

THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

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THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.

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[FROM THE BANNER OF THE SOUTH.]

ELEANOR STAUNTON.

BY A SOUTHERNER.

DEDICATED TO MILES M. FARROW, ESQ., OF
CHARLESTON, S. C.

[CONTINUED.]

WINDEMERE PARK, Oct. 8.

I received a letter from Florence Delaware this morning; and, among other things she said: "Mr. Howard has been very ill, for several months, and was out to day for the first time. Lucian brought him to dinner, and I was really shocked at his appearance; he is a perfect shadow, and, likewise, a very beautiful one. You know he was always my pet admiration. He is almost a transparency now. He is very grave and silent; indeed the only spark of animation I elicited from him was when he was enquiring my last news from England, and I read him a portion of your last letter, (which, by your shame as a correspondent he said, was dated the last of May). Think the climate must affect his health, look upon myself to advise him to come home; for which I was supremely obliged to my domestic tyrant, and advised me to let Mr. Howard himself be the judge of what course of action he had best pursue. Of course, a reproach from headquarters silenced me. But I still think a taste of English air would benefit that beautiful transparency. I am keeping my diary very irregularly. I have lost all heart for writing, and, indeed, I have very little to write about. My life is very quiet and monotonous. I never go out; nor do I receive society. Dr. Lennox comes over very often; ostensibly to see me.

WINDEMERE PARK, Oct. 26.

Annette has kept up a sort of correspondence with Laura Templeton's maid ever since she met her in Paris. (I know I ought not to call Laura by her maiden name, but I never can bring myself to speak of her as my father's wife, or write her name as Leslie.) But, as I was saying, or going on to say, which amounts to the same thing in the end. Annette has lately received letters from Louisa, in which she said that young French officer, who had been very intimate with Laura while they were in Paris, had lately come into the neighborhood, and was putting up at the Leslie Arms; and that Laura was still very intimate with him, though it is against her husband's wishes. Of course this is servant's hall gossip, and consequently not to be relied on. But, it makes me anxious. I know Laura is not happy; and the least imprudence on her part will be ruinous. Scandal never spares, treating imprudences as hardly as crimes, especially in a country neighborhood. My father's disowning me is an injustice I will never forget, or cease to rebel against. It was cruel—I had deserved more at his hands. Dr. Lennox is a very constant visitor. I believe, absurd as it sounds, that he is trying to win the hand that Aunt Margaret once denied him. Well, he has been very constant. Auntie could be very happy with him.

WINDEMERE PARK, Nov. 18.

Mr. Morley arrived late this evening on a very painful mission. Laura has eloped with her French lover, and my father has received a paralytic stroke. My poor father! Mr. Morley says he was perfectly intoxicated with Laura; and she, wretched creature that she is! how horrible is her womanhood! She will leave to-morrow at daylight. My dear Aunt Margaret, I wish I could have to leave her so entirely alone.

LESLIE HALL, Nov. 19.

My meeting with my father was very interesting. He is wonderfully changed; I lean on him, and said: "You wanted me, here I am." He looked up, and said: "Eleanor, I deserted you for her, now she has deserted me." And then he fell into a feeble wall. I soothed and comforted him like he had been a child, and soon he fell asleep. A letter fell from his hand, and his grasp relaxed. I picked it up and read the following characteristic fusion: "The step I am about to take you disapprove. Had you exhibited manliness and dignity, and insisted on having the head of your own house, instead

yielding entirely to me, and treating me with servile adoration, I might have borne a life a little longer. But you are feeble and weak, I am young, strong and resolute. My will was the strong and bore you down. And I, conscious of my strength, despised your weakness. What avails a seeking for primaries when the result is inevitable? I had determined to leave you. I despise you utterly; that I would rather die than any longer as your wife. "Y need make no efforts to reclaim me. I will never come back to you alive. "Whatever may be my future life, and it prices to be a dark and shameful one, yours will never again be crossed by me. I have some pity upon you though, enough to make me willing to spare your name infamy that will blacken mine. "I will make up all claims upon you, now and for ever."

LAURA TEMPLETON.

"A strange, terrible letter," for a wife to have written. I sat beside my father during his heavy sleep, and thought over a life that had grown so dark and dreary. Her wild, reckless, ungovernable nature; the passionate heart, that had laid all its wealth on one shrine; and embased all its treasure in one ship, and saw it wrecked; the revenge, that, like a serpent had inflicted its worst venom on itself. Then the long, dreary days, spent in raving against self-imposed chains; the motley of home; the temptation so subtly offered, by devotion that had crossed water for her sake, and sought her out on her lonely, joyous home; the waiting watching, hoping for a release; the passionate recklessness, the utter operation, that hurried her on to escape, in any way, the loathed life. Poor, wretched soul! how soon the fruits of sin wither to bitter ashes on her lips!

LESLIE HALL, Nov. 26.

My poor father had another stroke last night. He is as helpless as a little child, and almost imbecile. I am the only one who he seems to recognize, or will obey. In his state, he may linger for months, but there is but little hope of his being any better. My poor, broken old father. My post is as long as long as he lives. Oh! what a long train of woe has his one sin of folly brought upon us all. Evil does not stop at the door of the miser, and now his sins die with him. Like a pebble thrown into a lake, whose ripple swells from the spot, the sin of one instant exerts a baleful influence to the leeshore of eternity.

LESLIE HALL, Dec. 25.

On this day, and yet, not a festival in common acceptance of the term, I did not go to church, but read the sermon to myself in the drawing-room, completely interrupted by my father's feeble voice. He is no better, rather worse from his extreme nervousness; I am out of sight a moment. He is very badly, and the instant he is must be by his side to soothe his distress. Consequently I never undisturbedly, but spend the night on a cot in his room, so that I can be by him at a moment's notice. I can only leave him a little while after dinner, when he is better than at any other time. I step then, into the shrubbery, and catch a breath of fresh air. The life is unvaryingly wearisome, so horribly monotonous.

LESLIE HALL, Feb. 2.

Margaret has been down on a little since she was very particularly ill. Dr. Lennox. She laughed and said a little, and said: "I suppose I can only end the man's infirmities by marrying him. But that is not for me to decide upon. I have by no means decided upon it. Married lovers are very foolish things, and a woman ought to be content to remain single for the rest of her life, when she is as old as I am. It might have done me no harm, now it is ridiculous." "I will not press her any farther, quite with the admission that the plan is possible. If she would have consented to do so, she would have waited very long, I still think she will consent. "I cannot be second marriages, generally speaking, but there are some cases in which justly there is in this case. Such a man's devotion early marries, by the force of poetic justice, if nothing else, a reward. And Dr. Lennox is a man whom a younger woman than Aunt Margaret would do well to marry. "I have not heard from Calcutta in a

long time, and I am growing anxious.

LESLIE HALL, Feb. 10.

I received two letters from Florence this morning. The first was written before she heard of my widowhood, and has been delayed somewhere most unaccountably. I copy a portion of it, for lack of something better to do. "Mr. Howard is with us every day. You remember how full of life and gaiety he used to be? Now he is as grave and silent as he can be, goes nowhere, sees no one, and is altogether as much of a recluse as a wealthy, handsome young man is permitted to be. "I drag him out sometimes to the balls given at the Government House, and throw the most charming girls at his heart. He will dance with them, if obliged to, and there the matter ends. I am convinced that he has been jilted by some fair one and asked Lucian about it the other night. Whereupon my lord assumed a becoming tone of conjugal authority, and remarked: "There are some questions, Florence, that even you cannot have answered. Whatever misfortune has befallen Mr. Howard he will doubtless confide it to you when he wishes you to know it. But, until he does, it would be quite as well that you should remain in contented ignorance."

"I subsided instantly, though I know some such thing has occurred. Otherwise, with that tenacious care for a fellow man's 'dignity' which all men have, Lucian would have denied it flatly. 'Twas a queer woman who could deny such a lover as I know he would make. I think he has no equal, except Lucian, and I only except him for appearance's sake. The next letter was dated in November. I make an extract from that, also: "Your last letter was the most welcome one I ever received. I have never laid eyes on the one you allude to as containing an account of Mr. Staunton's death; and we have been laboring under a terrible mistake. A package of English papers that had been delayed on their route, reached us more than a month ago, and on the obituary list was the announcement of the death of Mrs. Edward Staunton, of Windemere Park, very suddenly of heart disease. The shock brought on me a severe illness, and when my little girl was put in my arms, I called her Eleanor, and Lucian added Howard, for the sake of your cousin Percy."

"I think my baby was five weeks old, when Mr. Steward came to tell us goodbye, as he was going with a party of gentlemen to visit the interior. He looked wretchedly. "I know I shall always love him for his tenderness to my baby. He begged permission to hold her, and carried her off to the window in his arms. When he gave her back to me, her little face was wet with tears and a superb diamond cross glittered on her bosom. "I objected to her receiving so costly a gift, but he silenced me by saying: "I meant it for Eleanor; let your little one keep it. The sight of it would afford me exquisite pain."

"Of course, I said nothing more. The party has been heard of several times; they will be gone some six or eight months." The dear little baby! I wish I could see it. "I think my baby was five weeks old, when Mr. Steward came to tell us goodbye, as he was going with a party of gentlemen to visit the interior. He looked wretchedly. "I know I shall always love him for his tenderness to my baby. He begged permission to hold her, and carried her off to the window in his arms. When he gave her back to me, her little face was wet with tears and a superb diamond cross glittered on her bosom. "I objected to her receiving so costly a gift, but he silenced me by saying: "I meant it for Eleanor; let your little one keep it. The sight of it would afford me exquisite pain."

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LESLIE HALL, April 11.

My dear father died last night at eight o'clock. He had been gradually failing, but no one apprehended his immediate dissolution until last night, when his speech and consciousness fully returned; and though very much debilitated, he could converse rationally. He saw his lawyer for an hour, and the Rector for some time. Towards midnight, as I was giving him some wine when he became very much agitated, and accused himself of cruelty towards me, and pathetically besought my forgiveness. I assured him of it with many tears, and he raised himself upon his crutch with difficulty; and, laying his thin hands upon my head, blessed me with tender words of love. The effort, though, was too much for him, and he sank back in a fainting fit, and never recovered his consciousness again. His death was perfectly painless. I only know when life was extinct by the relaxing of the hand I held. I feel his death keenly, and miss so much the care of him. I find my soft ear heaving, expecting to hear his voice. My dear, dear, father!

LESLIE HALL, April 16.

My dear father was buried last evening

To-morrow I will return home.

Mr. Alexander Leslie, the heir-at-law, has arrived. He was very kind to me, telling me to consider this my home, as long as I choose to remain here—and very kindly asking me to take anything out of the house that I cared to own. (The furniture, paintings, plate, and china, all go with the entail.) I did not avail myself of his offer though, as everything I cared for was especially bequeathed me by my father. Mr. Leslie is a distant cousin of ours, though, from some family friend I have never seen him before. The day has been a painful and depressing one. I did not think I would mind, so much, seeing a stranger in my father's place. To-morrow I go home; this is the last night I will ever spend under my ancestral roof. For centuries my father's have dwelt in these halls, and now I, the last living descendant of the eldest branch go forth—and leave to a stranger the home of my childhood and the graves of my dead.

I took advantage of Mr. Leslie's kindness, in one particular, and asked him to continue to trust Mr. Marley with the business of the estate. It has been in the hands of his family for several generations, and he has so completely identified himself with it, that I am sure it would break his heart to give it up. Mr. Leslie granted my request, as soon as I made it. So Mr. Marley will remain in the home where the summer of his life was spent; and in whose walls the frosts of ages have fallen on his head. I will be the only exile. The laws of primogeniture, or, more correctly speaking, the male entail, may be an excellent arrangement for family pride. But it frequently causes a sacrifice of local attachments, from the daughters of a house, that sometimes outbalance the advantages of the system. That is when human sorrow is weighed against family pride.

WINDEMERE PARK, May 1.

My twenty-first birthday; and I am a grave, sorrowful woman— orphaned and a widow—once—but, retrospection is at best unprofitable, and with me more than useless. If I can forget the past, I will be satisfied. I have but few interests in life, and I would fain buy peace at the price of oblivion. I cannot sleep, each moment, some dread hope, or buried joy resurrects itself, and haunts me with its ghost. Why cannot I forget? Each year of my life rises up in view before me. My spirited, petted childhood. My gay girlhood, when I was courted, and indulged till life was a long holiday dream. My marriage, and the cheerless year that followed it; the scorching agony; the long weary months of woe and wretchedness; my widowhood, and the more recent scenes of sorrow that I have passed through. All come crowding, and jostling each other, until my brain whirls, my heart sickens, and I cry aloud, why, oh, why cannot I forget?

Oh for some Lethan stream in which to plunge and blot out all the past.

WINDEMERE PARK, May 10.

Aunt Margaret has, at last, consented to make dear, good Dr. Lennox happy, by promising to be his wife. They are a very orthodox pair of lovers, never indulging in a bit of nonsense. He rides over every evening (six miles,) to see her. But any one to see them together would only consider them friends. They will be married in August, and remain here till January, and then go to housekeeping. Dr. Lennox has given up his practice to his nephew, and will devote himself to the comfortable, easy life of a country gentleman. Aunt Margaret laughs and calls herself an old goose, to think of marrying. But she is lonely and discontented, and any woman would be overcome by the devotion that has waited more than twenty-five years for her. It sounds absurd when you think that she is forty-five and he fifty; but there is something infinitely touching in the affair to me; and I often have the tears to rise in my eyes when I notice his devotion to her.

WINDEMERE PARK, May 20.

I was surprised this evening by a visit from Mr. Alexander Leslie. He is on his way to town, and stopped here for a day or two. I like him very much; he seems to be a warmhearted, plain man, and regrets the feud that has kept us strangers so long. So do I now, though once I rather gloried in my father's implacability. I thought it once a want of proper pride to yield an atom to an enemy. Now I have learnt that the true manliness and dignity of human nature is best indicated by a generous, forgiving temper. He is

bravest, who, when in error, can frankly confess it, and seek a reconciliation; not he who is so uncertain of his honor, that he fears to peril it by a concession to an injured opponent. I did not mean to go off into an ethical treatise though.

Mr. Leslie is very agreeable; not brilliant nor talented, but he has travelled a great deal, and being a shrewd, sensible man, has very many things to talk about that are worth hearing.

He is plain and straightforward in his manners, and gives you an idea that he is thoroughly honest, a man whom you can trust and rely upon.

He is not handsome, strictly speaking; but there is something very attractive in his appearance. His face is so resolute; a rich bronzed complexion; very dark beard and moustache, almost black; and a beautiful shaped head; rather irregular features, but beautiful eyes; large clear, well opened, violet blue, with the pleasantest expression in them. I suppose he is about twenty-five or six years old, though he does not give you the impression of being a very young man. He is passionately fond of music, although he cannot sing at all. I played for him to-night. The first time I have touched an instrument in nearly a year.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To a Little Huswife.

O little Huswife clean and spruce
Thy use one heart divines;
A rosy apple, full of juice,
And polished—till it shines!
A tidy, tripping, tender thing,
A foe to lazy litters,
A household angel, tidying
Till all around thee glitters!

To see thee in thy loveliness,
So prudish and so chaste;
No speak upon the cotton dress
Girdled around thy waist;
The ankle peeping white as snow
Thy tucked-up kirtle under;
Whose shining dishes, row on row
Behind thee, stare and wonder!

While round thy door the millions call,
While the great markets fill,
Though public sorrow strike us all,
Singing, thou workest still;
Yes, all thy care and all thy lot
Is ever, sweet and willing,
To keep one little household spot
As clean as a new shilling!

The crimson kitchen firelight dips
Thy cheeks until they glow;
The white flour makes thy finger tips
Like rosebuds dropt in snow.
Who'll thy little gentle heart
Flutters in exultation
To compass, in an apple tart,
Thy noblest aspiration!

O Huswife, may thy modest worth
Keep ever free from wrong;
Blest be the house and bright the hearth
Thou bleasest all day long!
And nightly, may thy sleep be sound,
While o'er thee, softly, stilly,
The curtains close, like leaves around
The hushed heart of the lily!

—All the Year Round.

Our Fighting Editor.

A fighting editor being a necessary evil in every well conducted newspaper office, we entered into an agreement with a gentleman from Arkansas some time since, who offered to conduct the sanguinary department of this paper at five dollars a difficulty, and now have the pleasure of announcing that he is ready for business. All aggrieved parties who desire a settlement with us are notified to apply to him. Besides the important duties we have called him to perform he desires it to be made known that he is prepared to go into the wholesale business—there being many newspapers unprovided with a Bloody Editor—but he cannot undertake less than ten little difficulties at a time. It must not be thought that our accomplished associate is a mild mannered, conciliatory gentleman. That would be fatal to his reputation, and would destroy his usefulness in this establishment, besides being one of the most tremendous falsehoods ever uttered. He will wait upon anybody who expresses such an opinion. In size he is a little over seven feet; his age is twenty-five. People say that his hair is all colors, but that is a mistake. The fine, flowing, cavalier head of hair which hangs gracefully down to the small of his back does sometimes turn red, black,

white and even blue, just as his noble heart happens to be torn with emotion; but green is its natural hue. When powerfully affected—by a press of business for instance—it stands on end like syrup of squills upon the fretful feminine. People who want to offer explanations concerning articles in the Telegram had better not see him just at that time. He is exceedingly reticent about his ancestors. The funeral of a citizen who asked him about his grandmother, took place yesterday.

He was, it is said, born in the delightful town of Buttsville, Chawwp county, Arkansas, in the year 1846. He was a child at the time and did not, therefore, take such an active part in his christening as he would have done had the ceremony been delayed a few years. But there was an interesting incident in that affair that is worthy of record "in this connection." Parson Weakman, the miserable Unitarian of whom was entrusted the important duty of giving him his name, threw a glass of whiskey in his face, instead of water, at which he grew exceedingly indignant.—Clutching the white choker villain by the throat with one hand, he seized a hairpin from the maternal head with the other, and jabbed his reverence in the stomach. He believes that the vast concourse of people who attended the funeral of the parson turned more to honor his deed of valor than to respect the defunct. The child is the father of the man; great oaks from little acorns grow. For more proverbial philosophy see Horace Greeley's Political Economy. Matters were very unsettled in Chawwp county when our associate commenced business; but owing to his untiring efforts all little difficulties were satisfactorily arranged. Census Depew couldn't figure the population less than it is to-day. He proposes to conduct his department on the European plan. All orders promptly executed. No cards. Gentlemen can examine a map of Cavalary Cemetery while waiting for their turn. No charge for the use of weapons. Englishmen, bogus dramatists, cockney punsters and opera bouffers served first. The fighting editor will not undertake to give explanations after the first interview, because they will not be required. He was never known to miss. Office hours from eight to five.—N. Y. Telegram.

USEFUL HINTS.—A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk will restore craps. Strong ley put in water will make it as soft as rain water.

Half a cranberry, it is said, bound on a corn, will soon kill it.

Ribbons of every kind should be washed in suds and not rinsed.

Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking.

Wood ashes and common salt wet with water will stop the crack of a stove.

If your flat irons are rough, rub them with fine salt and it will make them smooth.

If you wish to avoid a cold, keep your mouth shut. The same plan also keeps the teeth from getting sunburnt and people from noticing them if they are.

A fast man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher.

"Do you believe the story of the fatted calf?"

"Yes," said the preacher.

"Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?"

"A female," replied the divine.

"How do you know that?"

"Because, (looking the interrogator in the face,) I see that the male is still alive."

Isabella occupies sixty rooms in a big hotel at Trouville, and pays \$20,000 a month board.

The Viceroy of Egypt, who spent during his recent European trip more money than any Prince did for many years, brought from Paris, perhaps, the most expensive doll ever given to a child. It is destined for one of the daughters of Sultan Abdal Aziz, and it has diamond earrings worth four thousand dollars.