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TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, ]  
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## POETRY.

### A LIFE INCIDENT.

In its cot the babe was sleeping,  
While its mother by its side;  
Little Mary very busy,  
Playing round with this and that—  
Singing now some little ditty,  
With a gleefulness of tone,  
Then, absorbed by childish prattle,  
Gave herself to that alone.

Suddenly as if enchantment  
Bound her by its witching spell,  
Blood she still and gaze delighted  
On the babe she loved so well—  
Gazed as though it were some vision  
Of an angel's presence,  
Sent down from its source in heaven  
For her little eyes alone.

"See the light!" at length she uttered,  
With a rapid, delighted air,  
See it round the baby's forehead,  
Like the sun upon its hair—  
It is like the heavenly angels  
That the shepherds saw by night,  
When the glory shone around them  
With that great and wondrous light!"

Then her mother looked, and wondered  
At the words her daughter spoke:  
Naught she saw of light, save beauty  
That from every feature broke;  
And she felt an awe within her,  
That she scarcely could express  
As she heard those words mysterious  
From the little prophetess.

"Mother, if the light should perish,  
And the lamp of day should pale,  
Would not this sweet ray still cheer us  
Even though the sun should fail?  
Never light appeared more lovely!  
Mother, see it flash and play—  
Surely 'tis a blessed angel  
That has hither made his way!"

Then the mother knew the token,  
Though her heart did not rebel,  
And to God's high will submitting,  
Said—"He doeth all things well."  
Ah, the sweet, sad divinations!  
Ere another daylight shone  
Sunward with the radiant angels  
Had the darling nesting flown.

### A LIFE PICTURE.

It is a stately mansion, and the fair woman who is its mistress seems fitted to preside over this elegance. To-night she gives a large party. She is attired for the reception of her guests, and now while she waits their coming, let us sketch her for you.

Mrs. Clifton is a woman of rare beauty. Her form is above the medium height, and the most perfectly majestic of any woman's I have ever seen. Her hair is of a rich, dark brown; her complexion white and cold-looking. There is no coloring anywhere but in the lips, which are a deep red.

Her eyes are deep blue—not loving eyes, but calm and bright. Long brown lashes sweep her marble cheek; her lips are truly haughty, and eye brows proud.

She is dressed in purple velvet, very long and ample skirt, and made low at the throat. There is but one ornament in her heavily braided hair, which is a small pin set with diamonds. Her dress is fastened at the throat with a diamond brooch, and she wears diamond ear-rings. Upon her round white arms are heavy bands of plain gold.

But the rooms begin to fill. A dainty piece of girlhood in rose-colored crape, and with light brown ringlets sweeping to her waist, trips on the side of Mrs. Clifton, and bending her queenly head down to hers, whispers:

"I persuaded a friend of ours, Mr. Denmore, who has just arrived, to come with us, assuring him he would be welcome."

What is there in the childish creature's whisper that calls the blood to the cheeks of Sybil Clifton, and then receding seems to leave it whiter than before? The white fingers are clasped almost convulsively for an instant—and then Sybil is herself again, cold and very calm.

Other guests are now making their way to Mrs. Clifton. Her eyes are fixed upon them before they observe her, and a slight shudder betrays that one of the gentlemen approaching is one of whom Kitty Meade whispered, causing her previous emotion.

"My friend, Mr. Denmore, who returned from Europe last week, has arrived in this city to-day. I prevailed upon him to accompany me here this evening."

Mr. Denmore starts upon bending his eyes upon the lady before him, and his lips part as if to say something more than acknowledgment of the introduction; and then hastily controlling himself, he bows over the lady's hand with the most finished courtesy.

Sybil Clifton raises her eyes casually to the stranger's face, and, extending her hand, says:  
"Mr. Denmore is welcome to-night."  
She betrays no emotion before him. She smiles the same smile, and is the same graceful, self-possessed woman before him that she is to others. He moves amid the other guests with Frank Meade, bowing and smiling, and chatting—but those dark eyes are continually seeking the form of Sybil Clifton.

of beautiful flowers, he paused—and, stepping before her, says:  
"Sybil, when I come to the soiree of Mrs. Clifton to-night I did not know I was to find in her Sybil Dean. I owe you an apology for my intrusion, or I would not have annoyed you by asking your company for a promenade."

"I told you, Mr. Denmore, you were welcome; Sybil Dean, or Sybil Clifton, has never so far lowered herself as to utter anything, even for the sake of conventionalism, that was untrue."

And, as she stood there, with the rich folds of her velvet dress falling around her queenly form, she looked the very impersonation of honor and indomitable pride.

Edward Denmore, as he stood beside the cold, calm woman whose haughty manner betrayed not the slightest quickening of the pulse, was as proud as himself in his bearing. His eyes, that could look dreamy and soft as a woman's, were as proud in their midnight blackness as were hers.

"Since I have made my apology and you have assured me of its needlessness, we will return to the society of those who I think will be more desirous of our presence than we are of the exclusive society of each other."

"Edward Denmore, you led me to this conservatory for the purpose of overpowering me with your pride and indifference. Know that I have read your motive; and know, still further that I have pride sufficient to match your own. Once you saw me tremble, and saw my eyes fill with tears at your bitter words—but not one fell! This cheek has never yet been stained by a tear for you! I call them back to their source before that. It is nearly two years since we parted, and in that time there have been many changes."

"Aye, many changes—but time has not altered you any, Sybil Clifton; it has only thrown another mantle of ice around your frozen self. Pray tell me how your husband likes the companionship of the stately I have cherished."

"Edward Denmore, how dare you say this to me? How dare you speak such words of my noble husband? I see you do not understand me. Listen! Three years ago I was betrothed to you. I laid upon your heart's unworthy shrine my woman's pure, first love. In less than one year you distrusted me, and in a moment of anger threw back the love I gave. You believed the words of a discarded suitor whose soul was so small that he gratified his feelings of pique at my refusal by telling you that I had once confessed I loved him, and many other things my lips shall not repeat. At the first burst of cruel words from you, my girlish heart was grieved; but in an instant, when I knew their cause, my grief was gone. Contempt broke every throb of love I ever felt for you. I did not hate you, and I wondered that I did not; my guardian angel was near in that terrible hour, and, with her white wings fanned aside the breath of hatred ere it had been blown through the chambers of my heart. But scorn sat upon her throne, and ere she laid down her scepter, had crushed out all the love my being ever knew. One year ago, to-night I was wedded. But I did not give my hand, as perhaps you think, without telling my husband of our engagement, and its termination. I respected him fully—this I said. Aye, I regarded him more than any other person; but I had no love for a human being. Affection was annihilated from my nature. He took the little I had to give, and gave me the name I so proudly bear. I have done; know that it was not you that chilled the stately, but the spirit of contempt that abode in my bosom, when I learned the unworthiness of the object upon which I had lavished so much. Since then—no, the regard I now bear my husband is something far too sacred to be spoken of to you."

He made no reply. Mrs. Clifton swept from the conservatory, but, before she reached the parlors every vestige of her emotion was gone. She had so long been cold and calm, that her exterior continued enveloped in iciness.

"That night, after the guests were gone, Sybil glided to the side of her husband, and winding her white arms around his neck, said, with tears in her eyes—  
"My precious husband!"

She loved him, and the magnificence around her did not mock the bitter anguish in her soul—the heart beating beneath her robe was not crying out in agony—the sounds smothered by the velvet folds above it. Beneath the marble exterior there had been re-lighted the lamp of affection.—*Waverly Magazine.*

Secrets.—A secret is like silence, you cannot talk about it, and keep it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy!" said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

### COTTON CULTURE IN CUBA.

The Havana correspondent of the Charleston Courier, writing under date of June 10th, says: "The British Consul General will be en route to England before this reaches you, to promote the interests of the Cotton Growing Company, in England, and other European countries. So your cotton growers must be on the look out, or Cuba will drive them from some of the European markets. I do not write this in jest, but with more of sorrow than any other feeling."

That a well concerted and powerful effort is about to be made to grow cotton on a large scale on the fertile island, is a fact worth considering. Coolie labor, obtained at a mere nominal price, is to be used to cultivate the plant; and as the supply of the *Asiatiques* is ten-fold larger than that of the *Africans*, would be, if free trade existed alike in both, slave holders have far more to fear from this new source of competition than is generally believed. In the same letter this correspondent says:

"The French ship *Alexandre* arrived on the 27th ult, from Macao via St. Helena, in one hundred and ninety-five days, with three hundred and ninety-seven *Asiatiques free colonists*, consigned to Messrs. Fernandez & Schimper, of this city. There were thirty-seven deaths on the passage. The American ship *Live Yankee* arrived 2d instant, from Macao via the Cape of Good Hope, in eighty-eight days, with seven hundred and eighty-eight *Asiatiques*. She had but twelve deaths on the passage."

When every "live Yankee" is able to bring seven hundred and eighty-eight laboring people from China in eighty-eight days, ready to engage at once in the cultivation of cotton, in every West India island, and in Central America, it is easy to see how a powerful competition may grow up in our immediate vicinity in the production of this great Southern staple. Our exclusion of both Coolies and negroes operates as a bounty on the importation of both *Africans* and *Asiatiques*, into Cuba, to grow the crops which might enrich our own agriculturists, our commerce, and our manufacturers. We copy from the Courier, another paragraph from the pen of the same writer:

"On the 30th ultimo, about half past 5 o'clock, p. m., quite a crowd was attracted to the wharf to see a bark towed in by the Regia steamer *Jir*, whose crew only consisted of two or three persons; she proved to be our old acquaintance, the *J. J. Cobb*, of New York, which sailed last December on a pretended *legal* voyage to the coast of Africa, but which legal voyage, there is ample proof on board of her, was for a cargo of slaves, which had been landed and the bark was then abandoned. She was found derelict twenty-five miles from land, the pan of Matanzas bearing S. S. W., by the schooner *Cumberland*, of New York, who brought her to this port, where she now is. The bark *Ardennes*, about which so much was said and written near the end of last year, is also expected daily to arrive from the coast of Africa, with a cargo of *Africans*. Thus, the 'stars and stripes' have again, in two instances, been used as a shield to protect the Spaniards in the African slave trade."

Taking all the facts together, as presented in the current history of Cuba, they furnish much food for grave reflection. Beyond all question, a double slave trade exists—carried on between China and Cuba by "live Yankees"; and between Cuba and Africa, under the folds of the "Stars and Stripes." The present policy of the United States creates and sustains this double traffic in persons held to service; and who will say that our system has improved one odious feature of the slave trade as it existed sixty years ago? What is to be the final result of the constant importation of cotton growers from Africa and Asia into all parts of the New World, where the climate is adapted to the production of the great staple, except into the Southern States? We present the naked facts as furnished from a reliable source, for the consideration of intelligent readers. We may close our eyes, but that will not extinguish the light of day.—*Fields and Fenside.*

Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—it's a human privilege."

A little girl, showing her little cousin about four years old, a star, said, "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No, it ain't," said he, "Yes, it is." Then why don't it keep the rain off?"

An honest old lady, when told of her neighbor's death, exclaimed, "Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone! It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now dear Tom has gone too, poor man!"

A benevolent lady visited the jail, and asked a prisoner, "What are you in for?" For stealing a horse. "Are you not sorry?" "Yes, 'Went' you try and do better next time?" "Yes, I'll steal two!"

### HIRING CHEAP HELP.

BY INA CLAYTON.

"Husband, it will not answer for us to hire such dear help; two dollars a week is altogether too much; only think, if we could hire for half that amount I might have a little 'pin money' occasionally; but now every cent we can get goes to pay a hired girl. Shall I find a girl who will work for a dollar a week and tell Margaret to leave?"

"If you have a mind to, Lucinda, but I am afraid you will regret it, Margaret is so reliable."

Nevertheless Mrs. Dunham did dismiss Margaret, the faithful and trusty servant, and in her stead she procured the services of a young, inexperienced girl, whose wages were small, and whose stock of patience or application to business of any kind was ditto. The havoc she made among the glass ware and crockery was immense; the house from attic to cellar was in a state of disorder. Mr. Dunham was daily vexed in consequence of irregular meals, and poor at that, so what was to be done. Mrs. Dunham's health was delicate, and to be burdened with so much care was unendurable; and after all no money was saved in the change of affairs, as a washerwoman must be hired every week; this young Susan could not wash it she did agree to at first.

After due consideration Mrs. Dunham dismissed Susan. Her successor was an Irish vixen of some forty years. After the bargain was closed, and it was agreed that a dollar a week should be the recompense of this rather antique specimen of Erin's fair isle, she was aided by Mrs. Dunham in the kitchen. "Dinah was herself," Mrs. Dunham, not supposing herself in peril of life or limb, commenced giving her orders in her calm and usual way.

The shrew turned a wild, searching eye on her mistress, and thus commenced:  
"And don't you think, morn, that the likes of me that has kept house for me hoosband nigh on to these twenty years can wash the dishes and cook the parate without your orders? am I the great greenhorn that wants yestanding over me? Och! and if this is the way, Dora O'Flynn will soon take a new mistress."

Disheartened, and without making a reply, Mrs. Dunham returned to the sitting-room, perhaps to reconnoiter in her mind the propriety of hiring cheap help.

A week passed, during which time Mrs. Dunham was anything but mistress of her own household, Dora assuming the utmost authority, and wholly despising the counsel of Mrs. Dunham.—Finally a colored girl offered her services. She had the reputation of being "light fingered," consequently found it difficult to procure work; but as she asked but small remuneration for her services, and was expert in business, Mrs. Dunham concluded to hire her, determining to keep all her valuables under lock and key, and to watch her with all the vigilance the case required. The negro Catharine pleased Mrs. D. in every respect; she did the work admirably, waited on company superbly, pulled the wool over Mrs. Dunham's eyes in a manner to be wondered at, and ere many weeks Mrs. Dunham felt no reluctance to trust Catharine with anything the house afforded. Ere many months Mrs. Dunham was seized with an illness which proved fatal. Catharine was constantly by her side. At length Mrs. D. came to look upon her with a feeling kindred to affection, so indefinable and self sacrificing did she appear to her mistress. Mrs. D. was recovering when one morning Catharine was missing; access was had to her room, but she was not there; suspicion began to awake in the breast of Mrs. D. as well as that of her husband; the drawers, ward-robets, and in fact the entire house was searched, and an exclamation point may follow some four hundred dollars worth of jewelry, and silver-plated ware, besides a vast amount of valuable clothing.—Instant measures were taken to find the fugitive, but it proved a fruitless search.

Mrs. Dunham immediately despatched a message to Margaret, beseeching her to return, assuring her she should want for a home no more while she lived; accordingly, Margaret, the long tried servant, returned, and Mrs. Dunham was not afterwards heard to speak in favor of cheap help.

A MODEST REQUEST.—When the Duke of Ormonde was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Queen Anne's reign, one of his friends applied to him for some preferment, adding that he was willing to accept either a bishopric, or a regiment of horse—or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This, however, is surpassed by Horace Walpole's anecdote of a humane jailer in Oxfordshire, who made the following application to one of his humane prisoners:—"My good friend! I have a little favor to ask of you, which, from your obliging disposition, I doubt not you will grant. You are ordered for execution on Friday week. I have a particular engagement on that day; if it makes no difference to you, would you say Friday instead?"

### CHAUNCEY LEWIS, THE SOLDIER BOY.

A boy fifteen years of age was standing before the open door of a Connecticut farmhouse with a little fowling piece upon his shoulder, while a matronly looking woman was standing in the doorway and gazing with moistened eyes upon him.

"Go, my son," she said, "but remember, when amid the smoke and heat of the battle, the sentence in the blessed book I have given you, 'the merciful shall obtain mercy.'"

"I will not forget it, mother," he replied, "but our company is waiting, and now, farewell?"

"Good by, my son!"—she kissed him as she spoke—"and may He who has for two score years watched over the mother, protect the son!"

A cloud of smoke hung over and enveloped the blood stained soil of Bunker's Hill. A noble looking man, in the uniform of an American general was slowly retreating with his face to the foe.—The sharp report of a single rifle was heard, and Warren fell! A young soldier almost—a boy—sprang towards him and lifted his head; at the same instant a giant grenadier in the British uniform, came charging at him with leveled bayonet.

To draw an old rusty horse pistol from his breast present and fire it, at the approaching foe, was but the work of a moment. The grenadier fell, wounded, and seized a sword of Warren which had fallen from his grasp, the boy soldier ran a' raised it over the red coat to dispatch him.

But why does he pause when the sword is uplifted, and allow it to fall slowly to his side, and then turn away and strike not?

He remembers the injunction of that mother, whom two months ago he left in the door of the open farmhouse, "Remember, my son, amid the smoke and heat of battle, 'the merciful shall obtain Mercy.'"

The tide of battle had swept like a whirlwind over the plains of Trenton. The British cavalry had ridden with irresistible force over a detachment of men and boys, forming a portion of the left wing of the American army, and among the dead and dying, lay a boyish soldier wounded, and with his right arm broken.

A merciless party of Hessians were ranging over the field murdering and plundering those who had fallen. They approached the boy soldier, who dauntless awaited the impending death, and one of them drawing his sword was about to plunge it into the boy's side, when a gigantic red coated grenadier rushed between the boy and the murderous Hessian and struck up the weapon.

"Hold, ruffians! That boy spared my life at Bunker's Hill. It is now my turn," and raising him in his strong arms, he bore him from the bloody soil to a place of safety.

Ah! how those parting words of his mother again ran through his brain and made sweet music in his soul. "Remember, my son, when amid the smoke and heat of battle, that 'the merciful shall obtain Mercy.'"

It was never forgotten, and when a little more than two years ago I stood above the venerated form, and gazed upon the calm features of the aged boy soldier, whose life had peacefully gone out like the last flickering of a candle which has burned down in its socket, I thought of those words, and in imagination could see the parting of mother and son, at the old farmhouse eighty-three years ago.—*N. Y. Waverly.*

TITLE OF BOOKS.—Decoy to catch purchasers. There can be no doubt that a happy name to a book is like an agreeable appearance to a man; but if in either case the final do not answer to the first impression, will not our disappointment add to the severity of our judgment? "Let me succeed with my first impression," the bibliopolist will cry, "and I ask no more. The public are welcome to end with condemning, if they will only begin with buying. Most readers, like the tuft-hunters at college, are caught by titles." How inconsistent are our notions of morality! "No man of honor would open a letter that was not addressed to him, though he will not scruple to open a book under the same circumstances. Colton's 'Lacon' has gone through thirteen editions, and yet it is addressed 'to these who think.' Had the author substituted for these words, 'those who think they are thinking,' it might not have had so extensive a sale, although it would have been directed to a much larger class. He has shown address in his address.

A snail, being told of a man who was afraid of himself, gave him the following advice: "Wash yourself, and then you will know who you are."

The following mottoes may be seen in the window of a London coffee-shop: "Stolen from this window a China cup, and sauce; the set being now incomplete, the thief may have the remainder a bargain."

An Irish postboy, having driven Sheridan a long stage during torrents of rain, the latter said to him, "Pat, are you not very wet?"—"No, please your honor, I'm very dry, 'tis the arch answer."

### WHY THIS INTENSE DESIRE FOR WEALTH!

"The reply is, it results from the indeterminate respect paid to wealth."

"To be distinguished from the common herd—to be somebody—to make a name, a position—this is the universal ambition; and every one finds that to accumulate riches, is alike the surest and the easiest way of fulfilling his ambition. Very early in life all earn this. At school, the court paid to one whose parents have called in their carriage to see him, is conspicuous; while the poor boy, whose insufficient stock of clothes implies the small means of his family, soon has burnt into his memory the fact that poverty is contemptible. On entering the world, the lessons that may have been taught about the nobility of self-sacrifice, the reverence due to genius, the admirableness of high integrity, are quickly neutralized by counter experience: men's actions proving that these are not their standards of respect. It is soon perceived that while abundant outward marks of deference from fellow-citizens may almost certainly be gained by directing every energy to the accumulation of property, they are but rarely to be gained in any other way; and that even in the few cases where they are otherwise gained, they are not given with entire unreserve, but are commonly joined with a more or less manifest display of patronage. When, seeing this, the young man further sees that while the acquisition of property is quite possible with his mediocre endowments, the acquisition of distinction by brilliant discoveries, or heroic acts, implies faculties and feelings which he does not possess; it is not difficult to understand why he devotes himself heart and soul to business."

"We do not mean to say that men act upon the consciously reasoned-out conclusions thus indicated; but we mean that these conclusions are the unconsciously formed products of their daily experience. From early childhood the sayings and doings of all around them have generated the idea that wealth and respectability are two sides of the same thing. This idea, growing with their growth, and strengthening with their strength, becomes at last almost what we may call an organic conviction. And this organic conviction it is which prompts the expenditure of all their energies in money-making. We contend that the chief stimulus is not the desire for the wealth itself; but for the applause and position which the wealth brings. And in this belief we find ourselves thoroughly at one with various intelligent traders with whom we have talked on the matter. It is incredible that the men should make the sacrifices, mental and bodily, which they do, merely to get the material benefits of money."

THE TURK AND THE RUSSIAN.—One of the most amusing of our acquaintances was the gentleman with whom I had the honor of sleeping on the billiard-table. He was a long, sallow Pole, observant and satirical, and full of ludicrous stories of his Turkish co-religionists. How far these tales were literally true, whether he ever allowed one to fall flat through a servile adherence to matter-of-fact—I do not undertake to say; but, true or false, his stories were given with a knowledge and mimicry of Turkish manners that made them delightful to hear. At the risk of its falling flat second hand, I cannot resist telling one. A Turkish and a Russian officer, on some occasion of truce, had scratched up an acquaintance. As they sat together, the conversation turned on the comparative perfection of discipline and obedience to which their respective troops had been brought. To give a specimen, the Russian calls in his orderly. "Ivan" says he, "you will go to such-and-such a tobaccoist; you will buy an oak of tobacco; pay for it, and bring it straight home." Ivan salutes and goes. The Russian pulls out his watch. "Now Ivan is going to the tobaccoist; now he is there; now he is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming home; now he is on the stairs; now he is here—Ivan!" Ivan comes in, salutes, and hands over the tobacco. "Pek guzel," says the fat Turk, with a condescending bow, benignly, half shutting his eyes the while; "very nice indeed; but my orderly will do as rough—Mustafa." "Effendim!" says Mustafa, bursting into the room and touching his chin and forehead in the curious double-salute of the Turkish soldier. He receives the same directions, word for word, and departs. His master hauls out a gigantic turpentine of a watch such as Turks delight in, and proceeds, in imitation of the Russian, to tick off Mustafa's supposed performance. "Now he is going; now he is there; now he is paying; now he is coming home; now he is here—Mustafa!" "Effendim!" replies Mustafa, again bursting in. "Where's the tobacco?" "Respouctier boumadim—I, her'st," found my shoes yet!

Men, like books, have at each end a blank leaf—childhood and old age.

Graves are but the prints of the footsteps of the angel of eternal life.

### THE ZOUAVES AND THE TURCOS.

The newspaper correspondents from Italy, and Paris story tellers gives us all sorts of reports and anecdotes about the Zouaves, the Turcos, and other new species of troops now in Italy. The Zouaves at Palestro, they tell us, got their baggy trousers legs so wet, and therefore so heavy, in crossing some low lands, that when ordered to the charge, they cast off their trousers and ran to the Austrians, bayonet in hand, bare legged! The turcos has been so wild, it is also added, and so little regardful of *meum* and *teum*, that the Emperor summoned a certain number of them, and told them he would order them back to Africa and to France, if anything of the like occurred again; whereupon, it is said, they cried like children, and promised good behavior.

The Turcos are a new race of men on the European field of battle, or at least, not there seen or known since the days of Hannibal, who led their ancestors into Italy.—They are Mohammedans under French officers, and sub-officers, natives of Africa, about Algiers. We have to-day the first account from on the field of battle, in the correspondence of the Constitutionnel, from Fovara, June 4th. Mac-Mahon's division is made up of these troops, and others from Africa. The correspondent had just heard of this division at Mugenta, where they attacked the Austrians protected by their cannon. "Like tigers" (says the writer) they precipitated themselves upon the Austrians, crying "victory," even before they had discharged their guns. The attack is said to have exhibited one of the strangest and most terrible spectacles of war. The Turcos threw themselves upon the enemy like the savages of Cooper, without mercy or quarter. Soon a horrible melee occurred. The voice of the cannon even was drowned by the savage cries of the Turcos—cries not the chaunt of victory, nor the plaints of the dying and wounded. All the language of Mahomet can muster of imprecations broke forth from them in isolated groups, where one Turco would often be seen struggling against three or four Austrians. When the Austrians ran, and the strife was over, the spectacle was not less strange. The fanatic conquerors rolled upon the earth, and under the inspiration of some African war song, they danced the most frantic species of dances, amidst bursts of laughter, and frightful cries, that started even their companions in arms. Some of them had forced their prisoners to sit beside them, and upon these poor prisoners at first they glared, as the lion glares upon its prey; and then, with a species of fascination, as is they pitied the poor creatures now without means of defence. In other parts of the field they lay down upon the ground, exhausted with fatigue, and recovering their strength in sleep.

A CLASSIC MEMORY.—The courage, tenderness, or superstitious of the ancients have invested almost every period of time with associations which awaken within our own bosom responsive echoes of admiration, sympathy, or pity. The early Romans believed themselves to be haunted and distressed by the souls of the dead, which returned in darkness to the scenes of their living joys and sorrows. They were called *lemures*, *lamie*—ghosts, spectres; and a ceremony, called *lemuria*, or *lemuria*, was on the nights of the 9th, 12th, and 13th, of May, in order to persuade or force them to retire to the place of shades. About midnight the head of the families rose without noise, and went with bare feet to a fountain, snapping his fingers the while as a protection from his disembodied persecutors. He washed his hands as silently as possible, and returning, took some beans in his mouth. These were black, in allusion to the time selected for ghostly visitation. Without looking around the *pater familias* threw these nine times over his head, repeating each time the words, "These I send; with these beans I redeem me and mine." A second time he washes his hands, and while striking a hollow copper vessel cried nine times in a voice of humble supplication, "Ye souls of my ancestors depart." He then looked about him and retired; after which, as it was thought, the spirit gathered the beans and carried them carefully away.

A Yankee who had seen Powers' Greek Slave, and who was asked if he was not in raptures with it, replied—"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't care much about them stone gals."

The saying in answer to a stranger, who was observing how tall his tree was, that he had nothing else to do! was a quaint mixture of wit and humor.

Woman is justly called "one of the most glorious works of heaven"; and she is a sort of work that we like to address ourselves to.

Few things are more agreeable to self-love than revenge, and yet no other cause so effectually restrains from revenge as self-love.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is the sun, and the two are never separated.

Few things are more agreeable to self-love than revenge, and yet no other cause so effectually restrains from revenge as self-love.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is the sun, and the two are never separated.