

Carolina Freeman.

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

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The Sectional Issue—Can Gen. Walker Settle It?

From the New York Day Book.

What, then, is this difficulty, the cause of this mighty sectional controversy, that all sound Democrats and good patriots so deplore, and that the enemies of liberty and Democratic institutions, are so rejoiced to witness? Half of the States forming the Federation have an inferior race in their midst, four millions of negroes, constituting a third of their entire population. Their legislation is adapted to this fact, and the rules and regulations of these States are intended, and doubtless do secure, (as far as such things can) the utmost good to both races. When the Federation was formed, though all the States had this negro element, it was foreseen that a time might come when some of them would get rid of it; their future disposition was first provided for, and five negroes were counted as equal to three white persons; then, ascending or fugacious negroes, coaxed away from their homes by white "masters," and finally, as some of the States believed, that they needed additional labor, African importation was guaranteed for twenty years longer.

These provisions covered the whole ground as the country was then situated, and not only this, but they provided for the future, for the next twenty years, for all coming time, as things appeared to the noble and patriotic spirits that then and there laid down the foundations of this mighty republic. Of all those men, the most enthusiastic in the great work they were performing, not one penetrated to the present, or grasped, however faintly, a single feature of that majestic future since unfolded to the admiring eyes and hopeful hearts of the dot-strodden millions of the Old World, and the dread and condemnation of their oppressors. If the Union had remained to this day as it was then, or had only grown internally while its territorial boundaries remained the same, of course there would be no sectional conflict, nothing further than an occasional "fugitive slave" case, and which even now scarcely ripples the surface of Northern society. It is true, great wrong is inflicted on citizens of the South by this "nigger" stealing business, and Northern citizens, especially Northern Democrats, should hang their heads in shame when standing by and permitting a score or so of vagabond negroes and still more whites, to do this thing; but it is a wrong that perpetually corrects itself, and should it reach a certain point or a certain number of these runaways, the community burdened with them will rise up spontaneously and drive them off, and very likely the "friends of freedom" also. Now, it is perfectly obvious that had the Union remained as it was when the Constitution was adopted there were no materials for such controversy—the fathers of the republic having defined and disposed of this subject so wisely and admirably that it was beyond the reach both of foreign emissaries and their still wiser tools in our midst.

But the Union could not remain, as its founders supposed, limited to the old thirteen provinces. It needs must grow externally as well as internally; indeed, the former is a prime necessity of the national life, not by external conquest, like Rome, or the modern English, but by the extension of our system, our republicanism, our civilization, until it covers the whole continent. This at once brings up a new question unforeseen and unprovided for by the founders of the Republic. This territory, then, how shall it be governed, or, rather, what shall be the understanding in regard to the negro? Mr. Jefferson proposed an amendment to the Constitution, to provide for this unfortunate contingency, which his clear and far-reaching mind saw was pregnant with mighty mischief in the no-distant future. His advice, however, was unheeded, and the question therefore remains, how shall it be settled? In 1820, a temporary settlement, or rather a pretended settlement was brought about. There would have been justice and even some little reason in this settlement—this so-called Missouri Compromise—if it had been mutual, that is, recognizing the rights of southern citizens south of 36.30, when they were forbidden to settle north of that line; for the negro labor, only adapted to tropical and tropicoid regions, if left to itself, or to the laws of industrial adaptation, would have conformed to such settlement. But for the central government of both classes of States, to enterprise itself, and restrict, or forbid southern citizens from settling north of 36.30, was not only grossly unjust, but grossly absurd, and however much the trading and mercenary politicians may have boasted of it as a great act of pacification, &c., the common sense of the people of both sections always revolted against it.

This stupid restriction, however, has been repealed; and for what? to secure equal rights to the South—to all the citizens of the Union? Why not; not one Northern man voted for the repeal on this ground, or for this purpose, but on the contrary, in order to give to the people of the territories the right to "frame their own institutions in their own way." That was the "true intent and meaning" of the Nebraska bill as understood at the North, and as recently said by Col. Davis, it has brought in its train "conflict, bloodshed and civil war, where there should be harmony, prosperity and peace."

Here we are then, with Governor Walker, and suppose for a moment that he harmonises the people of Kansas—that he and others, holding out grand projects of speculation of railroads and town sites, that will enrich the leaders of the several parties, thus bribing them to sink the "slavery" question, that a constitution is adopted, and all the troubles of that territory are peacefully disposed of. Will this solve the great sectional difficulty or even advance its solution a single step? On the contrary, will not the same question come up, the same difficulty present itself, with the next territory that is to be organized? And with every future instance of the kind in all that grand destiny which impels us to spread ourselves over the whole boundless continent, will not—indeed, must not—this same difficulty stare us in the face, and is it possible that the sentiment of union can outlive all this strain upon its delicate fibres? Can even one more instance like that of Kansas be ventured upon or risked without terrible hazard? In short, would not another affair of the kind destroy the Union, or would not the chances be in the direction of that frightful calamity?

It is clear, therefore, and beyond doubt or dispute, that if Gov. Walker restores peace to Kansas, that the difficulty still remains—that not one step has been taken towards its solution—that the "true intent and meaning" of the Nebraska bill is a miserable illusion—that the people of the territories cannot "settle this question in their own way"—that another attempt of the kind will be more than the Union can safely bear; in short, it is clear, or should be clear to every thinking man, that we must retrace our steps, and abandoning the mistaken policy of the past, boldly face the question, and grapple at once with its real difficulties. Well, what are they, or rather what are the means necessary for its solution?

1st—A geographical line, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, not a restriction as in 1820, but a recognition of "slavery" south of that line.

2nd—A territorial recognition and protection of all the rights of all American citizens while it remains a territory.

3rd—Disunion, or membership of the confederacy. One of these paths must be followed, no others exist—no others possible. Which shall it be?

That is the question every honest Democrat should ask himself, that is the question for the American Democracy. For ourselves, we would say, explain this subject to the northern masses and the question will be settled, will settle itself. They are ignorant of the negro, of his relation to the white man, of the condition of southern society, and they mistake their natural repugnance to the negro for "slavery." But this explained to the people of the North—the negro nature truly comprehended—the great climatic and industrial law that governs the subject understood by the northern masses, and will assent to the equal rights of all citizens in the federal territories, and leave the question to be determined by that law, and abolitionists, in all reasonable probability, will become as rare as mad dogs, and certainly meet a similar fate should they venture to show themselves.

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Sewing Machines.

The New York Journal of Commerce has the following:

The Sewing machine is being introduced into general use, with a rapidity of which few have any conception. It was predicted that it would bear, with peculiar hardship, upon the sewing girl, whose oppressed condition has long excited the sympathies of the philanthropist; but it is evident that this has not been the result, and the strong prejudice which for several years resisted the introduction of the sewing machine has been gradually overcome. There are now three firms which manufacture on an average, two thousand machines in a year, and eight or ten in all, that are well established. Many other parties are experimenting with various success.

These machines are very extensively used by manufacturers. Douglas and Sherwood, manufacturers of ladies' skirts, in New York, have not less than one hundred and fifty machines, cost \$15,000, which is believed to be the largest number any where employed by a single firm. Each one is calculated to do the work of ten ordinary sewers. The uses to which they are applied are curious. Three hundred hands are employed, and the execution done may be inferred from the following statistics:—There are cut up weekly, two hundred and seventy-five pieces of muslin, or one hundred and forty-three thousand per year; do, two thousand pounds of jute cord; or one hundred and four thousand per year; six hundred dozen spools of cotton per week, or thirty-one thousand per year. For the single item of found whalebone, (boiled in oil and very flexible), the enormous sum of \$60,000 is paid every week. Besides, there are twenty-five looms in the city constantly employed in the manufacture of hair-cloth for the inflation of ladies' garments, making three thousand yards per week, and one hundred looms engaged on other fabrics. With these facilities, the force employed turns out three thousand skirts per day, exclusive of women goods! Piled up in the lofts of the factory, they form a barricade almost as formidable for dimensions as General Jackson's cotton bales. The new skirt, for which the sewing machine is doing such wonders, weighs but four ounces and a half.

Another subject worthy of notice is the great improvement which has taken place in the quality of sewing silk, twist

thread, &c., made necessary by the sewing machine. We now produce thread in this country which far exceeds any of foreign importation in strength and evenness of texture. If the foreign and domestic are looped together and jerked asunder, the former, even of the best description, has been found to yield in the greatest number of instances. Several thread factories have recently been started, or are contemplated, to meet the increased demands.

There is a large silk factory in Florence, Massachusetts, the annual sales of which are now estimated at \$1,000,000, and another at Newark, New Jersey, is doing a large business.

The Glory and Shame of a City.

This earth's earliest city was built by a murderer. Its foundations, I may say, were laid in blood. Enoch was its name, Cain its founder. Those who, living far from the din and bustle of cities, read with a wonder that grows into horror, the dark record of their courts and crimes; those who see in the blasting effect of their murky air on flower, and shrub, and tree, only an emblem of their withering influence on the fairest human virtues; those simple cottagers who, tremblingly alive to their danger, saw a son or daughter leave home for the distant city, and have received her back from a Magdalene, or him from a prison, to expire in the arms of forgiving, but broken-hearted affection, they may fancy that the curse of the first murderer and their first founder hangs over earthly cities—dark, heavy, as their cloud of smoke. We can excuse them for thinking so.

Great cities some have found to be great curses. It had been well for many an honest country lad, and many an unsuspecting young woman, that hopes of higher wages and opportunities of fortune, that the gay attire, and polished tongue, and gilded story of some old acquaintance, had never turned their steps cityward, nor lured them away from the rude simplicity and safety of their rustic home. Many a foot that once lightly pressed the heather or brushed the dewy grass, has wearily trodden in darkness and guilt and sin these city pavements. Happy had it been for many that they had never exchanged the starry skies for the lamps of town, nor had ever left their lonely glens, or quiet hamlets, or solitary shores, for the throng and roar of our streets—well for them, that they had heard no roar but the river's whose winter flood had been safer to breast; no roar but ocean's, whose stormiest waves it had been safer to ride than encounter the flood of city temptation, which has wrecked their virtue and swept them in ruin.

Yet I bless God for cities. I recognize a wise and gracious Providence in their existence. The world had not been what it is without them. The disciples were commanded to "begin at Jerusalem," and Paul threw himself into the cities of the ancient world, as offering the most commanding positions of influence. Cities have been as lamps of light along the pathway of humanity and religion. Within their science has given birth to her noblest discoveries. Behind her walls freedom has fought her noblest battles. They have stood on the surface of the earth like great break-waters, rolling back or turning aside the swelling tide of oppression. Cities indeed have been the cradle of human liberty. They have been the radiating, active centres of almost all Church and State reformation. Having, therefore, no sympathy with those who, regarding them as the exercises of a tree or the tumours of disease, would raze our cities to the ground, I bless God for cities; and before addressing you on their evils, will advert to some of their advantages.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

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A Severe Rebuke.

The complexity of the East India Company and the British government with idolatry in India is well known. Notwithstanding his turning up the whites of his eyes in so saintly a fashion at the mere thought of the sins of other nations, John Bull would have some cause for trouble of conscience on his own behalf, could he only get deep enough into his plethoric bosom to find that neglected faculty. Not content with manufacturing idols for the poor Pagans to worship, and endowing their temples to make their religion self-easier upon them, he has begun to run special railroad trains on the Sabbath, to carry Hindoos to their heathen festivals. We greatly fear that Mr. Bull's piety does not quite so near his heart as his purse. Christian excursion trains to Hindoo festivals do not pay well. It is gratifying to see that this profanation has been rebuked even by a Hindoo. Such a rebuke from a heathen is a severe one. The editor of the *Rising Sun*, an intelligent Hindoo, advertising to the Sunday train, says:—"We believe that the Christian religion hallowes the Sabbath with a great degree of sacredness, inasmuch as the whole of that day is devoted to the worship of our Maker, while there is a total cessation from servile work. This is truly commendable. A rest and opportunity is thus allowed, by the withdrawal from our ordinary works, to give glory and honor to our Maker. We were led to these observations by noticing that the Railroad Co. of Madras are indifferent to such a day. It has been urged that the trains are in operation to accommodate the Hindoo festivals. If so, we must say that the reason is absurd, and such as can derive no support from argumentation, for the fact is that the real intention is to 'turn a penny.'"

Spurgeon's Success.

The *British Quarterly Review* (Congregationalist organ,) thus speaks as to the secret of Spurgeon's success:

"Here comes a man—no Whitefield in voice, in presence, in dignity or genius, who, nevertheless, as with one stroke of his hand, sweeps away all sickly sentimentalism—all craven misbelief. It is all to him as so much of the merest gasmer web that could have crossed his path. He not only gives forth the old doctrine of St. Paul, in all the strength of Paul's language, but with exaggerations of his own, such as Paul would have been forward to disavow. This man knows nothing of doubt as to whence the gospel is, what it is, or wherefore it has its place among us. On all such subjects his mind is that of a made-up man. In place of suspecting that the old accredited doctrines of the gospel have pretty well done their work, he expects good from nothing else, and all that he clusters about them is for the sake of them. The philosophical precision, the literary refinements, the nice discriminations between what we may know of a doctrine and what we may not, leaving us in the end perhaps scarcely any thing to know about it—all this, which according to some is so much needed by the age, is Mr. Spurgeon's utter scorn. He is the direct, dogmatic enunciator of the old Pauline truth, without the slightest attempt to soften its outline, its substance or its results—and what has followed? Truly Providence would seem once more to have made foolish the wisdom of this world. While the gentlemen who know so well how people ought to preach are left to exemplify their profound lessons before empty benches and obscure cor-

ners, the young man at the Surrey Gardens can point to his nine thousand auditors and ask: 'Who with such a sight before him dares despair of making the gospel, the good old gospel, a power in the great heart of humanity?'

THE TOOLS OF ANIMALS.

The tongue of the humming-bird is very curious. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the two barrels of a double-barrelled gun. At the tip of the tongue these tubes are a little separated, and their ends are shaped like spoons. The honey is sponged, as we may say, and then it is drawn into the mouth through the long tubes of the tongue.

But the bird uses its tongue in another way. It catches insects with it, for it lives on these as well as on honey. It does it in this way—the two spoons grasp the insect like a pair of tongs, and the tongue, bending, puts it into the bird's mouth. The tongue, then, of the humming-bird is not merely one instrument, but it contains several instruments together—two pumps, two spoons, and a pair of tongs.

The tongue of a cat is a singular instrument. It is her curry-comb. For this purpose it is rough, as she will find if you feel it. When she cleans herself so industriously, she gets off the dirt, and smooths her coat just as the ostler cleans and smooths the horse's coat with the curry-comb. Her head she cannot get at with her tongue, and so she has to make her fore paws answer the purpose instead.

There is one bird that lives chiefly on oysters. It has a bill, therefore, and which it opens an oyster as skillfully as an oysterman can with his oyster-knife. Some birds can see very well with their bills and feet. There is one bird that sees so well it is called the tailor bird. It is hid in leaves which it sews together. It does this with a thread which it makes itself. It gets cotton from the cotton plant, and with its long delicate bill and little feet spins it into a thread. It then pierces the holes through the leaves with its bill, and passing the thread through the holes, sews them together. I believe that in getting the thread through the holes it uses both its bill and its feet.

There is another strange bird, which has no wings. It has a very long bill, which it uses in gathering its food, which consists of snails, insects, and worms. He uses his bill in another way. He often, in resting, places the tip of his bill on the ground, and thus makes the same use of his bill that the old man does of his cane, when he stands leaning upon it.

There is a fish that has a singular instrument. It is a squirt-gun for shooting insects. It can shoot them not only when they are still, but when they are flying. It watches them as they are flying over the water, and hits one of them whenever it can get the chance, with a fine stream of water from its little gun. The insect, stunned with the blow, falls into the water, and the fish eats it.

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Let us hope and pray that such a rebuke coming from such a quarter, may lead these "Christians" to repent of their sins; and avoid for the future giving of fence to the followers of the cross, or causing the enemy to blaspheme.

Children—An Incident.

Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." This was intended as a re-proof to the disciples for their indifference or incredulity respecting the religious interests of children, and as an encouragement to parents to bring their precious offspring to Christ to receive his blessing. A child is a rational, immortal intelligence, endowed with a moral nature which is susceptible of direct Divine impression from the earliest dawn of its existence, and hence, it may be at any time really and truly blessed.

The following incident, related by Dr. E. Thompson, will illustrate and confirm this sentiment:

A child lay dying. Feeling unusual sensations, she says, "Maama, what is the matter with me?"

Mother—My child, you are dying.

Child—Well, mamma, what is dying?

Mother—To you, dear child, it is going to heaven.

Child—Where is heaven?

Mother—It is where God is, and Christ and the Holy Ghost, and the angels, and the good men made perfect.

Child—But, mamma, I am not acquainted with any of those, and I do not like to go alone; won't you go with me?

Mother—O, Mary, I cannot; God has called you only, not me, now.

Turning to her father, she asked the same question; then, piteously appealing to each of her brothers and sisters, she repeated the same interrogatory, and received the same response. She then fell into a gentle slumber, from which she awoke in a transport of joy, saying: "I do need not go to heaven with me; I can go alone. I have been there, and grand-mamma is there, and grand-papa is there, and aunt Martha," and with a sweet smile, and a countenance bright as the glory of opening heaven, looking upward, and whispering, "Yes, I am coming," she passed away.

TOO BIG TO OBEY A MOTHER.

A boy "too big to mind his mother!" Such a boy must be larger than a giant, and one with strange ideas of the rights of big people. I should not like to live near him, or even see him, for I should suspect he would feel "too big" to mind the laws of his country, or the laws of God, and thus be a dangerous neighbor. I am told that there are such boys, or rather those who think they are "too big to mind their mother."

What does your mother wish you to do? To stay in on evenings; to let tobacco alone; to avoid associating with bad boys; to read useful books; to shun novels and silly newspapers; to mind your studies or trade, or whatever you are engaged in on week days, with diligence, and on the Sabbath to be regular at church and Bible-class; and above all she wants to see you a faithful Christian boy. This you own would make her happy beyond description, and you feel "too big" to yield to her wishes.

My boy, believe me, you are in a most dangerous state of mind, which makes me tremble for you, both for this world and the next. Think of Christ, the "King of kings, and Lord of lords." When he was old enough and wise enough to confound the learned doctors in the temple at Jerusalem, he was none too old and wise to obey his mother; and when he was obeying, he took care to provide her with a son to render her honour and affection.

Believe me, when you are small enough to depend upon your mother for your food, and clothing, and daily care, and while she is so anxious to see you grow up into a good and worthy man, and so willing to make any sacrifice to help you on in life, you should be ashamed to say, or even think, "I am too big to mind my mother."

Search all the biographies in your own or your father's library, and tell me if you can find a case of a man distinguished for greatness who allowed such a thought to enter his mind. No; such men prize a good, watchful mother, obey her godly maxims as long as they live, and teach them to their children.

You are "too big" to disobey your mother; but don't allow yourself, my dear boy, to become such a monster of iniquity as to be too big to mind a good mother.

How is This?—We learn from good authority that a respectable clergyman from an up river town has recently been in the city claiming for his daughter the authorship of "Nothing to Wear." He states that she visited New York last winter with the Manuscript poem and lost it.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Twenty or thirty vessels, laden with corn from the North Counties of North Carolina, were expected at Norfolk yesterday or to-day. They had been delayed for some time, by damages sustained on the Diamond Swamp Canal.

Money is created development. There is, in all cases, a deficiency of brain, a low physical organization. The humane and accomplished Dr. Wilber says, that out of a class of twenty pupils only three could count ten. Their almost universal fault was gluttony. Their great want is the want of attention. Many cannot talk; it often requires two or three years to enable them to utter a single word distinctly. In almost all cases home treatment only confirms the malady. In three hundred and fifty-nine cases, all but four originated in parents who had brought on some confirmed disease by the violation of the laws of nature. In every instance, the four excepted, either one or both parents were either unhealthy, serofulous, disposed to insanity, indulged in animal excesses, or had married blood relations. Let every reader commit to memory these five causes, for to have an idiot child, how terrible the infliction! More than one-fourth of three hundred and fifty-nine idiots were the children of drunkards; one out of every twenty was the child of the marriage of near relations; in one such family five children out of eight were idiotic. If, then, health, temperance, and chastity are not duties, then are we irresponsible. *Hall's Journal of Health.*

Manufacture of Combs.

It is said that the greatest comb manufactory in the world is in Aberdeen, Scotland. There are thirty-six furnaces for preparing horns and tortoise shell for the combs, and no less than one hundred and twenty iron screw presses are continually going in stamping them. Steam power is employed to cut the combs. The coarse combs are stamped or cut out—two being cut in one piece at a time.—The fine dressing combs, and all small tooth combs, are cut by fine circular saws some so fine as to cut forty teeth in the space of one inch, and they revolve five thousand times in one minute. There are some two thousand varieties of combs made, and the aggregate number produced, of all these different sorts of combs, is 9,000,000 annually—a quantity that, if laid together lengthwise, would extend about seven hundred miles. The annual consumption of ox horns is about 730,000, and the annual consumption of hoofs amounts to 4,000,000; the consumption of tortoise shell and buffalo horn, although not so large, is correspondingly valuable. A hoof undergoes eleven distinct operations before it becomes a finished comb.

LATEST JOKE ON JOHN BELL.—Is this, according to Russell's:

John was traveling on some western railroad when a tremendous explosion took place, the cars at the same time coming to a sudden halt. The passengers sprang up in terror, and rushed out to acquaint themselves with the mischief—all but Mr. Bell, who continued reading his newspaper. In a moment some body rushed back and informed him that the boiler had burst.

"Awe!" grunted the Englishman.

"Yes," continued his informant, "and sixteen people have been killed."

"Awe!" muttered the Englishman again.

"And—and," said his interlocutor, with an effort, "your own man—your servant—has been blown in a hundred pieces."

"Awe! bring me the piece that has the key of my portmanteau."

The Minnie Rifle.

The Minnie Rifle has four grooves inside, and the mode of loading it, is first to bite off the twisted waste paper at the end of the cartridge, pour in the powder at the mouth of the barrel, and by a turn of the thumb and finger holding the cartridge, reverse the ball that the conical may be upwards. The ramrod is then drawn and reversed, and the head being concave, or coniform, it has a good purchase over the ball, which is easily rammed home, and does not require a second or subsequent ramming. The piece is then fired with great ease, and is capable of carrying the ball twelve hundred yards, and with correct aim up to nine hundred yards, the aim for all distances from three hundred to nine hundred yards taken correctly by a parallel groove marked with the respective distances. It is wished the ball should be carried when directed to an object, a slide in the groove being raised or lowered to take the sight.

The Candle Lectures.

A paragraph is going the rounds in which it is stated that Douglas Jerrold, whose death was recently announced, was the author of the celebrated "Candle Lectures," which have been published wherever the English language is read.

This is not exactly correct. The "Candle Lectures" were commenced by Jerrold's intimate and dear friend, Laman Blanchard; and he dying before the series was completed, Jerrold undertook the task of finishing the series, but it is generally admitted that the lectures written by him are not equal in quiet humor to those written by Blanchard.

Laurie Todd.—The hero of Laurie Todd—Grant Thorburn—now in his 85th year—says, in one of his characteristic letters, "I am now living with my third wife, a buxom Yankee lass, forty-two summers, thus meeting me half-way. She is a daughter of the Puritans, a lady of birth, education and refinement. She reads Shakespeare better, as I think, than Fanny Kemble. This day, 12th June, we are four years married, with the honey-moon still in the ascendant."

Brown, who is married, and has read about the people of Cincinnati having a thunder storm during a perfectly clear day, while the sun was shining, says that such a thing is not at all uncommon at his house, particularly when he invites friends to dinner without giving notice before hand.

The greatest want of all, is a want of the sense of our wants. This is the root of infidelity.