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BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

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I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam,
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land.
I've seen fair realms of the earth,
By rude communion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the world,
Of that where I was born.

In other countries, when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone!
But when our woodland songs were sung,
Upon a foreign mart,
The vows that flattered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled the heart!

My native land, I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

USE OF ICE.

In health no one ought to drink ice-water, for it has occasioned fatal inflammations of the stomach and bowels, and sometimes sudden death. The temptations to drink it is very great in summer: to use it at all with any safety the person should take but a single swallow at a time—take the glass from the lips for half a minute, and then another swallow, and so on. It will be found that in this way it becomes disagreeable after a few mouthfuls. On the other hand, ice may be taken as freely as possible, not only without injury, but with the most striking advantage in dangerous forms of disease. If broken in sizes of a pea or bean, and swallowed as freely as practicable, without much chewing or crushing between the teeth, it will often be efficient in checking various kinds of diarrhoea; and has cured violent cases of Asiatic cholera. A kind of cushion of powdered ice kept to the entire scalp has allayed violent inflammation of the brain, and arrested fearful convulsions induced by too much blood there. Water, as cold as ice can make it, applied freely to the throat, neck and chest with a sponge, in a group, very often affords an almost miraculous relief, and if this be followed by drinking copiously of the same ice cold element, the wetted parts wiped dry, and the child be wrapped up well in the bed-clothes, it falls into a delightful and life-giving slumber. All inflammations, internal or external, are properly subdued by the application of ice or ice water, because it is converted into steam and rapidly conveys away the extra heat, and also diminishes the quantity of blood in the vessels of the part. A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often arrest violent bleeding of the nose. To drink any ice-cold liquid at meals retards digestion, chills the body, and has been known to induce the most dangerous internal congestion. If ice is put in milk or on butter, and they are not used at the time, they lose their freshness, and become sour and stale; for the essential nature of both, is changed, when once frozen and then thawed.

THE YANKEE OPERATIVE.—The Manchester Guardian publishes the following extract from a speech delivered by the incumbent of Habergham, at a meeting of operatives in Berkeley. The speaker indulges in the following description of Yankee factory arrangements for labor:

"What kind of a factory operative was the Yankee. When a Yankee wants employment he puts on a suit of good black cloth, and a stylish shirt, and with a sash in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets, he went to the factory, slipped the master on the shoulder, and said, 'Well, old boss, do you want a help to-day?' The boss turned round, knowing his customer, and said, 'I will just look and see.' He looked over his book and said, 'I think you can do with a help, what can you do?' The man replied, 'I can superintend the looms; but if you can wait till I have smoked my cigar, I will tell you.' He then crossed his legs, puffing the smoke in the eyes of the master, winked his eye, and enjoyed himself. After smoking his cigar he would say, 'Now then, boss, I can take four looms. What will you pay me? It must be the regular thing, otherwise I shall have a difficulty. Dimly meant that the Yankee operative would take his bow and bid adieu to the three inches of it in his master's ribs. We did not do so in England—he mentioned it to show the independence of the Yankee. The employer said, 'Well, let me see: I think you will be able to earn three dollars a week.' The operative then said, 'Can't you give me a few dollars more? I shall be able to depend upon yourself; if you give me a few more I will be able to do it.' The operative made a note of it and said, 'Now boss, you must stick to your engagement, otherwise there will be a difficulty.'

A NOTABLE 'SCHOOL EXAMINING COMMITTEE.'

N. P. Willis in the concluding letter of his series upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad gives the following bit of pen painting touching a country school house:

I do not know whether it was by a chance stopping of the train, or by a kind intention of the selective good taste of our "Prescott the Smith," that we found ourselves in the middle of the forenoon of a delicious summer day, halting for a few moments directly in front of one of these remote places—a little bit of a long school-house, right in the heart of North western Virginia's mountain wilderness. The small low door, and the glimpses of a row of little hatless heads, as we saw them from the car, were very tempting, and there was an immediate jump of our party for a better look at the interior.

A modest and dignified courtesy from the school-mistress gave us a welcome.—There was a spare bench near the door which accommodated most of us, and Judge Warren and poet Thompson occupied the vacant spot on the short seat of the class, "up for spelling." Secretary Kennedy leaned on his stick near the shut up stove in the centre; his kindest voices and faces encouraging the interrupted exercises to proceed, and cloud compelling Maury stroked the head of the nice boy next him in the corner.—Bayard Taylor sat, in his quiet observing, way studying the surrounding rows of boys and girls' faces—some thirty of them altogether, and every one barefoot, and all seated against the rough hewn logs on the one bench of narrow plank which lined the room. Fancy what a picture for a photographer to have brought away—the celebrities and the little ragged problems of humanity, all combined!

But oh, the tender Providence of God which has provided for these cradles of the intelligences of our race, the willing devotion of womanhood, so self-sacrificing, so uncompensated and affectionate! The school ma'am before us was a delicately formed young woman of twenty or twenty-two years, perhaps, dressed with exceeding plainness, and of the most unconscious simplicity of demeanor, but her pale and thoughtfully refined features had an expression which seemed to me the perfection of what we recognize as the beauty of the soul. She looked as if she felt born only to be good and kind to others, while life should last, and that she was here in her place, somewhat overtasked, but doing good, she hoped, and willing to be forgotten. At the same time, in her subdued gentleness of tone, her exquisite propriety of replies, and her calm sweet manner to us, a party of strangers, there was a self-possessed dignity that it was impossible not to pay homage to—difficult (I may as well say) not to record for others, as admiringly as one remembers it for one's self.—As I sat in that humble school room and looked upon the unconscious beauty of its patiently presiding spirit, I could not but thank God for the angels still found distributed through the world!

We were to hear a class recite, however, and you are never surprised, I hope, to find that fun and paths come very close together. A half dozen of the little shock-headed barefootlings were called up to spell; and my friend the Judge, who, a moment before had some trouble to keep his eyes dry with the sight of the picture I have described, burst into convulsions of laughter at the succession of intrepid little voices, each with its proud pronunciation of the mastered monosyllable. B-u-double e, buzz E-double g, egg I P-i-g, pig! S-ma-double l, small! G-r-a double e, grass! rang out from the low-pitched tones of learning into the neighboring woods, the sturdy little reciters as consequential with the dignity of their performance as if they were speakers for the first time on the floor of Congress. The fun was somewhat catching, but the unresistable laughter of one or two of our party had no effect on the scholars.—Bravely they spelt away, book in hand and eyes turning exclusively from the slow-spell word to the approving face looking down upon them—our uncomprehended visit, and our interruptions of the lesson, being evidently taken, like the long words at the end of the spelling-book, to be mysteries which it was enough, for the present, that the school-ma'am should understand—to be treated respectfully till they should know more about them.

Under the bits of bare feet, doubled up under the long bench was one very slight pair, belonging to a girl of perhaps ten years old, whose natural pride of form and feature struck me as something remarkable. She was in a ragged frock, which appeared to be her one single garment, but the head was set on her sunburnt shoulders like an infant Faun, and the brown lustre of those great dark eyes with the long eye-lashes, looked as if it must have been Altair, through a long race of court beauties. I called Bayard Taylor's attention to her, as he sat next me, and I thought to interrupt in studying the little princess of the woods that I ventured to ask the school-mistress, at last, if we could not hear read or spell. But she was a new scholar and this was

her third day—her court education, at present, toiling painfully over a—b, ab. If there were any nursery-garden for the renewal of "old families," such flowers as that girl should be transplanted!

I must record for history, before leaving this interesting spot, a bit of Presidential foresight on the part of ex-Secretary Kennedy. A collection had been made, by Judge Warren, from our various pockets, to constitute a prize for the smartest boy; and the distinguished statesman having contributed his loose change, like the rest, the fund was deposited on the top of the rusty stove in the centre of the school room.—Our party then took leave, and were mostly on their way to the cars—myself alone remaining on the log doorstep to bring up the rear when the ex-Secretary should pass out; but he lingered. I looked back once more, and thus chanced to see him steal up to the stove, and quietly deposit another popular dollar on the democratic fund! Future Presidents, you see, like to make sure of being the "him for infant minds!"

A CONVERTED BALL-ROOM.

The Memphis Advertiser publishes a letter from Rev. W. H. Gilliam, giving an account of a revival in Hampstead, Texas. He says:—"For three successive nights we had to contend with opposition balls, which came off in a room adjoining the house we occupied for worship. The music and dancing were as distinct as the preaching. Our congregations, however, increased. One night we were waited on by three men, who represented themselves as a committee appointed by the authorities controlling the house, to ask us to desist. Their pretensions, however, turned out to be false, and we continued there. After a week of continued labor and prayer, for there were only a few faithful souls, the power of Almighty God came down upon the people, and we had a time long to be remembered. The most remarkable circumstance connected with it is this: The ball room in the commencement, was purchased before the meeting closed for a Methodist Church; and some of the dancing party were at the altar for prayer. This occurrence has greatly encouraged me in the labors for the promotion of the cause of Christ. Every day I live I am more and more convinced of the adaptation of Methodist economy to the universal wants of the world. And in no country are its practical workings better illustrated than in Texas.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.—The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessities of life and support his family, knows not the unappetizing prayers for when he desires. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away and die a very short time. Thousands would have blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in an humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But no; fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from peace and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death. Yet who are sighing for the pomp and splendor of life, beware! You know not what ye wish. No situation however exalted; no wealth, however magnificent; no honors, however glorious, can yield you solid enjoyment while discontent lurks in your bosom. The secret of happiness lies in this—to be always contented with your lot, and never sigh for the splendor of riches, or the magnificence of fashion and power. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure.

THE PERTINACIOUS RECRUIT.—When private Cotter had been a few days at drill as a recruit, the sergeant in charge of the squad had reason one morning to reprimand him for moving in the ranks.—"Put your hands down," he cried, "and keep them to your sides." Cotter did so; but soon forgetting the order, was again checked for unsteadiness. "You must not move, sir, or lift a finger while at drill. If I have occasion to warn you again, I'll stem you into the mill!" A sort of horned now perched on Cotter's inflamed proboscis, in course of its peregrinations, performed a variety of disagreeable evolutions that made the recruit uneasy. With the persecution of the little pest he bore up manfully, till his patience at last was exhausted; and not daring to move, rebuked as he had been for unsteadiness, he announced the inconvenient to the sergeant.—"Silence!" interrupted the drill-sergeant, losing temper and shaking his cane. "You must neither speak nor move in the ranks. Do it but once again, and I'll take the plan to cure you." "If I'm not in more or speak," roared Cotter, angrily, "some yourself!" Then, and knock the offending fly off my nose."—Romance of the Rank.

A JOKE AND NO JOKE.

When the Duke of Alva was in Brussels about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before Hulst in Flanders; and there was a provost-marshal in his army who was a favorite of his, and the provost had put some to death by secret commission from the Duke. There was a Captain Bolen in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost's; and one evening late he went to the captain's tent and brought with him a confessor and executioner, as his custom. He told the captain he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him. The captain started up suddenly, his hair standing upright, and being struck with amazement, asked him, "Wherein have I offended the duke?" The provost answered, "Sir, I am not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission; therefore I pray prepare yourself, for there are your ghostly father and the executioner." So he fell on his knees before the priest, and having done, and the hangman going to put the halter about his neck, the provost threw it away, and breaking into laughter, told him "there was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he would bear the terror of death." The captain, looking ghastly at him said, "Then, sir, get you out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office."

The next morning the said Captain Bolen, though a young man about thirty, had his hair all turned gray, to the admiration of all the world, and the Duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it, but he would confess nothing. The next year the Duke was recalled, and in his journey to the court of Spain he was to pass by Saragossa; and this Captain Bolen and the provost went along with him as domestics. The duke being to repose some days at Saragossa, the young-old Captain Bolen told him "that there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a *casa de loco*, a bedlam-house, such a one as there was not the like in Christendom." "Well," said the duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow afternoon." The captain having obtained this, went to the warden and told him the duke's intention and that the chief occasion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him who was subject oftentimes to fits of frenzy; and because he wished him well he had tried divers means to cure him but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in bedlam for some days would do him any good.

The next day the duke came with a long train of captains after him, amongst whom was the said provost, very shining and fine; being entered into the house about the duke's person, Captain Bolen told the warden, pointing at the provost, "That's the man;" the warden took him aside into a dark lobby where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, seized upon his sword, and hurried him into a dungeon. The provost had lain there two night and a day; and afterwards it happened that a gentleman, coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped into a small grate where the provost was. The provost conjured him as was a christian to go and tell the Duke of Alva his provost was there confined, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did his errand; and the duke being astonished, sent for the warden with his prisoner; the warden brought the provost in *carpet*, full of straws and feathers, madman like, before the duke, who, at the sight of him burst into laughter, and asked the warden why he made him prisoner. "Sir," said the warden, "it was by virtue of your excellency's commission brought by Captain Bolen," who stepped forth and told the duke, "Sir you have asked me oft how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly gray; I have not revealed it to any soul breathing; but now I'll tell you excellency," and so he related the passage in Flanders; and added, "I have been ever since beating my brains to know how to get up equal revenge of him for making me old before my time." The duke was so well pleased with the story and the witness of the revenge that he made them both his friends; and the gentleman who told me this passage said that the said Captain Bolen is now alive, and could not be less than ninety years of age.

"When I was in Paris," says Lord Sandwich, "I had a dancing-master, to whose instructions I did small credit. The man was very civil, and on taking leave of him, I offered him any service in London. 'Then said he, bowing, I should take it as a particular favor if your lordship would never tell any one of whom you have learned to dance.'"
"Shut," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him."
"Shut and I will," replied Pat. "But what will I tell him if I don't meet him."
Industry and Economy are the true guides to wealth.

GOLDEN DAYS OF YOUTH.

What a feeling of regret steals over the heart, as the joyous days of youth flit as heaven-like dreams across our imagination, to think that they are lost to us for ever! when the rare opportunity offers itself of snatching a few moments for contemplation from the busy world, how readily do we embrace it, brief though it be, to indulge in the pleasing remembrance of the past, to compare it with the present, and trust for a bright realization of "things long sighed for," in the future! What a glorious thing is youth! full of warm confidence, high hopes and generous feelings, flowing from the heart like a gush of music from an angel's harp! How keen are its enjoyments, how novel its sensations, how exquisite its appreciation of the true and beautiful! What music is there to compare with outpourings of a youthful and generous heart! What light is there for a youthful heart, prompted by a noble ambition, impossible to climb? But the transient dream of youth soon fades away, alas! how soon; and age comes creeping on us so imperceptibly, that we start and sigh for days now lost, when we feel the icy hand upon us that "comes to claim us for its own." "With time we begin to analyse our sensations, examine the petals of the flowers of our youth, and let the odor escape, till, one by one, the leaves fade and fall, and the withered stem alone is left in the gazer's hand."—N. Y. Ledger.

A SKETCH.—He clasped her to his sad and bursting heart; for though ungrateful—disobedient—wile—she was his daughter still. Not indeed the lovely child, who oft in sportive mood had twined his silver locks with flowers, or at his side, with bended knees, and upraised eyes, poured forth her evening prayer! But a poor, repentant wretch, whose tattered garb, and sorrow-stricken frame, bore witness to the scenes through which she had been led. Those golden ringlets, which had shaded once a neck of snow, now wet with night-dews, streamed in wild disorder. The bloom upon her cheek had faded, like the roses planted by her little hands, around her once-loved home—that peaceful home, which sheltered her in infancy, and which she now had sought to take a last farewell. Alas! how changed the scene since she had fled. The withering touch of desolation had been there, and blasted every charm on which her youthful gaze had rested in the cloudless morn of life. But not so altered were her childhood's haunts, as she, who once had gambolled over them, light as the floating gossamer, and beautiful as dark-haired girls of Paradise. So great the change from what she was, to what she had become, that none would ever have recognised her—save a parent. He, to his bosom, caught the wanderer—pressed her pallid lips, which he so oft had kissed, and breathed forgiveness in her ear. The sufferer had not dared to hope for more than pity; but she met with love! And her heart, unable to express its rapture, in the gle—broke!

LAUGHTER AND HEALTH.—Cheerfulness is the elixir of life. A hearty laugh is more potent for health and virtue than all the potions of pill-bags and the creeds of all the semi-fidel pulpits in the land. Are you unwell? Dangerously bad? Well, do you expect that health will come to you, and take possession of your torpid system as you sit communing with your blue spirits?

If you wish to remain comfortable thro' life's ceaseless din, you must cultivate hopefulness in your soul. Look on the pleasant side—not forgetting realities—fear not, only believe! How plain and simple nature portrays! how she laughs in the fullness of joy. All beings on the earth or in the air unite with one voice of the purest praise and exultation to nature's God. Why despair? Away with melancholy—laugh at something, anything, and nothing; but laugh. Play off pleasant, innocent jokes on your associates, and let them return similar ones.

Laughter is a panacea for ills, bodily and mental. It dissipates gloom, lightens care and drives pain and blue devils off in a hurry. Try a laugh.

ETERNITY!—Eternity is a depth which no geometry can measure, no arithmetic calculate, no imagination conceive, no rhetoric describe. The eye of a dying christian seems gifted to penetrate depths hid from the wisdom of philosophy. It looks athwart the dark valley without dismay, cheered by the bright scene beyond it. It looks with a kind of chastened impatience to that land where happiness will only be holiness perfected. There all the Gospel will be accomplished; there afflicted virtue will rejoice at its past trials, and acknowledge their subservience to its bliss; there the great benefactors of the righteous shall be recognized and rewarded; those who hope of the Christian shall have their complete consummation.
If you keep your tongue a prisoner your body may go free.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The best thing yet written by Edward Everett in his "Mount Vernon Papers" is an article on the late comet. After describing its approach to the earth, and the beautiful picture it presented, he says:

"Return, then, mysterious traveller, to the depths of the heavens, never again to be seen by the eyes of men now living. Thou hast run thy race with glory! Millions of eyes have gazed upon thee with wonder, but they shall never look upon thee again. Since thy last appearance in these skies, empires, languages, and races of men have died away—the Macedonian, the Alexandrian, the Augustan, the Parthian the Byzantine, the Saracenic, the Ottoman dynasties have sunk or are sinking into the gulf of ages. Since thy last appearance old continents have relapsed into ignorance, and new worlds have come out from behind the veil of waters. The Magian fires are quenched on the hill-tops of Asia; the Chaldean is blind; the Oracles are dumb. Wisdom now dwells in the farthest Thules, or in newly-discovered worlds beyond the sea. Happily, when wheeling up again from celestial abysses, thou art once more seen by the dwellers of the earth, the language we speak shall be forgotten, and science shall have fled to the utmost corners of the earth. But even there His hand, that now marks out thy wondrous circuit, shall still guide thy course; and then, as now, Iesper will smile at thy approach, and Arcturus with his sun rejoice at thy coming."

THE CREEDS OF THE WORLD.—The following classification of the inhabitants of the earth, according to creeds, is made by C. F. W. Deitricke, a very thorough and careful statistician, and Director of the Statistical Department of Berlin. Taking the number 1,200,000,000 as the total population of the earth, he classifies them as follows:

Christians, 335,000,000, or 27.77 per cent.
Jews, 5,000,000 or 0.38 per cent.
Asiatic religions, 600,000,000, or 46.15 per cent.
Mahomedan, 160,000,000, or 12.31 per cent.
Talans, 200,000,000, or 25.20 per cent.
Total, 1,200,000,000, 100 per cent.

The 335,000,000 of Christians are again divided into—

170,000,000 Roman Catholics, 50.7 per cent.
89,000,000 Protestants, 25.6 per cent.
76,000,000 Greek Catholics, 22.7 per cent.

BOYS, HELP YOUR MOTHERS.—We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet, and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood-pile for wood, to the well for water, to the meat-house to cut a frozen steak for dinner—this is not as it should be. There is much work about houses too hard for women—heavy lifting, hard extra steps, which should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do it all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prosy housework is irksome enough at best. It is a long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is quite done, and then on the morrow the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring in conduct, woman is diffident and unassuming. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science—woman taste. Man has judgment—woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy.

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.
A lady who her love had sold,
Asked if a reason could be told
Why wedding rings were made of gold?
I ventured thus to instruct her:
Love, man, and lightning are the same—
On earth they glance, from Heaven they came—
Love is the soul's electric flame,
And gold its best conductor.

An eminent modern writer beautifully says: "The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of all political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; and the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God."
Different sounds will travel with different velocity—a call to dinner will run over a ten acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to a ball will take from five to ten minutes.
We believe in good houses, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.

THE ADVANTAGES OF DEBT.—A dashing young woman having written to her absent husband for the means to pay off "a few small debts," received in reply the following advice:

MY DEAR CHICKEN!—Never attempt to get out of debt. The woman who owes nobody is a poor, miserable being; nobody manifests any interest in her welfare—nobody cares a continental cent whether she lives or dies. She is lean, hungry, and generally as poor and wretched as were the pinfeathers on Job's turkey. Look at our great men: they are all debtors—of science ministers—all the entire cohort of them are deeper in debt than Pharaoh's army were in the Red Sea. Debt ennobles a woman; gives her a more expanded and liberal view of human nature; makes her energetic, healthy, and active, and keeps her moving—especially if she never pays rent or anything else. Nothing will cure the consumptive quicker than a good strong dose of debt, properly taken. To one is *harmless to pay, divine*. Therefore, until woman becomes superhuman she shouldn't attempt to emulate divinity. The science of payment—the true modern science—is get in debt to somebody enough to pay somebody else who you owe. By this means, you avoid getting out of debt, and yet maintain a reputation of paying. The greatness of a nation increases with its national debt. Make a note of this at ninety days. Your indebted husband, J. R.

THE SPY SYSTEM.—The New York Herald states that a system of espionage is exercised in this country, just as despotic as that which is rife in France, and perhaps more potent. This system is carried on by means of mercantile agencies, whose ramifications extend throughout the whole country; and any one paying them for the privilege may inspect from their books, the most secret actions, including even the private matters of southern merchants. If a New York merchant is about to sell a bill of goods to one in Alabama, he goes to an agency and states that fact. Immediately the clerk who has charge of that particular section is called, and lays open the private life of the Alabamian to the eye of the inquirer. Even his marital relations are discovered, and the kind of beverage with which he regales himself, as well as the condition of his finances. By this means, those agencies have it within their power to blast the prospects of a southern merchant, and ruin his character forever. The espionage practised by the French Emperor cannot do more among his own people. In view of these facts, southern merchants should be extremely cautious as to whom they deal with in the North.—Montgomery Advertiser.

Don't You Do It.—The man who found out all the philosophy contained in these few receipts was a Solomon:

When you are offered a great bargain, the value of which you know nothing about, but which you are to get at half price, "being you"—don't you do it.
When a young lady catches you alone, lays violent hands on you, expressing "kiss" in every glance—don't you do it.
When a horse kicks you, and you feel a strong disposition to kick the horse in return—don't you do it.
Should you happen to catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the printers tell you to whistle louder—don't you do it.

If on an occasion your wife should exclaim to you; "how tumble over the cradle and break your neck, do!" don't you do it.
When you have any business to transact with a modern financier, and he asks you to go and dine with him—don't you do it.

VIOLATING THE SABBATH.—It is related of Daniel Webster, that he once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder, and at the conclusion of the trial he asked, "what could have induced him to stain his hands with the blood of his fellow-being?" Turning his blood-shot eyes upon him, the prisoner replied, in a voice of despair:—"Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise." No doubt if we could ascertain the beginning of the downward career of those who disgrace their families and friends, injure the reputation of the city, and finally pay the penalty in the prison or on the gallows, we should find that it first begun by violating the Sabbath.—Ball, Patriot.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY.—A minister, while travelling through the West in a missionary capacity, several years ago, was holding an animated theological conversation with an old lady upon whom he had called in the course of which he asked her what idea she had formed of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," said she, "what a good doctrine, if people would only keep up to it!"