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The Late Burns' Celebration.
At the large and handsome entertainment given on the evening of the 25th inst., in this city in honor of the centennial birthday of Burns, and which was prepared and served in fine style by Mr. Rufus, there were regular responses to nine toasts—these sentiments being taken from Burns' own poetry. All but two of those admirable and appropriate addresses, appeared in the Courier. Those two had not been written out. But as they were gems, and emanated from such distinguished sources as James L. Pettigru and George S. Bryan, the Phonographer, Mr. Woodruff, has kindly furnished us with their remarks. They will be appreciated in the beauty of their conception, analysis and diction.

Mr. Pettigru responded to the 4th regular toast:
The Worthies of Scotland.
O thou who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who nobly dar'd to stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward.)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the Patriot and the Patriot Bard
In bright succession rise, her ornament and guard,
TUNE—"Scots wha' hae!"

Mr. Pettigru: *Mr. President and Gentlemen:* I feel proud to be thought worthy of responding to the sentiment just heard—"The Worthies of Scotland," a sentence which in itself is full of the most inspiring associations. Scotland occupies among civilized nations a far greater space than her territory does on the map of the globe. She is not distinguished for fertility of soil nor advantages of climate, but by her characteristics. Her people may be justly proud of their history, and deserve to stand in the first line of men, because they have resisted with success both the Romans and the English. In the noble cause of independence they arrested the march of the conquerors of the world. They never hauled down their flag, which in many a hard fought field has been fanned by the shout of victory. The homely virtues of her people constitute also a solid foundation for the distinction of Scotland. The domestic virtues have flourished there in a congenial soil. And at the household altar the family affections are worshipped with unalloyed devotion. Integrity, steadiness of purpose, and indomitable courage, which have marked the Scottish character at home and abroad, have won for them the respect even of those who bore unwilling testimony in their favor.

But with all these titles to esteem, no people are so much indebted to their great men as the natives of Scotland. It is not a hundred years since the Scotch were to the English what the Greeks were to the Romans, and what the Yankees are to us—the subjects of bitter invective by those who envied their superior address, management of affairs, and great success in the acquisitive art. From the days of Cato to the last Indian Campaign, Scotland has never lacked chieftains to sustain her martial reputation; and in the walks of literature and science, she could boast of brilliant names, but, from the causes I have enumerated, the popularity of the native was not in former times equal to the merit of her people. On the Continent their institutions were considered rude, and by their more opulent Southern neighbors, their very virtues were traversed by the insolence of wealth; their love of independence was characterized as selfishness; their caution was denounced as duplicity, and their fidelity to the traditions of their fatherland as a sordid narrowness of mind. The eloquence of her historians, the profound wisdom of her moral teachers, and the researches of her sons in the regions of science, have hushed the language of envy and detraction. But above all, the tender paths of Burns and the soul-inspiring narratives of Scott, have opened for the Scottish name an avenue to every gentle and generous heart. While once the virtues of the Caledonian race received but a cold acknowledgment from the educated few, and a sort of unsocial prejudice rested upon the name of a people so proud, and in some degree so peculiar, now the world does homage to the genius of her sons, while the master pieces of her great men have invested every spot of their country with a deep and tender interest. As a sequel to the sentence on which the chair has invoked your homage, permit me to offer you a sentiment:

May the Worthies of Scotland for generations to come, continue to illustrate the progress of civilization, while the fame of her historians and bards shall from age to age shed lustre on the courage of her sons and the domestic virtues of her people.

Mr. Bryan responded to the 5th sentiment:
Peep!
O'er his spark o' nature's fire,
That's the learning I desire;
Ther' tho' I drudge thro' dub and mire,
At plough or cart,
My name, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.
TUNE—"Ye Dumfries Bards!"

Gentlemen: If I were an orator I might well shrink from the task of responding for the poet. It is a weighty burden, indeed, that I have rashly assumed, and I anticipate in advance a necessary failure to the undertaking. The love of the poet must be my inspiration—it is my only excuse for the attempt to answer for him. The name of the poet abolishes all national distinctions, overleaps all barriers of creeds, and keeping pace with the progress of time, makes idle the diversity of race and class, and country; and assembled in his name and of Burns, we are one—a band of brothers—varies at his shrine, the altar of Humanity and Nature. It is something, indeed, for a country to have produced a great poet—it is the rarest of all distinctions. He is of those who give rank to nations, not of those to whom a nation can give rank. Like the sun in the heavens—a fountain of original light—he is sufficient to himself. In the fullness of his rays his country is glorified, and humanity itself is brighter in his beams. He is of all times and all countries, and, like our Burns, is the companion of David, and Homer and Virgil, of Shakespeare and Gray, and Schiller and Dante, and Goldsmith and Moore, and Bryan. All men in all times repeat his words; all hearts in all times will echo to his piercing notes of nature. We have all loved, and who has not the tale of love like Burns? We are all lovers of our country, and who has not the sacred transports of patriotism like Burns? We are social all, and love to see to gather round the festive board, whose heart more than his was the seat of all good fellowship, of all social delight and jollity? We are all proud of our country's arms and the brave deeds of our fathers. Where are the war songs which like his, fired as by the souls of Washington or Wallace, in the fury of battle, are terrible as the clash of arms, fierce and shrill, and piercing as the cry of victory?

Creations of sympathy—erasing it as the light, needing it as the vital air—all men turn to the poet as the heart's universal confessor and friend, companion and comforter, and find, as in Burns, a charmed echo to all our feelings, sadness for our sorrows, gladness for our mirth, and triumph for our victories!

But, Gentlemen, in doing homage to the poet and to Burns as a genius, let us not forget Burns the man. Let us not forget his glorious manhood. Gifted as he was, and famous for all time as he will be, let us to-day remember that, faithful as he was to the "ten talents," the largest measure of mind with which his Maker had distinguished him, he was faithful also to a still nobler trust, more valuable than the treasure of genius, higher than the prerogatives of birth or the distinction of office—he was faithful to truth. He never betrayed her. His was the ardent soul to love her; his the heroic soul to defend her; his the sympathetic soul to celebrate in deathless strains all who had done or suffered, or triumphed in her cause. He was truthful and natural, and faithful in all things, in all relations. He revered his Maker with the humility of the publican. He loved his country as if she wielded the sceptre of universal empire he honored his peasant father as if born to a kingdom, and he respected himself and his class as if of the noblest of the earth. Peasant as he was, he was too proud to be jealous of a peer, and he gloried in his order as the very pith and bulwark of his country, and in the plough as the symbol of heroic independence, the very type of an unstinted manhood. He was content in his "humble sphere to shine," and preserved "the dignity of man with soul erect." In him there was no guile, no pretence, no assumption, no deceit. It was this nature, so simple, loving, truthful and brave, that made him the poet that he was, and sent his every word straight to the hearts of all men; and it was this nature, too, that makes us love the man as much as we admire the genius that make us love the man as much as we admire the genius that enshrines his memory in the hearts of his countrymen and the world. In this hour, when grateful hearts are striving to measure the debt they owe him, and two hemispheres are uniting in homage, one of the humblest, most grateful and devout of his admirers, I would, in his name, and in honor of the immortal band to which he belongs of all ages and peoples, give you, as a sentiment:

The Poet—Universal as nature, Catholic as the heart of man—his pictures are unfading, and his song undying as his theme.

"Is this your brother, Pat?"
"Yes, sur."
"Is he not older than you?"
"No, indeed, sur, he's younger!"
"Well, then, he is a younger!"
"No, sur, he's not."
"Why, man, he must be either one or the other!"
"Faix, then, he's neither!"
"Oh! then you are twins?"
"Indeed, now, and how did you know it?"

A fellow who chopped off his hand, the other day, while cutting wood, sent to an apothecary for a remedy for "chopped hands."

INCIDENTS OF THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGN,

BY A MEMBER OF THE PALMETTO REGIMENT.

The Alvarado Expedition.

[CONTINUED.]

April 6th.—The military stores captured here were sunk in the river and otherwise disposed of. No garrison being left, the army had come. At the moment of our leaving, Gen. Quitman was written up by a delegation from the civil authorities tendering him their thanks for our courteous and civil behavior towards the inhabitants during our brief sojourn among them; and I have not the slightest doubt, but their gratitude was further enhanced when they saw us fairly out of view. Never was any march so much dreaded as this. After having experienced what we had to do, I observed that many of them were barefooted, having parted with their shoes because of sore feet. The native pedestrians wear sandals, and had the men adopted their custom as I did myself I am satisfied they never would have been troubled with blistered feet. We bivouaced at night at our former watering station, the alligator pond, where for the first time we witnessed the novel operation of passing wild cattle. The rancheros of whom the cattle were purchased did the butchering; mounted upon their small but spirited steeds, while riding at top speed, they hurled their barbettes with unerring precision. The animals when lassoed were immediately drawn to a stake by a rope, which was followed by decapitation. It looked more like a picture of fancy than reality, to those who witnessed the feats and gyrations of these wild creatures in their native prairies. They are a civil, offensive and hospitable race as their occupations would imply.

April 6th.—At early light the clanking of steel armor and the monotonous rattling of tin canteens were again heard along the prairie. We designed reaching the Madelon before dark, that we might be able to make the crossing in the season. At noon we reached our former bivouac at the filthy pond, which we found reduced to a puddle indeed. From this point to the river I should judge to be 13 miles. A portion of men staid the rear guard was invariably placed in rear of the baggage train to protect that point, and to prevent stragglers from the ranks from falling behind the whole. In this instance it was difficult to tell which was the rear guard. I had flattered myself for some time, that I alone constituted that body, but the subsequent arrival of more than 20 others at the pond, established the contrary fact. There were now upwards of 40 stragglers from all the regiments collected at the ranches. Some were lying asleep in the shade, and others were trafficking with the natives for (argentine) whiskey by the drink; which was as might have been foreseen the occasion of several altercations. I thought at one time we were likely to have a tragic affair, as I saw a large and powerful man making furiously at another with a formidable stick. The assailed party drew a large bowie knife and placed himself on the defensive. There was but a moment to choose, and that one was of awful suspense; but our hero of the stick made good use of it and wisely restrained the descending blow. Both too of vengeance at each other, while neither spoke, because one was far removed from danger as the other, and here the matter ended. Whiskey dropped his stick and the small man sheathed his bowie knife. At this moment a native rode up, mounted on a spirited jenny, which the landlord advised him to hitch further off. As soon as I could get the opportunity, I went behind the enclosure, mounted and setting off at topmost speed, descending an undulation in the prairie. I lost sight of the ranches and their noisy inmates. And here I overtook one of the regiment J. J. who was nearly exhausted from fatigue and sickness. We continued our journey riding and walking by turns until about sunset, when we halted at some ranches I never saw before that were situated in the edge of the woods. The poor natives gave us an abundance of sugar cane which we devoured greedily. They had no water near they said, but I prevailed on one of them to go for some, and offered him a small looking-glass for his trouble with which he was highly pleased. Entering the chapparal at sunset we passed a party engaged in skinning a beef, and from sundry other preparations we inferred that they intended camping near the spot. Half way through the chapparal we came suddenly upon a portion of the rear guard, who were reclining beneath the wide spread foliage of a banyan tree. I have often been led to admire the singular beauty of this handsome exotic. Branches extend themselves downward from the mother stems, which soon grow up and in their turn send out other branches and so on in rotation until the original tree covers an acre of ground more or less. While sitting here we were suddenly startled by the noise of wild turkeys, whereupon several of the party seized their guns and went in pursuit; but the impervious thickets prevented their getting a sight of them though they were there without doubt. We procured a good supply of water at this place from small holes dug in the sand. The water percolating through from the Gulf, accounts for the luxuriant vegetation found here. We saw no appearance of moisture here on our way to Alvarado, because it was low tide. Leaving a party here for the night we pushed on, having eight miles of our journey yet before us; and long before we accomplished half the distance, the sun went down. Had we fought the enemy and been followed by a disastrous defeat, our line of march could not have presented a more striking contrast. Muskets, cartridge-boxes, canteens, knap-sacks and clothing were scattered from here to the river. We only lacked the killed and wounded here and there, to complete the picture of a routed field in all its parts, which was in some measure completed when we saw the sick, the fatigued and exhausted who were lying along the route, to supply the places of the killed. As myself and companion jogged along together, he with his ready flow of humor, and "signalling the led lum of the journey, I could not refrain, think I

travel would afford each of us in after years, should fortune favor our meeting. I did meet him at his own home and while seated at his beautiful board a recipient of his hospitality, we mutually recalled the preceding incidents.

Some time after dark we reached the river, where we discharged our patient little animal, which doubtless found its way back to its owner. Throughout the night the stragglers were coming in and one man reported missing did not overtake the column for a day after war's. He staid all night at the ranches where he said he was hospitably entertained by his quondam landlord. If we had continued our march a few days more, some never would have over taken us. On the 7th ultimo we reached Vera Cruz, and encamped 500 yards from the Garita la Merced (Gate of Mercy). Some do not know the Hospital of Vera Cruz, we were surprised to find were still residing at our old camping station two miles from here. They appeared indifferent about leaving home as they humorously styled our former quarters, and intimated that Col. Butler had better send a wagon for their baggage, or else move the regiment over there. The volunteer tactics of this campaign were wholly different from any the world ever saw before. Col. Butler understood them, but Gen. Scott I don't think ever did. More anon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why is It?

Can any one tell why doctors so generally keep silent in regard to the state of patients whom they know to be dying? It is certainly a dreadful thing for a person to come up to the very hour of the death-struggle without a word of warning. To say nothing of any interests beyond those of time, there are always sufficient of these to require at least a few hours' attention before one goes forth on the last, lone journey; and who is there, that has any friends, who does not desire to have time to bid them farewell when he departs? If it is from kindness that the physician omits to sound the alarm in season to give the dying and their friends timely warning, it is most mistaken kindness—it is in reality cruelty—cruelty for which there is no remedy—a mistake which can never be set right.

A beautiful lady lay upon her sick bed. Friends were around her—nervous it is true, for they knew that she whom they loved was very sick; but still they hoped that she would soon be better. A friend called to see the sick lady. As she entered the room and looked upon the pale face of the sufferer she was shewing visible there, "Agnes is dying," she exclaimed.

"Oh! no—am I doctor? Am I dying?" said the lady, speaking with difficulty.

The doctor, seated in a corner, was weeping. This appeared to her, she was obliged to confess that his patient really was very near her end.

"Why didn't you tell me so?—Oh! why didn't you tell me so?—I have so much to say, and now there is no time! Oh! this is cruel—cruel!"

How many times have such words as these rung in physicians' ears, and yet they seem determined not to change their ways. But as they are intelligent, and, as a class, good and kind-hearted men, we suppose there must be a reason which to them sufficiently justifies their course in such cases. "We wish we knew what that reason is—if such there be. With our present light on the subject, the omission by the chosen guardian of the citadel of life, to sound a reasonable note of alarm, when he sees the Arch Enemy drawing near, seems to us to be a most melancholy mistake. Why is this mistake so often made?"

N. Y. Ledger.

Good.—During a recentral at Auburn, the following occurred to vary the monotony of the proceedings:

"Among the witnesses, was one, as veridant a specimen of humanity as one would wish to meet with. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused, and then putting on a look of severity, and an ominous shake of the head exclaimed:

"Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I have told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir, several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are?"

"Wal, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

"The witness was dismissed, while judge, jury, and spectators indulged in a hearty laugh."

"Ah! it is possible that you are still alive!" said a fellow, on meeting unexpectedly one whom he had grossly injured. "Yes, and kicking," replied the other, fitting the action to the word.

BLACK AND WHITE.—We find in an exchange paper the statement that seventy-two white females were married to black men in Massachusetts last year! If this be so, it is carrying out the abolition doctrine to practical results.

QUICK.—The boys, having in charge a fire steam-engine in Louisville, Ky., the other day, on a wager, harnessed and hitched the horses to the engine and hose carriage in ten minutes and fifteen seconds.

It is proposed to pay the members of the British Parliament \$5,000 each, per annum, and so on.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Rainy Days.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall.
And the day is dark and dreary.—Longfellow.

That may do for a poetical conception very well, but I wonder if Mr. Longfellow was ever shut up in a house with seven children, through the mortally long hours of a rainy day? I fancy it would give him more practical ideas upon the subject than he ever before cherished.

Of these said seven children, the three little girls are not much troubled, there being implanted in the feminine heart, from an early age, a vast amount of self respect—sometimes called vanity—which acts as a kind of moral check rein in keeping the little one in order. But there are those three terribly active, energetic boys, to be amused and kept within rational bounds, and the baby, poor little unfortunate, who is expected to sleep through all the noisy day. No wonder mamma looks with dismay upon the bright little faces that surround the breakfast-table.

Not—the very embodiment of mischief—is already making a proposition to his next younger brother, a very little boy, with a very large head, and who is generally known in the family as "Fatty"—to play at "butcher" after breakfast, to which the deluded Fatty yields a ready consent.

As a pleasure commencement to this day of disorder, Charley, the little three year-old, tumbles down stairs whilst mamma is washing the breakfast things, and in so doing acquires a lump on his head that would puzzle a phrenologist, and which fairly costs the bump of caution into the shade.

By a successive application of arnica, oil, lumps of sugar, and the story of The Three Bears, Charley is restored to good humor, and the mother of the family applies herself to the soul-cheering occupation of darning stockings; but the work is destined to interruption, for cries of distress are heard to issue from the bath room, and upon investigation Fatty is found lying in the tub, (fortunately not full of water) where the amateur butcher, Nod, has just left him tied hand and foot. The culprit is summoned to receive a severe reprimand from an indignant mother, whom he disarms at once by innocently explaining:

"Why, mamma, Fatty is my calf, and I had just killed him, and left him to bleed in the slaughter house, until I was ready to cut him up."

The scolding that was to be ends in a laugh, and Ned proclaims his triumph in a series of gymnastic performances on the floor and over the sofa, in which he does everything but swallow himself, winding up with a back handed somerset that overturns mamma's work-table, and creates universal havoc. The mother is too well accustomed to these little accidents to lose temper, but on the contrary, is rather glad of it, as the picking up of spoons, scissors, &c., will afford some occupation to her sadly restless boy. It is but temporary, however, and Ned goes off whistling "Pop Goes the Weasel" so loud that baby is awakened thereby, and comes down to mamma, whilst nurse performs some household duty. What a never ceasing fascination there is about the baby! Each child is clamorous for the sole and entire charge of him, and so he is hugged and kissed and pulled and jostled, until, good-natured baby as he is, he is driven to yelling in self defence, and refuses to be comforted until a cake makes its appearance. This, of course, excites the hunger always lying latent in the childish stomach, and cakes become a universal panacea. The little girls, in order to prolong and enhance the enjoyment of eating, have a "party," and after having asked for and obtained a thousand little accompaniments to the cake, the *piece de resistance* of the feast, they get fairly under way. But now comes a messenger to complain of Charley's gormandizing propensities. He keeps asking for cake all the time, and you know mamma, it isn't good for such little children, says his early ripe little sister, his senior by one year. Charley is finally managed by being granted a table and party all to himself, by his much enduring mother. But meantime all these little frets and jars have so worked upon my old maid nervous system, that in order to preserve my temper I put on a wet weather costume and start for a walk, thanking my stars that the management of seven children does not come within my range of duty.

"My brudders," said a maguish colored man to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy!" "What? what?" shouted several. "In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes towards the sky.

The Drunkard's Resolution.
"Too much drinking has caused me pain, I'll never look at a glass again."
He kept his word and never did, And yet by drinking wine he died.
"How could he do it?" Only think, Why, he shut his eyes: whence took a drink.

Marriage Among The Parsees.

The dignity of women among Parsees is next to European. Though not visible in society, the women mix unreservedly in the family, its conversation and affairs; their time is principally employed in making dresses for their children working embroidery and inter-twinning among themselves. The marriages of children engage the earliest attention of parents. Marriages take place at the age of nine—a custom derived from the Hindoos; Zoroaster more wisely prescribed fifteen. Instances have not been wanting of the betrothal of a boy of three years of age to a girl of two. Some fifteen years ago, indeed, it was the custom in Bombay, and in some of the cities of Guzerat, to arrange or negotiate for the marriage of children yet unborn. If the respective wives of two friends become *coetene*, they came to an understanding that, if one bore a son and the other a daughter, the infants should be united in marriage. This state of things, however, exists no longer, and early marriages are now rare.

Some of the priests, who have extensive acquaintances with influential families, follow the profession of match-makers. At their instance, the parents of the girl, requesting from them the horoscope or birth-paper of the maiden; and then consult the astrologer, who compares it with that of the proposed bridegroom. Mutual inquiries are then made. The parents of the girl inquire particularly as to the amiability or otherwise of the mother of the future son-in-law, as in a Parsee family, the hap of the wedded girl depends great. The behavior of the mother-in-law is, however, the husband being, like herself a Parsee. The astrologer having named the day for the marriage, for several days before, if the parties are rich, continual dinners and nuptials are given to friendly both males and females, and many thousands of rupees are thus spent. Ornaments and rich dresses are exchanged, and valuable presents made to the bride by her father-in-law.

On the wedding day, large parties are invited at both houses. The ceremony takes place in the evening. The gentlemen are accommodated with chairs and benches in the verandah, and on the two sides of the road facing the house where the ceremony is to be performed, while the apartments are gallantly left to the ladies. On this occasion, the former dress in "Jamas" and "Fichorees," the full custom of the Parsees, while the latter array themselves in dresses of the most rich and variegated colors, ornamented with gold and jewelry. The bridegroom goes in musical procession to the house of the bride. When the party is assembled, soon after sunset, it generally takes place in a hall or spacious room on the ground-floor of the house, where a gallica, or carpet is spread. The bride and bridegroom are seated close to each other, and ornamented chairs, and facing them stand the dastors, or priests, who repeat the nuptial benedictions, first in the Zand, and then in the Sanscrit.

The ceremony concluded, a banquet follows.—The ladies are first served, and when they have quitted the table, it is relaid for the gentlemen. Out of respect for the Hindoos, the viands consist of fish, vegetables, sweetmeats, fruits, preserves, &c. European and native wines are partaken very freely, and many toasts proposed. As the married couple are young, separate accommodation is seldom allotted; they usually live in the same house with the other members of their parent's family. The grey-headed patriarch looks with pride and pleasure upon the groups of children, grandchildren around him. Europeans in Bombay have often witnessed Sir Jamesjee Jejeebhoy driving his spacious open carriage along the public road in the evening with half a dozen little ones beside him, and many following him in other carriages.

A TOUGH TEETH TALE.—A Boston paper says that a gentleman of Lewiston, Me., on awaking one morning recently, missed from its customary place a handsome set of artificial teeth, of which he is the owner. He had heard of people swallowing their teeth, and it at once occurred to him that this misfortune had befallen him. He placed his hands upon his throat, and sure enough, he thought, the teeth were sticking fast there. Two doctors were summoned, who endeavored to extricate the teeth with forceps, but in vain. It was then proposed that an incision should be made in the throat. This proposition frightened the unfortunate gentleman, and he determined before the operation was performed, to make his will. A lawyer was sent for, and the daughter of the patient was directed to procure ink and paper. The daughter soon returned, without in her writing materials, however, but bearing in her hand the set of teeth; which she had found snugly stowed away in a drawer, where they had been placed by the gentleman before retiring. All remembrance of the fact had been lost in the confusing supposition that he had swallowed the teeth. A sore throat aided materially in the illusion that the teeth had been lodged there.

"How is it," said a man to his neighbor that parson W.—, the laziest man living, writes these interminable long sermons?"

"Why," said the other, "he probably gets to writing and is too lazy to stop."

"What is the matter, Julia, you look as sorrowful as a sick lap-dog?"

"O, don't perplex me, that's a dear! My grief is too great for utterance. I've had such an awful vision! I actually dreamed that Rose Smith had got a new silk dress."

"UNSER VATER."

The following incident, touchingly illustrating the influence of a pious mother, was related by the Rev. J. Miller, in an address before the Philadelphia Sabbath Association:

"A little German boy, soliciting a Testament, and being asked if he could read English, answered, 'Not mooch; but if you gif me one, I learn.' The Missionary replied, 'I will give you one, if you will learn the Lord's prayer so as to repeat it.' He said, 'Well, I tries.' He received the book, and began to study the verses marked. Soon a peculiar expression of interest passing over his countenance was seen, and he spoke out: 'Minister, Minister, I know tem all 'in Dutch! My mudder learns me tem before she ties! Being requested to say them, he hesitated at first, and then, in the most solemn and earnest manner, with hands clasped and eyes closed, he said; 'Unser Vater in dem himmel,' &c. The following is a literal translation of what he said of his mother to the missionary; 'She talked to me of God, and of heaven, and of angels. She learned me to pray a short prayer every night, and then she prayed a long one, herself; and the last thing she said to me before she died on the big, big sea, as we came from Germany, was, Lewis, my son, be a good boy; and O, never forget to pray so that you can come and meet me where I am now going!' They frequently met afterwards, and together conversed in the German language, of heaven and that dear mother. It was very grateful to the boy's feelings to do this. Her imprint was fixed deeply upon his young heart; and it is devoutly hoped that her prayers will be answered, and that they will be permitted finally to meet on Mount Zion above, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads!"

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.—We have a good voucher for the following item:
Not long since, while Rev. Mr. Mc—, a Presbyterian minister, was in the neighborhood of Bull's Gap, visiting his friends, he was overtaken one day by an old gentleman, who seemed to be quite inquisitive.—After riding along some time together, the stranger remarked:

"My friend, I believe I can guess your occupation."

"Perhaps so," responded Rev. Mac.

"From appearances, I think you're a Presbyterian preacher."

"You are right," said Rev., "but how do you tell?"

"Sir, by the tie of your neck-cloth, and the cut of your coat, together with the fine horse you ride; any body can tell that."

After a while the stranger rode a little in advance of the Rev., when the latter, not to be outdone by his companion, exclaimed:

"Sir, I believe I can guess what you follow for a living."

"Guess you can't," said the stranger, relating up.

"Yes, sir, I can; you are a preacher, too; a Hard-shell Baptist preacher."

"Really, you surprise me. It is true, but how do you tell?"

"Why, sir, from appearances, and from the sign you carry in your pocket," pointing to a quart bottle, with a corn-cob stopper, which was sticking about half way out of his over coat pocket.

The stranger had business in another direction, which he left to attend to immediately.

ONE OF THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.—Being beaten in argument, and afterwards thinking of some happy retort or very appropriate joke, which would have smashed your adversary to smithereens.

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a scaffolding go through his work promptly.

Our "Imp" expresses great uneasiness on account of the author of the following tract, and suggests that our Marshal be instructed to keep an eye on him.

"A destructive durk I'll be,
I'll bid pharwell to every phage;
Then wipe my weeping I,
And kut my throte prom ear to ear."

The editor of the New Orleans Picayune, in describing the launch of a grand steamer, says,—

"She dipped into the water as gracefully as the Widdow Green could make a counter."

A manager, not particularly original, fused an original play, recently, and the ground that the language was "too good for Shakespeare."

"That motion is out of order," said a man of a political meeting, "I saw a ruffian raise his arm to strike an egg."

A Japanese nobleman, upon a fashion plate in a magazine, was much startled and said, "I saw very fat your women."