

HERE AND THERE.

The road from Oxford to Henderson is so bad that travel is possible, but very difficult. On three days in the week you can go through Raleigh without delay to Fayetteville. At Cary Mr. Page has a good hot supper, and the turning table carries every dish to every plate.

We reach Fayetteville a leud of time and still the stage is gone half an hour. Disconnection prevails like an epidemic. Leaving the children to lie over and go by stage, we try the steamer down the Cape Fear, which is thirty-five feet higher than the usual tide. Instead of being down in a river bed, we ride among the treetops. At Wilmington by bed-time. A good bed at the Manning House, and by day-light the train is gliding through the swamps. Poor Abbottsburg is almost deserted, the lumber trade being very dull. Lumberton is still building new houses, and growing. At Laurinburg we eat a good dinner; but the waiter hands an old shanghai, and calls him "turkey." Quite complimentary! The Matron at the Orphan Asylum calls the children "honey," (just to be polite), though they are very different from that article of luxury. Near Sand Hill the Chatham rail-road unites with the Carolina Central. The grading is done, but the ties and iron are wanting. The site is suitable for a village, and a saw-mill is at hand, so that it can soon be built.

At Monroe, kindly received at Carter's Hotel. Monroe has more preachers and more grog-shops than any small town needs. Still business is very brisk and several large and handsome houses are just completed. But it was pitiful to see so many men staggering and falling in the streets. One was lying on a hog's head. They called him a "Boyle Light," a member of a new denomination, and he was trying to explain his theology. He seemed anxious to link the Bible and the bar-room. The good people of Monroe (and they are many) ought to unite their strength against the sale of so much liquid ruin. They might close a dozen shops and do the town no harm.

The ministers Messrs Brent, Brazington, Hoyle, Wheeler (and some others whom we do not know) are efficient men and we certainly hope that great good may result from their labors. At the Depot a vast amount of cotton is ready for shipment and large sums of money will cheer the people. We hope they will educate their children while they have the means. Mr. Hodges has a prosperous school and several smaller schools are in progress here. Taking up an orphan we "tarry but a night" in Charlotte and ho for the East.

TRAVELER.

This is an age of investigations, and the voice of lamentation is heard from one of the tireless investigators declaring that at the furthest the fuel of America can hold out only seventy years. Woe unto the survivors!

One thing necessary to instruction is a mind and mood ready and willing to receive criticism, humble, teachable, curious, when these are lost education is at an end "the god of bounds has come to his fatal rounds."

KINDERGARTEN.

A long word this for the almost babies here instructed, but many a mother has felt profoundly grateful for the institution. Perhaps the need of the Kindergarten is never felt to any extent in the sparsely settled region where each mother is teacher as well as parent, at least she instructs them up to the ages of 7 or 8 years, but in the city and even well-populated towns, the effects of vicious association tells on the children at a very early age. Many are depraved at the age of seven, and yet they were too young to be shut up in the dull school-room. The Kindergarten divests instruction of all the toil of study. For instance, the wee pupils of ages from two to eight are taken into a bright, well-ventilated room, adorned with pictures and all manner of objects attractive to children, the first step in this novel school is to teach the form of bodies, and the sphere is described by means of the familiar ball. Next comes color and the bright, attractive tints of the rainbow furnish examples, and thus step by step, while seemingly engaged in the pursuit of amusement, they have gained a fund of knowledge, and learned to think, reason, in a way that will prove of incalculable value to them in after years.

WEARING MASKS.

Perhaps the most difficult and and without doubt the most unpleasant lesson to learn, is that people and things are not always what they seem to be. With a vividness that attests personal experience, Dickens has described the three periods of life, the individual is first trusting, then as he finds all are not to be trusted, he doubts and suspect every one, and lastly he sees there is more good than evil in mankind. And it is not intuitive knowledge that discovers when the mask is worn it is by long observation, as to know the counterfeit bill from the genuine. But it is mournful to see the tendency to dissemble, imitation is one phase that it wears, and it is so prevalent that we tremble to think that eventually the counterfeit will altogether supersede the real, and that the genuine article will be found only in the cabinets of the curious. It is deemed a triumph of art to counterfeit the genuine so nearly that the difference is not discernable, and so a fabulous price may be fixed on an article, because of its cunning deception. *O tempora! O mores!*

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE CATERPILLAR.

(Translated from the French.)

A vain butterfly was displaying the rich colors of his wings, and kissing the odorous stamens of the sweet flowers; when the sight of a caterpillar, on a lily the object of his fickle greed, provoked his wrath.

"Fy upon you! what a monster!" said he, recoiling; "what business has such a thing in the midst of flowers? Is there a creature more hideous or disgusting? It ought to be banished from earth!"

"Be not so disdainful," replied the other insect. "In what family, now, do you reckon your ancestors? Remember, vain cock-combs, that you sprang from a caterpillar."

The butterfly was silenced. He looked like a thief, and flew

away, like a simpleton, whose impertinent folly has been exposed: but the moralist, in good time, became a butterfly, and exhibited equal folly.

One who has risen in life is deserving of respect, if he modestly wears his riches or his fame: but for two such examples found, there are seen two hundred braggarts who have forgotten their origin; and in this age of tinsel, gewgaw, and frippery, it is very difficult for one who changes his skin, not to change his nature.

UNCLE AL.

TOBACCO.—(From the French.)

There is a family of poisonous plants, in which we notice Henbane, Thorn-Apple (Jimson-weed) and Tobacco.

Tobacco is, probably, not so poisonous as the Thorn-Apple, but is more so than Henbane, which is a violent poison.

The Tobacco plant is as fine a specimen as you would wish to see; it reaches the height of six feet, and from the midst of its large leaves of a beautiful green, there arise bunches of rose-like flowers of graceful and elegant pattern.

For a long time, Tobacco flourished solitary and unknown in certain parts of America. The savages, to whom we gave brandy, exchanged with us Tobacco, the smoke of which they used as a stimulus, on extraordinary occasions. By this interchange of poisons, friendly relations were established between the two continents.

The first who tried introducing snuff up the nose, were, at first, laughed at, then persecuted.

James I, King of England, wrote against those who used tobacco, a book entitled "Miso-Hapnos," (Hatred of Smoke.) A few years after, Pope Urbain VIII excommunicated persons who used tobacco in church.

The empress Elizabeth thought it her duty to add to the penalty of excommunication against those who, during divine service, snuffed this dark powder up the nose: she authorized the church officials to confiscate to their own profit the tobacco shops. Amurat IV forbade its use, under the penalty of having the nose cut off.

A useful plant could not have survived such strictures. Suppose, before this discovery, some one had made this proposition: "Let us seek some means of introducing into the state coffers a voluntary tax of several millions per annum; let us sell to the people something that everybody uses, that no one can do without.

There is in America a plant which is essentially poisonous; if you express from its leaf an empyreumatic oil, a simple drop of this destroys the life of a dog with frightful convulsions. Let us offer this plant for sale, cut up into small pieces, or ground into a powder; let us sell it very dear; let us direct the people to put the powder up the nose.

Will you force them to it by law?

Not at all; I spoke to you of a voluntary duty. As to that which is cut, we will let them breathe it, to inhale a little of the smoke.

But, will it kill them?

No, it will make them a little pale; they will have sick-stomach, giddiness, sometimes cholera, hemorrhage, occasionally pain in the breast—nothing else. Besides, as you know, it is said: "Habit is a second nature," and it ought to be added, man is like this knife which has passed through five successive changes—thrice

the blade, and twice the handle. Man is no longer what nature made him, he is a bundle of habits. Other people will do, as did Mithridates, King of Pontus, who accustomed himself to take poison (to keep from being poisoned.)

The first time any one smokes tobacco, he will have heart pains, nausea, vertigo, cholera, cold sweats, but these will gradually decrease (in intensity and frequency); and in time he will become accustomed to experience these sensations only occasionally; and only when he smokes bad tobacco, very strong tobacco, or when he is not well, or in five or six other cases.

Those who take snuff, will sneeze, feel a little badly, lose the sense of smell, and establish in their nose a kind of perpetual blister.

Ah, then, that feels very pleasant!

No, on the contrary, it is a very disagreeable feeling. I say, then, that we will sell it, bad as it is; that we will sell it very dear, and reserve to ourselves the monopoly of this article.

To a man who should have used such language, some one would have replied: "My good friend, no one will dispute with you the sale of an article which would have no buyers. He would do better to open a shop, and announce: "Kicks, Sold Here," or, "Blows with a Stiek; Wholesale & Retail;" you would find more customers than for your poisonous herb."

Ah well! It is the second speaker that is at fault. The traffic in tobacco has been a complete success. The kings of France have not interdicted the sale and use of tobacco; they have amputated no noses; they have confiscated no shops. On the contrary they have sold tobacco; have laid a tax on noses; have dedicated the shops to the poets with their portrait above surrounded by diamonds. This petty traffic brings to them more than a hundred million per annum.

UNCLE AL.

THE TURKISH QUESTION.

This question has by the last news assumed a very decided aspect. The Turk will concede nothing more than he has done, and Russia seem to be shut up to fight, unless she can take advantage of the almost unlimited virtue of the word "if." She may say "We threatened war if you did not do so and so, but you have published such a good constitution and made so many concessions, all of which you will doubtless have to carry out faithfully under the watchful supervision of the Great Powers, that we see no present need for armed intervention." It is not likely that Russia wishes to plunge into the bottomless abyss of war, especially at a time when it is so difficult to raise loans. She was almost ruined by the Crimean war, and this one might prove worse.

We know not what importance to attach to the alleged spread of communistic ideas among the Russian people, but a war which would tax the whole national strength would give every encouragement and opportunity for the working classes to assert their importance.

The refusal of the great council the Turkish nation to give up any portion of their national sovereignty and independence was, we think, to be expected. They could do nothing else. Like the Papal power, that of the Sultan is derived, according to his

faith, direct from God, and the Government can no more alter the law of the Church. *Non possumus* is therefore the only practicable answer for either power when pressed to make concessions at variance with their fundamental and professedly unalterable system.

The Pope lost his territory, and the Turk may lose his, his but both must be consistent. Pharaoh of old would concede nothing till ten plagues had fallen on him and his people, and even after all he wished to take back his concessions. Nothing would satisfy him but drowning in the Red Sea. And he was neither the first nor last man whose heart was hardened to his own destruction.

So well is the unalterable law of the Koran known that when the Porte granted immunity for Mohammedans who became Christians itss *huti-humagum* was not obeyed by any of the local authorities. It is a fundamental principle of the Mohammedan system that a believer is immeasurably superior to a giauor, or infidel, and that no such thing as equality can exist between them. But all the concession required by the great Powers went just to established this equality.

The Turks may treat Christians, Jews and other religionists with good faith, or even kindness, and as much fairness as the Koran allows; but to admit them to a share of the government over Mohammedans—Never! Nor even to a share of the command of the army. The Turks may be driven out of Europe, but not out of the Koran, unless they could be converted to a better faith.

It is singular, however, that the Christian subjects of the Porte seem to think their condition better than it would be under the Emperor of Russia.—*New York Witness.*

WELLINGTON LOCKED UP.

Fame is not always agreeable. A famous beauty once took refuge in a store to escape from spectators, and the Duke of Wellington was locked in a church to keep a gaping multitude from intruding on him.

When he was resting at Walmer Castle, he had occasion, as Lord Warden, to attend to some business in the chapel of St. James church, Dover. He sent his groom to notify the clerk to open the chapel, and also to notify Mr. Jenkinson, the lieutenant-governor, of the meeting. The groom attended to the former duty, but neglected the latter; and when the Duke reached the church, a great crowd following out of curiosity, the lieutenant-governor was not there.

The clerk politely offered to go in search of him, but said an absence of an hour or more would be necessary, and meantime the people would fill the chapel. He suggested that the chapel door be locked, and the Duke consenting, he took the key with him, and the Duke was a close prisoner. When the clerk returned with Mr. Jenkinson, in an hour and a half, the Duke remarked jocosely that it was his first experience as a prisoner, and close confinement was no great hardship.—*Youth's Companion.*

From the Philadelphia Press we learn that the Women's Centennial Chorus, whose singing was a special feature at the opening and closing ceremonies of the International Exhibition, has been permanently organized, under the title of the Thomas Choral Society. A series of concerts will be given in Philadelphia by the Society, with Mr. Thomas as leader, and in conjunction with his renowned orchestra.