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Poetry.

I Wish I was Again a Child.

BY W. C. CAMERON.
I wish I was again a child,
To gambol on my native soil,
To roam amid the woody hills,
And climb the lattice rocks so hard,
How swift the winged moments then!
How light of heart when school was o'er,
I shelled the satchel, book, and pen,
The dusky woodlands to explore.
A little dream in rosy youth,
That clouds of care and woe of age
Would dim my sky and wrap the truth,
And men deceive us when they smile,
A golden age, methought, was come,
When truth was read in every eye,
The world was one large happy home,
Where knavery found no lurking place.
I wish I was again a child,
To rove with little playmates fair—
To hear my mother's voice so mild,
When teaching me my childhood prayer,
Al! how sweet it was to roam,
With that pure joy and deep delight,
With fragrant flowers I hastened home,
When Heavens proclaimed the night,
Oh, happy days! to me it seemed
As if a son of purest joy
Lit up my father's face and leamed
Upon his "little laughing boy."
My mother's smile was light and life,
And chased the tear drop from mine eye,
And now, and the world's wide strife,
She's Hope's bright star in my sad sky.
I wish I was a child again—
Al! no! 'tis well that I should feel
The world's dark from as other men—
That time its secrets may reveal.
'Tis right that boyhood's sunny day
Should be the life of our childhood light—
Should be the glow of our old age,
And vanish as the faintest light,
My scattered laurels vaulted heart,
Tell many a tale that loads my breast;
And day by day old friends depart,
To where the weary ones find rest,
'Tis well our dreams of youth should pass
Like airy bubbles on the dust;
Should, like the dew-drops on the grass,
Delight awhile, then all go past.

Miscellaneous.

What Shall the South do?

The chief actor in the affair of Harper's Ferry has expiated his crime upon the gallows. Old Brown has been hanged. What will be the result of this enforcement of the law? Will the effect be salutary upon the minds of the Northern people? Have we any reason to suppose that it will cause them, for one moment only, to pause and reflect upon the course they have persistently followed towards the South and her institutions?

It is useless to disguise the fact, that the entire North and Northwest are hopelessly abolitionised. We want no better evidence than that presented to us by their course in this Harper's Ferry affair. With the exception of a few papers (among them we are proud to notice that sterling Whig journal, the New York Express) that have had the manliness to denounce the act as it deserved, the great majority have either sympathized with the offenders, or maintained an ominous silence.

Let us look calmly at the case: A sovereign State, in the peaceful enjoyment of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution, has been invaded by an armed force, not foreign mercenaries, but citizens of the same Confederacy, and her people's 'old down in the public highways. The question is a natural one—Why is this thing done? Why is murder and rapine committed?—and who are the perpetrators? The answer is found in the fact, that the State whose territory has thus been invaded, is a Southern State in which the institution of slavery exists according to the law and the Gospel, and the actors in the terrible drama were but carrying out the precepts and teachings of our Northern Brethren.—The "irrepressible conflict" between the North and the South then, has already commenced; to this complexion it must come at last. It is useless to talk of the conservatism of the North—Where has there been any evidence of it? Meetings upon meetings have been held for the purpose of expressing sympathy for murderers and traitors; but none, no, not one solitary expression of horror, or disapprobation even, for the crime committed, have we yet seen from any State North of Mason's or Dixon's line. And yet they claim to be our brethren, speak the same language, worship the same God. We yield to none in our veneration for the Union, but it is not the Union, now, as our Fathers bequeathed it to us. Then, the pulse that throbb'd upon the snow-capped mountains of New Hampshire, vibrated along the Gulf and marshes of the Mississippi; then, there was union of feeling, brotherly kindness and affection, and the North and the South, in friendly rivalry, strove together how they could best promote the general welfare. Now, all is changed. Do you ask why?—Watch the proceedings of Congress, and read the publications that are scattered by the North broadcast over the country. Listen to the sentiments

expressed at nearly all their public gatherings. The stereotyped cry, that these things are the work of fanatics only, will no longer answer; but, if it be so, then fanaticism rules the entire North; for what has been the result of the elections held during the past summer? Ask Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, and even the great State of New York—all, all have given in their adherence to the "higher law" principle, and the mandate for "Irrepressible Conflict." Do these things indicate affection, brotherly kindness, Union? There can be no Union without affection—there can be no Union unless this aggressive policy of the North is stopped.

We confess that we look forward with gloomy apprehension towards the future. If Congress fails to apply the remedy, then it behoves the South to act together as one man—ship our produce direct to Europe,—import our own goods,—let the hum of the spinning-wheel be heard in our homes, as in the days of the Revolution,—manufacture our own articles of necessity or luxury, and be dependent upon the North for—nothing. If such a course does not produce a different state of affairs, then set us down as no prophets,—if such a course does not cause the CONSERVATIVES of the North to afford some tangible evidence of their existence, then we must of necessity conclude, that the principle has no lodgment in their minds.

Patriotic Sentiments.

Rev. Dr. F. L. Hawks, of Calvary Church, New York, preached a most eloquent sermon to his charge in that city, on Thanksgiving morning, on American Patriotism. We commend the following extract to the Abolition writers and ranters:

"Are there none who condemn the Constitution of their country—none who, by the exercise of a corruption that scarcely has shame enough to keep itself out of sight, pervert it from its plain declarations and legitimate interpretations? Are there none who have been willing and ready to convert executive powers into judicial, and legislative into executive? And how speak some men now of that Union, of which our fathers, taught by revolutionary experience, thought so much? They had purchased it for their children with their blood; and that blood had flowed from Northern and Southern hearts alike; it made one common pool upon the battle-field; they knew that upon union alone depended a strong, proud, national existence. Do all their sons adhere to this opinion of their fathers; or do they trample on their memories, and despise their wisdom? Let facts answer. What means the angry and insulting language of the press both North and South towards each other? Why do flippant sneers and taunting insinuations, and insidious affectations of candor, and false assertions, and vulgar vituperation, form so much of the editorial staple of certain prints? Is it thought to show skill of fence in intellectual gladiatorialship? Whether it be quite as clever writing as its authors suppose may perhaps admit of doubt; but grant that it is, the sober American who has no personal vanity of authorship involved, may well ask whether it is either patriotic or wise thus to furnish fuel to the flame of mutual exasperation already burning, alas! too brightly; or to sacrifice the interests and happiness of our country to the gratification of some author's wish to attain celebrity as the writer of insulting sneers and trenchant irony. Our country is surely worth more to us than the gratification of the personal vanity of any man, and while it is cheerfully conceded that the press should be free, and may often furnish information to the public mind, yet it would be hard to show any lawful power it possesses to assume over it dictation or control. The mode of saying may be often more offensive than that which is said; and there is a mode which does not conduce to Union, because its tendency is to destroy fraternal feeling. If any American citizen wishes to be without a country that can command the respect of the civilized world, let him contribute his aid to dissolve the Union of these United States. In the fulfillment of his unpatriotic purpose he will find his punishment, for he will have ruined himself. He will be crushed and bruised under the edifice he has assisted to undermine. Our country is exempted (at least for the present) from the intestine convulsion of revolution—how long it may be before opposing hosts may be marshaled on the field of carnage depends under God, on the calmness, the courage, the prudence and the patriotism of the wise, the thoughtful and the good men of all parties of the Union, who love their country better than they do any party, who have the sense to appreciate its value to the world and to themselves.

Give a wise man health, and he will give himself everything else.

A Ghost Story.

We were returning from our spring meeting of Presbytery—one gentleman and two young ladies—in a "rock-away," and the roads none of the best. Night, cold and damp, overtook us eight miles from home, but only a short distance from Judge Blank's. Knowing that we should find outside the Judge's door the latch-string, and inside a warm welcome, a warm fire, and a warm supper, besides beds which we could warm for ourselves—we unhesitatingly consigned ourselves to his hospitality. Supper being over, and our persons disposed according to our several tastes, in a semi-circle before an old-fashioned blazing fire, we were just in the mood to enjoy the entertainment of our host's conversational gifts. Among other things he narrated the following unique tale, which we unanimously agreed to put in print:

Said the Judge substantially as follows: "Years ago we had in our house a sweet little child about four years old, the object of course, of a very tender affection. But sickness laid his hand upon it. Remedies, promptly resorted to, all proved in vain. A day after day the roses faded from the cheek, and the fire in the eyes burned low; and at length death closed those eyes, and sealed the lips forever; and we learned, by trying experience, how intense a darkness follows the quenching of one of these little lights of life.

"The time rolling sadly on, brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the ordinary sure custody of the grave. The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken, and the little form securely shut beneath the well-screwed coffin-lid, and in due time the grave received its trust. We looked on and saw the earth thrown in the mound raised above, and the plates of soil neatly adjusted into a green, sheltering roof, and then wended our way back to our desolated home. Evening came on and wore away.—My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions to a servant, and I, unfitted by the scenes of the day for aught else, had just laid my head upon my pillow, in our room upon the lower floor of the house, when I heard a shriek, and in a moment more my wife came flying into the room, and springing upon the bed behind me, exclaimed:

"See there! our child! our child!"

Raising my head, my blood froze within me, and the hair upon my head stood up as I saw the little thing in grave clothes, with open, but manifestly sightless eyes, and pale as when we gave it the last kiss, walking slowly toward us! Had I been alone—had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man, I should have leaped from the window and bed without casting a look behind. But not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, sat down in a chair, and took the little creature between my knees—a cold sweat covering my body—and gazed with feelings unutterable upon the object before me. The eyes were open in a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless, cold, and clammy; nor did the child seem to have the power either of speech or hearing, as it made no attempt to answer any of our questions. The horror of our minds was the more intense as we had watched our child through its sickness and death, and had been but a few hours before eye-witnesses of its interment.

"While gazing upon it, and asking in my thoughts, 'What can this extraordinary providence mean? For what can it be sent?' the servant girl having crept to the door, after a time suggested, 'It looks like Mr. —'s child.' Now, our next neighbor had a child of nearly the same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our house at that hour, and in such plight? Still the suggestion had operated as a powerful sedative upon our excited feelings, and rendered us more capable of calm reflection. And after a time, we discovered in truth that the grave clothes were night clothes, and the corpse a somnambulist! And it became manifest that it was the excitement attending the loss and burial of its playmate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, to which we were indebted for this untimely and most startling visit.

"Wiping away the perspiration, and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to countermand the little intruder back to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keeping at my side, though still asleep. It had walked quite a distance across the damp grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence.—The door creaked as I pushed it open, and wakened the child, who looked wildly around a moment, and then popped into bed.

"Now, had it not been for my wife, as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window, and after a flight of uncommon-velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take oath in any court, either in christendom or heathendom, that I had seen a ghost."

Few pity us for our misfortunes.

Chinese Government.

Descending no lower in the scale of division than the District, which is somewhat like an English county, we find in China an average of eighty Districts constituting a Province. As there are eighteen provinces, there are in China about 1440 cities answering to the county towns of England, except in regard to their population, which mounts up from 500,000 to 3,000,000 of inhabitants. These cities are walled, and supposed capable of standing a siege. Each has a high dignitary, a civil mandarin, who is judge, director of police, receiver of taxes, and, in short, general administrator, aided by one or several subordinate officers, and especially by educational functionaries, who assist in the primary examinations for public office. These are all commissioned by the central government, taking rank accordingly, and separated from the lower agents required in a concentrated population. These Districts are grouped, according to convenience, into Departments,—two or three in one place, fifteen or eighteen in another,—the average being six Districts to a Department. A Prefect or Department Judge presides, and the district city in which he lives is elevated to the rank of a departmental city. This judge receives appeals from the District courts below; and his judgments, again, may be appealed against in the Circuit courts, where an Intendant reviews the proceedings of a small group of Departments, but is more fully occupied in general administration. Here begins, *ex officio*, authority over the military, an authority given to meet cases of local risings. The Intendant may reside in any of the cities of his circuit, but usually prefers one of the departmental cities. Hence there is a long step to the next rank: for the next highest functionary corresponds directly with the Emperor, and reports to the Cabinet. The number of great men thus honoured is eighteen at one time, the Governors, or Governor-Generals of the eighteen provinces of the empire. Their power over all officials below them is great, from their access to the sovereign; and each is Commander-in-chief as well as civil ruler in his province. A limited power of life and death resides in him. Three officers of high rank enjoy, under him, an authority, limited only by the provincial boundary, but purely sectional,—one undertaking finance, another criminal justice, and the third educational examination. Each province has its army, as well as its complete system of civil government, and educational institutions. It has also a certain number of unattached officials of proved quality, who are always ready for exceptional or unexpected service in any part of the empire. The army of the province (containing a territory and population answering to that of Great Britain) averages about 35,000 men, the calm, level, contented interior provinces having much less, and the mountainous seaboard provinces, inhabited by a more turbulent population, requiring at times nearly 70,000. The governor of a territory like Great Britain, with several towns, rising from the extent of Birmingham to that of London, is a great man—very like a considerable sovereign, except that he works hard. His levee at sunrise is a scene of various business; and the amount of correspondence to be despatched afterwards is immense.

From his particular London, we next step to metropolitan Peking, where there is a concentration of public officials, like those of a European capital. The Inner Council is the oldest ruling body in the empire, and may at one time have held everything in its own hands. At present there is a more limited and confidential council,—the Strategical Office—which despatches a good deal of the Emperor's business. Finally, there is the Emperor himself—the law-giver, the judge, the magistrate, the universal functionary, who is to the empire at large what the Governor-general is to the province, the Prefect to the department, and the District Magistrate to the District.—He is aided by a peculiar body, the Censorate, who are called the Eyes and Ears of the Emperor, who report the proceedings of all the officials appointed from Peking. The check upon them is that they are put in the places of those they inform against, and told to succeed at their peril. The Emperor's tenure is somewhat like theirs,—"despot" as he is called by superficial observers. He must succeed at his peril. If disorder and unhappiness encroach, and corruption spreads, the nation concludes that their ruler is out of harmony with the universe, or that there has been a mistake about his commission, or that the commission has expired. In the absence of a parliament, and without a dream of revolution, they depose him and try another.

Such is the order of affairs in an empire whose duration has become the proverb of the human race. Its distinctive principle is the application of moral instead of physical force; and its distinctive institution is the competitive examination, through which alone office is attainable, and by which the greatest amount of ability is, in theory, secured for the public service.

It has been observed above that the

principle of selecting the wisest of the community for the public service has been more or less applied in China during the whole course of its history. The method of bringing ability to the surface, and establishing it in office by common consent, was founded under the Tang dynasty, which reigned from A. D. 618 for three centuries; the institution continues at this day, though the present dynasty has grievously corrupted the public service by the sale of offices. The primary examinations of the young men who desire to prove their quality, either for public office or private life, take place in the district cities, whence a specified number from each district are sent distinguished by the title of Bachelor, to the provincial capital, to go through the rest of the probation.

From the Fayetteville North Carolina.

MR. EDITOR:—The suggestion in your paper a few days since in regard to direct importation by the South, is, and will continue to be, the subject of interest for every Southern merchant and slaveholder. The withdrawal of patronage from the North seems to be the great desideratum of our people. It is certainly the only effectual and sure plan of bringing Northern fanaticism to a proper sense of our rights, and their dependence on us for their past and present prosperity and affluence. The Southern Atlantic States are well adapted, by geographical position and natural advantages, to the establishment of an importation trade, amply sufficient for all our wants, and our facilities for manufacturing most of the articles brought from the North are getting better and more apparent every day. They will not benefit our own citizens by encouraging and patronizing home manufacturers of all kinds? In so doing, in a few years we may be entirely independent of the "woolen nutmeg" establishments of Connecticut and Massachusetts. We shall never become a great commercial people until we learn to rely more upon our own resources; for we possess all the material, and sufficient capital, if properly applied, to render us entirely independent of any other country or State in the world. All that seems to be necessary is enterprise and perseverance, and if the merchants of Wilmington, Charleston, and other seaports, will unite, it can be easily accomplished. I see Richmond has called a meeting for the same purpose, and no doubt the Old Dominion will adopt some plan to free herself from all dependence whatever on their aggressive foes. Let other States follow the example, and trade at home or not at all; they will certainly save money by the operation, in the items of interest, exchange, insurance, and travel expenses to and from the Northern cities.

We have made the cities of the North; let us pull them down by discontinuing our patronage, and our visits amongst them. If the movement, which will no doubt be very general in the South, is consummated, we may expect to see our own seaports built up and flourish into large and commercial cities in a few years.

Concert of action and a determination to trade no longer with men who have no respect for law or the Constitution of the country, and who are so foolish and short-sighted as to work in direct opposition to their own interest, is the only thing that seems to be necessary. Let all who have an interest in the matter give aid and encouragement to those who take the first step, and by the by, it will gain a strength and power too formidable for any opposition that can be brought against it. More anon. SOUTHERN RIGHTS.

The Peculiar Institution.

Many of the Northern members of the Episcopal Convention, whilst in Richmond, wanted to see "The Elephant," and they saw it. Many of them visited the slave auction; among others the editor of the *Church Record*, (Chicago). As his testimony is disinterested, we publish what he says:

"Without entering at all upon the question of slavery, we wish to say that after a fortnight spent among the masters and slaves of Virginia, and seeing the latter under all circumstances, and in every condition—in the house and in the field—in the city and in the country—we give it as our unqualified opinion that nine-tenths of the slaves in the Old Dominion are infinitely happier and subjected to fewer privations than their free brethren in the North—that except in rare, very rare instances, they are from motives of interest, if from no other, treated kindly by their owners or employers. In regard to the slave auctions, which occur daily in Richmond—the largest slave mart in the world, the number changing hands annually varying from twelve to fifteen thousand—we are able to say that slaves, in many instances, from their love of change and desire to travel, look forward with pleasure to being sold and going South, and that mothers are not, as has been represented, often separated from young children, nor are husband and wife separated except in rare instances, such as the forced sale of person's property who has failed, by order of the creditor's, very often Northern men, who order them to be sold in the manner in which they will realize the largest amount."

Our friend went to the tobacco factories also, and he says:

"In all the manufacturing establishments we have visited, either in England, Scotland, France or the Northern States, we have never seen operatives looking so happy and comfortable as the slaves engaged in pressing tobacco in the Richmond factories.—They are generally found singing or with a broad grin on their faces. Each has a certain task allotted to him for the day, which they often finish by three or four o'clock in the afternoon. If they choose to work afterwards, they can do so, being paid for it. A great many in this way make from one to three dollars per week.

"We hope the day may soon come, when the laboring population of the world may be as well off *both for this world and the next*, as the slaves of the South."

Letter from the Hon. Duncan K. M. Raeburn.

The following letter from this distinguished gentleman, addressed to the Captain of the Newbern Light Infantry, contains many wise suggestions, and is well worthy of an attentive perusal:

NEWBERN, Nov. 20th, 1859.

CAPT. JORDAN:—Dear Sir,—I desire to be enrolled as a member of the "Newbern Light Infantry Company." No man can be called an alarmist, nor can his devotion to the Union be questioned, who in this moment of peril, proclaims that a crisis of no ordinary magnitude is at hand. Our enemies of the North, concentrated here, fore into a formidable political party, have increased in numbers in proportion as their intense hostility to our "institution" has strengthened, until the conservative element in their midst is either swallowed up or reduced to passive submission, and now they have unmasked their purpose and disclose themselves as armed foes, existing to conflict, revolution and overthrow. Their emissaries, under various disguises, are penetrating among us, and are being daily detected in endeavoring to sow discord and to stimulate insurrection. Their instruments have already perpetrated treason and murder, and committed an act of war upon a sister State identified with us in institutions, in sympathy and interest. The instigators, composed of the political leaders, preachers, press, and it is to be feared of a large majority of the popular mass at the North, openly applaud the criminals and the crime. Well founded information of the existence of armed societies to intercept the acts of justice and to wreak vengeance are daily reaching us. It is high time to put ourselves in a state of preparation—calmly, quietly, with dignity; but with promptitude and determination. Our volunteer companies constitute the nucleus for organizing a disciplined and effective force; they should be enlarged—thoroughly organized—armed, equipped and drilled. Young men of all professions of business should enter the ranks as privates without aspirations to command and as a service to the cause of patriotism.

The State and Federal Governments should be stimulated to supply arms and ammunition, and individual liberality should come in aid of this object by contributions for the purchase of the latest improvements in arms and material of war.

Students at our schools and colleges should form themselves into military companies and study tactics, that the educated young men may be capable of rendering service when the State shall be obliged to call for them. Our militia should be fostered and trained, for in the citizen masses are to be found the strong arm and the stern valour to bring victory in the fight. It is a truth that should awaken immediate reflection—that not a thousand well disciplined soldiers properly officered could be mustered into service if an issue were precipitated upon us. We have hardly the material of the latest and best class of weapons to equip a regiment. Indeed I question if the State of North Carolina could this day furnish an artillery company one hundred strong with the "rifle cannon." Had Sandhills not been awakened about four years ago by the threatening aspect of affairs to obtain contributions for strengthening her fortifications of Alexandria and others, the Austrians would have been in possession of her capitol before her allies could have come to the rescue. Affairs with us wear a more alarming appearance and we should heed the warning.

Steps should be taken throughout the country to put a watch upon suspicious strangers, and the Legislature may well enquire into the propriety of allowing negro testimony against negro inciters, to facilitate their conviction—and punishment should fall with a sure hand upon the guilty; for mercy to such offenders is aid to the defence.

We have no enemies to fear at home; all of us are united, and our slaves happy under a kind treatment, without material wants, and possessed of comfortable homes; are wise enough to know who are their true friends, and will be found faithful to their masters and protectors.

Well prepared, we can afford to and will remain upon the defensive, and if

the impending evil should be forced upon us, God will defend the right.

Under these feelings I ask admission to your corps; and I would exhort whom my voice might reach with influence to unite in putting our State into a prepared condition.

I am very respectfully yours,
D. K. McRAE.

P. S.—You are at liberty to use this letter in such a manner as best to promote its object.
Yours, &c., D. K. McR.

Test of Abolitionism.

The Charleston Mercury says, all is not gold that shines, and the loudest-mouthed philanthropists and reformers sometimes even in when put to a severe practical test like the following:

"I had a brother-in-law," said Moses Perkins, "who was one of the ravenest, maddest, reddest, hottest abolitionists you ever saw. I liked the peppy writer well enough, and should have been glad to see him cum to spend a day, fetchin' my sister to see me and my wife, if he hadn't lowed his tongue to run on 'bout niggers and slavery, and the equality of races, and the duty of overthrowing the Constitution of the United States, and a lot of other things, some of which made me mad, and the best part of 'em right sick. I puzzled my brains a good deal to think how I could make him shut up his noisy head 'bout abolitionism.

"Wall, one time, when brother-in-law come over to stay, an idea struck me. I hired a nigger to help me at hay-time. He was the biggest, strongest, greatest nigger you ever seed. Black he was blacker than a stack of black hats, and just as shiny as a new beaver hat. I spoke to him.

"'Jake,' says I, 'when you hear the breakfast-bell ring, don't you say a word, but come right into the parlor and sit right down among the folks and eat your breakfast.' The nigger's eyes stuck out of his head about a foot!

"'You're jokin', massa,' says he.

"'Jokin',' sez I, 'I'm sober as a deacon.'

"'But,' sez he, 'I shan't have time to wash myself and change my shirt.'

"'So much the better,' sez I.

"'Wall, breakfast come, and so did Jake, and he set down 'long side my brother-in-law. He staid, but he didn't say a word. There wasn't no mistake about it. Shut your eyes and you'd know it—for he was loud, I tell you. There was a fast rate chance to talk abolitionism, but brother-in-law never opened his head.

"'Jake,' sez I, 'you be on hand at dinner-time' and he was. He had been working in the meadow all the forenoon—it was as hot as hickory and bilin' pitch—and—but I leave the rest to your imagination.

"'Wall, in the afternoon brother-in-law come up to me, madder than a short-tailed bull in hornet time.

"'Mose,' said he, 'I want to speak to you.'

"'Sing it out,' sez I.

"'I have but a few words to say,' sez he, 'but if that 'ere confounded nigger comes to the table again while I'm stoppin' here, I'll clapp' out!'

"'Jake ate his supper that night in the kitchen, but from that day to this I never heard my brother-in-law open his head about abolitionism. When the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, I thought he'd let out some but he didn't, for he know'd that Jake was still working on the farm.'

Experience with a New Set of Teeth.

We have been very much amused in listening to an acquaintance of ours when describing his experience with a new set of teeth. He remarked:

"I have had all my teeth pulled out, for to tell the truth I think they have been a curse to me always rather than a blessing. Now, in their place I have had false ones put in, and I must tell you my experience with my new masticators. I felt, when the set was first put in, as though I had a couple of wheelbarrows full of paving-stones laying around loose in my mouth, and it seemed as if they were going to be spilled out at every motion. The first day I waited till every one had done their dinner, not daring to make an exhibition of my teeth, and run the risk of their dropping on the table.—Well, I chewed a little and stopped, chewed again and stopped, and finally went to my room and laid the darned things on the back part of an upper shelf, thinking they were no go. The next day I tried them again, but with little better success, and after this I would carry them in my pocket, occasionally trying the things on, and every time experiencing some new emotion. One day they would feel as much like a great horse shoe, with nails in, as anything else; and again I could be certain that I had a great circular wheel stowed under my lips. Some of my experience was very comical. They served me so many times, and I was rather getting tired of my bargain, but by perseverance, have become used to their ways, and now they cannot get away from me, as I know just how to manage them, and how to life on them, and bless from the bottom of my heart, the inventor of false teeth.—*Scientific American.*

A daughter of Schiller is still living.