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BY DAVIS & CREWS.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1857.

VOL. XIV.....NO. 92.

## A FORTUNATE RUI.

George Ballerton sat in his room in his hotel. He was a young man of six and twenty, tall and slim of frame, with a face of exceeding intellectual beauty, and dressed in costly garments, though his toilette was but indifferently performed. He was an orphan, and for some years had boarded at the hotel. It required but a single glance into his pale features to tell that he was an invalid. He sat with his head resting upon his hands, and his whole frame would ever and anon tremble, as though with some powerful emotion.

As the youth sat thus, his door was opened, and an elderly gentleman entered. "Ah, doctor, you are moving early this morning," said Ballerton, as he lazily arose from his seat, and extended his hand.

"Oh!—not early for me, George," returned Ailene, with a bright smile. "I am an early bird."

"Well—you've caught a worm this time."

"I hope 'twill prove a valuable one."

"I don't know," sighed the youth. "I fear a thousand worms will inherit this poor body ere long."

"Nonsense! You're worth half a century yet," cried the doctor, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder. "But just tell me, George, how is it with Rowland?"

"Just as I told you. All is gone."

"I don't understand it, George."

"Neither do I," said the young man, sorrowfully. "That Charles Rowland could have done that thing, I would not—could not—have believed. Why, had an angel appeared to me two weeks ago, and told me that Rowland was shabby, I would not have paid a moment's attention to it."

But only think: when my father died, he selected for my guardian his best friend, and such I even now believe Charles Rowland was, and in his hand he placed all his wealth, for him to keep until I should become of age. And when I did arrive at that period of life, I left my money where it was. I had no use for it. Several times, within three or four years, has Rowland asked me to take my money and invest it, but I would not. I bade him keep it, and use it, if he wished. I only asked that, when I wanted money, he would honor my demand. I felt more safe, in fact, than I should have felt had my money been in a bank on deposit."

"How much had he when he left?"

"How much of mine?"

"Yes."

"He should have had a hundred thousand dollars."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Ah—you have me on the hip there."

"And yet you must do something, George. Heaven knows I would keep you if I could. I shall claim the privilege of paying your debts, however."

"No, no, doctor—none of that."

"But I tell you I shall. I shall pay your debts, but beyond that I can only assist you to help yourself. What do you say to going to sea?"

A faint smile swept over the youth's pale features at this remark.

"I should make a smart hand at sea, doctor! I can hardly keep my legs on shore. No, no—I must—"

"Must what?"

"Alas! I know not. I shall die—that's all!"

"Nonsense, George. I say, go to sea.—You couldn't go into a shop, and you wouldn't if you could. You do not wish to remain here amid the scenes of your happier days. Think of it: at sea, you will be free from the sneers of the heartless, and free from all contact with things you loathe. Think of it."

George Ballerton started to his feet and paced the floor for some minutes. When he stopped, a new life seemed already at work within him.

"If I want to sea, what could I do?"

"You understand all the laws of foreign trade?"

"Yes. You know I had a thorough schooling at that in my father's counting-house."

"Then, you can have the berth of a supercargo."

"Are you sure I can get one?"

"Yes."

"But why wait? Have I not enough?"

"—sh! You know not again what you say. There are other feelings in the human heart besides love. That love is a poor profligate passion which puts aside all other considerations. We must love for eternity, and so our love must be free. Wait. I am going to work. Aye—upon the sea to work!"

"But why upon the sea? Why away where my poor heart must beat in anxious hope and doubt as it follows thee?"

"Because I cannot remain here. Hundreds of poor fools have imagined that I slumbered because I was proud. They knew not that it was the tainted atmosphere of their moral life that I slumbered.—They gloat over my misfortune. Men may call me foolish; but it would kill me to stay here."

"Alas! must it be?"

"It must. You will wait?"

"I will wait even to the gates of the tomb!"

"Then Heaven bless and preserve you!"

The ruined youth was upon the ocean—his voyage commenced—his duties as laborer for his own daily bread all fairly assumed. Ah! it was a strange life for him to enter upon. From the ownership of immense wealth to the trade book of a merchant ship, was a transition indeed! But, ere he went on deck again, he had fairly resolved that he would do his duty, come what would, short of death. He would forget that he ever did else but work for his livelihood. With these resolves, clearly defined in his mind, he already felt better.

At first our supercargo was too weak to do much. He was very sea-sick, and it lasted nearly two weeks; but when that passed off, and he could pace the vibrating deck with a stout stomach, his appetite grew sharp, and his muscles began to grow strong. At first his appetite craved some of the many delicacies he had, and he very soon learned to do without them. The result was, that his appetite became natural in its wants; and his system began to find itself nourished by simple food, and in proper quantities.

For years he had looked upon breakfast as a meal which must be set out and partaken of from mere fashion. A cup of coffee, and perhaps a piece of dry toast, or some seasoned and highly-spiced tidbit, had constituted the morning meal. But now, when the breakfast hour came, he approached it with a keen appetite, and felt as strong and as hearty as at any time of the day.

By degrees the hollow cheeks became full; the dark eyes assumed new lustre; the color rich and beautiful came to the face; the breast swelled with increasing power; the lungs expanded and grew strong; the muscles became more firm and true; the nerves grew calm and steady and the garments which he had worn when he came on board had to be let out some inches in order to make them encompass his person. His disposition became cheerful and bright, and by the time the ship had reached the southern cape of Africa the crew had all learned to love him.

Through storm and sunshine; through tempest and calm; through dark hours and bright, the young supercargo made his voyage. In one year from the day on which he left his native land he placed his foot again upon the soil of his home. But he did not stop. The same ship, with the same officers, was going upon the same cruise again; and he meant to go in her. He saw Mary Wilton, and she would wait. He saw Dr. Ailene, and the kind old gentleman praised him for his manly independence.

Again George Ballerton was upon the sea; and again he assumed the duties of his office, and even more. He stood watch when there was no need of it, and during seasons of storm he claimed a post on deck.

At the end of another year the young man returned to his home again. He was now eight and twenty, and few who knew him two years before, could recognize him now. His face was bronzed by exposure, his cheeks full and plump, his frame stout and strong, and erect like a forest chief. His muscular system was nobly developed, and the men were few who could stand before him in trials of physical strength. When he first left the city, two years before, he had weighed just one hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois. He now brought up the beam fairly at one hundred and seventy-six! Surely he was a new man in every respect.

On the afternoon of the third day, as he entered his hotel, one of the waiters handed him a letter. He opened it, and found it to be from Mr. Wilton. It was a request that he would be at the merchant's house at nine o'clock that evening.

"George," said the doctor, after the youth had given a full account of his adventures, "I should think you would almost forgive poor Rowland for having made off with your fortune?"

"Forgive him?" returned George; "oh I did that in the first place!"

"Well, George," resumed the doctor, "Mr. Rowland is here. Will you see him?"

"See him! See Charles Rowland! Of course I will."

The door was opened, and Mr. Rowland

entered. He was an elderly man, but hale and hearty.

The old man and the young shook hands, and then inquired after each other's health.

"You received a note from me, some two years ago," said Mr. Rowland, "in which I stated that one in whom I had trusted had got your money, and mine with it?"

"Yes, sir," whispered the youth.

"Well," resumed Rowland, "Doctor Ailene was the man. He had your money."

"How? What?" gasped George gazing from one to the other in blank astonishment.

"Hold on, my boy, said the doctor, while a variety of emotions seemed to whirl within his bosom. "I was the villain—it was I who got your money. I worked your ruin, my boy. And now listen, and then I'll tell you why?"

"I saw that you were dying. Your father died of the same disease. A consumption was upon you—not a regular pulmonary affection; but a wasting away of the system for the want of vitality. The mind was wearing out the body. The soul was slowly, but surely, eating its way from the cords that bound it to earth. I knew that you could be cured; and I knew, too, that the only thing in the world which would cure you was to throw you upon your own physical resources for a livelihood. There was a morbid willingness of the spirit to pass away. You would have died ere you would have made an exertion, from the very fact that you looked upon exertion as worse than death. Your large fortune rendered your exertions, so there was no hope while that fortune remained. Had it been wholly a bodily malady, I could have argued you into the necessary work for a cure. And, on the other hand, had it been wholly a mental disease, I might have driven your body to help your mind. But both were weak, and I knew that you must either work or die."

"And now, my boy, I'll tell you where my hope lay. I knew that you possessed such a true pride of independence that you would not depend upon others. I knew that if you were forced to it you would work. I saw Rowland, and told him my plans. I assured him that if we could contrive to get you to sea, and make you start out into active life for the sake of life you could be saved. He joined me at once. I took your money and his, and then bade him clear out. You know the rest. And now tell me my boy; if I give you back your fortune will you forgive me? Your money is safe—every penny of it—to the amount of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Poor Rowland has suffered much in knowing how you looked upon him; but I know that he is amply repaid by the sight of your noble, powerful frame, as he sees it to night. And now, George, are we forgiven?"

It was a full hour before all the questions of the happy friends could be asked and answered; and when the doctor and Rowland had been forgiven and blessed for the twentieth time, Mr. Wilton said—"Wait!"

He left the room, and when he returned he led sweet Mary by the hand.

Late in the evening, after the hearts of our friends had fairly begun to grow tired with joy, George asked Mary how much longer she was willing to wait. Mary asked her father, and the answer was—"Two weeks!"

**THE VICTORIES ON THE LAKES IN 1813-14.**

Yesterday was the anniversary of the victory on Lake Erie by Com. Perry on the 10th of September, 1813; and this day is the anniversary of the victory on Lake Champlain by Com. Macdonough, on the 11th of September, 1814.

Perry announced the event in the following graceful and modest style, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on the day of the victory:

"Sir: It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict."

Macdonough announced his achievement in the following brief and patriotic strain, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, dated September 11, 1814:

"Sir: The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain, in the capture of one frigate, one brig, and two sloops of war of the enemy."

In his annual message of the 7th of December, 1813, President Madison thus referred to the brilliant victory of Com. Perry:

"On Lake Erie, the squadron under the command of Captain Perry having met the British squadron of superior force, a sanguinary conflict ended in the capture of the whole. The conduct of that officer, adroit as it was daring, and which was so well seconded by his comrades, justly entitles them to the admiration and gratitude of their country, and will fill an early page in its naval annals with a victory never surpassed in lustre, however much it may have been in magnitude."

In his annual message of the 20th of September, 1814, Congress having been convened in anticipation of the regular period, President Madison thus noticed the gallant achievement of Com. Macdonough:

"On Lake Champlain, where our superiority had been for some time undisputed, the British squadron lately came into action with the American, commanded by Captain Macdonough. It issued in the capture of the whole of the enemy's ships. The best praise for this officer and his intrepid comrades is in the likeness of his triumph to the illustrious victory which immortalized another officer, and established at a critical moment our command of another lake."

An immediate consequence of the success of Perry was the victory gained by Gen. Harrison at the river Thames, over the combined British and Indian forces, on the 5th of October, 1813; and in connection with the triumph by Macdonough was the victory of Gen. Macomb over the enemy on the 11th of September, 1814.

It seems to us that these brilliant events do not maintain their proper interest in the remembrance of our countrymen. Two generations have since sprung up, but events like those above described ought not so soon past into oblivion.—*National Intelligencer.*

**FRANCE IN TRANS-GANGETIC INDIA.**

The countries composing the present Empire of Anam, namely, Tonquin, Cochinchina, Cambodia, and Laos, a large tract of territory stretching on the eastern shore of that south eastern peninsula termination of the continent of Asia, which is usually designated by the somewhat inappropriate name of Trans-Gangetic India, have, together with the neighboring kingdom of Siam, been for a long time an object of great attention on the part of the French.

Cochin China, now the ruling province, was visited at an early period by the French missionaries and adventurers. At the time when the French lost their possessions in India proper, during the reign of Louis XVI, the missionaries had made not less than 400,000 converts to Catholic Christianity in Anam, and the Cochin Chinese sovereign at Hue was surrounded by French political and military advisers, who remained in the country even after all intercourse with their native land had been cut off by the great Anglo-French war. In 1802, they assisted in restoring to power the legal heir to the throne, who had been overthrown by a palace revolution. Hue the capital, was then turned with their aid into a fortified fortress in the European style, and the city is up to this day the most European-looking city under native sway in the whole of Asia. But in 1819, when a change of the crown took place, the friendship between the Court of Hue and the French officers and missionaries, and France herself came to an end. The French had the mortification to see their own influence altogether eclipsed by that of the Court of Peking, their countrymen driven away, the work of the Christian missionaries destroyed, and all former treaties between France and Cochin China set at naught. The reason for this sudden change may be found in the panic created of the power of the English East India Company. They henceforward began to dread the encroachments of foreigners, and leaned for support upon the Emperor of China, of whom the Emperor Ming-Mang of Anam, who ascended the throne in 1819, voluntarily declared himself a vassal. His successors, Jion Tri, who reigned from 1842 to 1847, and Tou-Dour, who reigns now, have persisted in the same line of policy. They have not only prevented missionaries, but likewise merchants from Europe, from establishing regular factories throughout their territories.

It is now said that the present emergency in the East have again suggested the idea of France seizing openly by force of arms the port of Touran, and erecting a military and commercial establishment under the French flag there. The Emperor of Anam having declared himself a vassal of the Emperor of China, the war against China may furnish the pretext. The jealousy of England, who is obliged to maintain friendly relations with France, is just now not much dreaded. Rumors of such an intention were current for some time, but it is only now that they can claim attention, when a newspaper whose connection with the government is no secret—the Constitutionnel advocates the step, though of course in guarded language, and directly disclaiming that it expresses the views of the French government. The article is apparently thrown out as a feeling, in this sense it is desirable that the attention of the public in England should be early drawn to the plan.

An old farmer—one who feared neither God nor man—had hired a devout negro, and to get some Sunday work out of him, would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday morning would put this point to the man's conscience. One morning Sambo proved refractory—"he would work no more on Sunday." The master argued with him that it was a case of necessity—that the Scripture allowed a man to get out of a pit on the Sabbath day a beast that had fallen in. "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spent Saturday in digging de pit for de berry purpose."

An elderly Pennsylvania woman with her daughter, looking at a marble statue of Girard, in the College building, the other day, started the bystanders by exclaiming: "La Sally, how white he was!"

## COUSIN SALLY DILLARD.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

We think it high time—say several exchanges—that Cousin Sally Dillard, Captain Rice & Co., were again brought to the memory of the public. They deserve to be re-produced every few years. Especially will they keep our friends in a good humor with themselves for at least a week after the reading.

**SCENE—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.**

A beardless disciple of Themis rises and thus address the Court:—"May it please your worship, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious an assault. A more willful, violent, dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's, in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed. One said that he heard the noise and did not see the fight, another that he seen the row but didn't know who struck first, and a third that he was very drunk and couldn't say much about the skirmish.

Lawyer Chops—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience.—Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat shuffly old man, a "lectle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Adzackly, (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat.) Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she moun't go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but, howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he moun't go—

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rignarole?

Witness—Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she moun't go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but, howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he moun't go—

Chops—Well, sir, go on.

Witness—Well, sir, Capt. Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go—

Chops—There it it again. Witness please to stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what do you want? Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this incoherent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the Court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Well, you go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness—Well, Capt. Rice he gin a treat—

Chops—This is intolerable. May it please the Court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with this Court.

Court—Witness, you are before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Capt. Rice's.

Witness, (alarmed)—Well, gentlemen, Capt. Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—I hope this witness may be ordered into custody.

Court, (after deliberating)—Mr. Attorney, the Court is of the opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was

poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in her hip, and the big swamp was up; but, howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she moun't go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but, howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he moun't go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like gentle folks, they walked the log, but my wife like a darned fool, hoisted up her coats and—waded right through!

Chops—Heaven and earth, this is too bad; but go on.

Witness—Well, that's all I know about the fight.

**STYLE OF LIFE AMONG THE LITERARY MEN OF LONDON.**

Descending the steps which led from the piazza in Covent Garden, we entered Evans's, that "abode of supper and song," as it was poetically called by its enthusiastic proprietor, who, meeting us as strangers to do the honors of his establishment, and having offered us preliminarily, with the well bred air of an old courtier, a pinch of scented snuff from his golden box, led us through a long avenue of supper tables and resolutely happy fellows, to the highest seat of the great subterranean hall. There was much to be seen and admired by the way, if we trust our polite host, who had, apparently, all the masterpieces of the English school hanging from his expensive walls.

There was the Garrick by Reynolds, "an undoubted original"—the Mrs. Siddons ditto—the genuine John Kemble by Lawrence—the Mrs. Jordan, and all the petty Pollys and Dollys, the gentleman Johns light comedy Jacks, of the theatrical celebrity and coffee house notoriety; and there was Johnson, and the delightful, blundering Goldsmith, pointed to the life; but there was Thackeray, under the counterfeited presentment, but in life itself, puffing, drinking and encoring, as life alone can puff, drink and encore, in a genuine *chiaro oscuro* of smoke and tobacco, and mist of hot whiskey, through which his great round, ruddy face was shining like a full red, tropical moon. The comic gentleman having sung his last stave.

"So sing and be merry, for time's on the wing, Who knows what to-morrow for many may bring?"

The curtain being dropped, and the last drop of punch drained, we rise simultaneously with Thackeray, who has been seated at the next table just in front of the stage. Availing ourselves of the privilege of strangers, we watch his great towering figure striding through the crowd of table sitters until he takes his seat in a distant corner, where he is heartily received with a hail fellow, and renewed calls for punch, by three other evidently kindred souls.

By the aid of our host, stimulated by Yankee curiosity, we were not long in doubt about the company. The large imposing looking gentleman who first fills our eyes is some one, it matters not who. The second one is Mowbray Morris, a snug, business like man, the general manager of the Times; and that little fellow there, with the sharp eagle face, and long, white hair, all pushed back from the forehead, who seems to do all the talking, and a full share of the drinking into the bargain, is Douglas Jerrold. He is evidently under the full inspiration of the occasion, and his barbed wit is flying fast and frequent, and mark how, as he drives forward that wedge-like head of his, as if determined to open a space in the heads of the listeners for each word he utters and stick it there.

He looks older than he is, from the whiteness of his hair, and the shrunken appearance of his person; increased, doubtless by the loose and ill-arranged dress. You would say, at first sight, that he might be sixty-five years of age, but as you watched the sharp, darting glances of his grey eyes—which, though full, seemed small, when concentrated in the eagerness of his animated conversation, and observe the quick, rapid movements of his features, and the lively muscular action of his whole body—you are not surprised to learn that he is ten years younger.

But a few weeks since Jerrold thus looked, talked, and set the table in a roar. It was long after midnight when we left and he and Thackeray, and their companions, were yet in the full tide of joyous conviviality. The company may have seen him since in the "abode of supper and of song," for no one was a more frequent visitor than Jerrold; but they will not see him more.—How the comic song of that night comes up again to the memory, mocking sorrow like laughter at a funeral.

"So sing and be merry, for time's on the wing, Who knows what to-morrow for many may bring?"

A young fellow was talking politics with a young lady he adored. Her name was Mary, and she sympathized with the Know Nothings.

"Oh," said she, in a deprecating tone, "I see you are not a Know Nothing!"

"Oh, no, of course not," said he; "how could I be when I worship the Virgin Mary!"

## "THE DISBANDED VOLUNTEER" AT CAMP MEETING.

THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTION OF A CAMP MEETING IN SCHOLARIE COUNTY, N. Y., BY "THE DISBANDED VOLUNTEER," APPEARS IN THE NEW YORK SUNDAY TIMES, WHICH TRULY REMARKS THAT IT IS ONE OF THE DISBANDED'S "PALPABLE HITS."

It seems rather irrelevant, to be sure, but the old fellow means all his covert satire for fanaticism and hypocrisy, not for genuine religion:

**SANCT NICKALAS HOTEL, Aug. 14.**

*Edifyers of the Sunday Times.*—I returned yesterday from Scholarchie county, where I have been witnessing the extraordinary and frantick capers of religidjinn turned out to grass. In other words, I've been to see that specious of the rooral elephant called a camp meeting. It was all noo to me, never hevinn partispated in wun of these preechin and payin bees afore. I sinner thar was about five hundred persons on the camp ground, and melbee fifty or sixty saints, or less, kwartered in tents and shanties. The sinners, as I was informed by wun of the watchmen of the camp, had cum to be born agen, and the saints, I spose, attend, as a kinder religidjinn necessities to assist in that myracles operashinn. The preechers, as was nateral, cekypide the best shanty on the ground; and this heekkwarters of holidjinn was amply furnished to stand a week's sege from the enemy and all his imp's, which was nateral also, the laborer hein wurlthy of his byer. Skrimnaging with Satan at ninety degrees of Fahrenheit in the shade, is blazin wurk; and as thar was four sarrnints six hims, two sams, and twenty-two prairs got off doorn, the day and nite I was on the spot, I've willin to admit that these hevinnly bust fires aint thar grub and the colleckshuns, which was frequent. The munny, however, was for the salva-hin of the canniballs of Madly-gascar, who is literally starvin for Bibles, and hes recently ben compelles to ete two missionneries in order partially to gratify thar pious appetights until the arrival of a cago of the bred of life. In coarse, onder such suckenstances contrilushuns was libral, and I hope when the savidges gets the Bibles and Testymnts it may do em good.

The ruff pine stand in the senter of the camp was filld doorn in the hours of wurship with individuals in black sutes, white chokers, and strait greasy hair. All thar faces peered to hev ben not after the same pattern—eyes thrown upwads, mouth corners pulled down, and a general expression as ef they was onder the gallus, hed bid adoo to thar friends, and was goin to be turned off in the full expectashin of an overlastin brile. They didnt feel that way, I'me aware—kwite the reverse; but appeerences is so desesful!

Well, these specimens of the salt of the airth tuk it in turns to preech and pray and sing, until they'd all hed a shy at sin and iniquity. Thar principal troics was on-querencheable fire and brimstone, and the varus modes of applyin the same to the squirming poppylashin of the lower rejins. Sum was deskribed as swimmin on lickwid combustibles; sum as feedin vorashly on red hot coles, and ben everlastingly refused a drink of water to cool off with; and others as ben contially surrounded with flames without ben consumed, like one of Herring's salamanders. All the time this was goin on, them as hed cum to get religidjinn, and was bound to hev it—specially the wimmin on the front setes—kept serpechin "Glory!" "Halleluyoor!" And the hotter the preecher taked Toft, and the more airnately he declared that they were all bound in that direckshin, the more they yelled "Glory!" "Glory!"

After gettin throo this intersting part of his discourse, the minister generally went in for the new birth, upon witch the females who hed hollered "glory" and "halleluyoor" over the fire and brimstone passidges, began to grone and sith, and pray to be delivered, as ef they was in the greatest ageny. Several drafft of the benchis and was carried in kickin convulsions into thar tents and shanties, whar they afterwards received spirityal consolashin from the bristhrn. When they cum out of the fits, they were conspidered as hevinn experenced religidjinn, and ben in a fair way for the new birth.

Not ben troubled with enny simtums of the provalin spirityal eppydemick, I kept my wether eyes skinned, and watched what was goin on along the outskirts of the camp, as well as in the intercury. While so dooin, I seen a