



\$2 PER ANNUM.

Chain'd to no Party's arbitrary sway,  
We cleave to truth wh'er'er she leads the way.

IN ADVANCE

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, SCIENTIFIC, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME IV.

LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1855.

NUMBER 24

### SELECTED TALES.

[From the Waverly Magazine.]  
**LOOKING FOR A DOMESTIC WIFE.**  
BY KIT CARLYLE.

"I hardly know which I like best, Josephine Reynolds or Hettie Burke," said young Benson to himself. "Josephine is a splendid looking girl, a queen in every movement, and commands admiration wherever she goes; but, on the other hand, Hettie is a little gem, and has a sweet disposition, although, perhaps, Josephine has as good. Both can shine in the parlor and, for aught I know, in the kitchen also, as all farmers' daughters should be able to do. Well, I'll call on them this Monday afternoon, and endeavor to decide then. It's washing day I know, but so much the better time to sound them on household duties; and as I am going out of town the former part of this week it will be a good excuse for calling now."

George Benson was a smart, intelligent young man, poor, but engaged in a profitable business, which did fair to, in a few years, place him in independent circumstances. He wished to marry, but felt the necessity of wedding some one who was domestic, and who would be a help-mate.

He was very much interested in both Hettie and Josephine, and hardly knew which he would prefer for a wife, as both had many excellent qualities, but finally concluded to decide in favor of the one who should prove to be the most domestic.

George's walk that afternoon brought him to Mr. Reynolds' about three o'clock. Josephine's mother came to the door and ushered him into the parlor. In a few minutes Josephine entered and welcomed him cordially. To his surprise, instead of seeming annoyed, as one will after a Monday's washing, she looked as fresh and blooming as a rose, and as trim in her dress as though ready for a party; while her mother, in her old calico working dress, looked jaded and careworn, and referring, by way of apology, to its being washing day, soon left the room.

"Excuse my calling on Monday, Miss Reynolds," said George, "but I was going to leave town for a week, and thought I would happen in a few moments before I went."

"O, you are perfectly excusable, replied Josephine, and I am very glad indeed that you called."

"I shall make but a short stay," continued George, "as I presume you are quite weary with your—"

"O, no, not at all, I have been down to the village shops all the afternoon. Mother always does the washing, as I haven't any taste that way."

thoroughly sick of Josephine's remarks; and as soon as possible he changed the topic of conversation.

"What a lucky escape," said our friend, to himself, an hour afterwards, as he was wending his way toward Hettie Burke's. It's a good thing for me that I sounded her upon house-keeping before I proposed otherwise I might have got myself into a pretty fix. What a figure I should cut with such a wife; why, I should be obliged to turn cook and washwoman myself, for I couldn't afford, in my present circumstances, to hire all my work done. I should have to stay at home and wash Monday, iron Tuesday, perhaps, and bake Saturday, leaving only three days out of the seven to attend to my own business. What a fix!—Beautiful time I should have; my business would be neglected, and I should be poorer than ever; and even if I could afford to hire a housekeeper, it wouldn't better the case much, as I should have to give her directions and see that things were done properly, for Josephine is very far above such detestable matters as she calls them. A man that's going to have such a wife ought to know it in season to get initiated into household mysteries before marriage. Such a Miss may do very well for a rich man, but not for me. Now for Hettie Burke; and if she turns out like Josephine in her tastes and dislike of domestic duties, setting aside the knowledge of them, which she cannot well avoid having, as all say that her mother has drilled her thoroughly in them, and is full of whims relating to their being slavish, &c, why then I'll seek a life-companion in some other part of the country, and perhaps make it a part of my present journey abroad to look for one."

Hettie welcomed him in an old calico dress, with short sleeves a la wash-tub, and with her brown hair, that generally curled so beautifully, gathered up neatly and snugly on the back of her head.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Benson," she said as she entered the parlor, "but I dislike apologies; and then you know that Monday is washing day, and we farmer's daughters have to be in the suds then."

"And there's where I hoped to find you," George came near saying; but checking himself, he replied, "I know it, it's a part of a woman's duties, and I am sure an apology now would be out of place!"

"So I thought," returned Hettie. "I fear I'm intruding," said George.

"O, by no means," replied Hettie; "we are through with our washing, which held out later than usual, as mother has been quite unwell for a week, and I was obliged to do the whole of it to-day. You will stay to tea of course; it will be perfectly convenient. Mother's head-ache has come on and she has lain down, but father will be in presently to entertain you."

"George's countenance was brightening up every moment, and he began to think his fears groundless in regard to Hettie; but was resolved to test her ideas thoroughly."

"Does housework agree with you?" enquired he, half trembling from uncertainty as to the probable reply.

ther. And before he left the house that night he had made her an offer of his heart and hand, which had been accepted.

And so ends our simple sketch. If there is any moral in it, young ladies of ordinary discretion will not fail to discover it.

**Not Ashamed of Ridicule.**  
I shall never forget a lesson, which I received when quite a young lad, at the Academy in B—. Among my school-fellows were Hartley and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to the latter I looked up as a sort of leader in matters of opinion as well as of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the look out for matter of diversion.

Hartley was a new scholar, and but little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road towards a neighboring farm. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemson. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns! Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at these boots!"

Hartley, waving his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safe in the enclosure, and then, putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school in the afternoon, he let out the cow and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of B— Academy were mostly all of the same family, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartley. Occasionally he would enquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow" after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartley bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was ever once betrayed into a look of wrath or angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartley," said Jemson, one day, "I suppose your daddy means to make a milkman of you." "Why not?" asked Hartley. "Oh, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all!" The boys laughed, and Hartley, not in the least mortified, replied,—"Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from neighboring cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the principal of our Academy, and both Hartley and Jemson received a creditable number; for, in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal which was rarely awarded not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism.—The last boy who received one was young Manners, who three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story. "Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services."

The scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do! She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back, helpless. "Never mind, my good woman," said the scholar, "I can drive your cow!" With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted the offer.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth, but he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right; caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove the cow; for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that can look down with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher."

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartley, do not sink out of sight behind the blackboard! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartley, and let us see your honest face!"

As Hartley, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, with a round of applause in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartley's feet seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him by general acclamation.

Let me tell you a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears of manly self-reproach to his room, and wrote a handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartley, with delightful cordiality; let's all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and we set forth with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was. [Christian Witness.]

### MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Charleston Mercury.]  
**Know Nothingism and Southern Union.**

We copy cheerfully the courteous reply of the Carolina Times, to our article of Monday last. Its character calls for the repetition on our part of the oft expressed wish to discuss this question with the most perfect fairness, looking only to the cause of the South, and the triumph of principles dearer than life.

The point at issue, between us is, the character and objects of the Know Nothing party. The Times claims that it is the only genuine resistance party now formed in the South, and wonders that we deny its claim. It says,

"They are the first regularly organized party, and by seniority (all other views and opinions peculiar to Southern being equal) they have no good cause to expect that every genuine resistance man at the South, whether Whig or Democrat, will rally under their banner."

Let us review the history of this party, and test the grounds upon which such a claim rests. It is difficult to assign to any party its precise origin, but it cannot be denied that it was at the North, in its dense and festering cities, that the Know Nothing party first attracted attention, and achieved its victories. Its first public manifestations were in the "street preaching," and "Sunday mobs," which disgraced New York and Philadelphia with violence and bloodshed. From these low beginnings, it grew, until by appealing to a spirit of intolerance, and hatred to foreigners, it gathered to itself force and respectability enough to make itself felt in the elections at the North. This constitutes the first era of Know Nothingism.

The Nebraska Bill passed Congress, and it re-opened with unprecedented fury, the war upon Slavery. The Know Nothing had, by this time, become a powerful element in Northern politics. Elated with municipal triumphs, their ideas expanded, and they conceived the design of rallying upon the principles of anti-Designation and anti-Foreignism, a great National Party which should rule the country, and grasp the spoils. Ashamed and fearful of discussion, "its advocates shrank from the public light, and masked their doctrines and themselves beneath an oath-bound secret order. The Congressional elections came on. The Democratic party by whose votes and influence, the long delayed justice of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line, which threw upon once and again to the South the opportunity, lost by the acts of 1820, and 1850, was effected, stood arraigned before the fanatical sentiment of the North. It was mortal struggle between friends of the South and her foes. In such a contest where do we find the Know Nothing party? Combining, everywhere, with Free

Soil, in deadly war upon the Democratic party, and the South, overwhelmed by such a fusion, the Democratic party went down in every State at the North. In municipal, State, and federal elections, "the fusion" triumphed, and feeling with one hand every friend of the South, and with the other elevating to power the converted abolitionists. At a single blow it converted a Congress, where conservatism and some regard to Southern interests prevailed, into a den of fanatics, whose sole object is to vilify and crush her. This constitutes the second era of Know Nothingism.

Meanwhile, in the teeth of these flagrant proofs, the party was organizing and gathering strength in the South. Preserving the same mask, yet secretly appealing to the same intolerant prejudices and feelings against foreigners, which had given it impetus at the North, the party in the South carried the elections in many cities, in which, of course, foreign influence was most felt. While these facts were transpiring before us, we could not be silent consistently with duty or principle. We held up to the South the conduct of this party at the North—its public and official declarations of hostility to her—the threats and insults of its Northern leaders—the fury with which it visited every man in Congress who dared to stand up for the South or the Constitution—the mad and fanatical course of the Massachusetts Legislature, in which Know Nothingism was supreme; and we warned the South against affiliation with such a party. But its friends in the South repudiated for its Northern wing the charge of abolition, and stamped upon them by a thousand proofs. We were invoked to wait and forbear until the National Convention met when this stain would be washed away, and the party would rise up, the embodiment of American principles and American hopes; standing under the broad National flag—the rights of the South!" We pause at this point, in the history of the party, and seek for the evidence that has since become so apparent to the Times, of its being a "Southern resistance party. But we seek in vain. We proceed to the history.

The National Council met in Philadelphia, and most anxiously the country watched its proceedings. Contrary to all their hopes, the Southern delegates found themselves face to face, with enemies instead of friends, and read in the looks and defiant denunciations of the delegates of the North, the failure of their most cherished expectations. What was to be done? The North demanded the restoration of the Missouri Compromise line, and the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law.—This, of course, Southern men could not yield. Compromise propositions, one after another, were submitted; all more or less propitiatory to the Abolitionists. Mr. Albert Pike tells us that he himself, proposed to ignore the subject of slavery altogether, but even this proposition, so unworthy and suicidal as it was to the South, was rejected. And the Times admits that "there was a disposition and willingness to ponder to Northern influence by compromising rights of the South for the sake of party and its interests."

But the North refused all compromises whatever, would have none of them. It made the South choose between its arrogant demands and its company. The majority platform was adopted, and the delegates from twelve Northern States, representing an overwhelming majority of the party, left the Convention. The Times asserts "that the party went further towards putting down the assaults of fanaticism, than either of the old parties."—Where is the ground for such an assertion? Never before in any of the National Conventions, were Southern men and the institutions of the South so vilified. Never did fanaticism wear so bold and defiant an aspect. Are the burning words of Henry Wilson, the taunts and insults of Ford, already forgotten by the Times? "The Tribune gloried in the secession of the North from the Convention, and secure its triumph! And that secessionist business gathered to its fold the great State of Pennsylvania, and is uniting the North in unbroken phalanx."

But we are pointed to the platform, as the proof that the Know Nothing party of the South "is the only resistance party." What is the Southern wing following the faithful example of the Northern allies in "spitting upon the platform," and repudiating their pledges? Where in the platform shall we look for such a thought as Southern Union or resistance? It is in its silence upon the subject that we find it. We look for it in the declaration, that "the Union is the paramount political good," a declaration as absurd and tyrannical as the "divine right of Kings." Or shall we dive into the depths of the "third degree" to find "Southern resistance" breaking there in the very slough of submission?—If that platform means anything,—if it has in it a single clear and unmistakable clause, it is that Unionism, Nationalism, anything and everything else, but Southern resistance, is the object of the Know Nothing party. And when the party at the South talks of Southern resistance, it abandons

the party creed, and forfeits its member-ships.

But the Times declares "that the party in the South, failing to establish a constitutional Union, will dissolve the Union. Now we would ask our cotemporary where is the hope, with the party divided and discordant, as it is, that it can establish the Union on a constitutional basis? It admits the impossibility, when it says that the national hopes of the party have burst into a bubble, and that the party "has become sectional." Again, the Times tells us, that if the "existing laws upon the subject of slavery, are infringed upon, the Southern American party are pledged to sustain their solemn resolves, and carry out the principles of the party at all hazards." What pledges and principles?—We know of none, but those of the platform, and they are national, and cannot be carried out by the Southern wing, without the co-operation of the Northern wing.

But leaving these points, what assurance has the party in the South given us, that it has any thought of resistance or of Southern Union. Judging by its acts, the very opposite is the truth. We have already seen how it stands on these questions, in the matter of its platform. Let us come to its acts. In Virginia it nominated for Governor, Mr. Flournoy, a rank federalist, and Whig. In Tennessee its candidate is Mr. Gentry, who advocated the abolition of the Slave trade in the District of Columbia. In Georgia, the party with a self-stultification almost incredible, adopted, in one breath, the Philadelphia Platform—and in the next, its very opposite—the Georgia Platform, and concluded by nominating for Governor, Judge Andrews, than whom no more abject submissionist lives in her whole borders. In Louisiana, the Know Nothings have nominated Mr. Derbigny, the very incarnation of consolidation and Whiggery. These are the acts of the party in the South—the acts of the party in the South.

Now, we doubt not, but that in Carolina the party is ready for resistance, ready for Southern Union. All parties in the State occupy the same position.—But where are the evidences that outside of her limits the party shares in this feeling? When, therefore, the Times stands sponsor for its future conduct, we beg it to give us the benefit of its knowledge, that we too may share its hopes.

We have thus briefly reviewed the history of Know Nothingism. Whether at Philadelphia, amid the denunciations of Wilson and his horde, or in Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia or Louisiana—looking to its platform and its acts, or judging by its acts in the North or in the South—we see nothing to support the claim of the Times—nothing to justify it in its expectations. But more than all, little right has this party to the honor of being a Southern Union Party—when it has dragged from the dust into which they were fallen, the blocks and stones of nationalism, bribed Southern men again in the shambles—excited anew the rage for spoils—planted thorns of dissension between churches and classes in every precinct in the South, and brought divisions amongst us, which in all the annals of history are marked with the torch and the sword, and whose effect already visible, is to weaken and prostrate, and destroy us.

Slavery in Cuba Capital versus Abolitionism.

A curious change has suddenly been brought about in the policy of the Cuban government in reference to the negro population of the island. The nigger militia—that redoubtable phalanx whose every aspect was in itself enough to terrify an enemy—is to be disbanded, and the heroes composing it are to be returned to the peaceful labors of agriculture. It is not the resignation of Senor Lazuriga nor the *suaviter in modo* of Commodore McCauley which has occasioned this alteration in the sentiments of the Captain General. A more powerful influence than either of these has led to the abandonment, at least for the present, of his emancipation projects.

In one of the last letters of our Havana correspondent it was stated that the stock of the Spanish bank was at a lamentable discount, and that in fact scarcely any one could be found to take it. This was rather a singular circumstance, considering the favorable nature of the terms offered. The Captain-General inquired into the cause of it, and was given plainly to understand by the Cuban capitalists that as long as the nigger element was allowed to predominate in the councils of the government they would do nothing towards extricating it from its pecuniary difficulties. They represented that it would be suicidal on their part to assist in putting arms into the hands of the black population, with the certainty which they had before them that they would ultimately be used for the destruction of the whites. It was added that if the government would disband the black troops of all descriptions, the property holders would be induced to look more favorably on the stock. This argument was, it seems, all powerful. What would be conceded to the remonstrances of the planters, was at once yielded to the representations of the capitalists. Orders were immediately

issued to disband the nigger militia throughout the island, and the stock of the Spanish bank is no doubt by this time at a respectable premium. [N. Y. Herald.]

**She Changed her Mind.**  
There are some persons who are never sick without thinking themselves very much worse off than they really are. Of this class was Mrs. Haskins, a young married lady, and the mother of two fine boys. On one occasion, being visited by a fever, the consequence of imprudent exposure, she gave herself up to the melancholy fancies which usually assailed her, and persuaded herself that she was going to die.

In consequence of this melancholy presentiment, she assumed so woe begone an appearance that even her medical attendant was startled in believing that she was really much worse than from her symptoms he had judged her to be.

Under these circumstances he advised her to make what earthly preparations she had yet to make, while there was yet time to do so.

Mrs. Haskins was an affectionate mother, and the thought of parting from the children to whom she was so warmly attached, at a time when, more than any other, they needed a mother's care, was peculiarly distressing.

"Their father will be kind to them, no doubt, and see that they are amply provided for, but nothing that he can do will supply to them the loss of a mother."

Gradually the idea of a step-mother suggested itself to the lady's imagination, and such was her care for the happiness of her children, that she was almost to an idea so repugnant to most wives, and actually began to consider who among her acquaintances was best fitted to become a second Mrs. Haskins.

At length her choice fell upon a Miss Parker, an intimate friend of her own. Feeling anxious to have this matter satisfactorily settled, she dispatched a messenger post haste for Miss Parker, who, after a brief interval, made her appearance at her friend's bedside.

"My dear friend," said Mrs. Haskins, in a feeble voice, "I have sent for you what perhaps you will consider a singular reason. But, believe me, it is a mother's anxiety for her children that prompts me. I am very sick, and shall not live long. So the doctor tells me, and my own feelings tell me that it must be so. The situation in which I shall leave my poor boys, who will thus be deprived of a mother's watchful care, distresses me beyond measure. There is only one way in which my anxiety can be relieved, and this it is which has prompted me to send for you. Promise me that when I am gone you will marry Mr. Haskins, and be to them a second mother. Do not refuse me; it is my last request."

Desirous of comforting her friend, Miss Parker assented to her request, adding— "I will comply with your request, and the more willingly, for I always liked Mr. Haskins."

"Always liked Mr. Haskins?" exclaimed his dying wife, raising herself on her elbow, her feelings of conjugal jealousy for a moment overpowering maternal affection, "you always liked my husband, did you? Then I vow you shall never marry him if I have to live to prevent it!"

And Mrs. Haskins did live. The revision of feeling resulting from Miss Parker's unexpected declaration accomplished in her case, what the skill of physicians had been unable to effect.

There is an old saying, which, like most old sayings, has in it not a little truth; that when a woman wills, she will, depend on't—and when she won't she won't, and there's an end on't. So it was in the case of Mrs. Haskins. She was determined, that if Mr. Haskins ever does have a second wife, it shall not be Miss Parker.

The following is said to be not only an excellent and pleasant beverage, but a cure for diarrhoea, &c.

**Recipe.**—Take half a bushel of blackberries, well washed, add 1-4 lb. of allspice, 2 oz. cinnamon, 3 oz. cloves. Put in a well mix, and boil slowly until properly done; then strain or squeeze the juice through a muslin or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf sugar. Boil again for some time; take it off, and when cooling add half a gallon of best cognac brandy. Dose: for an adult, half a gill to a gill; for a child, a teaspoonful or more, according to age.