

Southern Presbyterian Review.

This able review, after a temporary suspension, occasioned by the sickness of one of the editors and the removal of another, has again made its appearance. There is no work of the kind which more richly deserves a generous patronage. It reflects the genius of the large and intelligent body of Presbyterian clergymen; but while it is especially the exponent of their creed and faith, it comprehends much that will delight and instruct the general reader. Wherever this Review and the *Southern Quarterly* are read, intelligence will be diffused, and orthodox pro-slavery opinions cherished. On the other hand, the weak support which these Reviews meet, are the strongest possible evidence of the empire and superficiality of Southern education and Southern knowledge. The fact must strike every observer, that here is the true secret of the failure of Southern periodicals. Though to be regretted, it is not to be disguised, that the circle of intelligent readers at the South is too small to sustain works of ability in any other than a languid condition. It is not from illiberal or penurious motives, that such is the case, for they willingly support the illustrated nonsense, and nonsensical illustrations of the Northern Press. No other cause will account for it, than the one already given, the want of intelligent, well-educated readers. We do not mean to say that this is peculiar to the South, for it is evidently the case at the North. Soft nonsense, tales of horror, obscene incidents and trials, are the baits held out to tempt Northern readers, and there is no evidence that in proportion to their white population, they have more intelligent readers than we have. But there is strong evidence that as a people, we are superficial readers and superficial thinkers. The only difference between the two sections, is that the Northern mind is in a morbid state, and craves the stimulus of heinous and lawless literature, while the apathy of the South is contented with the inanity of Harper, Graham or Peterson. But where lies the fault—in ourselves or in our stars? We will venture the opinion that it lies at the doors of our institutions of learning. Else what becomes of the quota of graduates, sent out yearly from the different Colleges, or imitations of Colleges, which are scattered over the whole country? If they are educated, why are they not readers and thinkers? And if they are readers and thinkers, why do they shrink from the perusal of such able and logical periodicals as the *Southern Quarterly* and the one which stands at the head of this article? The fact is, they are not educated in any true sense of the word. They are not trained to think, to pursue truth, earnestly, to love wisdom, and to make it their ambition and their glory, to exalt and build up the literature of their country, and win an honorable name among those whom the world will not willingly let die. Every day do the newspapers of the country appeal to the pride, the patriotism and the intelligence of the country, to rally to the support of her aid but languishing periodicals. If that appeal is vain, let not their ghosts shake their long fingers at them—they cannot say they did it. There are graduates enough in South Carolina, if they deserved the names to support, at least, two able Reviews. That they do not, and will not do it, is the strongest satire on our Colleges and Universities.

Look at the contents of the April number of the *Presbyterian Review*, and say, if the subjects and authors are not worthy the attention of every scholar in the land!

Constitution of the Presbyterian Church, by Rev. Samuel R. Baird; *Christian Mission and African Colonization*, by Rev. J. B. Alder, D. D.; *The Martyr of Scotland and Sir Walter Scott*, by Jno. H. Brown; *Testimony of the Ancient Jews in the Trinity*, by Rev. Thomas Smyth, D. D.; *Historical Sketch of Systems of Theology*, by Enoch Pond, D. D.; *Idolatry*, by Wm. A. Scott, D. D.; *Wigfall's Sermon on Dwellings*, by Rev. J. B. Alder, D. D.; *Critical Notes*, etc.—*Yorckville Enquirer*.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.

ALBANY, May 22.

The Democrats have a majority in all the counties of Virginia except eight.

NEW ORLEANS MARKET.

NEW ORLEANS, May 22.

Sales of cotton yesterday 1,000 bales, at unchanged rates; receipts 900.

It is confidently asserted that Walker will return to Nicaragua in sixty days, with plenty of men and money.

Bayard Taylor with the Finnish Girls.—Bayard Taylor has some novel adventures in his Northern European tour, and meets with strange customs and curiosities. In his last letter he tells us about stopping a couple of nights with a very friendly old Finnish lady, where he got a bed with sheets. The first night the mother and her sons were so amazed to see him undress before retiring, that they were curiosity bound, and did not leave their stand-point in the room until he was singly covered up. The revelation of what they had seen, to other members of the family, produced a most wonderful audience the second night. On this occasion he writes:

"Three buxom daughters of age ranging from sixteen to twenty-two, appeared about the time for retiring, and stationed themselves in a row near the door, where they watched us with silent curiosity. As we had shown no hesitation in the first case, we determined to be equally courageous now, and commenced removing our garments with deliberation, allowing them to fully inspect them. The work thus proceeded in mutual silence until we were nearly ready for repose, when by pulling off a stocking and displaying the muscular calf, suddenly alarmed the youngest, who darted to the door and rushed out. The second caught the panic and followed, and the third and oldest was obliged to do likewise, though with evident reluctance. The perfect

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

VOL. XIV.

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 9, 1857.

NUMBER 2.

composure of the girls, and the steadiness with which they watched us, showed that they were quite unconscious of having committed any impropriety."

THOMAS versus THOMAS.

We have often heard the old saying, "that young folks think old folks fools, but old folks know that young folks are fools." And we have been forcibly reminded of it lately, in cogitating and reminiscing over the remarkable fact, that Thomas Settle, Jr., is now and has been for months aiding and abetting Mr. Seales, in attempting to show that Thomas Settle, Sr., acted very foolishly, when he voted for the Missouri Compromise. How often has Thomas, Jr., seen the eye of the old gentleman kindly with animation, and his whole countenance lit up with enthusiasm, when surrounded by his friends, both in public, and around the social board; he hath in his mellancholic, described the exciting scenes of 1820, when the Missouri Compromise was passed, and how he stood shoulder to shoulder with Henry Clay, and the other distinguished men of that day, in carrying through this great measure, and in achieving such a glorious victory for the south. Al Thomas, Jr., have you not on divers occasions sat, delighted and enraptured, with admiration, as you listened to the sage, Sen., thus, like an old soldier, shouldering his baton, and in imagination, fighting his battles over? Al Thomas, how can you, (think before you answer), how can you then, Thomas, Jr., thus rudely, rashly, unthoughtfully and inconsiderately tear from the brow of your aged father, the laurel which he prized so highly, and which he has nourished with so much care, and of which he has boasted for so many years. It is said old Kolobowam, that he forsook the counsel of the old men, which they had given him, and consulted with the young men which had grown up with him, and which stood before him. And we much fear, Thomas Jr., that Kolobowam like, you have rashly forsaken the counsels of the old men, which they had given you, and that you have consulted with the young men Seales, and the young men of the Southern, and other aspiring youths of the 6th district, and with young Hill of Caswell, Robert Dack of Guilford, and others, "blossoms which have grown up with you." Kolobowam lost a large portion of his kingdom, from consulting with the boys; and beware Thomas Jr., lest from the very same cause, it will not be long before we, too, hear the cry—"Te your tents, O Israel!" What portion have we in the Union? Now, Solomon, Kolobowam's father was considered a very wise man in his day and generation, yet he certainly had a very rash and inconsiderate son, and as in Solomon's time, so we find it even now; the sons of the wise and prudent, are often guilty of very great follies. So in conclusion, Thomas Jr., we would say unto you, beware of the young men Seales, and heed not the counsel of the Southern boys. This thing of a son rejecting the counsels of his father, has been failed to be attended with some disastrous consequences. Neither talents or beauty will screen the offender, for we read—"Than in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Abimelech for his beauty," and of him it could be truly said that he was a nice young man.

His hands were white,
His joints were tight,
His hair was the colour of tan,
And when he rode out to ride,
The gals all cried,
O! what a nice young man.

Greenboro' Pat and Fly.

A Name of Terror.

The *Piccolo Corriere d'Italia*, of Turin, quotes a letter from Sicily relating the following story:—"A few days ago, an unknown gentleman called upon a certain parish priest, and requested him to prepare a more sumptuous funeral service for a certainty. The whole church was to be hung with black drapery, the catafalque was to be adorned with flowers, and the number of tapers to be lighted was quite astonishing. The priest ventured to observe that for such a service the outlay would be considerable, to which the stranger replied by taking out his pocket-book and depositing a sum of 400 ducats (1250 francs) on the table, begging he would spend the whole of that sum, and get as many masses read on the occasion as possible. As for funeral inscription to be placed on the catafalque, he would bring it himself on the day before the ceremony. The preparations were made, the inscription was brought and fixed in the place assigned for it, and an immense congregation assembled on the morning in question to hear the good music which was to be performed. The tapers were at length lighted and the ceremony began, when, to the astonishment of all present, the letters of the inscription became pale, and gradually disappeared, while others became apparent, and the multitude saw with fear and trembling the name of Agostino Assalino, the man who attempted the assassination of the King some months ago, in characters which became blacker and blacker as the heat of the tapers increased. The people ran away, and on the following day the police caused all the priests who had assembled there to be arrested."

ONLY A PRINTER;
OR
A TALE OF VIRGINIA ARISTOCRACY.

An incident related by Gov. Floyd at the "White House."

Had I a tale to recount of the olden time, laying the scene thereof in England, France, Spain, or any of the old countries, to us associated with so much romance and gorgeous grandeur, in which there would be a plentiful sprinkling of lords and ladies, priests and nuns, magnificent palaces, haunted castles and gloomy monasteries, it would be far more acceptable to the great masses than if the scene was laid here in this land of plodding Yankees, railroads, manufactories, and cotton speculations; nevertheless, I will endeavor to spin a yarn which, by the way, is not altogether a yarn, but facts and unvarnished truths.

I had the pleasure of spending a few days recently, continued Governor F., with a distinguished friend of mine in Richmond, and while there heard the following conversation between the wife and daughter of my host:

"Lizzie, what impertinence!" exclaimed Lizzie K., as she scanned a beautiful colored note handed by a servant.

"What occasions your surprise, my dear?" inquired her mother.

"Rather say indignation, mother, at being asked, and even urged to take tea this evening at Mrs. Downer's, the tanner's wife."

"And why should you not, my dear?"

"Think you it would be proper mother, for me, the daughter of Judge K., one of the wealthiest and most distinguished men of the city, to associate with such low bred mechanics?"

"Indeed, my daughter, if they are mechanics, they are people well to do in the world, respectable, pious, agreeable, and every way worthy of your acquaintance."

"Really, mother," continued the young lady, as she tossed her pretty head, "I'm disposed to think differently, and so far from encouraging, I prefer always being removed as far as possible from the laboring classes. Besides, how is it expected that I should enjoy myself in converse with such people, whose only talk would be about the stocks, the market, and their own private concerns? Quite an intellectual *let-a-tale* would it be, mother dear."

"Oh, fie, Lizzie, fie! But I am to blame for this. I've shown you too much indulgence; you are spoiled; so I must even now set about repairing my garden, and pluck out weeds and tares ere it be too late."

"Come sit down beside me, Lizzie, and I will give you your first lesson of worldly experience by relating to you a story, which I trust will lower your pride, and make you a better woman. A woman with no pride, my daughter, is but a drooping, easy creature, but one with too much is haughty, niggardly, and selfish; both the extremes contemptible and mean. Be then neither too fashionably dressed nor too loosely, to be looked upon as too worldly. A more butterfly in the world of fashion and pleasure, making but small pretension to religion, is a character bad enough, but worse to my mind is the fiery zealot, on the other hand, who has so many rigid virtues; who is continually railing against the world, displeased at anything like social and rational enjoyment, and shocked at the least merriment, dancing, playing, or any amusement that the heart, in its fullness and gladness, prompts the young and sprightly to indulge. So, then, avoid extremes of every description. But to the story:

"Sixteen years ago, Salem, in Virginia, was one of the most lovely villages imaginable; situated in the heart of the great valley of Virginia, yet commanding a magnificent view of the bold outlines of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. The village contained no buildings of note save two—one of them, a magnificent tenement, the princely residence of one of the 'Old Virginia aristocracy'; the other the only inn, a small, quaint, yet pleasant house, nestled in the centre of the town.

The proprietor of the one, a wealthy planter, and distinguished officer of the State; the other a poor widow, whose only living depended on the profits of her table which were but scant, as there was little travelling done, at that day, through this retired village. And the advent of a stranger was always the subject of curiosity and interest to the good townfolks, as it is always so in the secluded villages and inns, in the out-of-the-way places of America.

To this little inn a gaily dressed, yet weary world traveller picked his way one evening in the autumn of 18— The buxom hostess and her tidy daughter were all life, and frisked about bestirring the savory viands, delicious cakes and eggs, much to the satisfaction of our hungry traveler who appears to be a young man of some twenty summers, tall, commanding, of fine appearance and pleasing manners. He soon, by dint of frankness and saunter of manner, insinuated himself into the good graces of the hostess and daughter, with the latter of whom he appeared to be much struck, for she was as lovely as she was neat and graceful.

"Possessing charms not unlike and almost equal to one I adore," exclaimed the young traveller admiringly, as he placed himself before the sparkling fire after finishing his repast, "and expect ere long to lead to the altar, and with whom you are doubtless acquainted, as she lives on in the mansion above the village, as I understand."

"What! Emma White?" inquired the hostess.

"Even so, my good dame, I met her at the springs some months ago, became enamored with her, wooed, won, and am now come to claim my bride."

"She's a beautiful creature, indeed!" interposed Augusta, the hostess's daughter, "but somewhat proud as is her father."

"No so, indeed, gentle Augusta; if she has pride it is nothing but nature; maidenly pride, which every lass should have. And you say, Miss Augusta, she is quite well; well, I will let this pleasing intelligence restrain me to night, and to-morrow, I will give the fair enchantress, I trust, an agreeable surprise."

Early next morning as etiquette would permit, the young man set out with baggage and high hopes to the mansion, and but he will proceed him, and look on his fair betrothed.

In a magnificent parlor of the mansion sat Emma White and her mother, the one glancing a pity and the other interrogating a servant.

"And you say, Sambo, he lodged last evening at the inn?"

"Yes, miss, de cook say he dare now."

"Well, you can retire—and so, ma, it is even as I expected; I thought it was him as he rode past last evening."

"Well, Emma, how do you intend to bluff him off? I'm thinking it will be a shameful and delicate business."

"Stammered, indeed! When Attorney Logan introduced him to me at the Springs, he brought him forward as one of the law students, and not as a poor printer, as he is—I'll never forgive Mr. Logan."

"He is not to blame, my dear, he is his pupil; didn't the letter say he is a journeyman printer at A—, but in consideration of his promising abilities, Mr. Logan undertook gratuitously to bring him to the bar?"

"Well, for all that, I'll never marry a poor printer. I did have a tender regard for him once, and when I gave him my hand I deemed him somebody, so I acted from the promptings of the heart, but now I will be ruled by my better judgment."

Scarcely had she done speaking when her hero entered, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and love, sprang forward to greet the object of his adoration; but imagine his surprise and dismay when he received only in return a cold, distant courtesy, which froze his blood, and rooted him to the spot. Bewildered and astonished at such a greeting from his fair betrothed, he turned for explanation to the mother, who, perceiving the general embarrassment, stepped forward and offering him a seat, explained to him that since her daughter's return from the Springs, she had, after mature reflection and examining her heart, thought it best to dissolve the engagement between them.

The ruddy cheeks of the son became of an ashen paleness, and his bloodless lips quivered like an aspen leaf, as he falteringly exclaimed—

"Sir, this is not the stage of a theatre, to enact scenes," now spoke up the daughter, "let it suffice to know we are ever to be strangers to each other. You attempted to deceive me and pass yourself off for a gentleman, when it turns out you are one of the working class, only a printer, a poor, penniless journeyman, a fortune seeker. If you had an honorable profession, sir, and was of a good family, as I once thought you, we could be united, but as it is, I cannot and will not descend so low!" and as the young lady thus spoke, she tossed her head, and with a look of ineffable scorn and contempt, proudly called out of the room.

Overwhelmed with dismay and stung to the quick, the young man sat paralyzed many moments, but recovering somewhat of the shock, rose and staggered out of the room.

Alas! how crushed were his hopes now. Deceived, slighted, wronged, confidence betrayed, by one whom he adored and loved, alas! too well, and all for being a "low bred, base mechanic!" And rushing madly to the inn, he sought his room and threw himself desperately on his humble cot, from which he did not rise for two long, weary months; for the unwonted disappointment and excitement of the morning had brought on a burning fever. From morn till night, and night till morn, the patient raved a wild maniac, calling and conjuring his Emma to come back to him, and with his impatience and querulousness, wearied all about him save one. The physician despaired of restoring him, and resigned him to the care of the gentle Augusta, who watched at his bedside night and day with unremitting assiduity, bore with his imbecility, administered to his wants with kindness and soothed his irritated spirits by the gentlest words and treatment.

Finally, after the lapse of several weeks, he began slowly to recover, and reason returned once more. When having entirely recovered, he thanked the kind hostess and daughter with grateful eyes and heart overflowing with gratitude for their kindness in watching over him in his weakness and infirmities. He called Augusta his preserver, his guardian angel, and told her he owed to her his life, and that he would ever hold her in grateful remembrance, and though he was then about to depart and would not see her again for years, yet when fortune smiled upon him again, she should hear from him. Till then he bid her a sorrowful, a tearful farewell, and departed.

Years passed and still the unfortunate stranger was unheard of almost forgotten by the good gossips of Salem, and even

by the one who caused his misfortune, Emma White herself; yet there was one in that little village who still gave him a place, not only in her memory, but also in her heart. It was the hostess's daughter.

Five years from the events just related, Richmond was crowded to overflowing, for the Legislature was in session, and had brought its usual retinue of strategists, office and pleasure seekers.—It was by far the gayest season the capital had seen for many years; and balls, parties, soirees, prizes, followed each other with unabated zest.

Gorgeous lights streamed from a score of windows of one of Pearl street's state-of-the-art mansions, and sounds of music and revelry were heard within. Luscious and sylph-like forms skip over the richly carpeted floor, and grave gentlemen sit comfortably in the back ground talking politics, gossiping and admiring the light-hearted, the lovely and happy beings around them. We will draw near one of these small groups, that one near the chandelier, consisting of two gentlemen and a young lady and listen—and as we are living, in matters, but little harm will ensue if we are caught eavesdropping.

"It is just as you say, Colonel White; the Legislature has done but little as yet, still I think they have redeemed themselves somewhat by one judicious act in appointing our young friend K—, to the fifth judicial judgeship."

"A very proper appointment, sir, every body is in favor of it, the servant is just entering him into the room."

"Laurel!" exclaimed the young lady audibly, "how interesting he looks, and so young too, to be appointed a judge."

"He is a clever young man, Emma, and also too, he would not have been honored upon him."

"Introduce me, pa?"

"Most assuredly I will do so, and here he comes now."

"A pleasant evening to you, gentlemen—Colonel White, pray how do you do?"

"Quite well, quite well, I thank you, Judge. Permit me to present you to my daughter, Judge K—, Miss White."

And with a low deferential courtesy the lady greeted the gentleman and seated him beside her. With many an art and well did she attempt to amuse, please, and insinuate herself into the good graces of the promising young judge. But her efforts were in vain, her arrows were aimed against a heart of steel, and the countenance of the judge the while, wore a contemptuous and scornful expression that baffled all her arts, and penetration.

"Heaven! what a face! how lovely, how angelic! But methinks I should know that countenance!" exclaimed the judge, as he caught the beautiful black eyes of a lovely lady in a distant corner of the room, riveted upon him.

"What! the young lady in the black velvet mantle? ha! ha! that's my protegee, she is an orphan; her parent was a *Maitre de Hotel* in Salem, Virginia, so being left alone I took her under my charge, and right useful I find her; she answers both for a companion and maid; I would not have brought her here, but she seems so sad and melancholy, that I thought she might bring her, thinking it might somehow revive her drooping spirits."

"It is, it is, the pure, the gentle hearted Augusta! How fortunate! Pray Miss White, excuse me—but I know you will, when I inform you I am 'only a printer'—the poor mechanic you scorned, jilted, derided many years ago in the little village of Salem, and rising unceremoniously, the young judge hastily crossed the room, leaving the haughty girl covered with confusion and shame, to weep over her folly.

It was the lovely Augusta, and with a beating heart, eyes speaking with joy, and countenance suffused with blushes, the fair being welcomed the happy and expected young man.

Much as Miss White suffered by the gnawings of conscience, much as she upbraided herself, much as she grieved and sorrowed over her past conduct, her sore disappointment, her punishment, yet in a few weeks after, when the admired Judge K— led the happy and envied Augusta to the altar, she could not but acknowledge that her punishment was just, and that it was merited.

Judge K— and his lady have lived happily, prosperously, and contentedly together ever since, but Emma White—unhappy girl—is still a spinster, an old maid.

"So now, Lizzie, my story is ended, all but the denouement."

"Denouement?"

"Yes, for you must know, your dear father is the hero, and I the heroine; he the 'base born, mechanic,' the 'poor printer,' and I the 'hostess's daughter.'"

"Pardon, pardon, mother!" and as the young Mrs. Throth herself in her mother's arm, she vowed never to be so selfish, so proud again.

"And you will go to Mrs. Downer's this evening?"

"Oh! that I will, mother, with pleasure!"

The company began loudly to applaud Governor F—, as he concluded his reminiscence, when he bid them cease, as he too had finished all but the *denouement*.

"What is it? What is it?" rang around the circle.

"Why, nothing more nor less than that the hero of my story has just entered this room, replied the Governor, as he pointed to his distinguished and astonished friend, amid the plaudits of the assembly.

Natural History of the Honey Bee.

The lecture of Dr. Morris before the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, District of Columbia, upon the above subject, is said to have been very interesting.

The industry and wonderful instinct of this little insect was eloquently set forth by the speaker. The hexagonal cell of the bee was demonstrated to be just that mathematical form which combines the greatest capacity with the least expenditure of wax. A square or triangular form would demand an unnecessary expenditure of wax. A cylindrical form would, by the interstices occurring between the cells, occasion a waste of space. The popular idea that the bee procures its wax and honey direct from flowers was shown to be an error. The material is obtained from flowers, but requires elaboration prior to taking the shape of wax and honey.

The lecturer showed, by illustrations upon the wall, the curious manner in which the bees hang in clusters while elaborating the wax in thin scales upon the breast—a process requiring some twenty-four hours—and of the manner in which the first deposit of wax is made upon the roof of the hive on the commencement of building operations. The labour in a bee hive was systematically divided as amongst a body of mechanics. It was, indeed, asserted that a quarter bee overlooks the operations of the other workmen, and where a bad piece of work is done, causes it to be pulled down and rebuilt, precisely as a master mechanic would do in similar circumstances. The lecturer would not, however, vouch for the truth of this statement.

Amongst bees there was no law prohibiting females from mounting the throne; on the contrary, no male was permitted to assume the sovereignty. The queen bee allows no rival near the throne. She attacks and kills, with the greatest fury, the young queens, her own offspring, and this by a wise ordination of Providence; thus preventing an increase beyond the power of the working bees to feed.

The queen bees treated with the greatest possible reverence, precision, and politeness by the subjects. Should she be abstracted from the hive the whole swarm is thrown into confusion, work is suspended, and all motive for exertion seems to be wanting in the absence of their sovereign. Should she return, they exhibit marks of satisfaction and resume their labors.

For twenty-four hours after the departure of a queen the swarm will accept no substitute. After that time they will accept another queen, and instate her in all the honors and dignities of the departed one. Should a strange queen poke her nose into a hive which has a queen of its own, the bees form a circle around the intruder, not to do her honour, but to prevent her departure. The queen in possession is then summoned, and the two queens are made to fight for the sovereignty.

Commenting upon analogous habits of insects and human beings, the lecturer related an amusing incident that had transpired on the occasion of a former lecture at the Smithsonian Institution, the subject being "The Ant." Accompanied on his way to the lecture-room by two members of the Congress, who were slaveholders, he told them he was going to establish that ants were slaveholders, and that the slaves were black. "O!" said they, "be sure you make the most of it!"

The wonderful fact has been established that every working bee is capable of being developed to a queen bee. In case of a queen being wanted, on occasion of the old queen having left the hive with a swarm, it had been ascertained that the remaining bees take common larvae and deposit it in the queenly cells, where, by different food from that dispensed to the working bees, and a different mode of treatment, it is developed with queenly size and attributes.

The wonders of entomology demonstrated forcibly the saying,

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

The swarming of bees was described by the lecturer. It was merely the departure of a queen with a swarm of followers from a redundant hive. The immediate occasion of such an emigration was generally through a huff taken by the queen bee at being interrupted in the slaughter of her offspring by the other bees, when they deemed she had gone far enough; thus she usually went off in a high state of excitement. There were various modes employed to induce a swarm of bees to settle—such as beating tin pans, in imitation of thunder, of which they have a dread; or throwing sand upon them, to give them the notion that it is raining; and an instance was related of an old gentleman who had a lot of leading a swarm to any required locality by a peculiar mode of whistling. The atmosphere of a crowded hive is close and hot, but the bees, by motion of their wings, ventilate it until enough swarms have been thrown off to render the labour unnecessary. Desperate conflicts occur between bees, sometimes lasting for days. They are distrustful, treacherous and highway robbers. They compel the pompous, humble bee to disgorge his honey. In the sense of smut the bee is very acute; its sight is also very keen, enabling it to wing its flight to its own hive with unerring accuracy. In the whirl of bees, when the air is filled with them, we never see two bees jostle. The other senses of the bee are also acute.

The fact was stated that the bee cannot repeat its sting many times, the poison becoming exhausted. Should the sting, which is barbed, remain in the wound, the bee dies. Some persons are not affected by the sting of the bee, while others die of it. The lecturer, however, expressed the opinion that where death resulted, it must be owing to the condition of the blood of the victim. He discredited the truth of the report that a young man out West had died lately from a spider bite. It required more evidence to establish the fact of a spider bite resulting fatally.

Who is a Gentleman?

A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and conventionalities of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak, and act, and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something more than this. At the base of all his ease and refinement, and tact and power of pleasing, is the same spirit which lies at the root of every Christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance to others as he would that others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he can show them respect, how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position of every one with whom he is brought into contact, that he may give to each his due honor. He studies how he may avoid touching upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from any allusion which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never appears conscious of any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority—never ridicules, never boasts, never makes a display of his own powers, or rank, or advantages; never indulges in habits which may be offensive to others.

SYMMESS HOLE.

Everybody has heard of "Symmess's Hole," and has some slight idea, at least, of the origin and significance of the phrase; but as we happen to have before us, at this moment, a copy of a circular issued by the projector of that famous aperture, of a "hole" can be projected," we present herewith a brief account of the matter as it was first given to the public 39 years ago. This circular, a part of which we quote, bears date at "St. Louis, Missouri Territory, April 10, 1818, and is directed

"TO ALL THE WORLD!"

"I declare that the earth is hollow, and habitable within, containing a number of solid concentric spheres one within the other; and that it is open at the poles 12 to 16 degrees. I pledge my life in support of this truth, and am ready to explore this hollow, if the world will aid me in this undertaking.

"JOHN CLEVELAND SMYTH, of Ohio, 'Late Captain of Infantry.'"

To this circular the author appends a *nota bene*, stating that he has "ready for the press a treatise on the principles of matter," wherein he "will show proofs of the above position." He adds, "My terms are the patronage of this and the *new world*. (By which he means the kingdom come in the hole.) I dedicate to my wife and ten children. I select Dr. S. L. Mitchell, Sir Humphrey Davy, Baron Humboldt, as my protectors. I ask one hundred brave companions, well equipped to stand for Siberia in the fall of the season, with reindeer and sleighs on the ice of the frozen sea. I engage wined warm and rich land, stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men. We will return in the spring. The postscript is directed "to his excellency Gov. Wm. Clark," and so concludes the document. Boston Post.

Juvenile Logic.—"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son, one morning.

"So I did this morning," replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah, what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why, I walloped Jack Edwards," said the young hopeful, "will ye yelled like thunder." You should just hear him holler, dad."

That father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded mildly with—

"You should not have done that, my child."

"Then he'd walloped me," replied young hopeful.

"Better," said the sire, "for you have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes, but, replied young hopeful by way of a final epithet—"Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself.

What ever good qualities you have, desire not to have them seen, unless it be for the benefit of others, and to bring glory to the author of them. Be as good, and do as much good as ever you can, and give the pride of it to Satan.

It is a most interesting fact that Dr. Sanford's experiments of lower Kentucky are one of the greatest discoveries made in medicine the past century. It has been a study of the Dr. during twenty years, practical and theoretical, particular organs, when diseased, caused the greatest number of danger, pain, and has convinced him that the liver is the greatest regulator of the system and the most liable to disease, while of any free from disease is a preventative of Dyspepsia, jaundice, general debility, &c., while last but not least, we mention consumption, for our experience is that more cases of consumption occur from diseased liver than from all other causes put together. Taking this to be a correct hypothesis, we have but to find a remedy with which to correct the liver and we have a cure of nearly all the diseases we are subject to by simply using a preventive. That the liver is a such a remedy, is beyond doubt to all who try it, for its virtues are such that for all complaints arising from liver derangement, it is an unsparing remedy, while as a tonic, it is a preventive, for all diseases of the stomach or bowels, which are caused in a greater or less degree by liver