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## PLAYING CHESS.

Sitting by a table,  
Playing with a man,  
Who is just polite enough  
To beat you if he can;  
Opposite are standing  
Men of read and white,  
Like European nations  
Ready for a fight.

First you move the king's pawn—  
Or Queen's, 'tis all the same;  
Gentleman does ditto,  
This begin the game.  
Wait another minute—  
"Check!" you quickly cry;  
And though he looks astonished,  
The truth he can't deny.

Fortune smiles upon you,  
He begins to pout,  
For he thinks you've got him  
Where he can't get out.  
But at last he's fixed it,  
By a hook or crook,  
So that you must lose a pawn  
In exchange for a rook.

This you don't object to,  
Think you're very bright,  
Although you did not see the place  
Where he could take a knight?  
"That is," you say with nonchalance,  
"No consequence at all;  
You rather on the battle field  
A knight than rook should fall.

Gent leans back in his rocker  
And says, if he could smoke,  
In less than fifteen minutes  
You be completely broke.  
You think it rather doubtful,  
And, while you take a knight,  
Grant him permission, but he says  
"He's not so impolite."

Again you cry, "your king's in check!"  
And take another rook;  
At this, becoming amiable,  
Insist that he shall smoke.  
At length he smokes; a happy smile  
Now wreathes his lips for certain,  
You wonder what your mother'll say  
About the parlor curtains.

Again the contest does commence,  
Gent feels extremely happy;  
But you're inclined to think that smoke  
Makes you feel rather nappy.  
And just as you are quite content  
To quit with "Morpheus" fame,  
Gent looks with wicked smile and says  
"Checkmate! I've won the game."

Now here's a little moral, girls,  
In plain and simple dress—  
Don't ever let the gentlemen,  
Smoke while you're playing chess.  
ELLIE HILL.

## HINTS ON THE PRESERVATION OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

The New York Home Journal has the following valuable hints on this subject:

The piano should be closed when not in use, in order to prevent the collection of fine dust, &c., on the sound board, and also to prevent the strings and "action" from the ill effects of sudden changes of temperature. Nothing injures a piano so much as extreme heat, whether arising from a bright fire in front of it, or what is worse, the hot air from the furnaces in such general use; few pianos can resist the injurious action of the latter. Care should be taken to prevent moisture of any kind from getting between the keys particularly when cleaning them, as it will cause them to stick. Moths are very destructive to pianos, and should be kept out of them by placing a lump of camphor wrapped in paper to prevent evaporation, in the inside corners. Any hard substance placed on a piano will cause a jarring noise, and if the top part is unprotected by a cloth cover, that also will often rattle. Young pianists would injure the piano less if they would refrain from striking the keys with such force; a light touch, with a judicious use of the loud pedal, will yield a far better and equally as full a tone as if they exerted all the force at their command. Were this fact more generally attended fewer strings would be broken, one cause of the piano not remaining in tune would be removed, and less injury would result to the "action" of the piano. These various annoyances are often attributed to inferior tuning, or defective make, when neither is the cause.

Few are aware of the benefit to be derived from having their pianos regularly tuned and kept in order; every new piano should be tuned at least once a month, and none should be allowed to remain untuned over three. When a piano is half a note below "concert pitch," and it is required to be drawn up, it should be tuned twice, the second tuning about a month after the first or it will not stand well in tune.

THOUGHTS WANTED.—We tell you, reader, that man has lived to purpose who has penned for a paper three lines of stirring thought. Let the clergy, then, and all persons of intellect, leisure, or a heart for good, make it a weekly task to compose a few lines which paint some burning thought as it leaps from the brain—a thought which shall kindle by thousands in the living, now scattered over land and sea, and will continue to do it, may be, until the last wave of time has been lost in Eternity's ocean.

## A STORY FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband rose from the tea-table, and took his hat.

"Oh, I'm going out," was the careless response.

"But where?" asked his wife.

"What odds does it make, Emma?" returned her husband. "I shall be back at my usual time."

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly upon a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort, but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said, in a kind but tremulous tone. "If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George. I know nothing about you when you are away."

"Pooh! pooh! Would you have it, then, that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"

"You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business, I never feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to get lonesome; and so one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. Oh, if you would only stay with me a portion of your evenings!"

"Ah! I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me here every evening."

"Well, can you wonder at it?" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now!"

"Ah!" said George, with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not continue so to do, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of our plans was to make a home."

"And haven't we got one, Emma?"

"We have certainly a place in which to live," answered the wife, somewhat evasively.

"And it is our home," pursued George.

"And," he added, with a sort of confident flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has charge of it, and all her work is there; while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

"Well, I admit that, so far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma. "But you must remember that we both need relaxation from labor; we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment; and what time have we for this save our evenings? Why should not this be my home of an evening, as well as in the day time and in the night?"

"Well— isn't it?" asked George.

"How can it be if you are not here? What makes a home for children if it be not the abode of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And—what real home comfort can a wife enjoy where there is no husband. You do not consider how lonesome I am, all alone here during these long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the very seasons when the happiest hours of home life might be passed. Come—will you not spend a few of your evenings with me?"

"You see enough of me as it is," said the husband, lightly.

"Allow me to be the best judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here, all alone."

"Not if it was my place of business, as it is of yours, returned the young man. "You are used to staying here, all wives belong to home."

"Just remember, my husband, that previous to our marriage I had pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained at home much of my time, but I had a father and a mother there, and I had brothers and sisters there, and our evenings were happily spent. Finally, I gave up all for you; I left the old home, and sought a home with my husband. And now have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like to have me away every evening, while you were obliged to remain here alone?"

"Why— I should like it well enough."

"Ah—but you would not be willing to try it."

"Yes, I would," said George, at a venture.

## MR. PETERS' FIRST WIFE.

"Dear, dear! no toast, eggs boiled as hard as brick bats, and the coffee stone cold," and Mr. Peters rose from the breakfast table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently. There was no answer! He rang again, a third, a fourth time, still no answer. Out of all patience, he went to the door and called, "Maria! Maria!"

A slight, pretty little woman, dressed in a soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion, answered this summons. She had one of those round, bright faces which Nature intends should be decked with continual smiles; but now, with all its roses in bloom, it was drawn out to its full length, and the large blue eyes had a serious, or rather a doleful expression, totally at variance with their usual joyous, look. Her voice, too, had lost its melodious, ringing sound, and was subdued to a dismal whine.

"What is it, Joseph?"

"Where's Bridget?"

"Gone out for me. I want more white ribbon for my ascension robe."

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word; and then continued: "Cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat."

"I wish," whined his wife, "you would think less of temporal matters, and turn your attention to the great end of life."

"Hang it all, madam, I would like to enjoy my life while I do have it. Here was I, the happiest man in the United States, with a pleasant home, a chatty, cheerful, loving wife, and good, quiet children; and now, since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?"

"Oh, Joseph, if you would only come into that blessed circle?"

"Oh, Maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the boys?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Are they going to school to-day?"

"My dear their teacher has given up school, and is turning her mind to more exalted objects. Oh, Joseph, turn while there is time. You have still a week for preparation and repentance."

"Repentance! Well, when I take up the subject, it will take rather more than a week to put it through."

And Mr. Peters put on his coat, and took up his hat.

"Joseph," said his wife, "you need not send home any dinner I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's to dine."

Joe made no answer, unless the violently emphatic manner in which he closed the door was one. Muttering with anger, he strode into a restaurant to make a breakfast. Here he was hailed by one of his bachelor friends, Fred, Samuels, who looked up as he heard Joe's order.

"Hallo!" he cried, "You here! Why, what are you doing here at breakfast time? Wife sick?"

"No!"

"Had a quarrel?"

"No!"

"Gone out of town?"

"No!"

"Then why don't you breakfast at home? Chimney on fire?"

"No!"

"Servants all dead?"

"No!"

"Children sick?"

"No!"

"Well, what in thunder is to pay?"

"Maria's joined the Millerites?"

Fred gave a long whistle, and then said "Going to ascend next week?"

"Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in the meantime, you may congratulate me I am almost distracted. Can't get a decent meal, children running riot, servants scarce, house all in confusion, wife in the blues, either quoting the speeches of the elders at me, or sewing on a white robe, and groning every third stitch. Hang it all, Fred, I've a great mind to take poison or join the army!"

"H'm! I'm! you give an enchanting picture, but I think I can suggest a cure."

"A cure!"

"Yes, if you will promise to follow my advice, I will make your home pleasant, your wife cheerful, and your children happy."

"Do it," cried Joe. "I'll follow your word like a soldier under his officer. What shall I do?"

At tea-time, Mr. Peters entered his home whistling. Maria was seated at the table sewing on her white robes, and there were no signs of preparation for the evening meal.

"Maria, my dear, said Mr. Peters, cheerfully, 'is tea ready?'"

"I don't know," was the answer, "have been out all day, attending meeting."

"Oh, very well, never mind. Attending meeting! You are resolved, then, to leave me next week?"

"Oh, Joe, must go when I am called."

"Yes, my dear, of course. Well, I must resign myself, I suppose. By the way, my dear, has it ever occurred to you that I

## MR. PETERS' FIRST WIFE.

shall be left a widower with three children? I think I am a handsome man yet, my love, and Joe walked over to the glass, passed his fingers through his hair, Maria looked up rather surprised.

"You see, my dear, it is rather a relief for you to go quietly, you know. It is so wearing on the nerves to have a long illness; and besides, my dear, there will be no funeral expenses, and that is quite a saving."

Mrs. Peters' lip quivered, and her large blue eyes filled with tears. Joe longed to stop his heartless speech and comfort her, but he was fearful the desired effect was not gained yet.

"So, my dear," he continued, "if you must go, I have been thinking of getting another wife."

"What?" cried Mrs. Peters.

"Another wife, my love. The house must be kept in order, and the boys cared for."

The grief was gone from Maria's face, but her teeth were set with a look of fierce wrath.

"Another wife, Joe! Another wife!"

"Yes, I think I have selected a good successor. I deliberated a long time when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself. You will like her, for she is your bosom friend."

"My bosom friend?"

"Yes, my dear. I think on the day that you ascend, I will marry Sarah Ingram."

"What! that good-for-nothing, silly, empty-headed old maid the mother of my children! What!"

"Well, my dear, it seems to be the best I can do. I don't want to leave my business to go a courting, and she will have me I know."

"No doubt! Oh! you great, brutal, hateful—"

"Stop, my dear, don't fly into a flurry. We will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by the way, I have a proposition to make."

"Go on, sir! Don't spare me!"

"Ah, yes, that is the very thing I wish to do. I know your mind is entirely engrossed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to-morrow, to spend a week!"

"What?"

"Then I can arrange our matrimonial preparations in the evening, while you are at the lecture."

"What?"

"And you can leave the house in her charge all day. That will give you plenty of time to go out, and she can learn the ways about the house."

"What?"

"And, my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask. Stay at home one or two days, won't you, and show her round, where you keep things, and so on, so that she won't have the trouble of keeping order after you go. You will do this to oblige me, won't you?"

Mrs. Peters, for answer, rolled up the ascension robe into a ball and frid it at Joe. The cotton, scissors, work-basket and table-cloth followed this missile in such rapid succession, that he was unable even to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.

"So! You and Sarah! That's the reason you whistled when you came! You will be very glad to have me go, and let you marry her, won't you? No doubt of it! And you shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification! I will stay, if it is only to spite you! I won't go! I tell you, Mr. Peters, I won't go!"

"But my dear, you must go if you are come for."

"I won't go!"

"But consider, my dear—"

"I won't go!"

"But what will Sarah think?"

"Sarah! I don't dare to mention Sarah to me again! I—I—I am fairly choking, and the little woman threw herself on a chair, in a fit of hysterics.

Next morning Mr. Peters met Fred in the street.

"Well, old boy, how goes it?"

"Fred," was the reply, "I am the happiest man in the world! I have regained my wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a busy, tattling old maid, who, under pretense of loving my wife, was everlastingly interfering in our household arrangements."

"Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend?"

"No. If Sarah is to be my second wife and step mother, to my children, Mrs. P. has concluded that she won't go!"

## A TRUE MANHOOD.

A true manhood is self sustaining and sustained. It depends upon nothing intrinsic. Advantage outward possessions or circumstances, it disdains to rest upon them or claim merit on their account. Seeking these helps, it does not sit down fold hands, and murmur at the partialities of fortune. Benefits and opportunities it accepts gracefully, and strives to improve them—not alone for itself, but for society also. Indeed a true manhood justifies every noble sympathy, every generous action, every lofty virtue in the common range of life. A true manhood asks no special fields to display itself. It can every day develop its nobility and heroism. Not a precious word, smile, or act, springs to the impulse of its large, warm heart, to lighten human want or lessen human sorrow, but flashes brighter than a Toledo blade.

True manhood is firm and brave, as it is mild and gentle, and the best gentleman is also the truest man. Gentlest of the gentle was Bayard, the chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche, but never sturdier arm bore lance or sword in defence of virtue, honor, right. Gentle of heart, and courageous of soul—gentle in feeling and heroic in action—such are the Bayards; such are all gentlemen—all true men. They may be found in courts or camps, in universities and senates, but they also tread the furrow and dwell in the humblest cabins.

The estate of true manhood cannot be bought with gold, nor bequeathed by letters testamentary. All other possessions being 'of earth, earthly,' may be devised and inherited, but a true manhood is a divine, a heavenly gift. And if men at large only knew the greatness and preciousness of such manhood—how noble it is in stature and in power than all titular estate—they would honor and imitate it more. Manhood, sturdier manhood, is what society and nations want to make their foundations strong and their bulwarks beautiful and strong. It might lessen the world's pageants, but it would increase its grandeur. When life's fitful fever is past, what can remain of man worth even a pitiful epitaph, save the memory of a true manhood!

We have rarely seen more good counsel in the same space than the following conclusion of a medical essay:

"Avoid study as much as you can during the first period of digestion. The eyes and stomach are both supplied with nerves from the same branch, and the employment of the eyes in reading or writing soon after eating deranges digestion, and throws the whole system out of gear. All who transgress this law will have a reckoning to pay sooner or later. Avoid the sitting posture as much as possible. This may be done by using a standing desk for reading and writing, and transferring your work to it now and then. If this cannot be done, get up occasionally and take a few turns up and down the room, or even stand up and sit down again. If you are cold let your feet be on your toes—springing on them as is done in dancing—a most excellent winter exercise for the sedentary. If need be, wrap your feet and legs in some warm garment when you resume your seat; an old cloak or dressing-gown will do.—It is far better to use a hot water foot-stool—anything rather than to submit to cold feet. You may as well expect to live without air or food as to enjoy health unless you can contrive to counteract a tendency to cold feet if you are unfortunate enough to suffer from it. Never imagine that you are doing yourself justice if you do not walk as much each day as can be done without absolute fatigue. What this may be will vary according to age, state of health, etc.; but, as a rule, it may be laid down that a slight feeling of lassitude is about the best measure you can have. The healthy will only increase their debility by attempting long 'constitutional walks' beyond their powers, and without proper training. Great mistakes are made here by young men in their summer excursions, from which they often return with the seeds of jaundice and fever lurking in their constitutions, in consequence of over-heating, chilling and over-exertion. Sedentary persons should feed moderately and avoid fermenting liquors as much as possible, especially if of a naturally sanguineous temperament. Those who are naturally pallid and dyspeptic should use a more generous diet, eating a moderate quantity at each repast, and above all things avoiding that disturbance of the digestive process which is the result of application to study soon after eating. An excellent drink for such persons is bitter beer, with a dash of soda-water into it in the proportion of about half and half."

KISSING.—A female writer says that a rich, hearty kiss, will last a whole day.

Yes, and much longer. We had one some time ago, that lasted nearly a month; i. e. it is nearly a month since we had one. Wonder how much longer it will last.

A who man should have a way in his head, but not in his heart.

## CONVERSATION.

The art of conversation is the finest of the fine arts; it is not the art of saying much, but of saying well. There are preaching men who talk, but listen not, or who speak in private; or who think little and are never still, and yet they are not conversable men. The real art of conversation consists not only in expressing your own thoughts freely, but in drawing out by encouragements of others. You will never be liked for long talking by anybody; but you are sure to be liked if, by your talking you encourage and stimulate others to think and talk in response to your thoughts. The art is a natural gift in the main. It is not only an indication of great mind, but also of good temper. It requires good occasion, indulgence, patience, and many other accomplishments; refinement as well as power.

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