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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY  
**THOMAS J. WARREN.**

### TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: For one Square (fourteen lines or less) in the weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in must be noted of the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

## FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

THE Subscriber has just received a new supply of **Fresh Winter and Spring Garden Seeds.** As we test all our Seeds before selling them, the public may purchase from us with confidence. We sell nothing that we do not feel assured will grow if the necessary cautions are used. Our supply consists in part of

**BEANS**—English Windsor, Early Mohawk, Early Yellow Six Weeks, Large White Kidney, Refugee, 1000 to 1, Red French Speckled, Dutch Case Knife, White Dutch Runner, Large Lima.  
**PEAS**—Early Dutch Blood Turnip, Long Blood, White Sugar, May, Early Drumhead, Large late Drumhead, Savoy, Early Dutch, Green Globe Savoy, True Green Glazed.  
**CABBAGES**—Early York, Large York, Sugar Head, Early Dutch, Green Globe Savoy, True Green Glazed.  
**CARROTS**—Early Horn, Long Orange.  
**CUCUMBERS**—Long Green, Early Frame, Gherkin.  
**LETTUCE**—White Cabbage, Silesia, Curled Ice head.  
**ONION**—White Portugal, Large Red, Yellow Dutch.  
**PEAS**—Early Warrick, Early June, Early Charlton, Early Double Blossom, Codo Null, Dwarf Marrowfat, Large White Marrowfat.  
**RADISH**—Long Scarlet, Scarlet Turnip, Black Flat.  
**SQUASH**—Yellow Bush, White Bush, Summer Crook-neck.  
**TURNIPS**—Large White Flat, Early Spring, Early Dutch, Yellow English, Red Top Flat, Ruta Baga.  
**CORN**—Sweet Sugar, Six Weeks, Tuscorora, with Okra, Purple Broccoli, Cauliflower, Celery, Egg Plant, Kale, Nutmeg, Melon, Parsley, Parsnip, Peppers, Tomatoes, Rhubarb, Spinage, Vegetable Oyster. Also, a large variety of **choice Flower Seeds.**  
**800 Asparagus Roots.** For sale by  
**FRANCIS L. ZEMP.**

Jan. 9. 3

## ESTATE SALE.

BY permission of John R. Joy, Esq., Ordinary for the Kershaw District, will be sold on **TUESDAY**, the 27th inst., at the late residence of Benjamin Halle, dec'd., a portion of the Personal Estate of said deceased, consisting of COINS, FOLDER, PEAS, a quantity of SEED COTTON, STOCK OF CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS, and about 12,000 pounds SALTED PORK. Plantation Implements, Household and Kitchen Furniture, &c.

At the Court House in Camden, on Monday, 2d day of February, between  
**50 and 60 Prime Negroes,**  
a fine Family Carriage, one pair of Carriage Horses, a Boy's Pony, fifteen prime Mules, and the Plantation Wagons.

The Negroes will be sold on a credit of one, two and three years. Terms for the other property will be made known at the time of sale.

C. J. SHANNON, Adm'r. Benj. Halle.  
I will sell at the same time and place, and on the same terms, Fifty Negroes. C. MATHESON.  
Jan. 9, 1852. 3

## EXECUTOR'S SALE.

WILL be sold on Monday, the 2nd day of February next, at the Court House in Camden, **Thirty One Negroes,** belonging to the Estate of the late Capt. Powell McRa. The terms will be one-third cash, the balance on a credit of one, two and three years, a bond with personal security and a mortgage of the property will be required, and interest to be paid annually.  
WILLIAM J. TAYLOR, Executor.  
Jan. 13. 4

## NEW YEAR.

THE subscriber having a large supply of Goods of every description, will sell them to his customers on a credit of one year at very moderate prices. He will also sell for cash as low as any other establishment in the place.

Feeling very thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him for the last seventeen years, he hopes by strict attention to business, and very low prices, to merit its continuance.  
E. W. BONNEY.

**Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery &c**  
THE subscriber continues to keep on hand a complete assortment of Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c., which he will sell very low for CASH. His stock of Groceries consists, in part, of

**Sugar, Coffee, Salt, Cheese, &c. &c.**  
Among his Dry Goods will be found a good article of pure Irish Linen, which he will warrant to be genuine, and sell as cheap or cheaper than it can be bought in this market.

Purchasers would do well to give him a call.  
Jan. 2. J. CHARLESWORTH.

**FOR SALE**—Boy's Boots at cost.  
Jan. 13. E. W. BONNEY.

**SUGAR** House Syrup and new crop New Orleans Molasses. For sale by E. W. BONNEY.

**PATENT** Meat Cutters and Sausage stuffers. Also, a good assortment of Rocking and Sitting Chairs. For sale by E. W. BONNEY.

**COOPER'S** best shredded Isinglass, and a variety of Extracts, fresh Currants and Citron, Raisins, Almonds, Broma, Chocolate, Mustard, Cheese, seed Potatoes, &c. Just received by E. W. BONNEY.

**Desirable Property for Sale.**  
THE subscriber offers for sale his Residence in the town of Camden, on the corner of Fair and Boundary Streets, in the immediate vicinity of Kirkwood. The house is a comfortable dwelling, and the buildings on the premises are in good repair—the location, for health, is an admirable one, and there is attached, a good well of water.

Terms—One half cash; the balance payable on the 1st of January next, with interest, &c. For further particulars apply to C. M. Wienges, or to the subscriber.  
JOSEPH WIENGES.

**Selling off at Cost.**  
ALL my stock of Dry Goods, Hats, Shoes, Hardware and Crockery, &c.  
All persons indebted to the subscriber either by note or account, are requested to call and settle the same.  
JAMES McEWEN,  
Jan 2. 1

## NIGHT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Night is the time for rest:  
How sweet when labor's close,  
To gather round a warming breast,  
The curtain of repose,  
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams:  
The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
Mix in fantastic strife!  
Ah! visions less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil:  
To plow the classic field,  
Intent to find the buried spoil  
Its wealthy furrows yield;  
Till all is ours that sages taught,  
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep:  
To wet with unseen tears  
Those graves of Memory, where sleep  
The joys of other years;  
Hopes, that were wings at their birth,  
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch:  
O'er ocean's dark expanse,  
To hail the Pleiades, or catch  
The full moon's earliest glance,  
That brings into the home-sick mind  
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care:  
Brooding on hours misspent,  
To see the spectre of Despair  
Come to our lonely tent;  
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,  
Summon'd to die by Caesar's ghost.

Night is the time to think:  
When, from the eye, the soul  
Takes flight; and on the utmost brink  
Of yonder starry pole,  
Discerns beyond the abyss of night  
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray:  
Our Saviour off with draw  
To desert mountains far away;  
So will his followers do,  
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for Death:  
When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the weary breath,  
From sin and suffering cease,  
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign  
To parting friends—such death be mine.

## Business Transaction.

"Have you got a hex to sell?" inquired a cockney, as he entered a Yankee's retail shop in the Queen of the West.

"Aye! well, I guess I have."  
"Well, I want a 'atchet.'"  
"Fatchet? Oh! well, I can accommodate you I reckon, Mister; you don't want to chop your letters off, nor nothing?" said the Yankee thrust his tongue in one side of his mouth, and grinned.

"Let's see your 'atchets.'"  
"Here's a first chop one, worth a dollar, and so on 'till it's your, may take it for three shillings and ninepence."

"Ow much be that?"  
"Sixty-two and a half cents, 'zactly."  
"I'll give you fifty, follow."  
"Oh, couldn't think on't—cost me sixty cents. No, mister, we can't trade. I must make a keele profit," and the shopkeeper was replacing his articles.

"Well, sir, I'll give you sixty-two cents."  
"Oh! well, mister, I never stand for half a cent."

The exquisite paid down two quarters and a levy, which the Yankee put in his drawer, and handed him the hatchet.

"I want my 'alf cent," said John Bull.

"Well, mister, how on earth can I give you a half cent—we've no coins of that sort; you'd better buy something else, and I'll make it even."

"No—I must have my 'alf cent."  
"Well, mister, if you must have it, you must, that's all, but you won't want another, I reckon." Saying this, he took the hatchet from his customer's hand, and walking to the door laid a cent on the stone.

"Stop! stop! follow—you'll ruin me 'atchet." He was not in time, however. The Yankee had already cut the cent on the doorstone in two parts, merely remarking that "those who were determined to have a half cent ought to pay the expense of getting it."

Any one of vast erudition will find a very instructive moral in the above, and for aught we know, the suggestions contained in it will be of great advantage to the Board of Currency.

"COURTED BY ANOTHER FELLOW."—The Newburyport Herald tells the following Post Office anecdote:—

A rap at the delivery.  
Post Master—Well my lad, what will you have?

Boy—Here's a letter, and she wants to have it go along as fast as it can, 'cause there's a feller wants to have her here, and she's courted by another feller who ain't here, and she wants to know whether he's goin' to have her or not.

Having delivered his message with great emphasis, the boy departed, leaving the Post Master so convulsed with laughter that he could make no reply.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—A celebrated liquor importer in Boston, recently had his pocket-book containing a large sum of money, cut from his pocket while entering church. A few days subsequent he received the pocket-book through the post, (postage unpaid,) accompanied with a note

in which the writer stated that after spending the money, he discovered to his utter horror that he had been making use of funds obtained in the infamous liquor traffic. He, therefore, returned the pocket-book, and would do the same by the money, should he be able to again lay hands on it.—[Yankee Doodle.

## Wonders of the Universe.

What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 152,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner in taking one stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us, a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it; yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid close together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements regularly recurring at equal intervals no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color? That for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet seven hundred and seven millions of times per second? Do not such things stand more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.—Herschell.

## No Excellence Without Labor.

The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly his own work. How else could it happen, that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate.

You shall see issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other beyond the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. Men are the architects of their respective fortunes. It is the fate of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexercised, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle, till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself, at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this carering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind—and those long reaches of thought, that

Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,  
And drag up drowned honor by the locks—

This is the prowess, and these the achievements, which are to enrol your names among the great men of the earth.—Wart.

FAST EATING.—A writer in a late number of the Phrenological Journal, concludes as follows:

"Sometimes, when I see men bolting down their food in such hot haste, I feel like exclaiming, 'What a pity that man, who ought to be the wisest of God's creatures, should thus violate every dictate of wisdom and organic law, and poison his system by suffering, until he becomes a poor broken-hearted dyspeptic.'"

"Let your present sufferings teach you how to eat in future; or, if you are too idiotic to learn, sin and suffer on, and be miserable still; and let it be forever remembered that no man does or can suffer until or unless he has sinned."

"But," it is objected, "I have tried my utmost to refrain from fast eating, and find myself unable to do so." Then try the rule involved in this article. You mistake by supposing that you are to restrain this gormandizing propensity by force of will. You take the wrong means. This so desirable an end is to be attained, first, by dismissing all thoughts of business from your mind when you sit down to table, sitting down just to enjoy the luxury of the present hour, dismissing everything else, put yourself into a calm state, and stopping short, eat not a mouthful until your starved fever has cooled down.

"You do not feed your horses when in a period of excitement; then why feed yourself when

never will be but that there will be men among us with enough Yankee principle to plant every acre in cotton, when others are planting less, but let it be. At this time I do really believe there are more acres in cotton than for five or ten years, and thanks to our beneficent Master, the prospect is there will be less 'nude' than last year; yet, as we were mistaken 200,000 bales, we had better say naught. More of this in my next.  
Yours, indeed and in truth,  
Coto.

## Forests.

It must be apparent to the slightest observer, that the forests of the State are rapidly diminishing, and that wood every year is scarcer and dearer. Considering the value and necessity of woodlands to future generations, a farmer cannot do better service to his posterity, and to the State than to perpetuate the forests. To accomplish this object, the woods now standing must be carefully guarded and cut with caution. Only the oldest trees should be selected, leaving the others to improve by standing. The high price of wood leads our farmers, often to cut off all the timber of some pieces of land; whose soil, rocky situation, or position on a side hill, prove that it is of no service but for wood. A little care of such tracts, would lead to their perpetuity, and to their constant increase in value. All woodlands should be so securely fenced that cattle should have no access. A little care will protect the young trees from the growth of underbrush. But there is one thing hitherto neglected by our farmers, to which we wish to call their attention, and that is, the sowing of various nuts, that will preserve the forests to posterity. It is on this subject that the present generation have been the most careless, and have shown the least regard to the benefit of the future, because they may suppose the present will derive no advantage from it. Let therefore, our farmers every year scatter acorns of different species, especially of the white oak, beach nuts, hickory nuts, of the kinds most serviceable for fuel, and in places adapted to the tree; chestnut, if they wish a supply of fencing, maple and ash keys, &c., and they will be doing as much service to their grand-children as if they laid up money for them at ten per cent. interest.—Hartford Times.

## Farmers, Change your Policy.

Messrs. Editors:—Somebody says, 'we are tired of generals, we want something more definite, something of the minutiae of cultivation—or that sort of chat. As to my own peculiar views, it matters not, I would as soon write you how to lay a fence worm, as how best to prepare the future welfare of your children. And being only competent to the former, I ought to do it and risk censure. Yet I cannot, for the life of me discard from my mind, that the planters of the South, require their negroes, horses, and writers, to make cotton all the time. I cannot close my eyes to the Delta's commercial matter (a New Orleans Journal) of August 16—265, 410 bales received at all ports over the receipts of 1850, and price 3 3-4 to 7. Our best cotton not over 7. Nor will I keep back my pen from writing and re-writing again, that it is folly for any reasonable man to be laboring to advise his friend how to prolong life, when that friend is constantly going into excess. My friend, A. B. calls upon me and says,

"Dr. C. can't you give some particular medicine that will restore my broken constitution? I admit that I have wasted away my prime, but your experience can help me, will you not?" As an honest man what shall I say? What shall I do? I ask each reader and I "pause for a reply." My own notion is, I should say, Wait a while with patience until I see you amend your ways. If I give you something which experience proves will tend to restore you, you immediately relapse into your former excesses—you will bow your head and bend the knee to your idols—you will only gain a little vigor to drink another surfeit of the old enemy.

Apply this to the planter. Tell him how he may increase his crop—he will be satisfied; but merely keeps up the disease—large crops and low prices. But tell him how to improve his lands, and should he try for a little he will soon turn to his old way. Ask, where is the man who has been prudent this year? I mean who has not tried to improve his cotton crop and not neglected his corn. I believe there is a vast gain in improved culture, manures, and in improving seed, but if these are to be used merely for increasing the cotton crop, it is a madman's part to give them. I pledge my reputation to the public, that although I have this year turned over every foot of my land with a two horse plow—although I have sixteen work horses and three yoke of steers, with two wagons to seven hands—although implements of all kinds—although nearly every cotton seed planted has been selected—although I have nearly one hundred acres in pasture, yet my cotton crop does not claim to be as large as last year—a part of it is guano work, and taking the largest figures in the uncertain part to make it equal. I say this to show that I scorn to advise what I will not practice. I believe our true policy is, to plant less cotton and more corn. I have done this, and now enough is seen to warrant me to offer for sale more corn than I will use in 1851.

I have felt a deep, glowing interest in the agriculture of the South, and at this time for South Carolina. Had I the talent like Wm. Harper in nullification times, I would take my camp and kettle and journey throughout Carolina, working, striving, and laboring with my brethren, endeavoring to get them to look to home and their own interests. A crop of three millions will not net an average of six cents, and therefore less than seventy-two millions—a certain loss of thirty millions of dollars, with at least ten millions worth of corn, meat, &c. lost, which could be made with two millions of bales. I do not know that I would err in placing the loss at fifty millions of dollars. Certainly I have no interest aside from that of a cotton planter. I am not a merchant, nor the son of a merchant, nor the brother of one. I never ran for office but once, and was then beaten there being a higher man in college when I wanted the boots. I am old enough to be wiser and better. Well no odds—I know that we can make some corn, some wheat, shear a few lbs. of wool, raise a colt or two, and then make our portion of two millions of bales. And will any man say this is an unwise course? Will any man say there is less pleasure in feeding a few swine—less interesting the playfulness of the lamb, and the frolicking days of the colt, than in growing cotton to buy them with?

The great, the grand object now is, to change the policy. We must have the principle changed. And the writer of this is almost inclined to declare he will write no more, (or only to change) until a different policy be adopted. This may seem rather dictatorial, indeed I hope not for I would please all in my power. Yet, this pen is my own, and the little knowledge I possess is my own, and unless I feel conscious I am not doing harm, I would err in using either. The time

never will be but that there will be men among us with enough Yankee principle to plant every acre in cotton, when others are planting less, but let it be. At this time I do really believe there are more acres in cotton than for five or ten years, and thanks to our beneficent Master, the prospect is there will be less 'nude' than last year; yet, as we were mistaken 200,000 bales, we had better say naught. More of this in my next.  
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Women Out of Doors.—The editor of Harper's Magazine, very judiciously expands a suggestion contained in one of Mr. Greeley's letters from England:

"Our eyes have just now fallen upon a passage in Mr. Greeley's last letter from Europe, in which he speaks of the appearance of the English women, and commends, with little more than his usual ardor of expression, their perfection of figure. He attributes this, and very justly, to the English lady's habit of out-of-door exercise. We had thought that this fact was known; that it was known years ago, and that our fair countrymen would catch a hint from it, that would throw color into their cheeks, and fullness into their forms. And yet, sadly enough, our ladies still coop themselves in their heated rooms, until their faces are like lilies, and their figures like lily-stems.

We have alluded to the matter now, not for the sake of pointing a satire surely, but for the sake of asking those one or two hundred thousand ladies, who every month light our pages with their looks, if they do indeed prize a little unnatural paleness of hue and delicacy of complexion, beyond that ruddy flush of health—the very tempter of a kiss! and that full development of figure, which all the poets, from Homer down, have made one of the chiefest beauties of a woman? If not, let them make acquaintance with the sunrise; let them pick flowers with the dew upon them; let them study music of nature's own orchestra. Vulgarity is not essential to health; and a lethe, elastic figure does not grow in hot houses. For ourselves, we incline heartily to the belief, that if American women have a wish to add to the respect, the admiration, the love, and—if need be—the fear of the men, they will find an easier road toward that gain, in a little vigorous out-of-door exercise and a uniform attention to the great essentials of health, than in any new-fangled costumes, or loudly applauded 'rights.'

MARRIAGES BY SALE.—Among the ancient Babylonians, at a certain time every year, the marriageable females were assembled, and disposed of at auction to the highest bidder. The richest citizens purchased such as pleased them at a high price, and the money thus obtained was used to portion off those females to whom nature had been less liberal of personal charms. When the beauties were disposed of, the auctioneer put up the more ordinary lots, beginning with the homeliest of those who remained, announcing a premium to the purchaser of each; the bidders were to name a sum below the given premium, at which they would be willing to take the maid; and he who bid lowest, was declared the purchaser. By this means, every female was provided for. This custom originated with Atossa, daughter of Belochus, about 1433 B. C.

ADDITION—TWO AND ONE.—A farmer's son, who had been some time at the university, coming home to visit his father and mother, and being, one night, with the old folks, at supper, on a couple of fowls, he told them, that by the rules of logic and arithmetic, he could prove these two fowls to be three.

"Well, let us hear," said the old man.

"Why this," said the scholar, "is one, and this," continued he, "is two, two and one, you know, make three."

"Since ye hae made it out sae weel," answered the old man, "your mother shall hae the first fowl, I'll hae the second, and the third you may keep to yourself."

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.—There are now 75 Protestant Missionaries in China, connected with 15 different societies; being an increase of 55, in nine years. Of these, 43 are Americans, 25 English, 3 Germans, 2 Swedes, 1 Swedish, and 1 unconnected.