The Independent Press.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, POLITICS &C., &C.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,] "Let it be Instilled into the Hearts of your Children that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Rights."—*Junius.* [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1860. VOLUME VII.---NO. 45.

POULLAIN, JENNINGS & CO.,

GROCERS,

AND

COTTON FACTORS,

AUGUSTA, GA.,

CONTINUE the sale of Cotton and other produce in their *New Fireproof Warehouse*,

Corner Jackson & Reynolds Sts.

☞ Cash advances made when desird.

ANTOINE POULLAIN,
THOMAS J. JENNINGS,
ISAIAH PURSE.

Sept. 8, 1859-19-tf.

G. M. CALHOUN,

WAREHOUSE

AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Reynold's St., between Jackson and McIntosh

Augusta, Ga.;

Will attend strictly to the sale of

COTTON, BACON, GRAIN,

And all other produce consigned to him. Personal attention given to the filling of all orders for Bagging, Rope and Family Supplies. Liberal Cash advances made on produce in Store.

June 24, 1859, 8 tf

THE

MARSHALL HOUSE.

ABBEVILLE C. H., S. C.

THE UNDERSIGNED would respectfully inform the public that he has taken the large and commodious HOTEL, known as the

"MARSHALL HOUSE,"

situated on the North-East corner of the Public Square.

Having had many years experience as a Hotel Keeper, he flatters himself that he will be able to please those who may favor him with their patronage.

His table will always be provided with the best the market affords.

Every effort will be made to render his House a home for the weary traveller.

JOHNSON RAMEY.

Dec. 16, 1857 33 tf

HOWARD ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent institution established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

MEDICAL Advice given gratis by the Acting Surgeon to all who apply by letter with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.) and in cases of extreme poverty, Medicine furnished free of charge

Valuable Reports on the New Remedies employed in the Dispensary, sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Two or three Stamps for postage will be acceptible.

Address, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. [Jan. 20,12m

TO SELL

OR RENT.

THE STORE HOUSE and LOT at Hodges Depot, recently occupied by ROBERTS & ADAMS. The House is conveniently situated, containing Grocery and Dry Goods rooms, neatly finished, a counting room, and a very commodious room upstairs.

To persons wishing to engage in mercantile life, we say this is one of the best country stands in the State. Thirty Thousand Dollars worth of goods may be sold here annually, into good hands.

J. N. COCHRAN.

Jan. 5, 1860 37, 3m.

Professional Card.

DR. D. S. BENSON

WOULD respectfully informs the citizens of Abbeville Village and vicinity, that he has removed his residence to the dwelling adjoining the Episcopal Parsonage, where he expects to be permanently located in the practice of his Profession. His Office will be at the Drug Store of Mr. D. McLAUCHLIN, where he will generally be found during the day.

Abbeville, S. C., Dec. 24th, 1859, 34, 3in

J. L. CLARK,

REPAIRER OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,

HODGES' DEPOT, S. C.,

IS prepared with all necessary tools and materials to do anything in his line of business at the lowest rates. All work warranted to do well for twelve months, if not send it back and it will be done free of charge. Give me a trial and satisfy yourselves. Terms cash.

Dec. 7, 1859, 7--12m.

VERELL & JACKSON,

HOUSE PAINTERS, GRAINERS, MARBLERS

AND PAPER HANGERS,

NINETY SIX, S. C.

E. VERELL. CALEB JACKSON.

Jan. 27, 1860, 42m

NOTICE.

To Guardians, Trustees, &c.

ALL Guardians, Trustees and Committees, who are accountable in this Office, are hereby notified to make their Annual Returns to me by the 15th day of April next. *All defaulters will be sued immediately.* Guardians who have not yet complied with their appointment by entering into Bond, are requested to do so as speedily as possible.

WM. H. PARKER, Ord. A. D.

Commissioners Office, }
Feb. 22, 1860 3t. }

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

BY LEE & WILSON.

ABBEVILLE S. C.

Two Dollars in Advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the Expiration of the Year.

☞ All subscriptions not limited at the time of subscribing, will be considered a indefinite, and will be continued until arrearages are paid, or at the option of the Proprietors. Orders from other States must invariably be accompanied with the Cash. ☜

CANDIDATES.

The friends of Capt. G. M. MATTISON respectfully announce him as a candidate for Tax Collector at the next election.

The friends of JAMES A. McCORD respectfully announce him as a Candidate for Tax Collector at the next election.

The friends of Dr. J. F. McCOMB respectfully announce him as a Candidate for Tax Collector at the next election

☞ We are authorized to announce S. A. HODGES as a Candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.

☞ The friends of Capt. W. S. HARRIS respectfully announce him as a Candidate for the office of *Tax Collector* of Abbeville District at the next election.

☞ The *friends* of WESLEY A. BLACK Esq., rest announce him as a Candidate for Tax Collector at the next election.

The friends of HENRY S. CASON respectfully announce him as a Candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.

☞ The friends of JOHN A. HUNTER respectfully announce him a candidate for the office of Ordinary, at the next election.

☞ The friends of Col. J. C. BASKIN respectfully announce him a candidate for the office of Ordinary, at the next election

THE ONLY ARTICLE

UNRIVALLED IN MARKET

WITH IMMENSE

HOME AND EUROPEAN

DEMAND.

THE reason why, is that by Nature's own process it restores the natural color permanently after the hair becomes gray; supplies the natural fluids, and thus makes it grow on bald heads, removes all dandruff, itching, and heat from the scalp, quiets and tones up the nerves, and thus cures all nervous headache, and may be relied upon to cure all diseases of the scalp and hair; it will stop and keep it from falling off; *makes it soft, glossy, healthy and beautiful*, and if used by the young two or three times a week, it will never fall or become gray then reader, read the following and judge for yourselves:

NEW YORK, Jan. 8 1858.

Messrs. O. J. Wood & Co—Gentlemen: Having heard a good deal about Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative, and my hair being quite gray, I made up my mind to lay aside the prejudices which, in common with a great many persons had against all manner of patent medicines, and a short time ago I commenced using your article, to test it for myself.

The result has been so very satisfactory that I am very glad I did so, and in justice to you, as well as for the encouragement of others who may be as gray as I was (but who having my prejudice without my reasons for setting it aside, are unwilling to give your Restorative a trial till they have further proof, and the best proof being ocular demonstration, I write you this letter, which you may show to any such, and also direct them to me for further proof, who am in and out of the N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment every day.

My hair is now its natural color and much improved in appearance every way, being glossier and thicker and much more healthy looking I am, Yours Respectfully,

HENRY JENKINS.

Cor. Columbia and Carroll Sts., Brooklyn

LIVINGSTON, Ala., Feb. 14, 1858.

PROF. WOOD—Dear Sir.: Your Hair Restorative has done much good in this part of the country. My hair has been slightly diminishing for several years, caused, I suppose, from a slight burn when I was quite an infant, I have been using your Hair Restorative for six weeks and I find that I have a fine head of hair now growing, after having used all other remedies known to no effect. I think it the most valuable remedy now extant, and advise all who are afflicted that way to use your remedy.

You can publish this if you think proper.

Yours, &c.,

S. W. MIDDLETON.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 9, 1857.

PROF. WOOD—Dear Sir: Your Hair Restorative is proving itself beneficial to me. The front, and also the back part of my head almost lost its covering—was in fact BALD. I have used but 2 half pint bottles of your Restorative, and now the top of my head is well studded with a promising crop of young hair and the front is also receiving its benefit. I have tried other preparations without any benefit whatever. I think from my own personal recommendation, I can induce many others to try it. Yours, respectfully,

D. R. THOMAS, M. D.

No. 464 Vine Street.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of three sizes, viz: large, medium, and small; the small holds ½ a pint, and retails for one dollar per bottle: the medium holds at least twenty per cent more in proportion than the small, retails for two dollars per bottle; the large holds a quart 40 per cent more in proportion, and retails for $3 a bottle.

O. J. WOOD & CO. Proprietors, 444 Broadway, New York, and 114 Market St., St. Louis Mo

And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

SOUTHERN DRUG HOUSE.

SPEARS & HIGHT,

STILL occupy their old stand opposite the Planters' Hotel, No. 316, where they constantly keep on hand one of the Largest Stocks in the Southern Country, comprising every article in the Drug and Fancy Goods Trade. All of which they will sell at New York Prices—Price before you buy. [Jan. 30, 1860, 30-tf

DR. JAMES F. MABRY

WOULD inform the public that he has returned to the village, and will continue the practice of medicine. He may be found at the MARSHALL HOUSE, unless professionally engaged.

March 1, 1860 44 tf.

ONE ANGEL MORE.

Beneath the stone there sleepeth one
Who was our joy, our pride;
A flower that was but lent to us,
That budded, bloomed, and died;
She was too fair and beautiful
For a dark world like this;
She has become an angel now,
Within the realms of bliss.

We know that God has but recalled
The gem that he hath given;
And though the casket moulders here,
The jewel is in Heaven;
And from that land of untold bliss,
Free from all worldly stain,
We would not, if we had the power,
Recall it back again.

FINLEY JOHNSON.

From the Home Circle,

REMINISCENCES OF COKESBURY, S. C. MANUAL-LABOR SCHOOL.

BY A STUDENT OF 1837.

The reader of Dr. Olin's Life finds that he struck into that Southern life which developed him, at Cokesbury. A young man, broken in health, without money or friends, he picked up a newspaper in Augusta, Georgia, and guided by an advertisement, went to a little village in Abbeville District. (I do not remember the name it bore then.) to apply for a place in the school. As he approached, a man in his shirtsleeves was hewing logs. He was one of the trustees—Rev. James E. Glenn. Olin was a skeptic, but soon became religious, and then was licensed to preach. I have been shown the old Church where that brilliant ministerial career began, and even the old oak tree under which, it was said, the awakened sinner wrestled for pardon.

The school grew into a manual-labor institution, and was taken under the patronage of the South Carolina Conference. In honor of Coke and Asbury, it was called Cokesbury. January, 1837, witnessed a great coming in of boys, large and small, at Cokesbury. From the upper and lower districts they came, and a few from over the Georgia line. The manual labor experiment was new, and popular, as it deserved to be. It mixed physical with mental exercise; developed the muscles and the brain. Pity it is that such institutions have gone out of vogue. They had but a short run. Boys don't like to work; and when parents consult them as to where they shall go, be sure that, after a few trials of it, when the frolic of labor is worn off, boys will not choose manual labor schools. Three hours every day of honest sweat and dust kills off dandyism; the keen appetite makes plain food savory; and the alternation of indoor and out, of book and plough, keeps the faculties from stagnating. Especially for Southern boys were manual-labor schools needful. There is a tendency in slave toil to degrade labor in its popular estimation. Even those sensible parents who would raise their sons to industrious habits, and secure for them that blessing, *mens sana in corpore sano*, reluctate to expose them to servile companionship in the field. By the manual-labor schools, the stigma of toil was removed, for the sons of rich and poor met in the same field, and held rows together. But this feature in Cokesbury, South Carolina, and Collinsworth and Covington, Georgia, and Emory, Virginia, has long ago ceased. I speak of those days when we read Cæsar and Virgil in the morning; and in the afternoon, from two to five o'clock, mustered into rank, with axes, rakes, and handspikes, and drove the team a field. Those were good days. I wish that my boys might have such. But I am getting along too fast.

Among the rest, a father from the low country brought up two sons, of twelve and thirteen and a half years old, and small for their age. In the gig, he had one at his side, the hair-trunk strapped on behind the other rode roan Hector, at an easy pace keeping up with his match, Whitefoot, in the shafts. Every stage of that trip, almost every mile of it, do I remember. Rocks, wonderful things to a boy from the sand regions; some as big as your fist others as big as your head.

'Father, what are these? *Are* these the things that make the mountains we see on the maps?'

'That is what I am taking you to Cokesbury for, my son—to learn all about it, and the like of it.'

Higher up the county, the wonders grew. A chesnut tree! The very tree the delicious mellow nuts grew on! Well, the Eldorado must be near.

At Edgefield Court-House, the tavern-keeper showed us a room which the great M'Duffie occupied when reading law called—M'Duffie's room. His name was then, and long after, a household word in South Carolina. How many lectures on the advantage of education, the profit of knowledge, the importance of improving early opportunities, did that small room, and the history of him who had once been an obscure student in it, afford for us two along the way! In all stages and by every art the lesson was plied to rouse ambition, to kindle hope, to inspire courage. See, my son, see what education can do for a boy of genius, a man. Nothing can keep him back. Think what M'Duffie was then, and is now. Improve your minds well, and, though you may have nothing else, an education is more than a fortune. Wealth may be lost *that* stays by you,' etc.

Clay, and more clay, and hardly any white sand! Strange country. No long leaf pine trees. How do the folks kindle fires in these parts! What hills!

A father must not betray any weakness. O no! But—

'My sons, you know your mother will be anxious about you; therefore you must write home very often. Your mother will feel uneasy if she does not get a letter from you every week. So take it turn about, and write.'

Of course *he* felt no particular interest in the weekly bulletins!

'Now you must behave well. Remember to be polite to everybody. If, however rude boys try to run over you and abuse you, don't whine or back out. Fight, even if you get whipped. Stand up to your rights; use no bad words, though. You two little fellows are by yourselves—no kin no acquaintances, and far from home. Stick close together; take up for one another.'

A sad, lone feeling came over the two little fellows as they stood under the hickory tree upon which the bell was swung in those days. Father had turned homeward and Hector's tail was just disappearing in a turn of the road, as he trotted loose after the gig. A stern but loving parent, doubtless he breathed to Heaven, as he left us, that patriarchal prayer: 'The Angel that redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads.' And the lads were blessed—how, I shall tell. One only is now left. The other is not; and he, the father, has passed over too. We stood gazing wistfully the way the gig went, too full to talk. But there is relief—the bell rang to duty.

'Cokesbury had, at the opening of that session, the finest body of young men I ever saw. Let me see how many of them I now can mention as preachers: Zimmerman, Barnes, Whitby, Collier, Mood, M'Carty, Denton, Bass, Kilgore, and Conner One of the Grahams has since become a preacher. At the last South Carolina Conference, the Report of the Education Committee stated that forty-seven of its active members received their early education at that institution. Jacob Nipper was a *quasi* pupil. He also taught the smaller class. Great in prayer. Some of his prayers sound in my heart to this day. Long ago (I read it in my paper-) he went up from a circuit or swamp mission to heaven Mood (sweet spirit) was the only aristocrat in labor hours. Knowing something of gunsmithery, he had his little board shop with forge, anvil, and vice; and there he would hammer and file, in the shade, his three hours, while the rest of us were in the hot sun. How I used to envy his lot!

'Of Denton I can relate a striking coincidence in the beginning and close of his Christian life. But this brings me to the revival, which was the turning point with many of us for time and eternity. The old wooden-legged and wonderful man, James Dannelly, was preacher in charge. Bowman was his colleague. Besides these, Wightman, Spain, Talley occasionally preached in the chapel for us. Some time in February, the pious students, observing and taking advantage of serious impressions in the school, called a prayer-meeting. It was held on Sunday night, after preaching, in one of the largest rooms. How opportune is a good prayer-meeting! It is like shaking the tree when the fruit is ready to fall. It presents to the sinner just what he needs—an opportunity to pass from conviction to action. Such a well timed prayer-meeting was this. It had got well under way before I was aware of it. In a room above, I was writing one of those letters that had been bespoken for my mother. A noise, as of praise and crying Following the sound, I entered a half opened door. What a scene! One of the youngest boys had just professed conversion All round the room others were kneeling. Zimmerman was in his glory, and so the rest. The steward, Gabriel Hodges, (blessings on him if he still lives!) came in among the slain of the Lord, like the good Samaritan, pouring in oil and wine. He could work the boys equally well in a prayer meeting or a cotton-patch. John Tucker, though no preacher, was the greatest of all in my eyes. His prayers took hold on heaven. Gloomy in spirit sometimes, and with a deep, mellow voice he cried out as *de profundis*. In the groves, at dead of night, I have often heard him, where he had retired for secret prayer. Complaint and desire getting the better of his reserve, his solemnities would rise and float far away on the still air. His manly strength of wrestling [illegible] in a peculiar way [illegible] and in [illegible] marked [illegible] with Nipper, his friend. I often overheard him in long talks telling of the doubts he was tempted to. Ambitions and capable, and of a truly noble soul, that instinctively spurned meanness and aspired to greatness, Tucker, by his temperament, was such a one as this:

'I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore.'

Last year I read in the papers that J. Tucker, a Senator in the Georgia Legislature, and a Judge with prospects of higher promotion, committed suicide, leaving an affecting note stating that he was miserable Was it my early friend or not?

Tucker was in the thickest of that prayer-meeting. And M'Carty wept with those who wept, and rejoiced with them that rejoiced. As I entered that door, the scene daguerreotyped itself on my mind for ever—the persons, the position, the employments.

But who is this penitent, the first, agonizing as if all his bones were broken? I was slow in believing my eyes. If, among all our young men, there was one most wicked, I had, in my own mind, set him down as William Denton. His scorn of piety was withering. He was among the few that could play a fiddle—an instrument of devilish associations, according to my previous teaching. That very Sabbath afternoon I heard him ridiculing the scruples of some who would not study ordinary lessons on that day; and he professed to have memorized his Greek grammar with peculiar facility while a class-meeting was going on near him: 'the better day, the better deed,' and so on. The penitent so broken hearted was none other than Denton. The pains of hell got hold upon him. He was poured out like water. His posture was indescribable, for he neither kneeled nor sat, nor lay down, but writhed. And as I stood, behold a miracle of grace! His frame relaxed, his face beamed, he rose straight up, and, looking as into heaven, exclaimed, 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' The tone of voice was suppressed, yet strangely emphatic—choked with emotion. I alone heard it. From that day, his change was apparent to all. Soon he was a class-leader then a preacher. He graduated at Randolph Macon College in 1841, and, full of promise and polished for usefulness, returned to South Carolina. I arrived at the college a few days after he had left it, greatly to my sorrow, for I wanted to see his face again. Mysterious providence! Soon the news came that he was dead. I recollect my feelings eighteen years ago, on reading his last three words. The obituary describing his sickness, and resignation, and hope in death, added that his last words were, 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' This coincidence, was known only to myself So true is Jesus the first and the last, Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of our salvation!

I passed on round the room, not irreverently but wondering, like an older and wiser sinner once did, how these things could be. Grown persons I had seen in the altar at old Binnakes camp ground, but never little boys like myself. Sinners in tears of penitential grief, and new converts in their first joy I had seen there too, but their antecedents were unknown to me; and the contrast between 'out of Christ' and 'in Christ' had never been so sharply presented. Religion I had taken for granted as a matter of course—all of us must be converted some day. But that perniciously vague idea of 'old enough to be converted' was in my way, as in has been in the way of thousands. Who was to be blamed? Not my dear parents: they only believed and talked as other people and the preachers talked and believed about childhood and the Church. As yet, I was not old enough to be converted! No one in particular was to be blamed for this error; only the idea of the age and of the Church had so far get behind, almost out of sight of, the idea Christ. Six or seven years before, one Sunday afternoon, my mother, slowly recovering from sickness, was lying upon her bed, and reading to me out of the biography of a religious lady. My heart was strangely impressed. I felt myself a sinner, and yet on the score of no particularly remembered sins. Tears came, and were wiped away with the curtains behind which I hid my head. I was moved to pray—for what, I could not distinctly say. Near the garden palings was a secret place; so it came to my mind. I started there to pray. The Spirit that moved me to prayer would doubtless have helped me to pray. Arrived at the spot, a man servant was standing close by, and spoke to me. Some talk sprang up, my mind was diverted, and half ashamed of its purpose, and I went with him to feed the stock. The convictions so clear, so pungent, so melting, and leading instinctively in the right direction, passed away. Nor were these my first, (genuine, as I now am convinced) feelings of this kind but they were the most marked, and, stopping occasional compunctions for actual offences, they were the last until the night I found myself [illegible] going [illegible] the Cokesbury prayer-meeting.

J. K.; and that one, mourning apart in such a plaintive tone, was J. L.—a meek and quiet fellow, who never did anybody any harm. They were all about.

I had gone nearly round the room, (it was a large one—so it is impressed on my memory!) interested but not involved; or, as the philosophers would say, I was in a wholly objective state: not at all subjective. Well enough for those engaged; but the thought had not occurred about *my* part or lot in the matter. B. F. C. stood by the wall, in his natural manner, pleasant and smiling. Between us there was a close but unequal intimacy. He was about grown, and brought his Church letter with him on coming to Cokesbury. His father and mine lived in adjoining districts, and were particular friends. Presuming on this and hearing of the good character of the young man, my father, on leaving, had introduced us to him, and asked, B. F. C. to look after us. This he did, and so gentle was he, that I took a loving refuge under his stronger arm. Seeing him in prayer-meeting made it reality. Not more gratified was Eneas, in the land of shades, on coming up with Palinurus. Drawing me to his side, and calling my name—

'Don't you want to be Christian? You ought to pray too.'

I hadn't a word to say. He placed a chair before me, and I kneeled down once on my knees, I began to think, and then to pray. Thank God! I have been praying ever since, and hope to continue till prayer is lost in praise. I have a mind to tell here how I was converted, as that is the most important passage in every one's life; but mine is not a very angular experience, and might not interest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A RECEPTION AT THE AMERICAN CONSULATE.

A Paris correspondent of the Herald gives the following account of a reception given by our consul, to Americans in that city:—'Some five hundred invitations were sent out by the consul, and there were more than four hundred persons present, embracing representatives from nearly every State including distant California Between nine and ten o'clock the throng began to come, and by the latter hour the rooms were crowded with dancers, and it certainly was refreshing, after having seen for so long a time only the *petite* ladies of Paris, to see together such a collection of fine-looking handsome women, and to feel that these were from our country. The honors were done by Mrs. Spencer in elegant style, and nothing was omitted which could tend to increase the comfort and happiness of the guests. Among the distinguished ladies present, and who attracted considerable attention through the entire evening, were Mrs General Winfield Scott, who came in about ten o'clock; leaving upon the arm of Beverly Tucker, Esq. Mrs. Scott has been for some time residing in Paris. American titled nobility was represented by the Countess Dissy, a daughter of General Harney, of our army, who was married in Paris about five years since, and who, with her sister, Miss Harney, added much to the liveliness and interest of the reception. Among such an array of beauty and grace and vivacity and fine dresses, it may appear invidious to select any ladies for particular notice; but there were some who, as there always are on such occasions, attracted greater attention than any others. Among these was Miss Proctor, of Boston, dressed in a robe of simple white, with no jewels but her bright black eyes and needing no other to set off her beauty. Miss Field, of New York, dressed in white, with elaborate trimmings of blue, was thought to be the best dressed, and one of the finest-looking ladies in the room. Miss Thorne of Louisiana dressed in pink, was very *spirituelle* and graceful. The Misses Hutchinson, of New Jersey, sisters. Miss McLean, of Washington, a very beautiful, and highly intelligent lady, drew a crowd of admirers. Miss Allen of Philadelphia, Miss Wolf, Mrs. Douglass, Madame Fanyani, an American lady, wife of an artist of considerable repute; Mesdames Personi, Lesieur and Moore, and Misses Townsend and Brett, were all very much admired. The diplomatic corps was represented by Mr. Calhoun, Charge d'Affaires, and the elegant and amiable Mr. Wilbur, Secretary of Legation. The army by Major Crittenden, Captain J. W. Todd and Lieutenants Huse and Pegram, all of whom appear in uniform, the blue coats and bright buttons proving as irresistible among the ladies as ever.'

It is rather an unpolite habit, though by no means an unconstitutional one, from idle curiosity, or the mere love of talk, to ask people where they are going to do, at a given time. In the first place, if they have positively decided, they not particularly wish to may tell us; and, in the second, people often feel quite difficulty enough in making good their engagements to themselves, without feeling ourselves committed, likewise, in a measure to others.

OUR IDLE BEAUTIES.

An English traveller writes thus of us:—

'I can assure you that, having lived in different castles and manor-houses of Great Britain, and been accustomed to the industrious habits of duchesses and countesses, I was utterly astonished at the *idleness* of American fine ladies! No English women of rank, (with the exception of a few *parvenus*) from the Queen downwards, would remain for one half-hour unemployed, or sit in a rocking-chair, unless seriously ill: they almost all (with hardly an exception) copy the letters of business of their husbands fathers, or brothers; attend minutely to the poor around them, and even take part in their amusement, and sympathise with their sorrows; visit and superintend the schools; work in their own gardens; see to their house concerns; think about their visitors; look over the weekly accounts not only of domestic expenses, but often those of the farm and the estate; manage penny clubs in conjunction with the working-classes, to help themselves and with all these occupations, by early hours, they keep up their acquaintance with the literature and cultivate the accomplishments of music and drawing, and often acquired, besides some knowledge of scientific pursuits. The late Marchioness of Lansdowne was so well acquainted with the cottages in her neighborhood, that she used to visit and look at the corpses of the dead, because she found that her doing so soothed and comforted the bereaved. I have known her shut herself up with a mad woman in her poor dwelling, who used to lock the door, and could not be induced to admit any one else. Lady Lansdowne's only daughter used one hundred guineas (given her by her father-in-law, Lord Suffolk, to buy a bracelet,) to build pigsties, with his permission, at her husband's little country residence. She educated her own children without assistance—teaching the boys Latin, and all the usual branches of education. The late Duchess of Bedford, I accidently discovered when on a visit to Woburn, had, for thirty years of her marriage life, risen at six o'clock, summer and winter, lit her own fire made some tea for the duke and herself and then, as he wrote his own letters of business, she copied them, and they came down to a large party of guests at ten o'clock to dispense breakfast, without saying one word of their matutinary avocations; so that you might have been a visitor in the house without finding out that the duke and duchess had transacted the necessary business of the day—before, perhaps, you had risen! I rather mention those that are gone to their reward, than write of women still amongst us; but you may believe me when I say that I am constantly amongst those who live lives of energy and usefulness but they so employ themselves without ostentation, or an idea that they are doing more than their simple duty.'

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is one great mistake in female education, to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her an acquaintance with the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers, and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance, but the past world is dead, and we have little, comparatively, to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world—to know what it is and to improve its condition. Let her listen to intelligent conversations concerning the mental, moral, political, and religious improvements of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the center table, be kept a part of the time covered with weekly journals. Let the family—men, women, and children—read the newspapers.—[*Exchange.*

I am afraid age always shows itself somewhere; but it is amusing to hear A, whose ebony is abundantly streaked with silver he is compassionating B whose head displays from month an increasing area of baldness, or C, who, multiplying his wrinkles whilst grinning at his own white teeth in the mirror, is recommending a new set, or a few victorious teeth for the curious ones of the smooth, rosy-faced, contemporary; or D who is making bewitching and corruptible love, forsooth, poor C, who is rather deaf, to a tone unnecessarily loud, that C's silver have dwindled away to such a state as to be nearly invisible.

A REAL BLESSING.—A man speaking of a place out west in a letter which he writes home, says that it is a perfect paradise, and that though most all the folks have the fever-n-ager, yet it's a great blessing, for it's the only exercise they take. We never thought of that, before.

So long as men [illegible] in their [illegible] doctors and lawyers will ride in carriages.