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(PAYABLE IN ADVANCE)

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1859.

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HYMN OF THE HARVESTERS.

We gather them in—the bright green leaves,
With our scythes and rakes to-day,
And the mow grows big, as the pitcher in heaven
His lift of the "weltering" hay,
O, ho! a field for the mower's scythe
Hath a ring of bright destiny,
Sweeping the earth of its burden lithe,
And it sings in wrathful glee.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes
Of yellow and bearded grain,
And the flash of our sickle's light illumines
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.
Aha, we come with the steel-drawn ear—
The cunning of modern laws;
And acres steep to its slanting jar,
As it locks its hungry jaws,

We gather them in—the yellow fruits
From the shrub, the vine, the tree,
With their russet, and golden, and purple suits
To garnish our treasury,
And each has a juicy treasure stored
All neatly tinted red,
To cheer our guests at the social board,
When we leave our cares behind.

We gather them in—in this goodly store,
But not with the miser's lust,
For this Great All Father we adore,
Hath but given it in trust:
And our work of death is but for life,
In the wintry days to come—
Then a blessing upon the reapers' strife,
And a shout for their Harvest Home.

HON. M. L. BONHAM.

This distinguished Representative has addressed the following communication to the *Charleston Mercury*.

Mr. Editor: On the first Monday in June last I addressed a portion of my constituents at Laurens Court House. Circumstances did not admit of my preparing a report of that address for publication. An extract from the brief report of my remarks by the Editor of the *Herald*, having recently appeared in your paper, as indicative of my views as to the policy of the South in the approaching Presidential election, I deem it not improper, through the same medium, which circulates extensively in the Fourth Congressional District, succinctly but more fully to state the views I expressed, and now entertain, upon that absorbing question.

The debate in the Senate last February as to the true construction of the Kansas-Nebraska act and the rights of the slave States in the territories brought the advocates of the opposing constructions face to face in that body and before the whole country.—Subsequent discussions on the stump and through the press have but served to make plainer the distinction. There can now be no more "cheating" or "being cheated," as to this question, unless the South chooses to be cheated. For one, I rejoice that it is so.

The mass of the democratic party North, with some few South, maintain that, although it is the right of the slaveholder to carry his property into the territories, still the right is perfect in the people thereof, prior to the formation of a State constitution, by adverse, unfriendly, or hostile legislation, all the same in effect, to make it slave territory or free territory, no matter what may be the decision of the Supreme Court. If this be true—if a handful of squatters from the over-populous States of Europe and crowded cities of the North, pushed forward by Emigrant Aid Societies into new territories, can, by unfriendly or hostile legislation, exclude slavery, without the power on the part of Congress, by the passage of adequate laws, to restrain such unconstitutional legislation, then would that act indeed be what its author is charged with having said it was—"the best freesoil measure ever adopted by Congress." But is this true? The squatter sovereignty advocates themselves concede that Congress has not the power to legislate slavery into or out of the territories, as is contended by the abolitionists.

The notion, therefore, that Congress—an agent—not delegate to its creatures, the territorial legislatures, a power which the Congress itself does not possess, but which resides alone with the sovereign States, the creators of that Congress, would seem to be too preposterous for serious argument. But it is claimed that the doctrine of non-intervention in the Kansas Nebraska act precludes Congress from interfering to counteract this unfriendly or hostile territorial legislation. Non-intervention meant "nothing more nor less," at the passage of that act, than that Congress should not legislate slavery into or out of the territories, but that the people thereof should decide the question for themselves when adopting their constitutions, with an adequate population, preparatory to admission into the Union. That was the meaning held by all Democrats in Congress, except such as seem to have had a reserved construction for future use. No one then maintained, in Congress, that it implied the right of the territorial legislatures, to override the Constitution and the decision of the Supreme Court, and exclude slavery from the territories, with no power on the part of Congress to restrain them.—With such a construction that mischief could not have been commanded, the support of a corporal guard among southern members.

On the other hand, if all property, without distinction, should be equally protected by the territorial laws, congressional legislation might not be requisite. But if the territorial legislature should discriminate in its laws against slave property, either by omitting to afford it equal protection with all other property, or by positive hostile enactments, it would be the duty of Congress, the common agent of all States, to afford that protection which its agent, the territorial legislature, had so withheld, in violation of the constitution and the decision of the Supreme Court. No other doctrine is compatible with the rights of the slave States in the territories. And it is passing strange how any one can support the Fugitive Slave Law, which carries out the provisions of the constitution in sovereign States, and deny the power of Congress to pass laws to carry out those provisions in the territories, the common property of those sovereign States.

These, according to my understanding, are the opposing constructions—squatter sovereignty and its opposite. On the former platform Judge Douglas has announced to the democratic party that they can take him as their candidate for President in 1860, or not at all. This is bold and decided, and will, it is to be hoped, inspire a like spirit on the part of the South.

The issue is thus distinctly tendered. Can the South decline to meet it without an abandonment of her rights? Can she support Judge Douglas or any man holding the same views on this question without being concluded? think not.—The issue being tendered, a failure to meet it subjects the South to a decree by default, and new territories will be hereafter closed. Her own people would regard it as adjudicated.

Nor ought the South now to ignore this issue and support a candidate who is uncommitted.—The question is before the country, and even though it were but an abstraction, the principle is none the less important that there is no immediate application. No one doubts that the Indian or other territories suited to slave labor will be acquired by the Government—how soon no one knows? and there can be no better time than this to settle the question. In my humble judgment, it is the duty of the South, laying aside all issues, the agitation of which will distract her councils without producing present good, to demand of the democratic party—not a "slave code"—an ugly name to make obnoxious a great constitutional right—but a distinct recognition in the approaching Presidential contest, of the right on the part of slaveholders to congressional legislation, whenever such legislation may be needed, to protect their rights against the unfriendly or hostile legislation of any territory; and in default thereof, to support for her candidate some statesman, who is sound upon that question as well as others of vital interest to the South. She should eschew all compromise on the question of slavery in all its bearings.

The compromise of the constitution, whereby three-fifths of the labor of the South only is represented, was an error, but it is a part of that compact, and by that let her abide. For the future the word compromise should be stricken from the southern political vocabulary. It is time she had known whether that party—the bulk of which is in the South—will risk itself before the country advocating the constitutional rights of the South. If it will not, the party should go down and a healthier organization take its place. It has been the boast of democrats that that party is the only constitutional party of the country. Now is the time to make good that boast. It is better far to suffer defeat on a sound constitutional principle, than to achieve victory by its abandonment. We are not unmindful of the we have true friends at the North; but if they cannot sustain themselves at home on the principles of the constitution, the sooner the people of the South are made to comprehend it the better. For all practical purpose, the congressional legislation of Mr. Seward is no worse than the squatter sovereignty of Mr. Douglas; and whilst there is a wide difference between them on many other important questions, if the South is true to herself, she need not be subjected to the humiliation of having to make choice between two evils. If the doctrine of either can prevail, we can entertain no well founded hope of having the right guaranteed to us under the constitution, and affirmed by the Supreme Court, "guarded and protected" in the Union.

M. L. BONHAM.
Edgefield, Sept. 6.

DANIEL WEBSTER. Rev. Mr. Dwight officiating clergyman at the North Congregational Church, in the course of his sermon, on Sunday evening last, related the following striking anecdote of the man of giant mind. Upon entering church one Sabbath morning, a friend remarked sneeringly:—Mr. Webster, you worship where the doctrine of 'One in three and three in One' is upheld." "My friend," replied Mr. Webster, "neither you nor I understand the arithmetic of heaven!"

THE BOUNTIFUL FRIEND.

Edward, on returning home after taking a walk on a fine day in the beginning of autumn saw a basket filled with beautiful bunches of grapes on the parlor table some were deep purple, and some light yellow, like amber.

"Oh! where did these fine grapes come from?" cried Edward, quite delighted, "and whose are they?"

"They belong to you, dear Edward," said his mother; "for your grandfather, hearing that you were not very well, sent them to you with his love. He says they are some of the first grapes that have ripened in his green-house."

"How very good grandfather is!" said Edward; "I will write to him without delay, and thank him. Oh! if I could give him any pleasure, how happy it would make me."

"I am glad you feel so grateful," said his mother; "but what would you say if you had a friend who would not only send you grapes but all sorts of nice fruit.—Would you not be as thankful to him as to your kind grandfather?"

"Yes, certainly, dear mother; I would thank him with all my heart, and try every means in my power to please him."

"But if this good friend," continued his mother, "were to send you a thousand other things not merely agreeable and useful but absolutely necessary to your existence, and which you could not get expect from him?"

"Then," replied Edward, "I would be more grateful to him than I can tell you, mother. I would write long letters to him every day to thank him for so many gifts; and I am sure I should never cease thinking of what I could do for him; for, oh! how great must be the love of a friend who could be so exceedingly kind and generous."

"And," continued his mother, "what if he should not only send you these presents once, but every day, and every hour, and every minute?"

"Oh, mother! what a wonderful friend he would be! He must be so rich and powerful and full of love!"

"And if, besides all these good gifts," his mother added, "there was another and a far greater sign of his love, to you; if not satisfied with providing for you the comforts and pleasures of this life, he had devised a means for giving you joys which should last for ever, and exceed all you could imagine; and to do all this, had given his only Son to die a most painful death!"

"Oh! mother," said the child, beginning to see her object, "it would never be possible for me to feel grateful enough for such wonderful love—I should always think of that friend, I would do every thing I could to please him; yet still I could never love him enough."

"No, truly, my child," said his mother, while she pressed his little hand in hers; "and yet you and all of us have such a friend, one who is never weary of doing good and of renewing his gifts. He causes the fruit from year to year to swell and ripen on the trees, so that we and all creatures may not only live, but rejoice in our being. If you are thus thankful to an earthly friend for a single gift, how much more thankful should you be to our Father in heaven, for his innumerable blessings; and for having so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Mother, what a wicked heart a person must have who could be ungrateful to God; how wicked it would be."

"Very wicked indeed, my child," said his mother, kissing him; "therefore be careful not to be ungrateful to your dear friend, for all his benefits to you. If you do not love him, and strive, through the Divine Spirit, to keep his commandments, you will be the source of the deepest misery to me. I should weep for you as for a lost child; we could no longer have any joy or peace. You can have no happiness without the favor of God; nor could I have any hope for my Edward, if you are not His child!"

THE WISDOM OF THE SERPENT.—I observed that when I began to preach several Frenchmen and young Creoles, having no great love for sermons, left the church and went to walk in my garden, where they amused themselves with making bouquets of my choicest flowers. For some time I sought an expedient which, without wounding the lively sensibilities of those gentlemen, would oblige them to remain in the church and respect my flowers. I found a very simple means of arriving at my end without betraying my intentions. In the manergerie, which I got up by degrees, was a fine looking wild boar, which I had trained up as a watch-dog. On my going to say high mass I let him loose in the garden. At the sight of this new wonder the marauders made off with all possible speed, and returned to the church patiently to hear the sermon.—*Abbe Domenico.*

From the London Times.

THE RESULTS OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

At the beginning of the present month a public meeting was held in this city to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the abolition of slavery. One of the speeches delivered on that occasion has since been reprinted, and not without reason for it was fairly addressed to the solution of a problem on which most important interests have long been depending. Mr. Hincks, the able governor of our windward Islands, was not content with eulogizing the triumph of humanity which the grand act of abolition expressed. He outstepped this sphere of superfluous panegyric and grappled with questions which still remain for decision. The negro has been emancipated, but what have been the results of negro emancipation? Justice to the black and freedom to the slave, no doubt; but to the planter what to the colonies what—to the sugar-market what? The philanthropist need not scruple to enter these supplementary questions, for in very truth, their chief concern is with philanthropy itself.—Slavery has been abolished not everywhere but in certain territories only, and unless abolition can be shown to have been not partially, but generally a success it will to a certainty never be repeated in other countries. Are Cuba and Louisiana to follow in the steps of Jamaica? If they are we must prove that Jamaica either has been or can be a gainer by the experiment. It was to this object that Governor Hincks directed his observations, and to this we shall now address our own.

It is not only asserted, but statistically maintained in the pages before us, that slave labor is in reality dearer than free labor. According to this argument, and indeed, to a body of evidence which we should be reluctant to doubt, cultivation ought to be cheaper and more successful in the British West Indies than in any slave plantations, be they where they may. Mr. Hincks, however, well knows that as a matter of fact this is not generally the case. * * He tells us that the advantages possessed by Cuba and Louisiana are not possessed "through their slaves but in spite of them. At this moment labor is dearer in Louisiana than in the Northern States of the Union, high as the rate stands in those parts. What the Louisiana planters gain is by their astonishing economy of means combined with wonderful excellence in manufacture, the trade being also protected by tariff. The safety of Cuba again lies in its virgin soil though in this advantage it is rivalled by Trinidad. Apart however from these considerations, we are distinctly assured that whereas the labor consumed upon every pound of sugar produced may be estimated in Cuba at 3 cents and in Louisiana at 3 2-10 cents in Barbadoes reaches only 1 4-10 cents. These assertions are both consolatory and suggestive and we give them publicity with all the greater willingness because whether sustainable or not they do at any rate proceed on fair and reasonable principles. They do not assume that enfranchised blacks are the only creatures to be regarded in calculating the results of emancipation. They do not ignore the prosperity of the colonies or, above all the claims of the blacks who are not emancipated yet. They are guided manifestly by the conviction that until we can prove that the abolition of slavery will bring liberty to the negro has not wrought ruin to agriculture our example will not be followed, and that until it is followed the work of philanthropy will be but half performed. These principles we recommend to the careful attention of our Anti-Slavery Society at home. The members of that Association seem sadly in want of an object and here is one made to their hands. Let them agitate against slavery in Cuba, by improving the results of freedom in Jamaica. Let them help to prove, what Mr. Hincks declares that our planters can really beat slaveholders out of the field by cheaper and better production.

In doing that they would be once more discharging the functions they profess, for slavery will get long maintained either in Ouba or elsewhere when it is found to be a losing game.

THE PARISH MINISTER.

The author of *Adam Bede*, in sketching the rector of a parish says, he was not much of a preacher. He preached short moral sermons. But then he acted pretty much up to what he said. He didn't set up for being so different from other folks one day, and then be as like 'em as two peas the next, and he made folks love and respect him. Mrs. Poyser used to say, he was like a good meat-o' victuals you were better for him, without thinking of it.

Passing along the Westminster Road, London, where the pavement is occupied by the tatters of rival photographic establishments, Brown said to Robinson: "Take care of your pockets, old boy." "Why?" asked Jones, who was on the party. "Why?" replied Brown, "because that man, pointing to one of the tatters, has just stolen your picture."

WILL POWER.

The power of the will over merely physical obstacles, cause us a succession of surprises as we pass through life. There is scarcely a difficulty it cannot surmount, short of those barriers placed between man and the Infinite, and every day, as science and human knowledge progress, these seem to recede, and man dives further into the recess of mysteries once supposed to be hidden forever from his gaze. Desires to know, aspirations for knowledge are useless without this propelling power. As well seat yourself in a car to which no locomotive is attached, and desire to find yourself at the end of your journey. As well curl cozily into the recesses of your easy-chair, and wish to look upon the shrines of the old world.

One who has just gone from the world one of America's greatest sons, has well exemplified in his life the idea we wish to convey. Few indeed, like Prescott, have triumphed over obstacles that seem insurmountable. Few from whom the gift of vision has been wrested, or to whom it has been denied, have lived to bless and instruct the world. Out of his darkness he has made light to illuminate other minds; and though his vision could not rest upon it, has written his name high upon the scroll of Fame among earth's noblest sons.

And while we were thinking of him, with sorrow that his career was so suddenly cut short, we looked upon another, who though scarcely known to fame, has earned its laurels by his achievement; a man, blind from his birth, who is a profound scholar, a lucid and powerful thinker, cheerful, buoyant, hopeful under his great misfortune, and looking forward with the undimmed eye of his soul, to a future of toil and worthy deeds. His eloquence holds a large audience enthralled, as with masterly skill he elucidates philosophical or scientific propositions, or more singularly still, speaks of the descriptive history of nations and of countries he can never hope to see. And shut out thus from many of the keenest pleasures of life, dead to the world's beauty, to the loveliness of the human face, the grace of the human form, the glory of sunsets, and the grandeur of storms, unable to draw for his own use from the fountain of knowledge, clogged by the slavery of constant and utter dependence, the mind, the giant will of this man, all unflinching, has not ceased to aid him onward to achievement which many an other, untrammelled and unopposed, would long since have shrunk from.

There is scarce a physical or moral obstacle which may not be surmounted by perseverance, which is the fruit of powerful and well-directed will.

From the Country Gentleman.

BRINE A CURE FOR WARTS.

Messrs. Editors: Having seen in the March number of the *Cultivator*, a recommendation of a method of curing warts on horses, which seems to me to be very cruel, I am induced to write my experience in curing them, believing that warts have an origin, and are the same, and the same remedy will cure, on whatever animal they may be found. It is some years since I saw a young man in Salem, Mass., the back of whose hands were literally covered with warts, many of them larger and seedy, and very troublesome. I told him to go and wash his hands in the tide flood, (he worked in a tide mill,) three times a day for one week, and to use plenty of soap and in a few weeks his warts would be among the missing.—He took my advice, and the warts left him in about two months.

Cows often have warts on their udders I have seen many, and some very bad, which I have cured by simple washing them after milking, for one or two weeks, with brine, which is my only remedy, and has never failed of a cure.

Markesan, Wis. S. P.

A young gentleman complaining, a few evenings ago, that a shower-bath had been administered to him the evening before at a trial of one of our steam engines, elicited the remark from Miss —, that as he was so bright, perhaps they took him for a fire, and that he ought to thank his stars that they did not utterly extinguish him!—Whereupon the young gentleman laughingly declared he was more put out by her remarks than by the ducking he had received.

A spirited woman caught her husband in the act of breaking up her hoops. The exertion, or something else, had a singular effect upon him, for his hair flew out by handfuls.

An Irishman who was engaged at a drain and his pickaxe raised in the air just as the clock struck twelve, determined to work no more until after dinner, let go the pickaxe and left it hanging there!

Fapa, reading in hearing of an intelligent child.—The men were then mustered on the deck preparatory to the disembarkation.—"Oh, papa," said the child, "how funny the man must have looked, all over water!"

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS PLANTS.

Every gentleman farmer ought to be somewhat acquainted with the origin and history of all ordinary plants and trees, so as to know their nature, country and condition. Such knowledge, besides being a source of great pleasure, and very desirable, will often enable him to explain phenomena in the habits of many plants that otherwise would appear inexplicable.

Wheat, although considered by some as a native of Sicily, originally came from the central table land of Tibet, where it yet exists as a grass. Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalay. Oats were brought from North America. Millet, one species, is a native of India; another of Egypt and Abyssinia. Maize (India corn) is of native growth in America. Rice was brought from Africa, whence it was taken to India, and thence to Europe and America. Peas are of unknown origin. Vetches are natives of Germany. The garden bean is from the East Indies. Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Turkey. Cabbage grows wild in Sicily and Naples. The poppy was brought from the East. The sunflowers from Peru. Hops came to perfection as a wild flower in Germany. Saffron came from Egypt. The onion is also a native of Egypt. Horseradish from South Europe. Tobacco is a native of Virginia, Tobago and California. Another species has also been found wild in Asia. The grasses are mostly native plants, and so are the clovers, except lucerne, which is a native of Sicily. The gourd is an eastern plant. The potato is a well known native of Peru and Mexico. Coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean. Anise was brought from the Grecian Archipelago.

GENIUS AND LABOR.—Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Might give me some credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then, the effort which I make is what the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. There, sir, pointing to a large pile of letters on his table, "is a pile of unanswered letters, to which I must reply before the close of the session, (which was then three days off). I have no time to master the subject so as to do it justice." "But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do so much to awake public attention to it." "If there be such weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject till I have imbued my mind with it."

Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused.

The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

CREDIBLE NOBILITY.—Parisian gossip speaks of a young new-made Italian count, whose dashing equipage in the streets of the French metropolis excites no little curiosity and remark on account of his carriage panels conspicuously displaying along with his crest the number seventeen. It appears that his father a poor fisherman, began his fortune with seventeen of the poorest Italian coins, by the means of which ardently turned in trade and speculation he accumulated an estate of several millions. A record of his rise showed the curious coincidence of seven and seventeen being the measure of sums and dates of months and years by which, and on which his repeated and remarkable successes ensued. Dying he bequeathed his immense fortune in equal parts to an only son and three daughters. The son, not averse to bearing a title but more anxious show the world the source of it and at the same time establish a memorial tribute to a number which his father had revered almost religiously, purchased a countship for the purpose of setting the number seventeen on the shield of his coat of arms. Of course, a man so ready to expose the obscurity of his origin can have no great regard for the distinction of a title thus acquired; and yet, for the very spirit dictating his "courageous act" we should judge him of a temper fit for any patent of nobility.

Many a true heart that would waste some back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace—the frown, the savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

The family house of the American president, Thomas Jefferson, was burnt down during his absence. "Where were none of my books saved?" he asked a favorite black servant.—"No master," was the reply, "but we saved the fiddle."

DELICIOUS.—The very last curiosity spoken of in the paper, is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a puppy. The man who discovered it has retired from public life to live on what he owes.

To keep your own counsel—get into a chancery suit, and he'll live upon you.

HOME.

It is when the influences at home are pure and good, that they are sublime and holy—but when they are impure and vicious, how wretched and fearful must be the results! The heart that carries fond recollections of kind remonitions, encircled with a glorious halo of a father and mother's love, has an inward fountain of happiness, as pure and generous as the gushing tide from Horeb to the famished Children. It was this that gave the inspiration to the author of "Home Sweet Home" to indite those lines so dear to the weary Children of Toil in this busy work-day world although he was a wanderer upon the broad face of the earth without a spot which he could dedicate as the sanctuary of the heart "Home Sweet Home."

"Tis home where'er the heart is,
Where'er its living treasures dwell,
In cabin or in princely hall,
In forest haunt or hermit cell.

"The heart gives life its beauty,
Its warmth, its radiance and its power,
'Tis sunlight to the rippling stream,
And soft dew to its drooping flower."

How careful, then, should we be with our Home-Ties—not rudely break those golden cords that bind our hearts to our own.

HEMORRHOIDS are a perennial source of purity and freshness to the mind. It clears away the cobwebs; it qualifies the hot, rich draughts of sentiment; it freshens up the sated edge of appetite; it flows through the whole bring like a babbling stream with verdure always green upon its banks. Without humor, we are either hot simooms or arid plains. Your Keats and your Shelleys burn themselves out for want of it; your Shakespeares and Dickens are so irrigated by its delicious coolness, that they endure green and fresh forever.—*Olive.*

During the prevalence of the fatal miasma at Brescia, a Zouave hurrying into the mess-room, told his commanding officer that his brother had been carried off two days before by a fatal malady, expressing his apprehension that the whole regiment would be exposed to a similar danger in the course of the following week. "Good heavens!" ejaculated the officer, "what, then, did he die of?"—"Why, my colonel," said the Zouave, "he died of a Tuesday."

SINGULAR IGNORANCE.—During a recent trial there was a large number of ladies present, who caused a gentle murmuring all the while. The usher called out repeatedly, "Silence!" when the judge mildly said, "Mr. Usher, don't you know better than to call silence when ladies are in court?"

At a late agricultural show in England, an American exhibited a fast-trotting American horse, which cantered and trotted remarkably well, but which was a bad walker. A person looking on, after having admired the trotting and cantering, asked, "How about the walking?"—"Walking?" said Jonathan, "well, really don't know about that. We're not so turnation slow in the States as to notice that!"

MODERN SCHOOLING.—"What are you writing there, my boy?" asked a fond parent the other day of his hopeful son, a shaver of ten years.—"My composition, this."—"What is the subject?"—"International law," replied the youthful Grotius. "But, really, I shall be unable to concentrate my ideas and give them relation if I am constantly interrupted in this manner by irrelevant inquiries."

MODERN ENGLISH AT WORCESTER.—An old lady of Worcester, descending on a fight between two other ladies of the tribe, said, "If her had hit as her had hit her, her had a killed her, or her her!" Such is the modern English in the old district of *Cherwell-gton*.

Time is precious, life is short, and consequently one must not lose a moment. A man of sense knows how to make the most of time, and puts out his whole sum either to interest or pleasure; he is never idle, but constantly employed either in amusement or in study.

A WATERY FOUNDATION.—The following question having been placed on the paper for discussion by the members of the Leicester Young Men's Christian Association, "Does teetotalism rest on a solid basis?"—*was answered* it by writing underneath, "No, on a liquid."

A lover received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers:—"Dear —, I send by the boy a bucket of flowers. They is like my love for u. The nice shield menes keeps dark. The dog-fenn menes I am ure slave. Rosie red and pois pail; mi luv for u shall never fail."

MARVELLOUS.—The very last curiosity spoken of in the paper, is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a puppy. The man who discovered it has retired from public life to live on what he owes.

To keep your own counsel—get into a chancery suit, and he'll live upon you.