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BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1860. VOLUME VIII.---NO. 6.

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AND

COTTON FACTORS,

AUGUSTA, GA.,

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Sept. 8, 1859-19-tf.

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GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

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COTTON, BACON, GRAIN,

And all other produce consigned to him. Personal attention giving 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

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

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By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President

GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. [Jan. 29, 12m

CHARLES COX,

Abbeville, S. C.,

WOULD respectfully inform the public that he has

OPENED A SHOP

FOR THE

Making and Repairing of

CARRIAGES

AND

BUGGIES.

It is opposite (but *not opposed*) to Mr. Taylor's Establishment. He hopes that by doing good work, and making reasonable charges, to receive a share of public patronage.

He has on hand at this time, several

SEVERAL NEW AND NEAT BUGGIES,

ALSO,

Second-Hand Buggies,

which he will sell very low and on the most reasonable terms.

Nov. 4, 1859. 27 tf.

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Published at

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BY WM. HENRY WILSON, Editor & Proprietor

At Two Dollars Per Annum in Advance.

THE *Independent* is strictly speaking a FAMILY NEWSPAPER—Independent in politics—devoted to Domestic and Foreign News, Literature, Science, the Arts, Agriculture, Mechanics and Education, and looks strictly to the Domestice interests of the South in the encouragement of Home Manufactures. In a word, it will advocate the common interests of a Southern People.

April 27, 1860, 52, tf.

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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 atrial and satisfy yourselves. Terms cash.

June 17, 1859.7-12m.

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THIS well known Establishment has been thoroughly re-fitted and improved, and is now permanently opened for the accommodation of the public. Every attention will be given to supply the wants and comfort of Patrons. Rates moderate.

G. T[illegible]SON, Proprietor.

April 6, 1860, 3m

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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 sell at New York Prices.—Price before you buy. [Jan. 20, 1860, 20-tf

E. MUSTIN & SON.

280 South Side Broad Street,

AUGUSTA, GA.

KEEP [illegible] large and well [illegible] Earthen [illegible] Castors, Baskets, Spoons, [illegible] Candle Sticks, &c. [illegible] Cutlery, Wooden [illegible] Mats, Door Mats and a [illegible] furnishing [illegible]

March 29, 1860, 3m.

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.

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CANDIDATES.

For the Legislature.

The friends of W. JAMES LOMAX announce him a candidate for the Legislature at the ensuing election.

For Tax Collecter.

MR. EDITOR.—Please announce W. R. Hilton as a candidate for the office of Tax collector as the ensuing election and oblige.

MANY VOTERS.

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 *numerous friends* of WESLEY A. BLACK Esq., respectfully 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.

For Ordinary.

☞ 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. G. BASKIN respectfully announce him a candidate for the office of Ordinary, at the next election.

The friends of ROBERT JONES respectfully announce him as a candidate for Sheriff at the ensuing election.

NOTICE.

THE OLD ADAGE is when you are doing well to be satisfied. But I have taken up a notion of going West, and now offer my

Land, Mills, &c., for Sale.

I offer my Home Place in Abbeville District, near Greenwood, containing SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES, half cleared and the other half in woods. Very healthy location. Fine improvements—a large comfortable Dwelling, Barns, Stables, Gin House, excellent Negro Cabins, &c. On this Tract is a

Fine Flouring Mill,

With three Sets of RUNNERS—and a CIRCULAR SAW MILL—all driven by steam power. This Mill is in elegant condition, and has been running eight years, clearing from *twenty-five to thirty per cent annually.*

Also, a valuable Tract of Pine Land in Edgefield District, containing ONE THOUSAND AND FIFTY ACRES, and on it is a first rate

Saw Mill, Grist Mill, Shingle Machine.

This Mill has been in operation seven years, paying from *thirty to thirty-three per cent. annually.*

Also, one other Tract of land in Edgefield District, situate on the Martin Town Road and on Horse Pen Creek, containing TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES.

Also, one other Tract of land in Pickens District, containing THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES, finely timbered, and the Blue Ridge Rail Road running through it.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY!

This is an opportunity for persons wishing to invest their money in something that will pay. And such opportunities are rarely offered. Look out all who feel interested or you will certainly lose bargains.

I shall be absent in April and May, but after that time will be at home, and will take pleasure in showing the Lands, Mills, &c., to any one wishing to purchase.

J. Y. L. PARTLOW.

New Market, S. C., Apr. 13 3m

JAMES D. CHALMERS.

ABBEVILLE C. H., S. C.,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

UROPEAN AND AMERICAN

MARBLE,

HAS Just received three hundred new pieces together with the old, making one of the largest Stocks in the State which will be sold as low as can be bought in any other place.

MARBLE SLABS,

6 feet by 3, from $26 to $40

HEAD STONES

from $3 to $25,

MONUMENTS

And Fancy Head Stones always on hand together with a large quantity of designs, which can be made to order at short notice.

All Marble Cutting and Carving neatly done

J. D. CHALMERS.

Jan. 26. 1860 40 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 [illegible]

March 1, 1860 44 tf.

Wanted.

TO HIRE a good house servant capable of doing the washing and ironing for a small family. Liberal wages will be paid. Apply at this office.

Jan. 26, 1860, 39 tf

THE MAID I LOVE.

BY H. I. FLASH, OF MOBILE.

The maid I love has violet eyes,
And rose-leaf lips of red,
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head;
And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every guile,
And crowned kings might envy me
The splendor of her smile.

She walks the earth with such a grace
The lilies turn to look,
And waves rise up to catch a glance,
And stir the quiet brook;
Nor ever will they rest again,
But chatter as they flow,
And babble of her crimson lips,
And of her breast of snow.

And e'en the leaves upon the trees
Are whispering tales of her,
And tattle till they grow so warm
That, in the general stir,
They twist them from the mother branch,
And through the air they fly,
Till, fainting with the love they feel,
They flutter down and die.

And what is stranger still than all,
The wonders of her grace;
Her mind's the only thing to match
The glories of her face.
Oh! she is nature's paragon—
All innocence of art;
And she has promised me her hand,
And given me her heart.

And when the spring again shall flush
Our glorious Southern bowers,
My love will wear a bridal veil,
A wreath of orange flowers;
And so I care not if the sun
Should founder in the sea,
For oh! the star beam of her love
Is light enough for me.

THE WIFE.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to the character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft, tender female, who has been all weakness and dependece, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband, under misfortune and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunder-bolt, cling round it with caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happy hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. 'I can wish no better lot,' said he, with enthusiasm, 'than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, they are there to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you.' and, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly, because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, though abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie had married a beautiful and accomplished girl who had been brought [illegible] life. She had, it is true, [illegible] that of my friend's was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. 'Her, life,' said he, 'shall be like a fairy tale.'

The very difference of their character produced an harmonious [illegible] he was of a romantic and [illegible] was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which [illegible] sprightly powers [illegible] and how in the midst of applause her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm her slender form contrasted finely with his [illegible] manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked [illegible] him seemed [illegible] flush of triumphant pride [illegible] cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burden for its helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; he was not married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony, and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however with the quick eye of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be decived by his sickly and vivid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while thought be, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow, and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom will be weighed down like mine—by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day and related his whole situation in a tone of deep despair. When I heard him through I inquired, 'Does your wife know all this?' At the question he burst into an agony of tears. 'For God's sake!' cried he, 'if you have any pity on me, don't mention may wife it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness.'

'And why not?' said I. 'She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind, and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.'

'Oh! but my friend! to think what a blow I am to give all her future prospects. How am I to strike her very soul to the earth by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of gay society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye the admiration of everyone! How can she bear poverty she has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart.'

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully but positively.

'But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary that she should know it, that you may take the step proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay,' observing a pang to pass across his countenance, 'don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary———." I could live with her,' he cried convulsively, 'in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust. I could—I could—God bless her!' cried he bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

'And believe me, my friend,' said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, 'believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more; it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up and beams [illegible] the dark hours of adversity. [illegible] what the wife of [illegible] is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone [illegible] the fiery trials of this world.'

[illegible] was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose life has been a round of pleasure? Her gay spirit might revolt at the dark onward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without anticipation. He made the disclosure.

'And how did she bear it?'

'Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But poor girl,' added he, 'she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She had no idea of poverty but in the abstract. She has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences or elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial.'

'But,' I said, 'now that you have got over the severest feat, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it in anticipation every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harrasses ruined men—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse, the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.' On this point I found Leslie quite prepared. He had no false pride himself and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered circumstances.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture.—The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the furniture of his late residence had been sold except his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their love; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangements. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as [illegible] was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigue of the day, and as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

'Poor Mary,' at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

'And what of her?' asked I, 'has anything happened her?'

'What,' said he, darting an impatient glance, 'is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?'

'Has she repined over it?'

'Repined! she, has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. I have never known her more so. She has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort.'

'Admirable girl!' exclaimed I. 'You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasure of excellence you possess in that woman.'

'O! but, my friend, [illegible] first meeting at the cottage was over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into an humble dwelling—she has been all day arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked around her on a home destitute of everything elegant—almost of everything convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty.'

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

[illegible] up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, [illegible] of the cottage. It [illegible] for [illegible] had a pleasing rural look. A [illegible] run one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully disposed about the door, and on the grassplot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a foot path that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out of the window and vanished—a light foot-step was heard—and Mary came forth to meet us; she was in a pretty rural dress of white, a few wild flowers were twisted in in her hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

'My dear George,' she said, 'I am so glad you are come. I have been waiting and watching for you, and running down the lane and looking for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I have been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and everything is so sweet and still here. Oh,' said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly into his face, 'Oh, we shall be so happy!'

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms around her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.—*Washington Irving's Sketch Book.*

WELL CONVERSED CHILDREN.—It is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way.

Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of inexperience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please—if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and down precipices that destroy them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts or deadly herbs—can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, or, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds.

If children see that their parents act from principle; that they do not find fault without reason; that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that, while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes, if no allowence is made for youthful spirits, if they are dealt with in a hard and unsympathising manner—the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit will be broken.—*Mothers' Magazine.*

A FAIR RETORT.—At the assize at Nass, many years back, while Mr. Parsons was addressing the court an ass in the street happened to bray so loudly as to interrupt learned gentleman; whereupon the Judge, Lord Norbury, said, 'One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time if you please.' This sally caused much merriment in the court, but did not in the least discompose Mr. Parsons, who pursued the tenor of his discourse as if nothing of the kind had happened. He was not, however, insensible to the merit joke, nor willing to let it go unrewarded and an opportunity was soon afforded, him of giving a 'Roland for an Oliver.' When his lordship was charging the jury, the same ass who seemed fond of the vicinity of the court brayed again, and 'deeper and deeper still.' At this moment the Judge was so entirely taken up with [illegible] in progress, that he quite forgot his own joke, and startled by the sound of *Neddy's* [illegible], he hastily said, 'What's that—what noise is that?' 'It is only the echo of *the court*, my Lord,' said Mr. Parsons gravely. [illegible] justice and excellence of [illegible] were acknowledged by the [illegible] continued peals of laughter [illegible] the court resounded, and in which [illegible] Judge himself could not refrain from joining.

A lad came in great haste into a drug store the other morning, and, [illegible] out of breath, exclaimed:—'Mother [illegible] me down to the hopothecarypop to get a thimble full of pallagollic. Bob's as thick as diokenth not exthespented to live from one end to tother.'

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

Isolated and alone, Japan, with its mineral and fossil wealth, has for centuries resisted all attempts at inter-communication. Immutable as the pront of its giant mounpeak, it defied extrinsic encroachments. Insular in its character, with rock-bound coasts, mountain sides rugged with projecting points, tumultuous seas, and bays choked by shelving rock, it would truly seems 'as if Providence had designed it to be a kind of little world by itself.' The islands of Japan, according to Perry, 3850 in number—lie between the eastern coast of Asia and the western coast of America, and are called by the inhabitants Niphon, and by the Chinese Ciphon, signifying in both languages, the 'Basis or Foundation of the Sun.' Their discovery was claimed by the Portuguese about the year 1542, but the honor, it is conceded, has been award to Marco Polo, anterior to that time. From a striking resemblance in the cast of features and complexion, as well as in dialect which has a strong affinity with the Chinese, the accepted opinion is that the Japanese are sprung from the Tartar race. Their computation of time takes its rise from Min-o or 600 B. C., whence the authentic history of the kingdom commenced.

The Japanese religion is Pagan, and their cities are adorned with costly temples. Mr. Thurnberg says they acknowledge and honor a Supreme Being, and that in one of their temples the infinite power of this 'god of gods' is personated by smaller gods, numbering 33,833, all standing around the great idol that represents God. The Portuguese visited the empire in 1549, accompanied by missionaries, among whom was the celebrated Francis Xavier, with the object of christianizing the inhabitants. To the deceitfulness and rapacity of these hypocritical 'fathers,' who, after having razed three thousand of the idolatrous temples to the ground concocted a most extravagant conspiracy against the Emperor's life and throne, may be attributed that exclusive and anti-commercial policy to which they have so long adhered.

In 1850 Japan refused all knowledge of other countries except, indeed, that commerce accorded to the Dutch, which had, antecedently to the expedition of Com. Perry for the greater part diminished. That the almost insurmountable barrier of prejudice and bigotry, that has hitherto shut out Japan from among the nations of the world, is at length overcome, and that the Imperial head of the country has thus recognized the importance of an intercourse with the United States, is a significant fact in the history of the present country.

'FOR YOUNG WIVES.'

Under this head, Mr. Crowly gives some very sensible advice. We append the following extract:

Consulting a husband's tastes is also the whole secret of the art of 'managing a husband.' A wife who acts upon this principle may be sure of having the same consideration extended to her, unless, indeed, she is married to a brute, or very *mean* man and to such, at present, we have nothing to say. It is easy to see however, that few men could refuse any thing to a wife, who kept their clothes carefully brushed, mended and buttoned; who provided their pet dishes, let them read a four column Congressional speech without interruption, and dresses herself as carefully for *one* pair of eyes, as if she expected to encounter the admiration of a crowd. Most men admire taste and elegance in their wives, though they sometimes grumble a little at the cost; but after all, it is taste and tact that is required more than great outlay, and wives should carefully study to have their dress unite style, fitness and taste, with the expenditure proper to their means. Those who, through carelessness, neglect or imaginary nervous ailments, sink into dowdyism and fretful slovenliness, may expect to see the attention and admiration they consider exlusively their own, transferred to some other quarter nor do they deserve much better fate.

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."—It is said the author of "Sweet Home," J. Howard Payne, whose song has been sung all over the world, was himself a wanderer in life and had a home. He was at one time Consul of Tunis, and was a man of fine conversational powers. A friend of his records that he gave a history of his wanderings, his trials, and the cares incident to his sensitive nature and to poverty. "How often," said he once, "I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or hand organs playing 'Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread." His only wish was to die in a foreign land, and be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity. His wish was realized. He died at Tunis.