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A GOVERNOR TAKEN FROM A CRATE.

A benevolent old man of Brooklyn was making the tour of the city, in pursuit of truant and little wanderers, one Sabbath morning a score of years ago, when he found a little boy asleep in a crate on one of the wharves.

He shook the crate, and a pair of bright eyes opened and flashed upon him, with a look of surprise and timidity.

"Why do you sleep here?" inquired the old man. "Because I have no home," said the child.

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know, sir, I haven't seen him for a long time, never since he told mother he wouldn't come home again."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is dead."

"So you have no home—no father, no mother—and live from hand to mouth in the street, and sleep in a crate?"

"Yes, sir. I sell soap and matches, and sleep here."

"Would you like to have a home, and go to school and grow up to be a good and brave and useful man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come along with me, I will take you to my own house, and feed you and clothe you, and send you to school if you prove to be as I think you are, a good and faithful boy."

As the old man said this, he dashed a tear from his eyes, with his coat sleeve. For the boy was the very image of his own sweet child, who had died but a few years before. Lifting the lad tenderly out of the crate, he led him to his own pleasant home, where he washed and combed and then dressed in a suit of clothes formerly worn by the son of the philanthropist.

To shorten the story, which has in it material enough for a volume—the good old man gave the lad all the advantages afforded by the schools of the city of churches, and then gave him a clerkship in his store, for he was a well-to-do merchant.

After several years of faithful service, the young man expressed a wish to engage in business on his own account, or in some other way to extend his usefulness.

"I will start you in business," said the old man "on certain conditions."

"Please state them," remarked the young man with a smile; for he supposed his benefactor was about to perpetrate a joke at his expense.

"I will start you in business, if you make three promises," continued the old man.

"Pray what promises do you wish me to make?"

"One is, that you will never swear."

"Agreed."

"Another is, that you will never drink rum."

"Agreed."

"The other is, that you will have nothing to do with politics."

"Agreed."

True to his promise as the steel to the star, the old man furnished his clerk with capital and started him in business in one of the western States. The young merchant was very attentive to his business, and his habits of industry and sobriety were crowned with good fortune which generally accompanies virtue, courage, enterprise, and intelligence. A few years ago, he paid a visit to his venerable friend in Brooklyn—found him the same kind-hearted and genial gentleman that he was when he first led him from the crate on the wharf to the pleasant cottage on the avenue.

"I am delighted to see you," remarked the old man. "May I ask you if you have kept the pledges you gave me, when you suggested to me the idea of starting business on your own account? are you a temperance man?"

"I have not tasted a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquors since I promised you I would not; and you know I had no sacrifice to make in keeping that promise, for I never was accustomed to the use of such liquors; and I do not furnish them to my guests, nor to persons in my employment."

"Good boy, give me your hand and let me shake it again. How about that promise not to use profane speech?"

"Well, sir, when I was a little wanderer, and sold soap and matches, I scattered my words liberally as collogues do their D's, but I dropped them in your Sabbath school, and I have never resumed them. I never indulge the silly and vulgar habit of swearing. I think it shows a lack of originality. A man wishes to show some thing original—and owing to a lack of ideas and a proper use of language,

he fills up the chinks of conversation with oaths. He curses his eyes—his limbs—his soul—his heart—his horse—his luck—and thinks he is fluent when he is only profane. No, sir, I do not claim to be a paragon of perfection, but I should be ashamed of my speech, if I speec it with profanity."

"Good—good! I expected such a report from you. How about politics?"

The young man of business had until this moment maintained perfect self command; but when the last question was put to him, his cheeks grew red as crimson.

"Well, sir, I suppose some folks think I am a politician," remarked the young merchant.

"Sorry—very sorry," observed the old man.

"I couldn't help what happened, sir."

"You promised me you would have nothing to do with politics?"

"I know I did."

"Will it be strange that you could not keep that promise as easily as you kept the other two?"

"Well, sir, have patience with me, and I will tell you how it happened."

"Well, go on."

"As you are aware, I was fortunate in trade—honored my paper when it became due—paid, with interest, the money you had the kindness to advance. I was a leading business man in the town, had opinions in relation to men and measures, and did not hesitate, on all proper occasions, to express and defend them, and sustain them with my vote on election day."

"There can be no objection to that," remarked the old man; "politics as a trade, is what I dislike."

"As I said before, I got along well and as good fortune would have it, persuaded some of my friends to think and vote as I did; without consulting me one day at a State convention; they nominated me for Governor, and I was elected. Indeed, I am now on my way to Washington to transact important business for the State."

The writer desires to say that this story is a true one.—Little Corporal

PROTECTING PEACHES FROM SPRING FROST.

The only obstacle we have to contend with, or ever do have to really endanger our peach crop, is the late spring frosts. Against these, a perfect protection is found in smoke, which, first recommended in Gardening for the South, has now been tried in this vicinity for over ten years, without a failure. It is not necessary here to do anything generally, in the way of protecting the fruit, before the last of March. It is the late March and April frosts that are to be feared. It is a dense smoke, not heat, that is required.

Prepare some fat lightwood, split up very fine, also some billets of dry wood, cut quite short, all kept under cover until needed. Prepare also, in advance, piles of wet tan, chips, saw dust or other damp combustibles, where fires are most likely to be needed. The wood should be distributed the evening previous. About two or three o'clock in the morning, have all hands up and start fires, about two or three rods asunder, all over the orchard, the windward ones being nearest. Three or four sticks are required for each fire, when well started, should have a stick or two of green wood added. Then put on and near by another the fire with wet tan or trash. If any pile backs out into a flame, apply more trash, to keep up from dampness, smouldering fires, a certain moist, heavy smoke over the trees, until the sun is well up, and the frost fully exhausted. The smoke from fires of dry wood is so light, and rises so rapidly in a cold, frosty night, that it really affords no protection, while that from damp material, loaded with moisture, hugs the ground, and dissipates very slowly. If your fruit is frozen solid before you begin, while you are at work, do not despair, but make all the smoke you can, and as light a protection as is seems, looking through it when the sun is rising, we have had it so fully protect the frozen fruit from rapid thawing, that the frost was all extracted without injury to the fruit. In our first trial, we were about giving up in despair, the cold was so intense at day-break, but our success was perfect. At this place, the fruit is very seldom, indeed, destroyed before April, to which month not more than one or two frosts are to be expected, and against these it is well to provide.—Southern Cultivator

DICKY LANGSTON.

The patriots of Laurens District, in South Carolina, during the revolution, were frequently indebted for important information to one young girl, fifteen or sixteen years old at the commencement of the war. At length suspicion of the active aid she rendered was excited among the Tory neighbors. Mr. Langston was informed that he would be held responsible thenceforward, with his property, for the conduct of his daughter.

The young girl was reproved severely, and commanded to desist. For a time she obeyed; but having heard by accident that a company of loyalists, who on account of their ruthless enmity had been called the "Bloody Scouts," intent on their work of death, were about to visit the "Elder settlement" where her brother and some friends were living, she determined at all hazards to warn them of the intended expedition. She had none in whom to confide; but was obliged to leave her home alone, by stealth, and at the dead hour of the night. Many miles were to be traversed, and the road lay through the woods, and crossed marshes and creeks, where the conveniences of bridges and foot-logs were wanting. She walked rapidly on, heedless of slight difficulties; but her heart at most failed her when she came to the banks of the Tyger—a deep and rapid stream, which there was no possibility of crossing except by wading through the ford. This she knew to be deep at ordinary times, and it had doubtless been rendered more dangerous by the rains that had lately fallen.

She entered the water; but when in the middle of the ford, became alarmed by a wilder, and knew not what direction to take. The hoarse rush of the waters, which were up to her neck—the blackness of the night—the utter solitude around her—the uncertainty as to the next step should guide her past relief confused her; and losing in a degree her self-possession, she wandered for some time in the channel without knowing whether to turn her steps. Having with difficulty reached the other side, she lost no time in hastening to her brother, informed him and his friends of the preparations made to surprise and destroy them, and urged him to send his men instantly in different directions to arouse and warn the neighborhood. The soldiers had just returned from a fatiguing excursion, and complained that they were faint from want of food. The noble girl, not satisfied with what she had done at such risk to herself, was ready to help them still further by providing refreshments immediately. Though wearied, wet, and shivering with cold, she at once set about her preparations. A few boards were taken from the roof of the house, a fire kindled with them, and in a few minutes a hot cake, partly baked, was broken into pieces, and thrust into the shot-pouches of the men. Thus provisioned, the little company hastened to give the alarm to their neighbors, and did so in time for all to make their escape. The next day, when the "scout" visited the place, they found a living enemy on whom to wreak their vengeance.

At a later period of the war, a party came to his house with the desperate design of putting to death all the men of the family. The sons were absent; but the feeble old man, selected by their relentless hate as a victim, was in their power. He could not escape or resist; and he seemed to implore their mercy. One of the company drew a pistol, and deliberately leveled it at the breast of Langston. Suddenly a wild shriek was heard; and his young daughter sprang between her aged parent and the fatal weapon. The brutal soldier roughly ordered her to get out of the way, or the contents of the pistol would be instantly lodged in her own heart. She looked not the threat, which was but too likely to be fulfilled the next moment. Clinging her arms tightly round the old man's neck, she declared that her own body should first receive the ball aimed at his heart! There are few human beings, even of the most depraved, entirely insensible to all noble and generous impulses. On this occasion the conduct of the daughter, so fearless, so determined to shield her father's life by the sacrifice of her own, touched the heart even of a member of the "Bloody Scouts." Langston was spared; and the party left the house filled with admiration at the filial affection and devotion they had witnessed.—Chimney Corner

The Georgia Railroad proposes to transport coal from Baltimore to Atlanta via Charleston, at thirty five cents a ton.

THE SHOOTING STARS.

We come finally to the question, what is the material, what is the mineral constitution of these strange bodies? We have already observed that they sometimes split into pieces high in the mid air, and occasionally strew the ground in their fall. We shall not now stop to give a catalogue of instances; they may be found elsewhere, and specimens may be seen in almost every museum of any consequence. On submitting them to chemical analysis, they are found to consist most frequently of iron in a metallic and malleable, and not in an oxidized state; the iron is in general mixed with nickel, and there are various compounds of magnesia and silica, and in some instances just these very ingredients which are seen in the trap and basaltic rocks of our own earth.

These fiery messengers, then, bring with them tidings from the chill, distant regions of space, that matter therein abounds similar to the matter which constitutes what lies below the crust of our own planet. But not only so, the positive handling and the actual analysis of this interplanetary, or, it may after all occasionally be, this interstellar matter, serves only to confirm what modern skill has been able to detect regarding the material constitution of the stars, nay, of the very sun himself. It might seem a bold and a strange assertion to state that we possess any certain knowledge of the mineral constitution of the bodies so inconceivably remote from us that we have no means to measure their distances, and if we had the means, we possess no arithmetic which could convey any intelligible conception of the number of the miles. But so it is; and, as certain as it is that a well instructed observer, by analyzing light, can detect the material nature of the source from whence it comes, whether it may be from the combustion of iron, or nickel, or magnesium, or sodium, so certain it is, that the light from the sun and from the stars indicates the composition of these very metals in those bodies which otherwise we must have considered, for such purposes, hopelessly remote. It is not a little satisfactory, then, to find that so soon as we are unexpectedly able to handle masses of matter, which are the neighbors and the engenders of the sun and the stars rather than of ourselves and of our own planetary home, we find all our scientific conjectures verified, and we extract the very iron, and the very magnesium, and the very materials from the meteoric planets, which we saw on fire with our own eyes in the mid air, and which we shrewdly guessed constitute the fires of the centre of our universe, and of these lesser lamps which are too remote even to feel the might of its influence. The sun, and stars, and comets, and nebulae, and the meteoric dust which is sometimes spread upon our fields, are all bound together in one common material relationship.—Good Words.

THE SHOOTING STARS.

It is not given to all to be masters of song, like Burns; or art, like Palissy; or of engineering skill like Stevenson; or of critical acumen, like Gull-fords; or abstract science, like Ferguson or the elder Herschel; yet these, at first, were all poor working men, who gained their education by their own efforts, who did battle with pinching poverty, lack of educational means, prejudice of class, and all those lions which stand in the way of men of weaker mould, who, "I dare not, wait upon I would." All cannot be field marshals in the army of life; but somewhat lower, yet very honorable grades have been attained by men once in the rank; who, while never for a moment despising the labor by which they earned bread, were not disposed to consider working, eating and sleeping, all that is worth living for. Their daily labor honestly and intelligently performed, they thought themselves to be free citizens of thought, in which true men take rank according to what they essentially are, quite independently of the condition of their life. When the sun shines, it shines for all, lord or laborer, and the gracious instincts which make men believe in good and beautiful things, treasure up and nourish the suggestions of universal nature, and cultivate the talent entrusted to their care. Look into any biographical dictionary, and you will see how little the circumstances of early life have been able to impede the career of really great men. Real mental energy soon overcomes them and makes them even subservient to its will.

HOW MANY ACHIEVE FAME.

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KEEP YOUR WORD WITH THE CHILDREN.

We cannot estimate too highly the importance of keeping faith with the children. When once that is destroyed, the corner-stone of our influence is taken away. It will not be strange if the whole structure will crumble around us, overwhelming us with trouble and unavailing sorrow.

It is related that the Earl of Chatham had promised that his son should be present at the demolition of a wall about the estate, but through accident it was pulled down in his absence. His lordship felt the importance of his word being kept sacred, so he ordered the wall to be rebuilt, that his son might be present when it was again demolished, as he had promised. It was not that a child's whim might be humored, but that his faith in his father's word might be unshaken.

Those little open eyes take sharp note of your actions from a very early age. You may sometimes get on the kind side of older people, but rarely of a little child. They go right through the flimsy disguises of sophistry and worldly politeness, and come down to the bare plain facts.

A little child had been promised the next time grand-pa came he should go home with him. The next time came, but the promise was not fulfilled, so the child reminded him of it.

"You don't think grand-pa would tell you a lie?" asked the old gentleman, sadly cornered.

"I don't know," answered the child; "What does grand-pa call it?"

A mother had promised a cake to her little boy when she returned home one day, but being absent for several hours she forgot it. The little boy had been watching long at the window for her, and his disappointment was great, but not so great as his amazement at his mother for breaking her word. "Forgot" was a word whose meaning he did not know. Mother quickly went out and bought the cake; but still the trouble lingered in his mind, and he was heard saying softly to himself, by way of comfort, "Mother only forgot." He could not bear to think she had told a lie. Have your children equal sensitiveness with regard to your truthfulness?

One almost trembles to hear the scores of promises which some heartless mothers make, with no thought of ever fulfilling them. But children very soon learn to value them at what they are worth; and who can estimate the consequences to their immortal souls of this early lesson in falsehood!—S. S. Times.

EVERY NATION HAS ITS OWN "GAIT."

The House at Home informs us that we walk Yankee as well as talk Yankee. The travelers who visit the field of Waterloo, are accustomed to enter their names in a register. The book has been kept for many years by the same person, and with wonderful accuracy he is able to designate the visitor's nationality by simply inspecting the hand-writing. Much more easily can the profession or nation be detected by the means of the gait. The grave Spaniard; the phlegmatic Dutchman; the vivacious and sanguine Frenchman; the reserved and formal Briton; the inquisitive, impetuous, self-confident American, each betrays the national trait in his style of walking. The sailor rolls, as if four trim panels sailed unsteadily. The soldier marches, even when no longer on duty. The sycephant bends his knee, as if every man he meets was a prince. The lawyer steps boldly and patronizingly. The clergyman abstractly, as if the street was his; or cautiously, as if mindful of gins and pitfalls spread for the feet of the unwary. The waiting clerk is known for his bows and graceful effrontery. We distinguish a coxswain by the careful manner in which he picks his way along the street; a watchman by his heavy, measured tread. Students saunter, schoolgirls trip, doctors hurry, hunters stride, teamsters trudge, gossipers gad, market-woman bustle, boatmen shuffle, ghosts stalk, aldermen waddle.

CANDIDATES COMING FROM ABROAD.

At a stated meeting of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, held at Princeton, New Jersey, on the 5th inst., twelve candidates for licensure were received. Of these, nine were from Canada and Nova Scotia.

MAKING BUTTER.—A good note never sticks a fork into meat while cooking, as it leaves a place for the juices to seep through.

MAKING BUTTER.

A correspondent of the Rural American says she puts no water with the cream, nor does she rinse the butter as many do, considering that the water destroys the sweetness of the butter, and causes it to become rancid much sooner. She also thinks that she obtains more butter in cold weather by heating the milk, removing the cream the next day, and heating again, when she gets nearly as much cream as at the first skimming. The churning does not occupy over fifteen minutes, and the butter comes out in good order, and yellow, even in the coldest weather.

Another writer says: When the milk is brought in, pour into the pail boiling water, according to the quantity of the milk. If you have six or eight quarts, pour in two of water, and let it stand till it is done steaming, and all the unpleasant taste will be removed. Let the milk stand just long enough to have all the cream rise, which will be 48 hours at the longest, and not wait for the milk to thicken, as no cream will rise after the milk is sour; then as you skim your milk put it in a clean, stone vessel, and not cover tight, stirring lightly every time the cream is added, and the night before churning stir thoroughly till all is even, and never let it stand an hour after it is fit to be churned. If it is cold, add hot water gradually till of the right temperature.

CALCULATING BOY.

Among the many boys employed for the different purposes of calculation on the Ordnance survey in Ireland, there is at present one named Alexander Gwin, only eight years old, and a native of Derry, whose abilities at his early age are truly surprising. He has got by rote the fractional logarithms from 1 to 1,000, which he will repeat in regular rotation, or otherwise, as the interrogator may put the question. It is certainly astonishing to think so tender a mind can retain with such tenacity and correctness seven figures of an answer, (according to their different variations) for 1,000 numbers. His rapidity and correctness in the various calculations of trigonometrical distances, triangles, etc., are amazingly beyond anything we have ever witnessed. He can in less than in one minute make a return in acres, rods, perches, etc., of any quantity of land, by giving him the surveyor's chained distances, while the greatest mathematician, with all his knowledge, will certainly take nearly an hour to do the same, and not be certain of the truth in the end.

MORALITY IN SPAIN.—Mr. Grant remarks that "Spain retains less of the real spirit of Christianity than any other country." Taking morality to be the essence of Christianity, he might have said that the immorality of the Spaniard, more especially one particular form of immorality, among the upper and lower classes of society, and of the priests, is far beyond that of any other European country. As one slight testimony of this, we may bring the sorrowful, but solemn acknowledgment of the archbishop of one of the largest provinces in Spain, that he only knew of two priests in his whole diocese besides himself who led decently chaste lives! While it is also worthy of note that no country in Europe, we believe, can show so enormous a proportion of foundlings and foundling hospitals.—Cornhill Magazine.

The San Francisco Bulletin says that there are facts enough to prove "that California is no longer devoted mainly to digging gold, but can claim to have engaged successfully in a greater variety of industries than almost any other State in the Union." In 1866 the gold and silver yield of the State was about \$44,000,000. Its agricultural products netted \$55,000,000. Its manufactured articles were not of a less value than \$30,000,000. This last branch of industry is very flourishing. Californians are justly proud of the rapid growth of their State; they may be equally satisfied with its substantial prosperity.

APPLES—CUSTARD.—To make the cheapest and best every-day farmer's apple custard, take sweet apples that will cook, pare, cut, and stew them; when well done, stir till the pieces are broken; when cool, thin with milk to a proper consistency, and bake with one crust, like a pumpkin pie. Eggs may be prepared and added with milk, if handy, though it will do without. No sweetening is necessary. It may be seasoned with any kind of spice to suit the taste. The less the better.

IMPORTANCE OF BULK IN FEED.

Although the presence of a sufficient quantity of nutritive matter in the feed is naturally the most fundamental matter for consideration, its bulk is scarcely less important. The function of digestion requires that the feed shall properly fill the stomach; and however large the supply of nutritive matters may be, their effect is imperfectly brought about if the feed be too small in bulk; and it actually becomes more valuable if diluted with woody fiber or some other inert substance. On the other hand, if the feed be too bulky, the sense of repletion causes the animal to cease eating long before it has obtained a sufficient supply of nutritive matter. It is most necessary, therefore, to study the bulk of the feed, and to consider how to mix the different substances in such a manner as to adjust the proportions of nutritive matter to their bulk. If we examine the nature of the mixed feeds most in vogue among feeders, it will most generally be found that very bulky feed is combined with another of opposite properties. Hence turnips, the most bulky of all kinds of feed, are used along with oil cake or bean meal; and if, from any circumstance it becomes necessary to replace a large amount of turnips by the lat-substance, the deficient bulk must be replaced by hay or straw.

CURING LAMB SKINS.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives the following directions: As soon as the skin is taken from the animal, stretch it tightly on a board, flesh side out; then, before it begins to dry, I apply an equal mixture of fine salt and alum, thoroughly pulverized together, until the skin is slightly whitened by the mixture. I then take no further notice of the skins until I want them for use, (which is always a few weeks from the time of applying the mixture.) I then take them and thoroughly wash them in warm soap-suds, let them dry, and rub them soft with my hands. After rubbing they are soft and pliable as a kid glove, and will continue to be.

Another receipt is the following, as we find it in an exchange: Wheat flour, 20 parts; alum, 8 parts; salt, 3 parts. Pulverize, mix and rub this compound over the skin, after nailing it out tightly. In about two weeks rub the hide together and dress off with a knife.

U. P. SEMINARY, ALLEGHANY.—The session at this Seminary closed with the usual examination before the Board of Superintendents, last week. Among the most interesting of the exercises was the closing ceremony, Wednesday evening, of presenting the graduating class with copies of the Bible. This was conducted by the venerable Dr. Pressly, who, after a most instructive and impressive address covering the essential principles of pastoral theology, presented each member of the class, eleven in all, with a beautiful copy of the Bible, accompanying the presentation in each case with an appropriate exhortation in the language of the Bible. The entire ceremony was unusually solemn and impressive.—United Presbyterian.

Texas has built four hundred and twenty-five miles of railroad, forming four grand trunks diverging North, South, East, and West from the city of Houston, and affording ample room for lateral roads when the wants of the country shall require them. The Houston Telegraph says: "These main arteries of trade will, when completed, not only link the railway system of Texas with the vast network of railroads in the Northwest, and with those of the States east of the Mississippi, but further, will bring through Texas the products of the wealthiest Mexican States in the onward course of civilization toward the Pacific Ocean."

Mrs. Harriet Boucher Stowe and Charles Beecher, her brother, sailed from New York, on route to Florida, in which State Captain Frederick B. Stowe owns and is cultivating a farm. He expects to remain about six months.

CURE FOR FOUNDER.—Take six eggs, beat them as you would for custard; mix them with one pint of vinegar; pour it down as soon as you discover the horse to be foundered. Founder originates in the stomach.

General Sherman, if he can obtain leave, will go on Captain Dana's excursion to the Holy Land, which is to sail in June.