

BY FLOREN

Little Eva had been so ill that for many days she would die, but she listened to their prayers covering; she was a weak at all and had the cough. Her expectation to be restless and her mother much trouble.

It was a beautiful Mrs. Wilmot had her little girl, and a window, where she was looking out on the passers by.

"O! Mama," said she, going to school, how I wish it was me, like her mother's face.

"Please mama, don't be by-and-by."

"Don't my little girl can run about and see all the beautiful flowers."

"Yes mama!" said she.

"Well, Eva, this is a strong and well, I know you take it you can't get it."

After a moment's hesitation Eva took the bitter draught and drew a low chair near the window, sitting in her hand and saw her mother's face.

"Your brother has Willie is asleep; now I can talk with you a little while. I read the other day."

"What about, dear mama?" she asked, but please don't tell me any more."

"Stop, Eva," said she, "I don't wish to have some one else's story."

"Who was that I heard of?" she asked, and in such a pensive mood she looked down her head, but her mother's countenance that she must reply.

"I never brought me any more to give it to me, so I will all get spilled on the floor."

"Yes, but Eva, you are in the parlour with company, and it is not very nice to be so old enough to be a nuisance."

"I hate the bitter draught, but it is better from me."

"You should be so good to you in making a good thing that is given you, and a marmur." Mrs. W. said enough to her on her story.

"This story I am about to read is said to have really been the wild beast show in winter—what did I call it?"

"No, mama, the story."

"Well, I must tell you now remember one of these menagerie fine specimens of animals that I very much, and so, treated with as much kindness as you are."

"I noticed that something like an elephant's eyes, and that the poor animal was much troubled by a white film over their eyes, and that they could not see."

"A young lady out West is charged with putting on airs because she refused to go to a ball barefoot.—Ex.

"That's not a circumstance; we know of one who is accused of the same thing because she refused to ride on her own horse to church."

By John Adair

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# SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE

## COMMENCEMENT

# OBANON

## FIFTH DECEMBER, 1859.

The Muses now their realm concede  
To joy's controul;  
And captive to the Graces lead  
The willing soul.

The pleasure of your Company is requested  
at Kinsler's Hall, on Monday Evening, 5th  
December, at Eight o'clock.

### SENIOR MANAGERS.

- Gov. W. H. GIST.
- Lieut. Gov. M. E. CARNE.
- GEN. SAMUEL MCGOWAN.
- HON. WADE HAMPTON.
- COL. A. MCFARLAN.
- CAPT. J. U. ADAMS.
- PROF. JOS. LECONTE.
- PROF. C. S. VENABLE.
- W. D. SIMPSON, Esq.
- C. H. SUBER, Esq.
- EX-GOV. R. F. W. ALLSTON.
- HON. J. P. CARROLL.
- HON. A. J. GREEN.
- GEN. WM. WALLACE.
- COL. SIMON FAIR.
- CAPT. FRANK HAMPTON. Killed in Va 1862
- PROF. W. J. RIVERS.
- COL. A. P. CALHOUN.
- J. H. BROOKS, Esq.
- C. P. PELHAM, Esq.

### JUNIOR MANAGERS.

- ARTHUR BECK.
- W. T. CLEVELAND.
- A. W. ELLERBE.
- R. J. FULTON.
- W. M. GIST.
- W. C. HANE.
- OSCAR LABONDE.
- E. J. SIMKINS.
- O. E. SIMPSON.
- W. W. SMITH.
- W. G. STEVENSON.
- F. H. WESTON.
- T. P. WESTON. Killed at Lookout Mt Tenn

Killed at Chickamauga

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# Old Mount Zion IN RUINS!!

With a sorrowful heart we announce the destruction by fire of this venerable old Institution.

About 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, just as the several congregations had assembled for worship, the alarm was given, and a dense volume of smoke told too plainly that the College building was the cause of the cry of fire.

Of course all the town turned out. White and colored worked nobly to save whatever could be gathered from the ruins.

Tears flowed, and eyes glistened with that which melts sorrow, from and of those who in the shock of war faced booming cannon with nerves of steel.

"Great God!" was the exclamation we heard from the lips of those who are not accustomed to use that phrase in an irreverent manner.

It would be impossible to give the names of all who aided in the rescue of private property (belonging to Mr. Woodward, the Principal,—to Mrs. and Miss Brittingham, tenants of the East Wing, and to the students), as well as all the school appurtenances.

The personal effects of Mrs. and Miss Brittingham were saved, at a great risk, by W. A. Morrison, our postmaster, and Thomas Jacobs, a colored man. The excitement was tremendous, when these two, one after the other, ascended the ladder to the second story window, and entered the room above which the raging flames and falling timber hung, awfully threatening. As for ourself, we turned away from the scene with an exclamation we had never used before.

The huge building roared with unquenchable flame until late after dark. The four great columns that supported the portico, each had at nine o'clock at night, a leaping, brilliant flame capping its top, which added to the doleful darkness that environed the old classic walls.

The grand old oak, which thousands of the alumni of old Mount Zion will remember, crisped and cringed in foliage before the dreadful flames.

From the Pedee section of South Carolina to the mountain-locked country of the great Southwest and West, there are those who will remember with pleasure the grateful shade of that grand old tree.

To Mr. Woodward, both as a citizen and as the presiding officer of Mount Zion, in behalf of this whole community, we tender our deepest sympathy.

The friends of the Institution who are at present patrons, may rest assured that the exercises of the school will still be continued. Every effort will be used to secure a proper building for the exercises of the school.

Old Mount Zion College has an array of names of those who first organized it, which history will not let die. The names of the most distinguished men of South Carolina who figured in the Revolution of 1776, are found among those who first organized the Society, or united themselves with it very soon after its organization. There were the Pinckneys, the Rutledges, the Vanderhorsts, the Hugers, the Pinckensies, the Winns, the Buchanans, the Grays, and a host of others.

But we are reminded that this is no time to exhaust the patience of the reader with a history of dear old Mount Zion.

Those old classic walls stand today, or at least a part of them, a sad monument of the mastery of one of the most useful of all the elements—fire. Towards night-fall the walls of the eastern wing fell with a crash to which the quivering earth around gave responsive signs.

## The Two Bears.

Once upon a time there lived an old couple, known far and wide for their interminable squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were as complete patterns of conjugal felicity as they had formerly been of discord. A neighbor, anxious to know the cause of such a conversion, asked the goodwife to explain it. She replied, "Me and the old man have got on well enough together ever since we kept two bears in the house." "Two bears!" was the perplexed reply. "Yes, sure," said the old lady, "bear and forbear."