

The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1866.

VOLUME XIV. NO. 8.

A VALUABLE LIBRARY.

Occasionally we steal an hour from the busy haunts of men and the stirring pursuits of commercial circles, to wander into the more secluded walks of literature, painting or music; and one day last week we had the pleasure of visiting one of the finest libraries ever collected by or retained in the possession of a Southern gentleman, and which was the property and the pride of the late Mr. A. A. Smets. The man we could, amid all the cares and perplexities of mercantile life, preserve the taste and inclination for books, and those selected from the classics of every country and time, is as much by his example a public benefactor as he who rests upon the laurels of building railroads or opening manufactories.

No bibliophile, nor even a simple lover of books can visit this choice library without admiration. In our country, where so few enjoy the means of accumulating valuable books, and where so few who have the means have the taste for literary treasures, it is rare to meet with very large or very rare collections. But here is certainly one of the finest and most *recherché* private libraries in the country. It does not rest its claims upon the number of volumes which it contains, of which there are, perhaps, ten or twelve thousand, but upon the choice selection of its authors and the great variety of the editions. It is composed of works in all branches of learning and the fine arts, embracing the earlier and later poets, the more celebrated novelists, the best historians and biographers, and every standard work in the realms of literature.

The library contains the riches of learning, from the elaborate misal of the twelfth century, to the recent files of modern magazines. The antiquarian delves in the black-letter tomes bearing the imprint of Caxton, and the admirer of Dickens finds his author clad in his best typographical dress. The enthusiast in large paper copies, where "a rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin," can revel in his own peculiar delight, and the bibliophile who rejoices in "only copies, suppressed editions," and works valuable only from some imperfection which gives them rarity, can here find ample room for the indulgence of his taste. Here can be seen one of the original editions of Hogarth, than whom, no greater pictorial satirist ever existed; and there, too, is one of the early subscription copies of Boydell's Shakespeare, whose plates, worn by frequent impression, have reduced engravings to cartoons. He will find on the shelves a magnificent copy of Montfaucon's antiquities, bound in vellum, a work which Sir Walter Scott always had by him, and here, too, are the literary remains of the Great Wizard of Scottish tale.

The library is peculiarly rich in illuminated missals, several of which, both in rarity and workmanship, are almost priceless. The world owes a great debt to the monks of the middle ages; a debt seldom dreamed of, and still more seldom acknowledged. During that period of history well and truly known as "the dark ages," it was only in the monasteries that the smouldering embers of literature were kept alive, and by the reverend fathers of that day, whose equal leisure and taste induced the task of preserving such fragments of learning as were then extant.

Neither time nor space permits us to go into an elaborate enumeration of the treasures which grace the shelves of this magnificent library. It is to be sold, and should, if possible, never leave the State, but he purchased either by some wealthy gentleman of literary tastes, or, far better, by some public institution, whose access to it would tend to foster a love for books—the purest and most ennobling of all loves. We trust never to see or hear of its being dismembered and its contents going to enrich various collections. A well selected library is a harmonious whole, and can no more spare any of its parts without losing its completeness than the human body can be deprived of a limb.—*Savannah Republican*.

In republishing the above, the Milledgeville Recorder, says:

We have often visited the above named library of Smets, and to the lover of literature no greater treat presented itself to the eye. Mr. S. was peculiarly fond of old and rare works, nor did he count the cost when he found a work he desired. We have known him to give as much as from \$100 to \$800 for a single book, and in his life time, he was often requested by the literati of Paris and London to consult his library as to authors and books that could not be found in those cities.

The collection of such a varied and choice selection of books was the work of forty years with Mr. S. It was not his intention to buy a library or accumulate such a collection, but his thirst for knowledge, and his inexhaustible and unsatiable love of reading led him step by step to buy books that he saw mentioned in his reading; and the more he read, the more he bought. Being a gentleman of wealth, he had agents in London and Paris to purchase many of the old and rare works as they were sold from the libraries of the nobility of Europe.

The library should be seen to be appreciated, the artistic skill of the prints, engravings and illustrations, running as far back as the twelfth century can alone give one an idea of what was done and is now doing in the way of printing, &c. The oldest book in the library, was written by one of the Gregories, Pope of Rome, and is something over a thousand years old.—The library is for sale, and we understand that several gentlemen from the North are bidders for it. It is the wish of the family of Mr. Smets, that as it must be sold, that the State of Georgia would purchase it. If not taken by the State or bid for by some Southern institution, it will pass out of the State to adorn the shelves of some Northern gentleman or university. A catalogue is now being prepared, and if necessary, will be published, if not, the library will be advertised and sold privately.

TALKING AS A FINE ART.—No man who can talk well, and has sagacity enough to use his gift for the advancement of his worldly interests, need ever be poor. To the inheritor of a ready-made fortune, conversational gifts are not, perhaps, a matter of much importance. Wealth is a special plender which requires no assistance from art or nature to win consideration in society, and the veriest stammerer and blunderer that ever misused the parts of speech, need not despair of popularity and praise, if he has had the luck to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, instead of a silvery tongue. His money will speak for him, and to the purpose. Golden opinions are easily procured, if you have the gold wherewith to purchase them. But to him who has to make his own way in the world, verbal magnetism (if we may use the phrase) is a wonderful assistance. Let the poor man thus endowed cultivate his faculty carefully and use it judiciously, and it will be sure to enrich him. If he has plenty of executive ability, an agreeable fluency and a convincing way of putting things, so much the better. Hundreds of profitable and praiseworthy projects fall to the ground every year in consequence of not being placed in an attractive light by their originators. Ferdinand and Isabella shook their heads at first at the idea of sending a squadron into unknown seas in search of a new continent, but Columbus *talked them into it*; may more, by the irresistible eloquence of inspired talkers the Christian religion was established; and were it not that they have been *talked into it* by earnest exponents of Truth, thousands who are now voyaging toward a brighter and better world than Columbus gave to Castile and Aragon, would have missed the heavenward track.

LINOLEUM.—A substance is now manufactured from flaxseed called linoleum. It is said that it will supersede India rubber—which it very much resembles, and of which it possesses most of the various manufactures in which it is used. Like India rubber, it can be dissolved into a cement and used in the manufacture of water proof clothing. It can be used for the coating of iron or wood, or for coating ship bottoms. It is as good as common cement, having properties similar to the marine glue made from India rubber and shellac. It is readily vulcanized by exposure to heat, and by this means becomes as hard as the hardest wood, and capable of fine polish. The variety of the uses to which it can be applied in this form will at once suggest themselves to the reader. Hitherto it has been made solely to produce floor cloth, for which it is well adapted. These facts will doubtless be interesting to the Canadian farmer, as in consequence of this new discovery, flax—for the successful culture of which the soil and climate of Canada are so well adapted—will probably become greatly enhanced in value.

Deal gently with those who stray.—Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable than the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave the erring brother.

COOKERY SCIENTIFICALLY TREATED.

Professor Blot a famous authority in culinary matters, has been giving illustrated lectures on cookery, in Boston, where his subject and manner of treating is attracting much attention. He cooked on the stage the dishes of which he discoursed. From a report of his third lecture, published in the Boston Post, we extract some general observations which will be found interesting and useful by the ladies:

An omelet may be made more flaky by being set in the oven as soon as done.

Never bring fat to the table.

Potatoes, when cut into thin slips like a pencil, make them potatoes Francaise.

The quicker broth cools the longer it will keep.

Many people mistake rich food for high-seasoned food. Rich food is healthy; high-seasoned food is unhealthy. Rich food is not stimulating; hot food is stimulating.

In summer make broth every other day.

In baking meat, no matter what kind, always put in some broth. The top of an oven is always the warmest. To prevent from burning, grease a paper with butter, and put on the top of the article baking.

This will keep the top of the meat or bread as moist as the bottom. The paper prevents the steam from rising. You need only to baste the paper occasionally.

Some meats require less time to bake than others. Pork and veal, to be healthy, should always be overdone.

Speaking of the trichinae in meat, the Professor said that if the meat is overcooked there was no danger from it. Many people have eaten diseased meat without injury.

A whole brigade of the French army, in 1793—and it was an historical fact—was fed on diseased meat for four or five months; and at the end of that time the men were apparently as healthy as those of other brigades which ate wholesome meat. The fact of it was the diseased meat was overcooked, and the men did not know the difference.

The Professor could not recommend diseased meat, but the object of referring to the subject was simply to show the importance, sometimes, of overcooking meat.

At the close of the lecture the ladies came forward to the platform, and, with spoons, tasted some of the Professor's cooking. It was evident that they relished, as on the two previous occasions, the result of his gastronomical experiments. The next lecture will be delivered on Wednesday next, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

LIVING TOO FAST.—Most people live too fast in this country. We crowd life.

Without intermission we feed our mental furnaces with the pitch-pine of excitement, and the consequence is that too many of us collapse long before the time when we might be expected in the regular wear and tear of life. Business energy is a fine thing; but man is a machine, built upon the compensating principle. Its tendency to *whiz* must be restrained and regulated; otherwise, something is sure to snap prematurely, and the "wonderful work" is suddenly shattered. Our men of "extraordinary enterprise" seem to forget this, or not to understand it. They allow their brains and nervous systems no rest. In too many cases a man of this stamp gives neither God his due, nor nature the sweet repose that she requires, on the Sabbath day.

Cupidity goes with him to church, and during the exercises Speculation sits on his shoulder, and like the tempter at the ear of Eve, assails his soul with demoralizing whispers. His thoughts are busy with the morrow's opportunities for gain, and little reck he of the balance that may be struck against him at the final audit. Thus in their fierce pursuit of fortune do too many of our business men break down their mental and physical constitutions, and thrust aside the paramount considerations which should affect them as immortal creatures. We are a surprising people, no doubt; but if we better understood the value of *rest and worship*, the majority of us would live longer and die happier.

Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

One of our exchanges, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says:—"He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

THE COQUETTE.

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"
Said my beautiful cousin, Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,
"But, say, can you paint a coquette?"

"She's painted already," quoth I;
"Nay, nay," said the laughing Lisette,
"New, none of your joking—but try
And paint me a thorough coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began
In the ear of the eager Lisette,
"I'll paint you, as well as I can,
That wonderful thing, a coquette."

"She wears a most beautiful face,
(Of course! said the pretty Lisette.)
And isn't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a coquette."

"And then, she is daintily made,
(A smile from the dainty Lisette.)
By people expert in the trade,
Of forming a proper coquette."

"She's the winningest ways with the beau,
(Keep on! said the winning Lisette.)
But there isn't a man of them knows
The mind of the fickle coquette!"

"She knows how to weep and to sigh,
(A sigh from the tender Lisette.)
But her weeping is all in my eye—
Not that of the cunning coquette."

"In short, she's a creature of art,
(O, hush! said the frowning Lisette.)
With merely the ghost of a heart—
Enough for a thorough coquette."

"And yet I could easily prove,
(Now, don't! said the angry Lisette.)
The fact she's always in love—
In love with herself—the coquette."

"There—do not be angry—you know,
My dear little cousin Lisette,
You told me a moment ago,
To paint you—a thorough coquette."

AN EDITOR'S TRIALS IN UTAH.
The *Vallette*, a wide-awake Gentle, paper, has, for some time past been published in Salt Lake City, bearing the Mormon devils in their own den, to the great discomfort of their "Saintships." The editor recently received a letter written in blood—or red ink—which reads—

"—Skeadaddle! It is the 'red hand' of the Destroying Angel, and threatens assassination. The editor is not much frightened by the order, but says:

"Well, we shall keep the document, and leave our readers to judge whether we are much frightened. If these miserable hounds and cut-throats think they can intimidate the *Vallette*, why, they are simply mistaken. We have spoken plainly in the past, and we shall speak still more plainly in the future, holding ourselves accountable only to God, our conscience, and the laws of the land."

The following day the editor received another warning, of which he says: "We stop the press to give place to the following: 'Now, as the lark said to her young ones, 'It is time for us to leave! We could stand the 'bloody hand' and the 'skedad dle' of the other warnings, but the following gets us:

SALT LAKE CITY, April, 1866.
Mr. Editor *Vallette*: If you don't quit abusing Stenhouse and the Mormons, we'll come and marry you. We don't mean blood, but we won't stand to have Stenhouse mangled; so look out.

27 MORMON WOMEN.
We weaken on the turn. Will some one take our place? 27 Mormon Women! We apologize. We don't edit the *Vallette*—Stenhouse is a good fellow—a brave man—and he can look a dog in the face! Besides, he never did borrow a pair of brass knuckles. O Lord have mercy on us poor miserable sinners! Don't shoot this way! We are not the man! 27 wives! We'll go

COTTON.—We clip the following pertinent remarks from the *Galveston Bulletin* of the 13th instant:

We think that a few general remarks here may furnish some information concerning the views entertained in regard to the future of the staple. Estimates of the growing crop vary from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 bales, which, if proved correct, would have a tendency to increase prices, though not for two or three months, as the English market has under its control about 2,000,000 bales. It will be a difficult thing to make such markets as those of Liverpool and Manchester understand that, notwithstanding their heavy supply at present, they may be compelled to change their opinions, and pay higher prices than those now ruling. By reference to all our exchanges we note the fact that factors elsewhere are acting as those here, in withdrawing their samples from the markets, as they know full well that they cannot give satisfaction to their planting friends at prices that buyers are offering. If this

feeling is general, and we believe it is, the foreign markets, in our opinion, cannot keep prices down.

A DESCRIPTION OF CHARLES DICKENS.
A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from London, gives the following interesting description of Dickens, the prince of novelists, who is at present charming the people of that great city with nightly readings from his writings:

Precisely at eight Dickens makes his appearance with white kids, a red rose in his buttonhole, and a jaunty little walking-stick with an ivory handle. He is in full evening dress of black, and wears no jewelry but a ring and watch-chain. He steps briskly forward swinging his cane, and at once taking his stand at the desk without any preliminary introduction, quietly surveys his audience. Loud and long-continued clapping announces his presence, but he does not yet begin. An English audience are never punctual, and by twos and threes they continue to pour in long after his arrival. Dickens calmly awaits till quit. He is a man of gentlemanly and polished exterior.—His head is quite bald, and he wears a moustache and whiskers. His hair is grey, and he has evidently long outgrown the "Boz" of younger days. His expression is genial, and his manner confident, though unassuming.—Though he has a slight stoop, yet his form is manly and of good proportions. There is but little expression of character in his face and his cheeks are ruddy, as of one who loves good cheer. His ears are set very far back, which is generally regarded as a sign of great intellectual power. His forehead is high and the labors of a life of fifty-four years have not left a wrinkle upon it. Evidently his works have been done with ease and love, as the natural outspringing of mind full of subjects that were dear to him, and causing little mental anxiety. Altogether Dickens strikes one as a man who has spent a half century, in the exhausting labors of literature, but in the enjoyment of a life passed in the joyful society of good company and boon companions; who has for years been "full warm of mirth, of gossiping, nor met with fortune other than at feasts."

DR. MARIGOLD.
It is full twenty minutes past eight before the voice of the reader strikes upon the ear, and all else is hushed. The part is Dr. Marigold, "the Cheap Jack," and though the book is before him, the speaker never opens it, but trusts to his memory, which never fails him, to the end. As has been often illustrated by his own appearance in private theatricals, Dickens has a great degree of dramatic talent, and in his readings it is used with admirable results. Though he has not much facial expression, though he has not that nervous sensitiveness which many great actors possess, and which make Mr. Home, the spiritualist, so effective as a reader, yet he has other qualities that render his delivery very impressive. He has a good voice and an animated expression. His hands are used freely and with excellent effect. He is never entirely forgetful of his audience or lost in his part, and yet he shows throughout that nice appreciation of each character, which every author might be expected to possess for the children of his brain. His air, his gestures, and his voice, in short, clearly express his sympathy with the more delicate lights and shadows of the parts he impersonates, and give his audience a deeper insight into the inner life of those whom they thought they knew so well before. The story of Dr. Marigold he read with a mingled humor, pathos and naivete that I never supposed it capable of.

Fishing Couundrums.—What fish may be said to be out of place? A perch in a bird's cage; a skate in a cutler's shop; a place on the top of an omnibus; a sole at the bottom of your foot; and a mussel in a lady's neck.

"I declare, Mr. Goldthum, you have read everything." "Why ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk-maker, it would be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country!"

A curious typographical error appeared in a morning paper recently. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated "the deceased bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."

A would-be gentleman, the other day, called at the post-office, and displayed his ignorance of natural history or the French language, or both, by requesting to be supplied with a stamped *antelope*!

A CURIOUS POLITICAL REMINISCENCE.

Among the witnesses from North Carolina examined before the Committee of Fifteen, was Hon. Bedford Brown, of North Carolina. He said he was opposed to secession, and in favor of the Union all the time, although he served in the State Legislature under Confederate rule. His testimony, published at length, is in same view with that of Alexander H. Stephens, in respect to the dispositions of the Southern people and the true remedy for the disorders of the times. He strongly counseled the admission of the representatives of the States, at once, into both Houses of Congress, Congress being competent to judge of the qualification of the members separately, as they present themselves.

Mr. Brown must be now beyond three score and ten years of age. He was in the Senate of the United States 30 years ago, coming in with Gen. Jackson's first administration, and continuing a fast supporter of Democratic party through two terms in the Senate, and we believe, supporting that ticket up to the last.

There is a curious political anecdote told of his first election to the Senate, which was a matter of accident. Mr. Brown was a member of the Legislature from Caswell county, we think, at the time, when the two Houses were balloting for a successor to John Branch, who had received the appointment of Secretary of the Navy from Gen. Jackson. The local parties of North Carolina were very much mixed up between Federalist and Republicans, East and West, Jackson and Adams, and had crystallized into the forms of a party which subsequently obtained and ruled so long. The contest for Senator was among four or five prominent public men, and the balloting was not considered as a candidate in fact, although he received a few scattering votes. At last, wearied of the contest, there was an informal agreement made by which all the leading men nominated, should be withdrawn, and a new man Mr. John Owen, acceptable to a great majority, should be nominated and elected. The arrangement was not quite made when it was suggested to have, in the meantime, another ballot, to which the votes would be scattered, as usual, and the final ballot be then held under this agreement. Members proceeded accordingly to vote at random. By the merest accident, there being no concert at all, the members threw away their votes, as they thought, on a candidate without, and a large number put Mr. Brown's name on the ticket. Here another curious incident determined the election. The town of Newbern was then a borough town in the County of Craven, and had its separate representation. Mr. Gaston, one of the ablest men North Carolina ever produced, represented Newbern. Alfred Stanly, son of Hon. John Stanly, was Representative from Craven county. Between the families of Gaston and Stanly there was an old feud which had descended to the younger branches after the elder had forgotten it. While this ballot was going on Mr. Gaston, a venerable gentleman, whose seat was near that of young Stanly, folding his own ballot said to his neighbor, "Alfred, vote blank." Not to be dictated to by a Gaston—Stanly put the name of Bedford Brown on his ballot, because Brown happened to catch his eye, being seated in the Speaker's chair. On counting the ballots, Bedford Brown was elected Senator by a majority of one vote, as much to his own surprise as that of a majority of those who voted for him. There was a good deal of grumbling, and we think some attempts to reverse the vote, but all failed, and Mr. Brown took seat, to make himself a useful and diligent member, and to become as popular that on the expiration of that term he was re-elected by a large vote. He was succeeded in 1841 by Mr. Graham.—*N. O. Picayune*.

A man had his sign up—"Cheap Ladies' Shoes for sale here." He found that not a woman entered his store. No wonder; the ladies don't like to be called cheap—they want to be called dear.

A newspaper article recently informed the public that the workmen at Mr. Jones's machine shop had struck. Mr. Jones came out the next day denying it, as they had not struck a stroke for a week.

It has at length been discovered that the long-talked-of individual in the "brass coat and blue buttons" is brother to the man who wears a weed with a white hat round it.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want "carrying out."