, Shirt Fronts, Paper Collars, Children's Wool Hosiery, &c., a splendid assortment shown

In Millinery—The handsomest line of Velvet, Plush, Silk. Paris and Straw Hats and Bonnets, Feathers, Plumes, French Flowers, Beautiful Roman Sashes, Splendid Sash Ribbons in Black, Scarlet and Embroidered, Bow Ribbons in Roman Embroidery, and solid colors, Neck Ribbons to match, beautiful Bows, and Scarfs in all the handsome colors. Velvets in every color, Laces, Veilings, Dress Trimmings and Buttons, the best ever seen in Abbeville.

Jewelry—This is a new brance just added to the many attractions. In this line will be found a very handsome assortment of real Jet Ear Rings, Broaches, Bracelets, Necklaces, also Shell Jewelry, Real Shell Beads, Necklaces, Crosses, Spar Necklaces &c.

Woolen—In this Department, Flannels, Lindseys, Jeans, Tweeds, Salem and French Cassimeres, Blankets, &c., &c., are shown at popular prices.

In Domestics—The prettiest Prints, fine Long Cloths, Bleached and Bro. Homespun, Jeans, Hickory Shirting, Checked Osnaburgs, &c., &c., sold at low prices.

In House furnishing Goods—Will be shown, Table Damasks in Unbleached, Bleached and Turkey Red. Towels Doylas, Napkins, Sheetings, P. S. Cotton, Counterpanes, Laces for Curtains, Oil and Paper Shades, Carpettings, Tidies, &c.

In the Dress Making Department will be found the latest patterns for all kind of garments both from E. Butterick & Co., and Mme. Demorest of New York.

None but the newest patterns are used in the getting up of Dresses, &c.

Patterns sold to all that apply.

Mrs. Cain, has returned from Baltimore, and is in charge of the Millinery Department, assisted by Miss Small, Mrs. Wier and Miss Cater.

Miss Tweeddale, late in charge of a fashionable Dress Making Estableedin Baltimore, is in charge of the Dress Making Department, assisted by the Misses. Taggarts and three other ladies of skill. All are invited to come and examine for themselves.

Very respectfully, JAMES W. FOWLER,
Oct., 12, 1871. 25—tf. Proprietor.

BARNWELL & CO.

Are now prepared to exhibit to the inspection of their friends and customers,

A VERY FULL AND VARIED

STOCK OF STAPLE GOODS,

Consisting of all the leading articles needed in the Household and on the Farm.

DRY GOODS of all Styles,
BOOTS AND SHOES, A Large Stock,
CLOTHING, A Great Variety,
HARDWARE, GROCERIES.
CROCKERY, BACON, LARD,
FISH, FLOUR, &c. &c.

All of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Oct. 12, 1871, 25-tf

TROWBRIDGE & CO.,

have in Store a Choice and Carefully Selected

STOCK OF GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, LIQUORS, &C.,

which they propose to sell as low as any first class establishment in the upcountry. As specialties we would call attention to the following.

Cucumber Pickles, in 5 and 10 Gallon Casks,
Breakfast Strips, Leaf Lard, in 3, 5, 10, 25, and 50 lb. Cans.
Imperial Crackers, (very delicate.)

A nice Assortment of FRENCH CONFECTIONARY,

Nuts, Raisins, Dessiccated Cocoanut, Maccaroni, Cheese,

All the best Brand FLOUR on hand constantly.

Something Elegant in the way of Chewing Tobacco, Choice Whiskies, Brandies, Wines, Ale and Porter.

A complete stock of SOLE LEATHER, (Oak and Hemlock). French and American calf Skins. Linings and Shoe Findings.

October 12, 1871, 25-tf

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

Our Mr. DuPRE

HAS just returned from Baltimore and New York, where he has purchased, at the

LOWEST NET PRICES,
A CHOICE SELECTION OF

FAMILY GROCERIES.

The public, and especially our friends, are respectfully invited to examine our Goods before purchasing elsewhere. We claim no superiority over other fiirst-class houses, but we guarantee that our prices shall be as low, and that the Goods will be of the exact quality represented.

Norwood, DuPre & Co.

March 31, 1871 49-tf

AUCTION SALE.

Dabney, Morgan & Co. vs. the President and Directors of the Bank of the State of South Carolina.

BY virtue of an order of Court in the above stated cause to me directed by the Hon. R. F. Graham, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the First Circuit, I will offer for sale, at Public Auction, on TUESDAY, the 28th of November, 1871, at the Court House, in the city of Charleston, S. C., at 11 o'clock A. M., the following PIECES OF REAL ESTATE.

1. All that LOT, PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND, with the Buildings thereon, known as the Bank of the State of South Carolina, situate, lying and being at the West corner of Broad and State streets, in the city of Charleston; measuring and containing in front on Broad Street forty-eight feet six inches, more or less, by one hundred and twenty-six feet, more or less, in depth on State-street, and forty-eight feet, more or less, on the back line. Butting and bounding North on lands now or late of the Union Insurance Company; East on State-street; South on Broad-street; West on lands of W. S. Adams; having such shape, size and boundings as are set forth in the plat thereof. The passage way, or alley of seven feet one inch wide, between the adjacent buildings fronting on Broad-street, as set forth in said plat, to be always kept open for the use of said adjacent buildings.

II. All that PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND, with the Stores and other buildings thereon, situate, lying and being on the East side of East Bay-street, in the City of Charleston, and described in a plan of the same, and having such shape and boundaries as are therein delineated, which said plan is extracted, on an enlarged scale, from a plan of the wharf and buildings thereon, situate on East Bay-street, in the City of Charleston, belonging to J. E. Faber, from a survey by John Wilson, which said Deed is, with the plan, recorded in the Office of the Register of Mesne Conveyance for Charleston District in Book Y, No. 12, pages 56, 57 and 58. Also, the right, title and interest of the corporation known as the President and Directors of the Bank of the State in and to the street called Gaillard-street, on said Plan.

III. All that PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND, with the buildings thereon, situate on the South side of Doughty-street, in the City of Charleston. Measuring in front on Doughty-street thirty-seven feet four and a half inches; the same on the back line, and in depth on the East line one hundred and one feet and eight inches, the same on the West line. Bounding North on Doughty-street, East on lands of J. Charles Blum, South and West on lots numbered eleven (11) and four (4) in a plan made by Charles Parker, Surveyor, in August, 1855, recorded in the office of Register of Mesne Conveyance for Charleston District, in Plat Book A, No. 1, page 131.

IV. All that LOT OF LAND, with the buildings thereon, situate at the Northwest corner of Elliott street and Gadsden Alley, in the City of Charleston, measuring in front on Elliott-street thirty-four feet six inches, on Gadsden's Alley; North on lands, now or late of the Bank of the State of South Carolina, and West on lands of Wm. Birnie.

V. All that PIECE OR PART OF A LOT OF LAND situate on East Bay-street, in the City of Charleston, known formerly in the plan thereof by the number seven (7) and also three feet of land adjoining thereto, being part of an alley or passage way of six feet, lying between these premises and the house next South thereto (the owners of which in common with the owners of the property now offered for sale being entitled to the use thereof,) measuring and containing in the whole thirty-three (33) feet in front, and one hundred (100) feet in depth, Westwardly; butting to the East on East Bay-street, North on lands formerly of G. Flagg, West on land now or late of Ann Fox, and South on said Alley.

TERMS, one-third cash; balance payable in two equal annual successive instalments, with interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum; secured by bond of purchaser and mortgage of the premises: buildings to be insured and policy assigned. Purchasers to pay for papers and stamps.

WM. J. GAYER,
Referee.

The Personal Assets will be sold at the same time and place, due advertisement of which will be given.

WM. J. GAYER,
Referee and Receiver.

Oct. 11, 1871, 25—tf

AUCTION SALE.

Dabney, Morgan & Co. against the President and Directors of the Bank of the State of South Carolina.

BY virtue of an order of Court in the above stated cause, to me directed by the Hon. R. F. Graham, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the First Circuit, I will offer for sale at public Auction, on Monday, the 4th day of December, 1871, at the Court House in Abbeville, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

All that LOT OF LAND with the Buildings thereon, in the Village of Abbeville, in the County of Abbeville, South Carolina, situate on the Southwestern side of the Public Square, measuring 26 feet in front and 61 feet in depth, and known in the plat of the said Village by the No. 58.

TERMS, one third cash; balance payable in two equal annual successive instalments, with interest at the rate of 7 per cent annum, secured by bond of the purchasher and mortgage of the premises. Buildings to be insured and policy assigned, purchaser to pay for stamps and papers.

WM. J. GAYER,
Referee.

South Carolina Abbeville—County

In the Common Pleas.

Wm. D. Mars, Administrator of Robt. Mars, dec'd, against J. C. Farrar, and others.

Order for Injunction, &c.

PURSUANT to order of Court in this case, the creditors of the Estate of Robt. Mars, dec'd, are hereby notified to present and prove their demands against said Estate before me at my office onor before the Fifteenth day of November next, or be barred.

MATTHEW McDONALD,
C. C. P.

Clerk's Office, A. C. }
15th August, 1871. }

Application for Renewal of Charter.

THE Trustees of Erskine College hereby give notice. that application will be made before the Legislature at its next session for a renewal of the charter of said college.

WM. HOOD, Secretary.

Sept. 21, 1871, 22—tf

A Card.

THE undersigned has opened his Office as Trial Justice in the Court House. All business entrusted to his hands will be promptly attended to.

M. KAPHAN,
48, 12m Trial Justice A. C.

Black's CHEMICAL MANURE.

The subscriber calls attention to the annexed certificates of practical farmers who have tested his unrivaled Chemical Manure. It is cheap and it is efficacious—accomplishing all the results of the best fertilizers, at one-fifth the expense. It is invaluable to farmers—Apply to the subscriber at Diamond Hill, or agent at Abbeville C. H.

J. R. BLACK,
Diamond Hill P. O.

THIS is to certify, That I have used J. R. Blacks Compound Chemical Manure, (made on the Farm), cost Eleven Dollars per ton. I am fully satisfied with it. Cotton manured with it does not fire, and its fruit is equal to cotton manured with other standard Fertilzers.

CONRAD WAKEFIELD.

Oct. 7, 1871.

THIS is to certify, that I have used J. R. Black's Compound Chemical Manure, (Made on Farm,) cost Eleven Dollars per ton. I manured with this manure and Ettiwan No. 2, on the same land, and after careful picking and weighing, find it equal if not better than the Ettiwan.

SAMUEL C. SHAW.

Oct. 7, 1871.

THIS is to certify, That I have used J. R. Black's Compound Chemical Manure, (made on the Farm) costing Eleven Dollars per ton, and I am fully satisfied that it is the best as well as the cheapest manure I have ever tried. I have used several of the standard fertilizers.

R. L. WILLIAMS.

Oct 6, 1871.

THIS is to certify, That We have examined the crop of cotton grown on the farm of Mr. J. R. Black, and are free to say that it is the largest plant, and the fullest fruited by far of any cotton we have seen. Manure used, J. R. Black's Compound Chemical Manure (made on the farm,) at a cost of Eleven Dollars per ton.

J. T. HADDON,
JOHN L. BLACK,
McDUFFIE HADDON,
J. H. BELL,
JAMES CARWILE,
W. WICKLIFFE,
DAVID CRAWFORD,
D. M. MILLFORD,
C. JONES,

State of South Carolina,
ABBEVILLE COUNTY.

To all whom it may concern.

I, Matthew McDonald, Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions for said County, State aforesaid, do hereby certify, that I am personally acquainted with the signers to the preceding certificates, and take pleasure in saying that they are severally honorable gentlemen, and are men of credit and veracity, and are practical and good farmers in the County aforesaid.

I also certify, that I know J. R Black is a practical farmer of said County, and has succeeded well in his Agricultural operations.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, this 9th October A. D. 1871 at Abbeville C. H. S. C.

MATTHEW McDONALD,
C. C. P. & G. S. Abbeville Co. S. C.

I approve and endorse the proceeding certificate of the Clerk of the Court for Abbeville County aforesaid.

HENRY S. CASON,
Sheriff Abbeville County.

Oct. 9, A. D. 1871.

State of South Carolina.
ABBEVILLE COUNTY.

I T. B. Milford, County Auditor for the County of Abbeville, do hereby certify that I am well acquainted with the foregoing gentlemen and know them to be practical and reliable men and good farmers.

T. B. MILFORD.
County Auditor.

The State of South Carolina,
Abbeville County.

To Michael O'Burns,

YOU are hereby summoned to appear before me at my office, on the 10th day of November, 1871, to answer the complaint of Charles Cox, for an account of forty dollars and thirty cents, besides interest.

Witness my hand and seal, September 27, 1871.

ROBERT R. HEMPHILL, [L. S.]
Trial Justice, Abbeville County.

October 5, 1871, 24—6t

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature for a Charter f Incorporation of the Village of Ninety Six. [Oct 18, 1871, 26-2m

LOST NOTE.

ALL persons are hereby warned against trading for a note given by T. A. Watson to T. J. Hearst, for one hundred and forty dollars, dated about the 1st of May, 1870—interest at 12 per cent. Credited with $50.

T. J. HEARST.

Oct. 2. 1871, 24—tf

BAGGING AND TIES!

AT LOW PRICES,

For sale by

Quarles, Perrin & Co.

August 28, 1871, 19—tf

STANZAS.

These beautiful lines, written by Mrs. Gates of Texas, were repeated by the Rev. Dr. Hicks, at the close of his address delivered before the Literary Societies of Erskine College, at the Annual Commencement of 1869. They have the ring of true poetry.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftless fleet,
Rolling on the highest billows
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch the boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand in the valley,
As the multitudes go by,
You can sing in happy measure
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you cannot to the needy,
Lend a ready, open hand,
If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready at command,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the dying you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do—
When the battle field is silent—
You can go with careful tread—
You can bear away the wounded—
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then be idly waiting,
For some greater thing to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you—
Go and dig in every vineyard,
Do not shun to do and dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

The Grandfather's Will.

"Little Blossom, you make it so hard for me say to good-by to you."

"When?"

The innocent, surprised, inquiring face—renunciation was, indeed, difficult for John Barrows. He touched a dimple in her cheek, and then a curl of her hair, as he might have touched flowers on a grave, perhaps.

She shook back the silky ripples impatiently.

"When, John?"

He looked at her a moment without a smile, pretty as she was.

"Nelly, sit down here a moment."

They sat down on the pretty crimson couch before the fire. Seeing trouble in his face, she put her hand in his, and he smoothed out the little rose-leaf member upon his broad palm, more than ever confident, as he looked at it, that he was right.

"Nelly, you know I love you."

"Yes," with a blush, for he had never said it before.

"And I am very sorry."

"Why?" after a pause of bewilderment.

"Because you are, a delicate little flower, needing care and nursing to keep your bloom bright; and I am going to a hard rough life, among privations, fever and malaria, which will try even my powerful constitution, and where you must not go."

"You are going the Far West?"

"Yes. My mother must have a home in her old age. She is strong now, but time is telling on her. You know all that she has been to me?"

"Yes; she has been a good mother. But you shall take me, too?"

"No. Did I not tell you that you made it so hard for me to say good-bye to you."

"John, what could I do without you?"

He took the little, caressing hand down from his face.

"Don't make me so weak, Nelly. you think that it is nothing to me to leave my little violet—the only woman I ever loved—for a hard, cold life, and unceasing toil? I cannot marry for ten years, Nelly."

"And then I shall be thirty years old."

"Yes, married and with little children; seeing at last that your old lover, John Burrows, was right."

He rose to his feet.

"John!" in terror.

"Yes, I am going, Nelly. Little one—you look so much a woman now, with your steadfast eyes—hear me; I did not foresee that you would love me—that I should love you. You were a little school girl when I saved you from drowning last summer, and your satchel of books floated away down the river and was lost. I came here to see Gregory, not you. I could not help loving you, but did not think until to-night that you cared so much for me, Nelly. But, child, you will surely forget me in time."

"Never!"

He went on: "Nelly, I shall hunger for you day and night, more and more, as the time goes on, and I get older, lonelier, more weary. But I shall never hope to see you again. Now, give me your hand."

She gave him both. He raised them to his lips, but before she could speak again, he was gone.

Shivering violently, she went to the fire, and stood there, trying to warm herself. She understood it all now—his strangely elaborate arrangements for a trip to New York. He had known that he was not coming back when she had begged him to bring her his photograph from the great metropolis, but was going on—on—into the dim distance. That was why he had not promised.

It was getting late—she was so cold—she had better go to bed. She would not go into the parlor to bid her father, and aunt and Gregory, good-night; so she crept silently up to her own room. There the very weight of grief upon her lulled her to sleep.

But when she woke her grief sprang upon her like some hidden monster who had lain in wait for her all night. Her misery terrified her. Why should she not die? Why should she ever rise from that bed?

But when they called her, she sprang up hastily, dressed and went down, and they were too busy talking to notice that she did not know what she was doing. But, by-and-by, when her brother reached for more coffee, and observed, "John Burrows and his mother went to New York in the first train this morning," she tried to rise unconcernedly from the table, and fell in a dead faint upon the carpet among them.

When Nelly came to, she was undressed and in bed, and Aunt Mary was darning stockings at the foot.

"Oh, let me get up, Aunt Mary; I don't want to lie here."

"Now, Nelly, be reasonable. You're ill!"

"Oh, Aunt Mary, I'm not.

"Nelly, if you will lie still to-day, I'll let you have that old box of curiosities in my room to look over. Will you?"

"I don't know."

Aunt Mary went for them. Nelly shut her eyes, and let the wave in all its bitterness surge over her once; then Miss Golding came back bring a box of old mahogany, black and glossy with time.

"There!"—setting it on the bed

With a wintry little smile of thanks, Nelly lifted the cover. The old mahogony box contained strange things. Pictures on wood and ivory, illuminated manuscripts, webs of strange lace, antique ornaments, ancient embroideries, great packages of old letters, sealed flasks of unfamiliar perfume, ancient brooches of red gold, finger-rings of clumsily set gems tied together with faded ribbons, a knot of hair fastened with a gold heart, the silver hilt of a sword, and, lastly, a tiny octagon portrait of an old man done in chalks upon a kind of vellum, and inclosed in a frame of tarnished brass.

"Who is this that is so ugly, Aunt Mary?"

"That, they say, is my great-great-grandfather, Nelly."

"What is it painted on—this queer stuff?"

"Well, it's a kind of leather, I believe. They used to write on in very ancient times."

"He's uncommonly ugly, isn't he?" said Nelly, wearily.

As she spoke, the little case fell apart in her hands. A yellow, folded paper was revealed. She opened it, and saw that it was written upon.

"Why, bless my soul, what have there?" exclaimed Miss Golding, rising up in a strange alarm.

She snatched it from Nelly's hand.

"It can't be the will!" she cried.

Nelly looked on in dumb surprise. Aunt Mary read a few words, then rushed away in wild agitation to the library where her brother was sitting. Nelly could hear them talking, the two; then her brother came; then the old housekeeper was called from the dining-room, and so much confused conversation she never heard before. By-and-by they all waited upon her in a body.

"Nelly," said her father, sitting down on the foot of the bed, "You are an heiress."

"This is Grandfather Golding's will," exclaimed Aunt Mary, flourishing the bit of paper.

"It seems that he was very eccentric, Gregory condescended to explain. He was very rich, and had some hard sons, and grandsons who promised to be harder, and he fell out with the whole set, who were waiting for him to die. He declared that no money of his should encourage the young people's excesses; a little poverty would help the family, and the fourth generation would appreciate his money, and probably make good use of it. When he died, no will could be found; and though there was no famous struggle for the property, it went into the hands of trustees through the oath of the lawyer who had drawn up the will; and there it has been, descending from one person to another, and accumulating in value, until you and I Nelly, are as rich as Crœsus."

"How, Gregory?"

"Ain't we the fourth generation? Father was an only child, we are his only children; all the back folks are dead, and it slides down to us on greased wires. Hurrah for Grandfather Golding!"

"Is this true, father?"

"Yes, my dear. The property is chiefly in Leeds, England. The housekeeper who came over last summer, you know, happens to know about it. It's in safe hands, and our claim is indisputable."

What did Nelly do? The little goose! Instead of flying off in thoughts of a carriage, and dresses of cloth of gold, and a trip to Europe, she buried her face in the pillows, and murmured under her breath, "Oh! John. Oh, dear, dear John!"

And it was no castle in the air. Three months proved that she was the mistress of gold untold, almost. And then a little note went to Kansas, saying:

"DEAR JOHN: I am waiting for you with a fortune. Will you come for me now? NELLY."

And he came instantly; and though some might have sneered at his readiness, the heart of his little wife was always at peace. She knew that John Burrows loved her truly. Grandfather Golding's money built up a commodious Western town—paved streets, raised rows of shops, erected dwelling-houses, founded banks, libraries and churches; and Nelly finally lived out West. But she had opportunities of seeing pioneer life; and she said, "John was right; I should have died in a year, had I lived here in poverty."

WOMEN GETTING THEIR RIGHTS IN RUSSIA.—The Czar has issued an order where by the existing institutions for instructing women in midwifery are to be enlarged in every possible direction. Further, "considering the great utility of the Sisters of Mercy in hospitals," women are to be allowed to act as surgeons, to vaccinate, and to be employed as chemists. They are to educational establishments. Women are also to be admitted as "signal women" in the telegraph departments; they may be employed as accountants, and may be placed in the female institutions subject to the Emperor's own chancellery.

Thomas Jefferson.

From an artile on Jefferson in *Harper's* for August, we take "Recollections by Three of his Granddaughters:

Jefferson loved farming and gardening, the fields, the orchards, and his asparagus beds. Of flowers, too, he was very fond. I remember the planting of the first hyacinths and tulips. The precious roots were committed to the earth under his own eye, with a crowd of happy young faces of his grand-children clustering around to see the process, and inquire anxiously the name of each separate deposit. In the morning, immediately after breakfast, he used to visit his flower-beds and gardens. In the summer, as the day grew warmer, he retired to his own apartments, where he remained until about one o'clock. My mother would sometimes send me on a message to him. A gentle knock, a call, "Come in," and I would enter, with a mixed feeling of love and reverence, and some pride in being the bearer of a communication to one whom I approached with all the affection of a child and something of the loyalty of subject.

My grandfather's manners to us his grand-children, were delightful; I can characterize them by no other word. He talked with us freely, affectionately; never lost an opportunity of giving a pleasure or a good lesson. He reproved without wounding us, and commended without making us vain. He took pains to correct our errors, and false ideas checked the bold, encouraged the timid and tried to teach us to reason soundly and feel rightly. Our smallest follies he treated with good-humored raillery; our graver ones with kind and serious admonition. As a child I used to follow him about, and draw as near to him as I could. I remember when I was small enough to sit on his knee, and play with his watch-chain. As a girl, I would join him in his walks on the terrace, sit with him over the fire during the winter twilight, or by the open windows in summer. As child, girl, and woman, I loved and honored him above all earthly beings. And well I might. From him seemed to flow all the pleasures of my life. To him I owed all the small blessings and joyful surprises of my childish and girlish years. I was fond of riding, and was rising above that childish simplicity when, provided I was mounted on a horse, I cared nothing for my equipments and when an old saddle or broken bridle were matters of no moment. I was beginning to be fastidious, but I had never told my wishes. I was standing one bright day in the portico, when a man rode up to the door with a beautiful lady's saddle and bridle before him. My heart bounded. These coveted articles were deposited at my feet. My grandfather came out of his room to tell me they were mine. When about fifteen years old I began to think of a watch, but knew the state of my father's finances promised no such indulgence. One afternoon the letter bag was brought in. Among the letters was a small packet addressed to my grandfather. It had the Philadelphia mark upon it. I looked at it with indifferent, incurious eye. Three hours after an elegant lady's watch, with chain and seals, was in my hand, which trembled for very joy. My Bible came from him, my Shakspeare, my first writing-table, my first handsome writing-desk, my first Leghorn hat, my first silk dress. What, in short, of all my small treasures did not come from him?

I cannot describe the feelings of veneration, admiration, and love that existed in my heart toward him. I looked on him as being too good for my comprehension; and yet I felt no fear to approach him and be taught by him some of the childish sports that I delighted in. When he walked in the garden, and would call the children to go with him, we raced after and before him, and were made perfectly happy by this permission to accompany him. Not one of us, in our wildest moods, ever placed a foot on one of the garden beds, for that would violate one of his rules; and yet I never heard him utter a harsh word to one of us, or speak in a raised tone of voice, or use a threat. He simply said: "Do," or "Do not." He would gather fruit for us, seek out the ripest figs, or bring down the cherries from on high above our heads with a long stick, at the end of which there was a hook and a little net bag. One of our earliest amusements was in running races on the terrace, or around the lawn. He placed us according to our ages, giving the youngest and smallest the start of all the others by some yards, and so on: and then he raised his arm high, with his white handkerchief in his hand, on which our eager eyes were fixed, and slowly counted three, at which number he dropped the handkerchief, and we started off to finish the race by returning to the starting-place, and receiving our reward of dried fruit—three figs, prunes, or dates, to the victor, two to the second, and one to the lagger who came in last. Often he discovered, we knew not how, some cherished object of our desires, and the first intimation we had of knowing the wish was its unexpected gratification. Sister Anne gave a silk dress to sister Ellen. Cornelia (then eight or ten years old,) going up stairs, involuntarily expressed aloud some feelings which possessed her bosom on the occasion, by saying, "I never had a silk dress in my life." The next day a silk dress came from Charlottesville to Cornelia and (to make the rest of us equally happy) also a pair of pretty dresses for Mary and myself.

A newly invented fly paper in Titusville is covered with nitro glycerine, glue and molasses. The flies attracted by the molasses alight, and are stuck fast by the glue.—Should any try to get away they proceed to rub their legs together in ecstacy, which it is is said, the friction causes the nitro-glycerine to explode, blowing them to atoms.

SCRAPS.

An Iowa stone cutter goes into the bemetery and carries off all grave stones for which he is not paid.

Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare for balls.

Mr. Blob, a temperance editor of California, adjures his bibulous subscribers to "come up and teetotle."

Although a man's affection may not always be wrong, they are sure somehow to be Miss-placed.

Macdonald says of one who suffered: "Patience had mossed her over, and made her warm soft and sweet."

What act of brutality would make a hero of Miss Neilson? "Why, to knock her 'I' out, and you'd make her a Nelson."

After great mental effort, a German wrote a "receipt in full" as follows: "I ish full. I wants no more money. John Swachhammer."

A youngster five years of age is indicted as "a common thief" in Baltimore. Confirmed criminals of such tender years are rather uncommon elsewhere.

Blakely, of the Chicago *Post*, was seen to pick up a brick on Tuesday and spit upon it. On being asked why he did so, he said, "To see whether they're cool enough to build over again."

A large factory in Massachusetts is engaged in turning out drums for children in anticipation of the Christmas holidays. While they're about it it's a pity they can't also make new drums for parents' ears.

A bank is said to be the most likely building to catch cold in, because there are so many drafts in it; and the reason there are so many drafts in it is because so many people go there to raise the wind.

"May it please your honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the judges, "I brought the prisoner from jail on a habeas corpus." "Well," said a farmer in an undertone, who stood at the back of the court, "these lawyers will say anything. I say the man got out of a cab at the court door."

A John Chinamen had heard the quotation: "We have piped unto you, but ye have not danced," and thus produced it: "We toot tooted unto you, why you no for make jumpee?

The Cardiff giant, after a long series of thrilling adventures, now lies boxed up in a commission merchant's store in Indianapolis awaiting the liquidation of $10 charges against him.

Our epunomical friends will be glad to learn that the almanacs of 1864 agree in days of the month and week with those of 1872. The weather prophecies of 1864 will probably hit it as often next year as they did originally.

"Mr. Spea'ker," said a member of the Jamaica Legislature, discussing a bill for the regulation of the timber trade," I know these timber merchants to be most egregrious rascals—I was in the timber line myself twelve years."

A three-year-old contemplating a favorite cow, asked her mother what Daisy done with her cud when she was done with it. The puzzled parent did not know. "O, I know," said the little one; "She gives it to papa, and he keeps it in his cheek."

A quarrelsome couple were discussing the subjects of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love," was the affectionate reply.

"Sir," said an astonished landlady to a traveler, who had just sent his cup forward for the sixth time, "you must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I should not have drunk so much water to get a little."

The following is the conclusion of an epitaph on a toombstone: "She lived a life of virtue and died of cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit in the hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of twenty-one years, seven months and sixteen days. Reader, go thou and do likewise.

A Georgia negro thought he would economize by sending his son to school and then make the boy teach him. The plan worked well until the young teacher, following the custom of the seminary where he was taught gave the old man a dose of hickory for spelling dog d-o-r-g, and the latter became disgusted and ran away.

Theo. Tilton, who writes a biography of Mrs. Woodhull, and nominates her for President, wishes the next Vice President to be clad in the divine comliness of a black skin;" but the New York Commercial thinks that with such a limited wardrobe no man could ever hope to be presiding officer of the United States Senate.

WENT FOR HIM.—A rough looking specimen of humanity was recently promenading up Chatham street, New York, when he came plumply upon a Jew.

Without word of warning the rough knocked him sprawling into the gutter. Picking himself up, and taking his bleeding nose between his finger and thumb, he demanded an explanation.

"Shut up. I'll bust yer agin!" said the aggressor, approaching him again.

"I have never done nothing mit you; so, what for you mash me in de nose?" demanded Abraham."

"Yes yer hev; yer Jews crucified Jesus Christ, and I have a mind to go for you again."

"But, mine Cott, dat vash eight hundred years ago," said the Jew.

"Well, I don't care if it was; I only heard of it last night!' replied the unwashed, and he went for him agin.