

The Abbeville Press.

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ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1867.

VOLUME XIV. NO. 46.

DISCONTENTED ROBERT.

"There's some fun in working in a place like that!" thought Robert, as he peeped through the hawthorn hedge, into Mr. Lyman's beautiful grounds, and saw Christie, the old gardener, at his work. "I love to cultivate flowers, but there isn't much pleasure in hoeing cabbages and onions all the time."

Just then, conscience whispered in his ear, "There's pleasure in duty, Robert," and the word "duty"—"duty"—"duty," seemed to murmur all around him. Robert was in no mood to stop and talk with his conscience, and so his face wore not a very pleasant look as he turned his steps towards home.

In a few years, the sunset gates wide unfolded their gold and purple bars, and the weary old gardener passed to his rest in the sweet fields beyond. Robert was called to fill his place, and for a while he seemed contented.

One morning, Robert was busy among the flowers. It was a bright, warm day—a day to be glad—but Robert was not happy. "I declare how fast these weeds do grow!" he exclaimed, giving his hoe an angry jerk; "it takes all my time; and with the walks to roll, and the borders to trim, and the hedge to clip, I don't see how in the world—"

"What pretty flowers! Isn't Mr. Lyman kind to let me ride in this beautiful garden?" and, "oh, how happy it makes me to hear the birds sing!"

Robert looked, and saw a little lame girl—people called her "lame Lucy"—whose brother was drawing her slowly down the walk, in a rough, clumsy, unpainted wagon. As Robert was standing behind a little clump of bushes, Lucy did not see him until she was just opposite. Then she smiled, and bade him good morning, and as she did so, she looked so happy and so contented, that Robert paused from his work, saying:

"Why does it make you so happy to hear the birds sing?"

"Oh, I think God is so good and kind to make such beautiful things, just to please us, when he might as easily have made everything disagreeable. His tender mercies are over all his works," repeated pale-faced Lucy, "and it makes me so glad and happy."

Robert glanced at her poor, wasted, helpless form, and then at her face, so bright with cheerful gratitude; and said, as he thought of his own strong limbs, and unthankful heart: "I wish I could feel contented always as you do, Lucy."

"I cannot help feeling contented, when I think of my blessings—I have so many things to make me grateful," and then the little wagon passed on out of sight.

Robert took up his hoe, and, for the first time, he seemed to notice that there was everything about him to delight the eye and ear. The roses, lilies, and habernums wore their gayest robes. The bees, as they darted here and there through the flowers, made music with their humming.—The birds sang joyously in the trees, overhead. Every tuft of grass, shrub, twig and leaf, as it bore up its twinkling dew-drops, seemed to say, "God is love." The gentle breeze, mingled with its freshness the perfume of the briar, and clover, and mignonette, and whispered in a low, sweet tone, "Praise ye the Lord." And to Robert's murmuring heart, a voice said "Peace! be still."—*Little Sower.*

PUNCTUALITY.—A punctual man is rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

WARTS ON HORSES.—H. H. Howe, of Nebraska, informs the Rural New Yorker how to cure warts on horses: "Mix equal quantities of spirits of turpentine and sulphuric acid, stirring slowly in a tumbler and afterwards bottle the mixture. Rub grease around the base of the wart and then apply the medicine to the wart with a feather once or twice a day; it will gradually eat them off. I have taken them off a horse's neck when as large as a turkey's egg."

ART OF CONVERSATION.

Rev. N. C. Bart, in one of his letters from Europe where he is now travelling, draws a contrast between the Americans and Europeans touching their habits of talking. We would be sorry to see our people become a nation of talkers—loquacious as the light Italian or the volatile Frenchman; yet we may be liable to just criticism for being too reticent, and especially for our neglect in cultivating our powers of conversation. Most Americans talk but little; and when they do talk; it is in such a way that everybody is glad when they quit.

A LOST ART.

This prompts me to say that the facility for conversation witnessed in all these continental countries is amazing. It is in marvelous contrast with what we see in our own country.—Take any company of half a dozen intelligent men, be they French, German, Italian; and probably five, if not all six, will be ready, pleasant, impressive talkers. Whatever may be the theme suggested, each will give his views and seek to maintain them, without awkwardness or embarrassment, with unhesitating utterance, and with a force which secures attention. And not only so, but they are skilled in the art of conversation, being uniformly concise—avoiding offensive remarks—giving opportunity for others to speak—abstaining from interruptions, and commanding their tempers.

How different with us Americans. Not one in six is a good talker, nor one in a hundred. Conversation is with us one of the lost arts. We are a nation of orators, of course. Almost every mother's son of us can stump it with spread eagle eloquence. And occasionally an American can be found gifted with the faculty of monologue. Give him a company of listeners, and the whole field to himself, and he will discourse admirably. Thus would the late Gov. McDowell, of Virginia, whom I have heard in private talking by the hour almost without a pause, and perhaps as eloquently as he ever talked on the floor of Congress.

But, as the rule, when our eloquent public speakers come into a parlor, they are struck dumb. Off their legs they are out of their wits. And those who do not cultivate public eloquence, seldom acquire the art of conversation. Our companies do not meet on any conversational level, and the members of these companies are not prepared to come forward and bravely give and take in the conversational round; so we dissolve into little knots and gossip.

The difference between us and these people is that we read and they talk. The book and the newspaper have, with us, usurped the place of conversation. I am sorry that these people do not read more, and I am also sorry that we do not talk better.

N. B.—Be it understood that the above criticisms are intended to apply to the ladies!

MUSH, OR HASTY PUDDING.—Salt the water sufficiently, and when boiling, stir into it sifted meal until two-thirds as thick as desired; then for the other third use coarse wheat flour, and boil a few minutes, stirring all the time. The secret of making corn meal palatable, whether in puddings of any kind or in cakes or corn bread, lies in cooking it thoroughly, we think. Whether pure meal, or part meal and flour, we advise to mix the hasty pudding very thin, and then cook it down by at least half an hour's boiling—an hour or more improves it. While about it, always make a large quantity, so as to be sure to have a full supply to slice up and fry for breakfast. It is economical, and is relished by almost everybody.—*Agriculturist.*

TO KEEP RATS FROM EATING HARNESSES.—A writer in an exchange says: "I have a remedy that has never failed with me. It is simply salting the rats regularly. I do this by laying salt on the sills and ties of the stable, if that is the place they most frequent; but in fact, they will hunt for it. It will occur to any farmer that sees this remedy, that harness is most often where the greatest amount of sweat has dried, an indication that salt contained in it is all they want."

HEAVY SHOES FOR LADIES.

When the celebrated physician, Abernethy, died, report said that, besides a will of some interest to his heirs, in a pecuniary point of view, there was found among effects a sealed envelope, said to contain the secret of his success in the healing art, and also a rule of living, the following of which would ensure longevity.

A large price was paid for the sealed envelope. It was found to contain only these words: "To insure continued health and a ripe old age, keep the head cool, the system open, and the feet warm."

Dry feet are warm feet, generally, if the system is healthy. To keep the system healthy the circulation must be good. The circulation is not good without exercise, and exercise can only be really valuable when walking.—Riding in a carriage is no exercise at all; it is merely inhaling the air.—is very well as far as it goes, but the lungs are not in full play without the individual is walking. Horseback exercise is very good, and is an improvement on carriage riding, but it is not the kind of health-creating play of the muscles nature demands. It is action—action of the entire body—and walking only will procure it.

Now the ladies of Europe, particularly of England, understand this thing. They walk miles per day, and if any of our pale beauties desire to know how the English ladies keep up their fine color, clear complexion, and superb bust, we tell them it is by outdoor exercise; walking in the open air; filling the lungs with pure oxygen by rapid movement on a sharp October day, when the sun shines brightly and the clear blue sky is above. This is the secret of the rich blood of the English women, and their almost universally fine looks and matronly beauty at fifty, when at that age American women are pale, sallow, and wrinkled.

To enjoy a walk thick soles are needed. Stout, well-fitting calf-skin, high gaiters, neatly laced, will always "set off" a pretty foot, and improve a homely one. To guard that sensitive portion of the human frame (for the sole of the foot is keenly sensitive to the changes from heat to cold, or dryness to dampness,) the boot sole should be thick, and as well made as human ingenuity can do it. Then, even in most weather, or in a rain storm, the foot can be protected; that insured, all is well with the body.

ENGLISH ELOQUENCE.

There is a very general impression in America that English eloquence is of the slow and stolid kind—a mixture of stammering, coughing, and torpor. If, indeed, a traveller might take the style of speaking prevalent in the House of Commons, and still more prevalent in the House of Lords, as representative of English eloquence, this impression would be very just. It is almost unparliamentary to be fluent—it is rather derogatory to one's credit for statesmanly moderation to speak straight on without hemming and hawing; and it is quite unlordly, because smelling of a professional aptitude, to march through a long sentence without losing the way, without stumbling over Lindley Murray, and possibly the Queen herself, without the speaker coming out of the sentence at last nearly where he went in. But popular eloquence in England—the eloquence of the platform and the pulpit—is a very different thing. The most distinguished preachers of the metropolis—Newman Hall, Spurgeon, Neel, Capel Molyneux, Dr. Cumming—speak not only without note, but without hesitation, and display an instantaneous command of varied and fitting diction that would be remarkable even in nations more celebrated for their fluency. The same is true of the political orators and popular lecturers of England. The successful ones do not read; they speak. That eloquence which goes on paper crutches, that eloquence which cannot swim without the bladders of manuscript, is not much esteemed here; and the men who sway English audiences do so by a marvelous facility in extemporaneous speech; by sentences that rush like a torrent, by a manner quite as impassioned as any to be seen among the fiery children of the young Republic.—*Independent.*

A CHILD'S IDEA OF A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Little Nellie, who was only four years old, no sooner saw work laid aside, than she ran to her mother's knee and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lee lifted her to her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares, while she rocked herself and Nellie to and fro.

For a time, Nellie amused herself very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers; but presently she began talking to herself in a low tone: "When I say my prayers, God says, 'Hark! angels, while I hear a little noise.'" Her mother asked her what noise was that.

"A little girl's noise. Then the angels will do just so (shutting her mouth very tight and keeping very still for a moment), till I say Amen."

Isn't this a sweet thought? I wonder if the children who read this story of little Nellie have ever thought how wonderful it is that God always hears their prayers. He is surrounded by thousands and thousands of angels, all singing and praising him with their golden harps; and yet, through all the music and all the praises, hears the softest prayer of a little child kneeling by the bedside. He must be very loving and very kind to children. We should think that he would sometimes forget, and be listening to the beautiful sounds in heaven, instead of to the prayer of a little child. But he never does. There is never too much singing or too many praises there for Him to hear a little girl's noise. Do you not wonder that children do not pray to Him much more and much oftener than they do?—*Child at Home.*

HAVE A PURPOSE.—The young man of this age who starts forth with a purpose will always find assistance, however poor he may be, no matter what his circumstances. If he is a young man bound to mount, he will be recognised. Open your eyes and look about you. Who are the men of this age—men who shine out like diamonds of purest luster? Are they men of high, aristocratic birth and fortune? Not one of them. Nearly every name upon that scroll are those who have risen from the humbler walks of life. Among them we find a Washington, "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"; the printer, philosopher, and statesman, Franklin; Bowditch; and Lincoln, the rail-splitter; and Andrew Johnson, the tailor. What does this grand galaxy of names prove? It proves the truth of the statement that, let a young man begin life with a purpose, and enquire that purpose, he will become great. A great many young men are dreaming of becoming great, waiting for a shaping of circumstances, or hoping that something may turn up. But men will never become great in that way. It is step by step, reaching up to the high points, and by heroic manly labor, that men can reach that sublime height of wisdom. Such an one is always sure of employment. It is not dress that makes the man. The great want of the age is the recognition of worth, not dress; brains, not canes nor moustaches. Being clothed in beautiful raiment, smelling of lavender and kids, are not the men of the age. The coat is there, but there is no man inside of it. The age wants manhood. Society is looking after men in the spirit that a man looks after a horse; all the good qualities are necessary, and it is only such that can show a good pedigree that are wanted. The aristocracy of blood must give way to the fresh young blood of energetic manhood.—*Index.*

TANSY, AND ITS VALUE.—M. De-Morogues announces that this plant (dried) is excellent sheep food, and that, when fresh, it makes capital litter for domestic animals. Its peculiar balsamic odor most effectually drives away fleas. A lapdog sleeping on a bed of fresh tansy, is immediately freed from these vermin. It should be renewed when the leaves are quite dry. This seems a better application of the plant than following the example of our grandmothers, and making it into cakes.

GOOD FARMING.—By manuring and careful culture, Dr. Cloud raised 5,898 pounds of cotton to the acre, on poor pine woodland in Macon county, Alabama. By the same system General Danlap, of Mississippi, picked five pounds of cotton by weight from a single stalk. It does pay to farm well, anywhere, whether in a new or old country.

EXTRACTS FROM BULWER.

Never chase a lie, for if you keep quiet, truth will eventually overtake and destroy it.

Never trust a person who solicits your confidence, for in all probability he will betray you.

If you want to make a fool of a man, first see if you can easily flatter him, and if you can succeed, your purpose is half gained.

Secure the approbation of the aged, and you will enjoy the confidence, if not the love of the young.

Our affections and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Odeiro—the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity than they are transformed into birds and fly away.

By examining the tongue of the patient, physicians find out the disease of the body, and philosophers the disease of the mind.

There is nothing that a vicious man will not do to appear virtuous! He loves nothing so well as his mask. I have known persons who in four weeks have not changed shirts; but who have nevertheless put on a clean daily, that they may appear clean.

A man of an open character naturally discovers his faults more than his virtues—the former are not easily forgiven, because the latter are not seen.

Cato the elder was wont to say that "the Romans were like sheep—a man were better to drive a flock of them than one of them."

Those who are easily flattered, are always easily cheated.

MANURING.—There is no operation on the farm that begins to pay like this. Do not, then, grudge the time required, and the labor employed in this slow and tedious operation. Gather from every quarter the materials for increasing your coming harvest. Wherever they may be accessible, commercial manures should be freely employed. It will pay. Cotton seed, if partially rotted, should be used late, as their virtues will soon be exhausted. If used fresh, they ought to be applied so soon as to prevent their sprouting. As to farm manures, when hauled to the field, they should be immediately mixed with the surface soil, or if laid in heaps, covered with a coating of earth. It always pays to work over manures in the yard, throwing them up in heaps, and covering with rich mould, letting them lie in this state to ferment, until needed for application. They act like nitre beds, and the supply of fertilizing matter is largely increased from the atmosphere. Gather from every source, leaves, trash, bedding material, swamp muck and sea weed and other material, for increasing the plantation supply of manure, as the most important business of the farmer.—*Southern Cultivator.*

DON'T CULTIVATE ORDINARY LAND WITHOUT MANURE.—Recollect, it costs you on our average soils, ten dollars or more to make an acre of corn with hired labor, and fifteen or more to make and gather an acre of cotton. If you do not look closely after your hands, it will cost you a good deal more than that. Now, every acre cultivated, that will not yield crops worth at least the above amounts, will not only be no profit, but run you into debt. Larger crops still, are required, to obtain a profit on hired labor. Lands, then, which will not yield such crops, we must let rest, or manure them sufficiently, or we lose money. At least half of our poorest soils, hitherto devoted to corn and cotton should be thrown out to rest, and the balance enriched. How long will it take to exhaust what little capital we have left, if for every acre on which we can make a net profit of ten dollars, we continue to cultivate fire, which lack from three to ten dollars each of meeting the actual cost of cultivation. There are few lands which will not yield a profit, if commercial manures are judiciously applied.

TOMATO WINE.—Superior wine from the tomato is now manufactured. It is made with no other ingredients than the pure juice of the tomato and sugar, and very much resembles champagne—a light transparent color, with a pleasant, palatable flavor. It can be made equal to the best champagne.

IS SALT NECESSARY FOR STOCK.

The *California Rural Home Journal* says: "Some eighteen years since, while living at Tangier, in the empire of Morocco, we sent into the interior of the empire to purchase of a tribe of Bedouins, who were famous for their choice and rare stocks of barbs, or Arab horses, one of their fine barbs for our own use, which we were so fortunate as to obtain after not a little maneuvering and diplomacy. As a matter of course, we made a great pet of him; and almost the first thing we offered him, as a condiment to his feed of barley and straw, (the universal food of the horses of that country,) was a handful of salt; but, to our surprise, he would not touch it, but turned up his aristocratic nose at it, as if he felt a big disgust at such, to him, unsavory dose. On making further inquiry, and experimenting with several barbs that we owned subsequently, we found that neither the Moors nor Arabs ever gave salt to their horses, cattle, or sheep. And yet there are no horses in the world equal in healthful vigor, in powers of endurance, or elasticity of movement and robust constitution, to these same Arab horses."—*Agriculturist.*

PLOW DEEP.—In urging deep plowing, we are not advocating that it shall be done with turning plows, except where vegetable matter is to be sowed, and then the plow should set just deep enough to turn the grass or weeds. All deep plowing should be done with long, narrow plows, or subsoilers, which will stir the ground, no matter how deep, but leave the fertile aerated soil at the surface, where it now is. In most of our heavy soils, to turn them over ten inches deep with a big Northern turn plow would ruin them for ten years. When we can grow clover, we may safely turn it in deep enough to cover it. Sow it again with wheat and clover, and enough special manure to make the second crop, and when this is turned in, in its turn, the soil is filled with vegetable matter to the depth of six or eight inches. Deep plowing at the North, where heavy swards of grass and clover are turned under, and abundant stock of all sorts gives plenty of manure for surface dressing, can safely be done, in a way that would destroy, for the time, the cropping capacity of much of our Southern soil.

[*Southern Cultivator.*]

SAVING SEEDS.—Be sure to select those only of the largest and from the most perfect plants. Leave out the small and light seeds. This system pursued with regularity for a few years, will be sure to produce superior results.

With parsnip seeds, save the crown tufts only; with cabbath, the product of the middle collary only of the seed stalks, disconnecting them from the outside and separating the light seed with care. All seed should be rapidly and thoroughly dried. When dried slowly a portion of the seed in each capsule will be found to have softened. Never leave them hanging on fences during showers, for if the pods are moistened, the color and quality are sure to be injured by the next day's sun.—*Southern Cultivator.*

TO KILL COCKROACHES.—Mix equal quantities of red lead and corn meal with molasses, making it about the consistency of paste. It is known to be a certain exterminator of roaches. A friend, who was troubled with thousands of them, rid his house of them in a very few nights, by this mixture. Put it upon iron plates, and set it where the vermin are thickest, and they will soon help themselves, without further invitation. Be careful not to have any article of food near where you set the mixture.

NEUTRALIZING POISON.—A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or accidentally swallowed may be rendered almost instantly harmless, by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a strong constitution may take nearly twice the quantity. This oil will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted.