

# The Independent Press.

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BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

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## THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

She blossomed in the country,  
Where sunny summer fogs  
Her rosy arms around the earth,  
And brightest blessing bring;  
Health was her sole inheritance,  
And grace her only dower;  
I never dreamed the wild wood  
Contained so sweet a flower.

Far distant from the city,  
And inland from the sea,  
My lassie blossomed in goodness  
As pure as pure could be.

She caught her dewy freshness  
From hill and mountain leeward,  
I never dreamed the wild wood  
Contained so sweet a flower.

The rainbow must have leant her  
Some of its airy grace;  
The wild rose parted with a blush,  
That o'erspread on her face;

The sunbeams got entangled in  
The long waves of her hair,  
Or she had never grown to be  
So modest and so fair.

The early birds have taught her  
Their joyous matin song,  
And some of their soft innocence,  
She's been with them so long.

And for her now if need be,  
I'd part with wealth and power;  
I never dreamed the wild wood  
Contained so sweet a flower.

## THE YOUNG WIFE.

BY CAROL A. CLARK.

I saw her blue eyes sparkle at his step,  
So like a lover's, near the open door;  
I saw the glad joy mount her girlish cheek,  
And then a light step crossed the stair door.

Blest, doubly blest, in love's first racy tide,  
She was not beautiful; yet, when her heart,  
Like a fresh fountain, sparkling in the morn,  
Threw up its crystal streams and laid her form,  
That blushed, like flowers of dew and star  
light born.

You would have smiled,  
And said how sweetly love became the child.  
It was a joy to see how her fond eyes  
Still followed his, and drank each whispered  
word.

How his glad tones woke her young spirit-  
chords,  
Like a sweet harp by gentle breezes stirred;  
Ah, joyous life!

So blest, so blest, thou child-bride, and thou  
wife.

## THE DOCTORS.

By those who were present at the late  
meeting of the Old School General Assem-  
bly it seems to have been generally con-  
ceded that the weight of talent in that  
body was from the South. A correspondent  
of the N. C. Presbyterian, who signs himself  
A Layman, thus touches off some of them:

(Dr. Rice is now in the North; but is South  
again by birth and education.)

"A brief account of the men of the Assem-  
bly may prove interesting to your readers.  
I will begin my description with the Mod-  
erator Rev. Wm. Beckwithridge. He is a  
large limbed, bold featured man between  
fifty and fifty-five years old. He looks like a  
Colonel of Dragoons Evangelized. If the  
winning, genial smile of the christian could  
be suddenly transferred to the face of some  
old warrior, so as to smooth over the stern-  
ness and severity of expression, the result of  
this blending would be a fine picture of our  
Moderator. He is entirely ignorant of par-  
liamentary rules, and makes some queer  
mistakes; but he is so honest, so frank and  
so gentlemanly that it is impossible not to  
like him. In short, he is a Kentucky  
Christian."

"Dr. Thornwell seems by common con-  
sent to be regarded as the great thinker  
of the Assembly. He has spoken but once.  
None however, who hear his powerful de-  
fence of the revised code, will ever forget  
it. He is a small man about fifty and has  
nothing striking or promising in appear-  
ance."

"Dr. Ruffner of Virginia is beyond all  
question the most learned man in the As-  
sembly. He is a large heavy man of about  
sixty five. The excessive use of toacco  
has shattered his nerves very much. He  
has not opened his lips in the Assembly."

"Dr. L. N. Rice is the great debator in  
this body, probably he is the most wonder-  
ful talking machine in the world. There are  
no eloquent, passionate appeals either  
in his sermons or in his discussions, not-  
withstanding he has his audience at  
his command from the beginning to the  
end of his talk. His language is the sim-  
plest and purest Anglo Saxon. In his argu-  
mentative discussions, he resembles a mas-  
ter of the small sword giving deadly thrusts  
at exposed points with the rapidity of light-  
ning. In his sermons he resembles a black-  
smith turning over his heated iron, ham-  
mering on this side and on that side until  
he has beaten it equally all around. I have  
never heard any speaker, whom it is more  
easy to follow even when he is dealing with  
the most abstruse and difficult subjects.  
He evidently has taken the Great Teacher,  
as his model and uses the same kind of  
simple illustrations drawn from the experi-  
ence of every day life. I wish that all our  
ambitious young preachers could hear him  
and learn how easily more effective is sim-  
plicity than bombast."

"Dr. Palmer is emphatically the orator of

the Assembly. He has a musical voice, a  
fascinating manner and the most intense  
earnestness. The hearer listens to him with  
the most absorbing interest and is fascinat-  
ing by his eloquent delivery. He is a small,  
swarthy man of most gentlemanly and  
pleasing address. He is devoted to the  
Redeemer's cause and Kingdom and that  
devotion has left its impress upon the man  
and all he does."

## THE DISGUISED LOVER.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

My friend Tom has a natural affection for  
dirt, or rather dirt has a natural affection  
for Tom. It is to him what gold was to  
Midas; whatever he touches turns to dirt.  
No matter how white the cravat—no mat-  
ter how immaculate the vest, the moment  
it comes within the sphere of Tom's influ-  
ence, its whiteness is gone; it is immaculate  
no longer. Dogs, sweeps, and lamp-lighters  
never pass him without leaving upon his  
dress unperceivable marks of their presence.  
Once, and only once, I saw him cross the  
street without encountering the wheels of a  
carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate  
him, and before I could utter one word,  
it was filled with mud. The careless black  
lead by my feet, full length in the gutter.  
At my earnest solicitation, he once  
purchased a suit of precisely mud color. It  
was a capital idea. He crossed the street  
three times; he walked half a mile, and re-  
turned, in appearance, at least, unscathed.  
The thing was unprecedented. True, he was  
welcomed by the affectionate caresses of  
a dog that had been enjoying the cool-  
ness of a neighboring horse pond; true, he  
received a shower-bath the wheels of an  
omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's  
new coat, was to gild refined gold—to  
paint the lily. "Tom will be a neat man  
yet," I said, as I witnessed the success of  
my plan.

In about half an hour, it was my fate to  
meet a gentleman with seven stripes of  
green paint on his back—it was my friend  
Tom; he had been leaning on some newly  
painted window-blinds. His shoebuck  
declared that he can't see no use in blacking  
his boots when they never stay black; and  
his washerwoman, with a very proper regard  
for her own reputation, has been compelled  
to discard him, not from any ill-will, but  
as she declared with uplifted hands, "if any  
one should ask me if I washed Mr. Smith's  
clothes, what could I tell them?"

But there were very few things in this  
world with which Tom could have dispens-  
ed, than the services of his washerwoman.  
Having no other amusement, one morning  
I strolled over to Tom's rooms. As I ascen-  
ded the stairs, I heard his voice in a very  
decided tone, "But it must be done, and so  
there is an end to it."

"Really," was the reply, "anything with-  
in the limits of possibility, but, to make a  
coat in ten hours—I will promise anything  
in the world, but I really fear I shall be  
unable to perform."

"If double your price would be any ob-  
ject?"—Certainly, sir, if you insist upon it;  
certainly, I will part every man in my shop  
upon it; it shall be done in time. Good  
morning, sir."

The door opened, and a fellow with shears  
and measures passed out. What could  
Tom be doing with a tailor?

"Just the man I wanted to see," he ex-  
claimed. "I require your advice upon a  
very important affair; which of these cravats  
do you think most becoming?" and he  
spread before me some half dozen, of every  
hue and fashion.

"Now what in the name of all that is  
wonderful does this mean, Tom? A fancy  
bald, is it? You have chosen an excellent  
disguise; your nearest friends will never  
know you. But you cannot support the  
character, if you had taken that of a chimney  
sweep, now; but that would have been too  
natural. Tell me truly, Tom, what does  
all this mean?"

"Why, the fact is, Frank," passing a  
hand through his hair, redolent of muscovee;  
"I have concluded—I think I shall be a lit-  
tle more neat in future. You, doubtless re-  
member the good advice you gave me some  
time since; it has had an excellent effect, I  
assure you."

Now, it so happened, that of all the good  
advice I had ever given Tom, this was the  
very first instance in which he had seen fit  
to follow it. So I could not attribute the  
metamorphosis of my friend to my elo-  
quence. Who but a woman ever changed a  
swoon to a fop?

"Pray where are you going this evening?"  
I continued, "that you must have a new coat  
so suddenly?"

Going nowhere nowhere in particular. I  
had, indeed, some idea of calling on my  
old friend, Mr. Murray; no harm in that, I  
hope."

Conviction began to flash upon me.  
"Your old friend, Mr. Murray, and his  
young niece, Miss Julia, has no share in  
your visit, I suppose? I heard that she ar-  
rived in town last night."

"I did not know any thing about it."  
"And so you were there last night, too?  
Really, this is getting along bravely."

"Why the fact is, Frank, you must know  
everything. I called last evening to see  
Murray on some business about that real  
estate, you know. I had no more idea of  
meeting a woman than a lion constrictor—  
my head was throbbing, my collar a-ditto,  
and the rest of my dress in excellent keep-  
ing. I became engaged in conversation,  
and, somehow or other, I forgot all about  
the real estate."

"And so you are going again to-night—  
and that is the secret of your new coat?"  
"By no means; I wanted a new coat,  
and tailors are always so long, you know.  
Do you think that blue will become me?  
Blue is her favorite—that is—I mean blue."

"Oh, go on—don't stammer—blue is her  
favorite color, is it?"  
"The fact is, Frank—take another glass  
of this wine—the fact is—good wine, isn't  
it?—been two voyages to the Indies—the  
fact is, I suppose—I rather fancy—I am a  
little in love. Try some of that sherry  
What are the symptoms, Frank—a queer  
feeling about the heart, and something that  
drives the blood through one like light-  
ning?"

"Exactly! I believe I have seen Julia—  
short and chubby, isn't she—with red hair,  
and a little spirit-eyed?"  
"Frank, I never did knock you down,  
though I have been tempted to do so on  
a great many times; but if you don't stop  
that nonsense, I will."

"Quite valiant in defence of your lady  
love. Well, Tom, I will confess that she is  
a lovely girl, and to-morrow I will come  
and learn your success. So, good morn-  
ing."

Well, Tom, what success?  
"Would you believe it? she did not re-  
cognize me."

"Not recognize you?"  
"No. You know what a quiz that Mur-  
ray is. As soon as he saw me enter, dressed  
in such style he came up, shook  
hands with me, and, without giving me a  
chance to say one word, introduced me to  
Julia as Mr. Frederick Somebody. And  
would you believe it! the little witch did  
not know me. I think I should not forget  
her coquetry. Nor was that all. Murray  
said something about the fellow who called  
the previous evening—a country cousin, he  
said, clear enough, but an incorrigible stu-  
ven."

And Julia said he dressed like a barbarian—  
just think of that, Frank—a barbarian!  
She shall pay for that, yet. Such  
eyes—and she steps like a queen. Well,  
Frank, a clean collar does make a vast dif-  
ference in a man's appearance. Lovely as  
Helen herself. Terrible difference, clean lin-  
en makes."

The last time I saw Tom, he was scold-  
ing his eldest son for coming into the draw-  
ing-room with muddy boots.

THE HONOROUS WAR.—A correspon-  
dent of the New York Post writing from  
Alessandria, on the 17th May, speaking of  
a journey he had just made from Turin  
says:

"In passing along the route, one of those  
scenes that makes an indelible impression  
occurred at one of the stopping places be-  
tween Turin and Alessandria, called Asti.  
There were collected a number of women  
whose husbands were killed by the Austrians  
in some of the skirmishes that have al-  
ready taken place. The train in which I  
was contained a regiment of French soldiers  
with their officers, arrived at Asti, men and  
officers got out to stretch their limbs. As  
soon as the women saw the French they  
rushed towards them, throwing themselves  
at their feet crying out, 'Kill them, kill  
them—avenge our husbands; kill, kill the  
Austrians!'—Frantic with hatred and desire  
of revenge, these women were terrible to be-  
hold; their eyes glared, but they convul-  
sively clutched the officers, shrieking, 'Kill  
them, kill them!' I cannot find words to  
describe to you the terrible reality of this  
painful scene. The officers, moved and ex-  
cited, could only shake the hands of the  
weeping women, promising them that their  
town would come, and that the Austrians  
would pay dearly for the blood they had  
spilled and the desolation and misery they  
had brought upon an unoffending people.  
As for the soldier, they were most profound-  
ly impressed, and one old fellow, slapping  
his musket most energetically, said to a  
woman near him that was weeping bitterly,  
'Don't cry Sapia, they shall soon make  
acquaintance with this lion, and then *gare  
la deusous!*' He walked off, rubbing his  
eyes and cursing and swearing in the most  
horrible manner. He was moved, and  
knew of no other method of soothing his  
feelings."

Common rice parched down like coffee,  
and then boiled and eaten in the ordinary  
way, without any other food, is, with per-  
fect quietude of body, one of the most ef-  
fective remedies for troublesome looseness of  
bowels.

## "EYES OPEN."

"Our minister said in his sermon last  
evening," said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a  
prosperous wholesale dry goods merchant  
on Market street, as she dusted her mantel  
of porcelain and marble, on Monday "that  
he who wanted to do good must keep a  
constant look out for opportunities; that  
God does not find our work, and bring it  
tenderly fitted and prepared to the hand; but  
spreads the world before us, and we are to  
walk through it as Christ and the apostles  
did, with eyes open, looking for the sick  
and the suffering, the poor and oppressed."

"Now, I am certain," continued the lady,  
as she replaced a marble vase in the cen-  
tre of the mantel, "I should like to do some  
good every day; one feels so much better  
when they go to rest at night; and I'll  
keep my eyes open to-day, and see if I  
cannot across any opportunities that under  
ordinary circumstances I should slip."

Half an hour later Mr. Beach was in the  
nursery with the washerwoman who had  
come for the clothes.  
"I wish Mr. Beach," said she, as she heap-  
ed up the soiled linen in a basket, "that you  
would get Tommy's aprons ready for me  
by Wednesday; we are going out of town  
to remain until Saturday, and I shall want  
a good supply on hand for such a careless  
little scamp as he is."

"Well, I'll try to do it," said the washer-  
woman; "I've got behind a good deal since  
Sunday had the whooping cough; but now  
he's better, I must try to make up for lost  
time."

"Has he had the whooping cough? Poor  
little fellow! How old is he?" questioned  
the lady.  
"He was three last April, ma'am."

"And Tom is four," mused the lady.  
"Look here, Mrs. Simms, won't you just  
open the lower drawer of that bureau, and  
take out those four green worsted dresses  
in the corner? Tom's outgrown them you  
see since last winter, but they are almost as  
good as new. Now, if you want them for  
little S-m-m-y, they'll do nicely, without at-  
tering, I think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach!" answered  
the washerwoman, with tears starting in  
her dim eyes; "I haven't any words to thank  
you, or tell what a treasure they'll be.  
Why they'll keep the little fellow as warm  
as toast all this winter."

"Well, I'll place them on the top of the  
clothes," said the lady, smiling to herself as  
she thought, "My eyes have been open once  
to-day."

Not long afterwards Mrs. Beach was on  
her way to market—for she was a notable  
house-keeper—when she met a boy who  
had lived a short time in her family the  
year before, to do errands, wait on the door,  
&c. He was a bright, good hearted boy,  
and had been a great favorite with the fam-  
ily, and Mrs. Beach had always felt inter-  
ested in him; but this morning she was in  
quite a hurry, and would have passed him  
with a cordial but hasty, "How are you,  
Joseph, my boy? Do come and see us,"  
had it not struck her that Joseph's face did  
not wear its usual expression. She paused,  
as the memory of last night's sermon flash-  
ed through her mind, and asked: "Is there  
anything the matter with you, Joseph? you  
do not look as happy as you used to."

The boy looked up a moment, with a  
half doubting half confiding expression,  
into the lady's face—the latter triumphed.  
"Mr. Anderson's moved out of town," he  
said, pushing back his worn, but neatly  
brushed cap from his hair, so I've lost my  
place; then little Mary's sick, and that  
makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her  
sympathies warmly excited. "But never  
mind, Joseph, I remember, only night before  
last, my brother said he would want a new  
cravat in a few days, for his store, and he'd  
be glad to give you a good one two dollars a  
week. Now, I'll see him to-day, and get the  
situation for you, if you like."

The boy's whole face brightened up.  
"Oh! I shall be so glad of it, Mrs.  
Beach."

"And see here, Joseph, I'm going to  
market, and perhaps we can find something  
for little Mary." The lady remembered  
that Joseph's mother, though a poor seam-  
stress, was a grand woman, and felt this  
would be a delicate way of presenting her  
gift.

So she found some delicious pears and  
broth and a nice chicken to make some-  
broth for Mary, who she learned was ill  
with the fever, before she proceeded to do  
her own marketing. But it was a pity that  
the boy did not see Joseph as she sprang  
into the chamber where little Mary lay  
morning wearily on her bed, while her  
mother sat stitching busily in one corner,  
and held up the chicken and the fruit, crying,  
"good news! good news! I've got all these  
things for Mary and a place at two  
dollars a week!"

Oh! how little Mary's hot fingers closed  
over the bunches of white grapes, while the  
sweat dropped from her mother's fingers,  
as the tears ran down her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in  
the library absorbed in some new book,  
when she heard her husband's step in the  
hall. Though the morning had been pleas-  
ant, the afternoon was cloudy, and the day  
had gone down in a low, sullen, penetrating  
rain.

Now Mrs. Beach loved her husband with  
the love of a true wife, but he was not a do-  
minative man, and the first beauty and  
poetry of their married life had settled  
down into a somewhat bare, every day a  
matter of fact existence; but her heart was  
warm to-night—warm with the good deeds  
of the day, and, remembering the resolu-  
tion of the morning, she threw down her  
book and ran down stairs.

"Dear, dear," said the soft voice of the  
wife, "has the rain wet you at all? Let me  
take off your coat for you."  
"Thank you, Mary; I don't think I'm  
anywise injured, but you may help me,  
just for the pleasure of it," and she stood  
still while she removed the heavy coat with  
all that softness of touch and movement  
which belongs to a woman. She hung it  
up, then her husband drew her to his breast  
with all the old love's tenderness.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's  
heart as she went up stairs—music to the  
wife, "Eyes open! Eyes open!"

WHOLESALE HINTS FROM HALL'S JOURNAL  
OF HEALTH.

Ripe fruits and berries, slightly acid, will  
remove the ordinary diarrhoeas of early  
summer.

Common rice, parched brown like coffee,  
and then boiled and eaten in the ordinary  
way, without any other food, is, with perfect  
quietude of body, one of the most effec-  
tive remedies for troublesome looseness of  
bowels.

Some of the severest forms of that dis-  
tressing ailment, called dysentery—that is,  
when the bowels pass blood, with constant  
desire, yet vain efforts to stool—are some-  
times entirely cured by the patient eating  
of a heaping table-spoonful at a time of  
raw beef, cut up very fine, and repeated at  
intervals of four hours until cured, eating  
and drinking nothing else in the meantime.

If a person swallows any poison whatev-  
er, or has fallen into convulsions by over-  
loading the stomach, an instantaneous reme-  
dy, more efficient and applicable in a large  
number of cases than any had a dozen  
cases we can now think of, is a heaping tea-  
spoonful of common salt and as much  
ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a cup of  
water, warm or cold, swallowed instantly.  
It is scarcely down before it begins to come  
up, bringing with it the remaining contents  
of the stomach; and best there being no re-  
main of poison, however small, left the white  
of an egg, or a teaspoonful of strong coffee,  
be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet,  
because these very common articles dilute  
a larger number of violent poisons than  
any medicines in the shops.

In case of scalding or burning the body,  
immersing in cold water gives entire relief,  
as instantaneously as the lightning. Mean-  
while, get some common dry flour, and ap-  
ply it an inch or two thick on the injured  
part, the moment it emerges from the wa-  
ter, and keep sprinkling on the flour through  
any thing like a pepper-box cover, so as to  
put it on evenly. Do nothing else, drink  
nothing but water, eat nothing until im-  
provement commences, except some dry  
bread softened in some very weak tea of  
some kind. Cures of frightful burnings  
have been performed in this way, as won-  
derful as they are painless.

Erysipelas, a disease often coming with-  
out premonition, and ending fatally in three  
or four days, is sometimes promptly cured  
by applying a poultice of raw cranberries  
pounded, and placed on the parts over  
night.

Insect bites, and even those of a rattlesnake,  
have passed harmless, by striking  
enough of common salt in the yolk of a  
good egg to make it sufficiently thin for  
plaster, to be kept on the bitten parts.

Costive bowels have an agreeable remedy  
in the free use of tomatoes at meals, their  
seeds acting in the way of the seeds of white  
mustard or flax, by stimulating the coats of  
the bowels over which they pass, in their  
whole state, to increased action. A reme-  
dy of equal efficiency in the same direction,  
is cracked wheat—that is, common white  
wheat grains, broken into two or three  
pieces, and then boiled until it is as soft as  
rice, and eaten mainly at two meals of the  
day, with butter or molasses.

Common sweet cider, boiled down to  
one-half, makes a most excellent remedy for  
coughs and colds of children, and even  
the best will keep good for a long time  
the year in a cool cellar.

In recovering from an illness, the system  
has a craving for some pleasant acid drink.  
This is found in cider which is placed on  
the fire as soon as made, and allowed to  
come to a boil, then cooled, put in a jar,  
and kept in a cool cellar. Treated thus, it  
remains for many months as good as the  
day it was made.

We once saved the life of an infant which  
had been involuntarily drowned with lead  
poison, and was fast sinking into the deep,  
which kind was awaking by giving it  
strong coffee made with the white of an  
egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes, until  
it ceased to be drowsy.

## DOES IT PAY TO SMOKE.

Let us not decide this question rashly, for  
all the arguments are not on one side.  
We are inclined to think that out of the  
thousand million people who inhabit this  
planet, there are here and there a few in-  
dividuals, whom it does pay to smoke.

Crossing the East river the other after-  
noon, at that hour when the ferry boats are  
filled, we observed a group of laborers seated  
on the forward deck, with their dinner  
kettles at their side and a short pipe in  
every one of their mouths. The act of  
smoking tranquilized and retted those tired  
laborers, and we could not, for the moment,  
find in our hearts to begrudge them a lux-  
ury so cheap. We have old men to whom  
their pipes was an unspeakable solace, and  
apparently a benefit; to say nothing of the  
good old ladies in the country who like  
nothing better than to get into the eld-  
erly corner and blow sorrows away in a  
quiet cloud.

Leave the knot of laborers enjoying their  
pipes in the evening breeze, and take a walk  
through that narrow apartment of the ferry  
boat called the "cabin," an expression  
which signifies cabin in which smoking  
is permitted, and is synonymous with filthy  
cabin, too bad for ladies. Here you see  
smoking under another aspect. Long rows  
of men, of every sort and condition, all  
wedged in a common element of smoke. Some  
times you may see a cigar in every mouth,  
a newspaper in every hand, and all the  
company silently reading and smoking.  
Luckily the voyage to Brooklyn is short,  
for in five minutes the cabin is dense and  
foul with mingled smoke and breath while  
the floor—to think of that floor is terrible!

Most of the pale eager men who at this  
hour line the smokers' cabin, are business  
men just released from the store and counting  
rooms, who hasten at the very moment  
of liberty to stimulate their jaded minds  
with a newspaper. How eagerly they seem  
to read! They look as though they were  
going to Brooklyn to say their lessons,  
and were giving them a last desperate look-  
over.

These are the men—the sedentary, the  
nervous, the intelligent—to whom we address  
the question, Does it pay to smoke? The  
writer of these lines, a smoker once but now  
happily emancipated from the tyranny of  
that habit, thinks it does not.

These are some of the effects of smoking;  
it impairs the sense of cleanliness. It less-  
ens a man's firmness and delicacy of touch.  
It clogs and clouds the intellect. It dead-  
ens the finer nerves of the palate, and so  
diminishes the pleasures of the table and  
induces a craving for strong meats and  
drinks. It is an ally to other kinds of self-  
indulgence, and brings them all and com-  
fort. It destroys while it stimulates the  
digestive organs. It certainly diminishes  
virility. It makes the face pallid or yellow.  
It poisons the breath. It's a bad example  
to boys. It costs money.

But what we chiefly rely upon is this:  
Smoking is a practice essentially unclean.  
It is an impurity, a barbarism. It allies  
a man with Indians and rowdies—the savages  
of the forest and the savages of the  
street. It does, really and truly, degrade a  
man; so that he who does not smoke has  
a certain superiority to all who do and is,  
in one important particular, more a gentle-  
man—a pleasanter object to see and to  
approach—is nearer by one grand step, to  
what a man of this age and country ought  
to be.

Else, why do ladies hate it so? Ladies  
are the natural guardians of cleanliness and  
refinement, and truly they hold smoking in  
detestation. Good tempered and sympathet-  
ic women often conceal this feeling and  
feign a cordiality, saying to lover or hus-  
band that they like the smell of a good ci-  
gar, telling other kind lies on the subject.  
Believe them not, O smoker!

The cleanly and the orderly wife hates to  
have her hands tainted with tobacco, and  
she knows from instinct that the inhaling  
of that smoke is something abhorrent to  
nature. The constant of a good wife is to  
make her person and her home pleasing  
to it or is it not worth a husband's while  
to reciprocate this by rendering himself an  
agreeable object to her? For our part we  
are slow to believe in the goodness of any  
thing to which the tastes and instincts of  
womanhood are opposed.

Upon the whole, then, we are of the  
opinion that the use of tobacco is one of  
those habits which must and will give way  
before advancing civilization; and that the  
sooner any man gives it up, the better it will  
be for himself and those you live with.

N. Y. Ledger.

The number 21 had a curious import-  
ance for Louis XVI. He was married on  
the 21st of April, 1770; on the 21st of June  
he placed his marriage vows, when several  
lives were lost; on the 21st of June, 1791,  
he fled from Paris to Varennes, and was  
captured by the revolutionists; he was  
judged by a commission of 21 members;  
and beheaded on the 21st of January, 1793.

## THE EXAGGERATIONS OF ITALY.

The observant traveler cannot fail to  
come to the conclusion that there is no  
country in the world that has reaped so  
much benefit from systematic exaggeration  
as Italy. Its magnificent skies, beautiful  
women, its glorious climate and its inde-  
scribable landscapes, are all the various  
fancies of the imagination. Englishmen,  
who are accustomed to look at the sky  
through a fog or a haze of smoke, write  
home of the wondrous beauty of an Italian  
sky; and artists whose business it is to ex-  
aggerate and embellish, labor to invest this  
region of the marble and ancient models of  
art with all the romance that is practicable.

But of all the descriptions with regard to  
Italy, that which claims beauty of form or  
features, grace or dignity of carriage or any  
one of those characteristics which the rest  
of the world considers as essential to female  
beauty for its women, is the most exag-  
gerated. The number of decidedly homely women  
in Italy is truly unparalleled. Its old  
women are shrivelled up like Macbeth's  
witches; the middle aged women are wrinkled  
and shapless; and the young women  
have lost all traces of girlhood at eighteen.  
The female children are bright and hand-  
some, but at sixteen year seldom show a youth-  
ful countenance. They have fine hair,  
sharp black eyes, and when animated by  
mirth or conversation expressive features;  
but when in repose, they all look angry  
and forbidding. Some of them would make  
good looking men if they had whiskers, but  
there is an entire absence of that female  
modesty and sweetness which in America  
is regarded as essential to female beauty.

In clear weather the sky is undoubtedly  
beautiful, but not more so than in America.  
The sunsets are fine, and the rays of the  
moon reflected from the blue waters of the  
Mediterranean, will at times attract the at-  
tention by their brilliancy, and are undoubt-  
edly wonderful in the beheld eyes there  
is nothing novel or unusual in the scene.  
They admire them here the same as they  
do at home, but all who come here expect-  
ing to find a brighter sunshine, a more  
brilliant sky, or a moonlight more lovely  
than they have been accustomed to at home,  
will be sure to be disappointed.

The mountain scenery is undoubtedly  
very fine, owing principally to the exces-  
sive verdure, and the cultivation and inhabi-  
tation of their rocky ledges; but the level  
portions of the country are the most dreary  
imaginable. The twenty-four