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Carolina Messenger.



SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

SPIRIT OF HOPE.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMET.

Enchantress come! and charm my cares to rest.

How shall I lure thee to my side again,

Thou who wert once the angel of my youth!

Thou, who didst woo me with thy bland soft strain—

Tasting wild Fancy with the hues of Truth;

Whose plummy shape, floating in rosy light,

Showered purest pearl drops from its fairy wing,

Making earth's pathway like the day-star bright;

Thou charmer rare of life's enchanted spring.

Fair were the scenes thy radiant pencil drew,

When on my eyes the early beauty broke?

And thy rich-ringing lyre, when life was new,

A glowing rapture in my bosom woke?

Thou my sister Fancy made my dreams

Lovely, and lightsome as the summer-hours,

And in her fairy loom wrought hues and gleams

That clothed the Ideal in a robe of Noe,

Thou hast vanished from my yearning sight—

Thou comest no more in melting softness dressed—

No more than weavest sweet visions of delight,

No charn thou bring'st to lull my heart to rest,

The bloom has faded from my face, dear Hope—

The light is lost—the shadow comes not back!

The green oasis flowers no more to open,

To scatter fragrance o'er life's desert track.

Oh, angel-spirit of my perished years!

Thy early memory stands before me now:

All by that memory, which so fair appears,

Unveiled once more the beauty of thy brow:

Come! if I have not quite outlived thee—

Come!

And bid thy rival dark Despair depart—

His touch has left me blind and deaf and dumb—

Bring thou one ray of sunshine to my heart!

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

A DOG'S AFFECTION FOR HIS DEAD MASTER.

Many instances have been recorded of the affection and sagacity displayed by dogs when their masters have died or been injured in any manner. Perhaps as affecting an incident of this kind as was ever witnessed was the action of the dog Pinch, owned by the late Hod Morse, who was shot Friday night, upon being shown the body of his dead master, as it lay upon a board Sunday morning, preparatory to being placed in a coffin. Everybody who knew Hod knew Pinch, for they were inseparable. An iron gray dog of the Scotch terrier breed, he was noted for his sagacity and fighting qualities. Sunday morning a friend of Hod's, for the first time, took the dog into the room, where the remains were. A number of Morse's friends were present at the time and can vouch for the accuracy of the story. When let into the room Pinch let his head fall to the floor, and with slow steps walked directly across to where Hod's body was lying. Stopping by the body he raised his head and began a low, monotonous howl. While uttering these howls, Pinch would from time to time look around at the different men present as if making a mute appeal to be allowed to have access to the body. Noticing this, one of the men took a chair and placed it in position, the dog jumped upon the chair, and with his fore paw brushed the cloths from his master's face. After he had removed the cloth he threw one leg over Hod's breast, while he laid his face on that of his master and rubbing it over a few times, commenced licking it as if desirous of awakening him. Seeing that this did not have the desired effect, Pinch stopped, and looking into Hod's face for a moment, again

commenced howling, or rather whining, in a piteous manner. The whole scene, taking in the surroundings, was a most sorrowful one, and brought tears and sobs from the men whom the world regards as social Pariahs, but in whom, as this incident proved, all the better feelings had not yet been deadened. Pinch continued his pantomime until seemingly convinced that he could not arouse his master, when he jumped down and with slow steps left the room, never returning until after the body had been conveyed to its final resting place in Elmwood.—MEMPHIS AVANCE.

THE ARDENNESE DOG.

The dog of the Ardennes accompanies the flock when the winter's snow drives the sheep home again for shelter. Each shepherd possesses one or two of these dogs, according to the size of his flock, to act as sentinels. Their office is not to run about and bark, and keep the sheep in order, but to protect them from outside foes. When the herdsmen has gathered his flock in some rich valley, these white shaggy monsters crouch upon the ground, apparently half asleep; but now and then the great sagacious eyes will open, and passing over the whole of their charge, remain for awhile fixed on the distant horizon, as though they followed a train of thought which led them away from earth—so sadly do they gaze into the infinite. But let the mountain breeze bear to his ever-moving nostril the scent of the hated wolf, or his quick ear detect an unknown noise; then is the time to see one of the dogs in his glory.—His eyes become black with fierceness; his hair stands erect; his upper lip becomes wrinkled, showing a range of white formidable teeth, while a low growl alone escapes from his throat. When his keen faculties have detected the whereabouts of his foe, he rushes forward with a bound that overleaps all obstacles, and a bark that echoes from all the surrounding hills. Every dog of the like breed that may near, takes up the note, and rushes gleaming through the brush-wood to join in the attack. Tender as the childhood he protects, woe to him who dare lift a hand on one of these little ones, with whom he has been brought up. It is not he who toys him is his master; it is not he who fed him when a pup, who petted and shared his pittance with him—he it is who has his love, and who reciprocates his faithful affection.—OVERLAND MONTHLY.

A TRUE DOG AND CAT STORY.

Farmington, Maine, has a dog of which are told many amusing stories illustrative of canine sagacity. The latest one connect him with a cat, which, coming recently into the domestic circle, was not cordially received by the dog, who had already formed an attachment for a fellow of longer residence in the family. One day, becoming annoyed by the intrusive familiarity of the unwelcome cat, the dog carefully took her up in his mouth, carried her a considerable distance from the house and placed her upon the ground; instead of responding to this gentle hint by leaving the premises, pussy elevated her tail and scampered back to the house, the dog, meanwhile, eyeing her with a kind of dejected surprise, and then himself returning to the scene of his persecutions. In a short time, however, the dog, feeling that patience had ceased to be a virtue, determined to make another attempt to rid the place of the obnoxious cat. With this purpose he again took her in his mouth, carried her into the garden, dug a shallow hole in the soil, deposited her therein and attempted to bury her alive; but pussy again proved refractory, shook the sand from her ruffled fur, and galloped back to the house.—The profound amazement depicted on the face of the dog, as he this time watched the retreating form of the hated cat, is described as extremely funny.

A DOG THAT STOOD ON HIS DIGNITY.

He was not our dog. We never kept any animal in the house—not even cats. And if Bruno had belonged to us, I fear that we never should have prized him as he de-

served, for we had been terribly frightened about mad dogs when we were children, and so had grown up with a most unreasonable dread of the whole canine race. When I left my careless girlhood behind, I tried hard to leave my cowardice with it, but to this day, I am only courageous in streaks where dogs are concerned. Bruno was a great shaggy, black dog, as big as a calf six weeks old. He was kept as a watch-dog in a large store, and when our home fell to us in the rooms over said store, he seemed to think that he had us also in charge. The people before us had made much of him; inviting him up stairs, letting the baby ride on his back, or go to sleep with him on the floor, and treating him to a taste of all the nice tid-bits that were brought into the house. Of course he soon concluded that he had the freedom of the place. He had such large, pleasant eyes, so full of benevolence and fun too, that it was a mystery how I could help liking him. But if he had been a lion or a big bear, I could not have been more nearly sacred to death than I was the day of our arrival, when looking up from a basket of dishes that I was unpacking, I saw his large form in the doorway. Over went the basket, and with a marvelous spring I went over the basket clear into the adjoining room, where I shut the door with a bang, locked it, and then screamed for dear life. Just then some one out of doors whistled cheerfully and the monstrous fellow went bounding down the stairs to my great relief.

I saw no more of him that day, but the next morning he paid me a visit. I had just placed the gridiron over a nice juicy steak, cut ready for broiling, when I heard a panting sound close by me, and looking around there stood Bruno with his great open mouth nearly on a level with my shoulder. I was too frightened to scream or to run away. My next thought was the necessity of coaxing rather than fighting, if happily I might escape with my life. Trembling I held out to him a bit of raw meat. The immense jaws gave one snap, and the bit vanished. Another and another followed, until only a tiny morsel remained for my husband's breakfast. Could I not in some way save that? I made several steps backward toward the door, and hope began to spring in my heart. But Bruno, alas! had been taught to speak for what he wanted, and now, with one eye on the remnant in the dish, he tipped his head back and—spoke.—That was enough. I threw him the meat in despair, just managing, as I did so, to get out of the room. I don't think my husband particularly enjoyed breakfasting on try toast alone, but he had taken an unaccountable fancy to the dog, and I remembered that I thought the scanty fare a suitable punishment for such taste.

"He'll run mad and bite you, and then you will have the hydrophobia, and bite me," I said, when manlike he tried to reason with me. As if a woman's fears could ever be made amenable to reason! Bruno had now evidently determined to give me the pleasure of his acquaintance. Whether the breakfast gave him an idea that I was subject to generous impulses, or whether he liked me for my own sake, I cannot say, but I was hopelessly in his good graces. He evidently thought my friendship worth having, and left no dogish art untried to win it.

Once in particular, when I was nicely dressed for going out, I sat down to wait for my husband, who was preparing to accompany me. Ladies wore drapery sleeves then, and I had donned for the occasion an elegant pair of lace undersleeves. They were a present from a dear friend, who had herself embroidered them, and I was admiring the delicate work, when Bruno came into the room, and in his unfeigned delight at my appearance laid his dirty wet nose directly across my arm. Didn't I jump!

My faces were soiled, and the fringed trimming of the oversleeves so bedaubed and tangled, that I had to dress again, and not so becomingly. "Ugh! You great ugly ear!" said I; but I took care to wait until he was out of hearing before I said it. "He is only scraping acquaintance," said my husband laughing. "But I was determined not to be familiar with him. Beasts were not made to live in the house with human beings," I said to Bruno's master, one morning when I was brushing the stair-carpet. The dog had never learned to use the mat at the door, and all the sand that everybody tracked in to the house was consequently laid to his want of neatness.

"If you really do not like to have him come up stairs," said Bruno's master, "you have only to tell him so. He will understand and take the hint." I had never yet spoken to him, except to coax him hypocritically when his presence frightened me. "Poor Bruno! Good fellow!" was all I had ventured to utter. But I had little faith in the remarkable intelligence that would enable him to take a hint that was sometimes thrown away upon our own species. Nevertheless I thought the experiment worth trying. That very noon, Bruno appeared about dinner time, just dropping in a moment to see what I was up to. He had a habit of doing this at meal time, and if he was hungry, it was a particularly inconvenient time to receive him. So, without even the politeness of even saying good morning, I began: "Bruno!" He looked up and opened his mouth expectantly. "Bruno," said I speaking slowly but impressively, "you must go down stairs directly. And don't you ever show your face up here again."

What has a Lady to do with Temperance.

Much. The gentle elements of her nature have fitted her for command; and God has made the empire of her heart boundless. Love is the bond of sympathy with all intelligent creatures. It is the master principle of society; it is the spontaneous emotion of the soul, obedient to no motive save those which elicit kindness with its own character. Fear cannot inspire it; power cannot suppress it; wealth cannot purchase it; an hourly command it. A slave in its malignant passions, the soul is free in every exercise of affection, in every act of benevolence. However other objects may inspire the emotion, woman was made to be mistress of this passion in the soul. If she does not rule in the heart of man, it is usually because good sense does not rule in her own. She may light the torch of benevolence and direct its fire wherever she will, her empire is boundless and free. This influence was given to make her both the guardian and ministering angel—devoted to frivolity, her influence reaches on yet to the fancy, and neither makes nor retains permanent conquest; but consecrated to charity, it will die only with the memory of her who was "last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre."

Intemperance afflicts men; but it blasts woman. It lays the withering stroke on her heart and her beauty assumes like a moth, while her joy goes down to the tomb. Man survives the loss of happiness; woman—never—Man has a thousand chances to secure it, woman has but one. The evils which intemperance lays upon man come often one at a time; on woman they fight together. We ask her to throw her benevolence into the scale, to secure protection for her own fireside—and her heart. For aught you can tell, the fate of yonder widow, friendless and forlorn, may soon be yours; for aught you can tell, the destroyer who wrote the mother's name on her forehead, to-morrow may lay desolation at your door and break your heart. Whatever may be your power to advise, to persuade, to command, hesitate not to throw that power into this cause; and then, no matter what may be the result, you shall know that you are guided.

In the domestic circle is cast the character of men; it gives expression to their passions. If purity and peace are not found there, society will be filled with content and contention. As sure as intemperance crosses the threshold of domestic life, every pure and high influence will depart. Low indulgence, growing down through every degree of weakness—even though covered with religiousness—drags the soul along, robbing it of noble sensibilities and introducing it to every form of "swilled insolvency." Till she entirely "loses the divine property of her first being." Let those who preside over the sanctities of domestic life, and administer its sacred rights, guard the entrance against the first approach of this monster. If the household gods are not kept in purity, there is a deity that is safe from pollution.

The Household "Good Night."

"Good night!" A loud, clear voice from the stairs said that; it was Tommy's. "Good night!" murmurs a little something we call Jenny, that flitted a large place in the centre of one or two pretty hearts. "Good night!" whispers a little fellow in a plaid rifle dress, who was christened Willie about six years ago. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake, my soul into the Lord's hands take."

Woman and her Moods.

As sunshine and cloud give beauty to day, light and shadow effect to a painting, and storm makes more holy the calm, so the changing moods make women all the more lovely in our eyes. The flowers are beautiful because their bloom is not perpetual, eternal. They open their delicate leaves, was fragrant beneath the kiss of the dew and expand in beauty when the golden sunshine is their bath; but they fade also, as fast as they bloom, in order that he senses may not be steeped in that intoxication which turns desire into repugnance. The statue is beautiful when the veil is first lifted from it but if we study it hour after hour, day after day, and year after year, the eyes grow tired of the most delicate shading of art, the form and face no longer appeal to the finer emotions of the soul, and we turn from the marble as we would turn from the darkness of a dungeon. We feed upon variety, and find harmony in contrasts. Therefore that philosophy is sound which attributes the power of woman over man to her changing moods. Fickle and capricious she may be, but then those very qualities constitute her greatest charm.

Mrs. M. E. Bonitz has just received new specimens of Embroidery patterns—Pinkings and Stampings done at her Establishment in the latest style.

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Vice-President Colfax and the Credit Mobilier Scandal.

TALK ABOUT IMPEACHMENT.

The special Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, telegraphs the following to that journal of Thursday: The view taken that no original action could be in the Senate against Mr. Colfax was sustained by the course of that body to-day. The request made by Mr. Colfax for a special committee to investigate his Credit Mobilier transactions was shown by Mr. Thurman to be one which the Senate had no authority to grant. The Senate evidently was of the opinion that if any proceedings of all were called for against the Vice-President, it was for the House to take the initiative by impeaching him. There was no excitement whatever displayed in the matter by Senators, and the request of Mr. Colfax was almost unanimously refused.

After he preferred his request the Vice President left the chair, and was not seen in the Senate for the remainder of the day. It is undeniable that the recent testimony before the Poland Credit Mobilier committee, including particularly that given to-day, places Vice President in a very awkward position before Congress and before the Country. It is very certain that perjury has been committed by one, one, and painful as it may be to give utterance to such a suspicion, it is a fact that not a few of those who have been among the warmest personal and political friends of the Vice President are not satisfied as to which party this came can be fastened upon. The Vice-President expresses the utmost confidence in the ability to clear himself entirely of all damaging charges and suspicions. It is now very plain that the opportunity which he asked of the Senate to-day can be afforded him by no other process than that of impeachment.

Rumors were very thick about the Capitol this afternoon that the motion to impeach the Vice-President would certainly be made in the House of Representatives. The general impression that no movement to this end can be made by the House in advance of the report of its committee is erroneous. The investigation into the Credit Mobilier being conducted with open doors, all the statements which have been made implicating Mr. Colfax and others are matters of common notoriety. It is there for within her province of any member of the House to rise in his place, recite the allegations against Mr. Colfax, and move for instructions to the Judiciary Committee to report articles of impeachment. The House, being in the possession of the same information as has been spread before the country, can instruct or refuse to instruct the Judiciary Committee according to its discretion.

Although the rumors which were floating around the Capitol this afternoon were repeated with more confidence in the seasons to night, it has not as yet been officially intimated that any member of the House proposes at this time to call for articles of impeachment against the Vice-President.

Motherly.

What a dear old Saxon epithet is the word "motherly!" Mot-erly kindness, attention, nurture! The word is never unwelcome when fairly applied. Motherly influence; who has not felt it! Motherly love, who has not joyed in it! Motherly self-denial; often the secret leading of the longest chapters of her life, the memory of which long survives them all. Motherly self-sacrifice; true to the last, often reappearing in some posthumous expression, she the voice from the tomb. My friend, the Rev. John Burleigh, of St. Stephen's, Sheffield, put it to the mothers—and sons of his church:—"Does any history tell us how St. Augustine, Theobald Bassil, and St. Chrysostom owed everything to a mother's prayers? Have we not read how Bishop Hall was dedicated to the service of his list by his mother on her death bed; how Payson traced all his hope and usefulness to this Christian nurture of his home; how Brainerd ascribed his deep religious feelings to the education of his early years; how Philip Henry and his five sisters avowed that what piety they possessed they owed, under God, to their parents; how James Montgomery traced his love for spiritual things to the instruction received in childhood; how the mother of the Wesley's left impressions on the characters of her illustrious sons, which were never effaced; how Romaine D-dridge, Felix Neff, Leigh Richmond Richard Hill, and Robert Moffat all tell of the melting and moulding influence of the Christian homes amid which they were reared!"

If you cannot place a fountain by the roadside, you may be able to mend the leaky cup out of which the traveler drinks. It need not be a great thing. He who gives a cup of cold water to a disciple has a promise of reward as surely as if he had prepared a great feast. Mr. Spurgeon has been heard to say: "I receive about forty children a year into my church, and two persons are excommunicated every year, always adults. I have never had occasion to excommunicate a child. —Live to be useful. Live to give light. Live to accomplish the end for which you were made, and quietly and steadily shine on, trying to do good."