

Touching correspondents for the press, what they are and should be, we broke off on Wednesday, without coming to any proper conclusion. We said that the habit of intense reflection upon moral or metaphysical subjects was decidedly injurious to the capacity of the individual for correct observation in respect to external objects. Such a man will do for a periodical essayist, but not for a newspaper correspondent. He can write you a book, and never leave his chair. He works from his brains, as the spider from his bowels, and his topics for analysis and thought are evolved from meditation and not experience. In proportion as one indulges in this sort of observation, will he close his eyes upon all external events. He will not behold the grand procession, though it passes directly beneath his eye. The Germans call this disease *subjectivity*. You meet with this order of intellect frequently in the case of statesmen, (not politicians,) great mathematicians and great constitutional lawyers. It is the characteristic of great imaginative poets, who are neither grammatian nor descriptive. The clever politician, the small orator, the gossip, suffers nothing from this in-looking faculty. The *nisi prius* lawyer is not troubled with it; his mood being governed by his reliance on facts which he does not care to examine, and by the necessity of keeping open eyes upon the world and the worthies around him. To forget one's self in company, so that there shall be no company present, is a frequent consequence of this mood, and indicates the activity of the self-evolving nature. To make the great traveler, a certain degree of this nature is essential, associated with a vigilant external vision, and a rare readiness at grasping the numerous dependent objects of survey. The faculties, thus united, are not frequently found. After all that your correspondents write, how little do they say! They sit down in your big cities, and take up the newspaper in the morning with their coffee. The *oubit* of the day preceding is discussed after a fashion—the last great atrocity—the abduction, the murder or the brawl—and they send you the breakfast table comments upon it—making it no more clear than the paragraph which you print in the same columns, and which furnishes the material for all the talk. If they would always confine themselves to the event thus recorded, there would be no harm done. But the ambition to do more leads to some practices less innocent; and when facts fail, and philosophies are stubborn, invention is summoned to the aid of the correspondent, and his intellect makes sad havoc with his morality and conscience. "How to invent" he finds much easier than "how to observe," or even "how to think." To observe is expensive, and to think fatiguing. We have Haplet's assurance, indirectly, that nothing is more easy than lying; and then, too, there is such a charm in originality, that one soon gets reconciled to slight inaccuracies—nay, to large inaccuracies—in the precious pleasures which accrue from one's own exercise in the arts of fiction. One of the greatest passions in this poor country of ours is to provoke astonishment; but the effort is a very cheap one. It employs so little art. The astonishing thing is that, with a passion so active, a desire so ambitious, it should call so little genius into exercise. Take the lying, for example, of the *Herald* and the *Tribune*, and you see that, in sacrificing his honesty, the poor devil scribbler has gained nothing by it. There is no relief in the wit or the dullness, however enormous the dimensions of the lie. Now, were the mental cleverness in any degree to correspond with moral flexibility, the rogue might

delight us with his antics, and thus obtain our indulgence for the looseness of his morals, in consideration of the cleverness of his humor. If, having resolved to accommodate himself to the exactions of the populace, he should show us the wondrous elasticity and comicality of Punchinello, along with his vulgarity, we readily forgive the falsehood, the absurdity, all the coarseness—when we behold the rogue doubling upon us with his ridiculous surprises; now rolling himself up in a mass, and now whirling over the stage in a great ball, solicited, with a singular attraction, the impulsion of numerous mortal feet; anon, rising erect, straight as a pine tree and as firm, and then, as suddenly sinking into utter helplessness, as if every nerve, and bone, and muscle, were withdrawn; and while all are wondering at the hopeless inanition of the jellied deposit, darting away in air, as if, like Ariel, it were suddenly required of him to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. To recount this fully to the immorality in which these inventive correspondents of the press indulge, they should possess this flexibility. They should never weary us with the mere monotonies of fiction. They should be capable of all these changes, and they should seek for their justification on the score of morals, in the plea which fancy and art may interpose in their behalf. Lie if you will, as a traveler or a correspondent, but beware how you prove a Jull dog in your lying. Lie with a grace, like Brummel; with a swagger, like Pistol; with humor, like Falstaff, with an air, like any modern ministers of State; but to have no sort of trick in the lie—to deal in the bold article—to bring forth the lie in *paris ubi veritas*—a shapeless, uncounted, unclad bantling, with its bleak, inexpressive features—this is to sin beyond all newspaper redemption. We trust that the correspondents whom we have despatched beyond the seas will take heed of our requisitions.

A PAPER IN ABBEVILLE.—We have received a copy of the *Dallin*, a weekly paper published in Abbeville, by Mr. Hugh Wilson. Before the war, Mr. W. was engaged in the publication of a newspaper in that village; and now that the "pressure" is over, he goes into typographical harness again. We wish him success.

A contemporary, remarking upon "Our Mutual Friend" and "Armada," speaks as follows: "Dickens is becoming savagely stern as he grows old, probably because the world will not grow better in spite of all his efforts to improve it. Wilkie Collins is not so stern as his friend, perhaps for the reason that he is much the younger man. Years may improve wine, but the milk of human kindness they turn sour indeed."

"STONEWALL JACKSON'S" MONUMENT.—A correspondent of the *Baltimore Sentinel*: It is reported here that Mr. Volk, the artist and sculptor, formerly of Baltimore, lately commissioned by the State of Virginia to execute a bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson, has nearly finished the task, but is now in quite a quandary to know what he shall do with it, in consequence of the sudden collapse of the Confederacy. The statue was designed to be placed upon one of the vacant pedestals of the Washington Monument in the Capitol square, in company with the statues of Jefferson, Henry and Mason, of revolutionary memory. Forty thousand dollars in gold were appropriated to enable the artist to execute the work in Europe, and he went abroad with this intention over a year ago. His statue of Stonewall is said to be a work of great merit. But, what will he do with it?—that's the question.

Attorney-General Speed is preparing an opinion in favor of the legality of the trial of the conspirators against the lives of President Lincoln and others; because, at the time of the commission of that deed, the war was still going on, and the District of Columbia has been under martial law ever since, no order having been issued for its revocation since the battle of Bull Run.

The Shenandoah is continuing a wholesale destruction among the whalers. Her commander was informed of the surrender of Lee, but did not credit it.

Parisian Gossip.

A Paris journal relates the following story of unlawful love and revenge:

The chief actor is one of those Bedouin Englishmen who live alternately in all the European capitals, except when they are on an occasional jaunt to Egypt, or to China, or to India, or to the Holy Land. He never travels alone; his wife was with him, his *bona fide* wife, for notwithstanding his errant life—so apt to weaken one's morals—he had all the English respect for the sex, and a true Englishman's love for his wife. She was a beautiful woman, one of those "keepsake" beauties, that once seen makes a man dream love forever. Her social success was very great in all the cities they visited.

In Rome, after some years' marriage, they became acquainted with a German artist, of a good deal of reputation, who to his art, joined the learning of a Benedictine, and knew the city of Rome as well as Wackeleman or Visconti. The German volunteered to be their cicerone in the Eternal City; they gladly accepted his offer. Many were the hours they passed with him in the museum of the capitol, in the Vatican, in St. Peter's, and in the delightful excursions they made in the environs of Rome. The artist became in love with the English lady; she reciprocated his affection. The husband was a long while in seeing the stain upon his honor; several years had passed away before he perceived it, for he was very much pleased with the artist, and they had long been upon the most intimate footing. Although stung to the quick by such faithlessness and such gross violation of the laws of hospitality and friendship, he said nothing; he disliked scenes; he was, nevertheless, determined upon complete revenge, and he appealed to cooler reflections to furnish a suitable punishment.

The passions are bad counselors. He left Italy, and retired with his wife to England, saying nothing but *au revoir* to the artist. When he reached England he told his wife of the painful discovery he had made, and he gave her back into her father's hands. He then returned to the continent alone, and visited Germany, Russia and France, where he purchased a great many paintings; he then went to Italy, manfully continuing to purchase paintings, and at last—two years have now passed away since their last meeting—he called on the German painter, who still lived in Rome, and demanded satisfaction from him. His challenge was accepted, and the Englishman, according to the European custom—much better than our own—of the offended party, selected the weapons. He chose pistols.

During the past two years he had practiced daily for several hours, and his knowledge with the pistol had become an unerring certainty of shot. He sent the shot wherever he wished it to go. The parties went on the ground—they were placed at thirty paces apart, with the privilege of advancing ten paces before firing. The signal was then given. One! Two! Three! Fire! The word was scarcely out of the second's mouth when the Englishman fired, without moving; his antagonist's pistol fell from his hand, and was discharged by the fall, the ball burying itself in the ground. The Englishman's ball had shattered the artist's hand, and amputation was necessary; his career was ended—and forever.

A few days after the amputation the Englishman called upon him, and without noticing the angry reception he met, said to the suffering artist:

"If you think my vengeance is satisfied with your shattered hand and the wreck of your artist's career, you stringently under-rate the agony of a deceived, dishonored husband. Though I have condemned you to a life of vain regrets, to a never-ending series of impotent sighs, to a total oblivion by all amateurs and historians of art—"

"Oh, no, sir," interrupted the artist, his face beaming with a ray of hope, "the last you cannot do. My Malouma, at St. Petersburg; my Luther, at Berlin; my Flight into Egypt, at Paris; my—"

The Englishman interrupted him in turn.

"Spare me," said he, "the names of your works, but look over this catalogue, and see if I have not the exact list of them all."

"Yes, they are all there—even the painting I finished the day before the duel."

"So I was persuaded. All the paintings on this catalogue are my property; being my property, I do with them what I please. I please to burn them—aye, to burn every one of them—that your name may be effaced from the glorious roll of artists. In two hours from this time, your toil, your conceptions, your skill, will be as

completely effaced from this world as the lines which the urchin traces in the sand are effaced by the rising tide; fire is as destructive as water."

In vain the poor artist begged for mercy; the wronged husband was insensible to his supplications, and in two hours the servant brought to the artist's room a large earthen vessel commonly used to contain oil, filled with ashes—it was all that remained of his paintings.

From Syria.

A correspondent of the *New York Observer*, writing from Sidon, Syria, under date of May 10th, comments thus:

Important changes are now being made in the Government here. Formerly, there were Pashas in all the large cities, such as Tripoli, Beifat, Damascus, Acre and Jerusalem—each of these amenable to the Porte directly. Now there is only one Pasha General for all Syria and Palestine. The Sultan will thus have fewer large salaries to pay, and will have more to spend on his palace on the Bosphorus.

Another change has been the deposition of the native hereditary chiefs from their authority, in several districts in Syria, and filling their positions with Turkish subjects. These native governors could date their ancestors for centuries back. The Protestants in various places have suffered much at times from these men. It remains to be seen if their successors will lend a less ready ear to the enemies of the Gospel.

Our curiosity has been somewhat excited of late respecting a statue, discovered in Tyre, of a female figure seated on a throne. So many rival claims arose for it, that the Pasha of Tyre ordered it to be covered with earth in its bed, until the disputes respecting it were settled.

Two serious evils are now threatening Syria. For more than a month past, swarms of locusts have gone over the land, looking like a snow storm when they alight. These flying locusts eat but little, but they leave their eggs on the ground, and when they hatch out, the creeping locusts leave a desert behind them. Government officers have ordered the people to collect large amounts of the eggs. In the district of Marj Alum fifteen hundred mids or pecks were collected. It is feared, however, that they may not stay the plague.

For this season, the harvest is too much forward to suffer greatly. The other danger impending is that of the murgha, which a year ago destroyed nearly all the cattle in Egypt, and which has commenced in this land, sweeping away most of the cattle in some villages.

The encouraging signs in our missionary work are in the zeal and self-denial shown by the people in building places of worship. In Hashbujya, that injured by the Druses is being restored. In Rasheya and Iol, the Protestants are quarrying stones and preparing them for building. I know two or three Christian friends in America who have promised to aid them, and if their eye-lights on this, let them hasten on their gifts.

We are rejoicing over the completed translation and printing of the Arabic Scriptures, the result of sixteen years' labor—first of Dr. Eli Smith and then of Dr. Van Dyck.

Two Mahomedans have lately professed Christianity here, and have suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Of one little is known; the other is the son of the Caplan Damascus, of a wealthy family. The Consuls have made some feeble efforts to ascertain his fate, but without avail. These are sad days for religious liberty in Turkey, but if no inquisition for the blood of these men is made on earth, God will not be silent. An hour of retribution is coming.

GOLD AND OPALS.—A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, writing of the Western district of North Carolina, says:

I learn from parties who recently left that locality, that in the South-western corner of the State there is considerable excitement over the recent discovery of gold there, and am told that precious stones of considerable value have been found there. A lady owning considerable property in that region, with whom I conversed recently, claims to have in her possession two of the finest opals ever discovered, which were found in Cherokee County, and says that, owing to recent discoveries, many persons who hitherto considered it almost a penance to live on their rugged farms among the mountains, now begin to regard themselves as embryo millionaires.

A new kind of army biscuit has been invented. It has been christened the "rock of ages" biscuit, on account of its indurated character.

Local Items.

We are indebted to the Southern Express Company for a batch of late papers.

Mrs. McIntosh (whose advertisement appears in another column) has also favored us with Charleston and New York papers.

We would inform our friends through the upper part of the State, that our regularly authorized agent, Mr. T. P. Purse, will visit Newberry and Greenville Court House next week, on business connected with the *Phoenix*, and will receive and receipt for subscriptions, etc.

To Travelers.—G. J. Pool's back line connects with the cars at Hope Station, immediately upon the arrival of the town train, and will convey passengers safely and securely to Columbia; it will also carry passengers from Columbia to Hope Station, in time to take the train the same day for Greenville.

A TREAT.—We were the gratified recipients of a fine lunch, on Saturday morning, from Mr. J. O. Adams' eating saloon, corner of Gates and Washington streets. And we take this opportunity of informing our readers that he not only furnishes a good lunch, but also a capital dinner—at any one can have satisfactorily proven, by giving him a call.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF GEN. GILLMORE.—Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gillmore, commanding the department, arrived in this city on Saturday afternoon, and took up his quarters at the Silver House. He was accompanied by the following members of his staff: Messrs. Thomas and Conrad, Capts. Platts, Leslie and James. The General expected to meet Gov. Barry here, to arrange about some Government matters; but the Governor not having arrived up to yesterday evening, Gen. Gillmore was compelled to leave.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.—A friend in looking over an old number of the *Southern Field and Pivadee*, dated September 28, 1861, came across the following prophecy, the predictions of which have been in a great measure verified:

SINGULAR PROPHECY.—We translate the following from the *Courier des Etats Unis* of the 29th ult.:

"Although many of the predictions made by Nostadamus (especially those concerning the deaths of Henry IV and Louis XVI.) have been completely verified, they are generally discredited in our times. But in the '*Prophecies et predictions*' of that great man, vol. 2d, (edition of 1669,) we find the following, which would seem to deserve some attention:

"About that time (1861) a great quarrel and contest will arise in a country beyond the seas—America. Many poor devils will be hung, and many poor wretches killed by a punishment other than the chord. Upon my faith, you may believe me. The war will not cease for four years, at which none should be at all astonished or surprised, for there will be no want of hatred or obstinacy in it. At the end of that time, prostrate and almost ruined, the people will re-embrace each other in great joy and love."

"Now here is something very confirmatory of the prophetic genius of Nostadamus, but in no way consoling to us poor devils and wretches (*peuvres etables et peuvres heres*) who will have to suffer under this war for four years. Let us hope that the astrologer was mistaken, at least on this point."—*Rechnung*.

DRUGGINESS.—There is a famous prescription in use in England for the cure of drugginess, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The prescription came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vane Hull, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drugginess that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an ancient physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months. At the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had many times been led captive by a most debasing appetite.

The prescription, which he afterwards published, and by which so many other druggards have been assisted to reform, is as follows:

Sulphate of iron, five (5) grains; magnesia, ten (10) grains; peppermint water, eleven (11) drachms; spirit of nutmegs, one (1) drachm; twice a day. This preparation acts as a tonic and a stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor.

Last summer a cargo of ice was imported into England from Norway. Not having such an article in the custom house schedules, application was made to the Treasury and to the Board of Trade; and, after a long delay, it was decided that the ice should be entered as "dry goods," but the whole cargo had melted before the doubt was cleared up.