

The Independent Press.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, POLITICS, &c., &c.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.)

"Let it be Instilled into the Hearts of your Children that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Rights."—Junius.

(PAYABLE IN ADVANCE)

VOLUME 5--NO. 16.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1857.

WHOLE NUMBER 24

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The Proprietors of the *Abbeville Banner and Independent Press*, have established the following rates of Advertising to be charged in both papers:

Every Advertisement inserted for a less time than three months, will be charged by the insertion at **One Dollar per Square**, (12 lines—the space of 15 solid lines or less), for the first insertion, and **Fifty Cents** for each subsequent insertion.

The Commissioner, Sheriff, Clerk's and Officers' Advertisements will be inserted in both papers, each charging full price.

Sheriff's Levee, **One Dollar** each. Announcing a Candidate, **Five Dollars**.

Advertising an Estray, **Two Dollars**, to be paid by the Magistrate. Advertisements inserted for three months, or longer, at the following rates:

1 square 3 months	\$ 5 00
1 square 6 months	8 00
1 square 9 months	10 00
1 square 12 months	12 00
2 squares 3 months	8 00
2 squares 6 months	14 00
2 squares 9 months	18 00
2 squares 12 months	20 00
3 squares 3 months	10 00
3 squares 6 months	16 00
3 squares 9 months	21 00
3 squares 12 months	25 00
4 squares 3 months	12 00
4 squares 6 months	20 00
4 squares 9 months	26 00
4 squares 12 months	30 00
5 squares 3 months	15 00
5 squares 6 months	25 00
5 squares 9 months	30 00
5 squares 12 months	35 00
6 squares 3 months	20 00
6 squares 6 months	30 00
6 squares 9 months	36 00
6 squares 12 months	40 00
7 squares 3 months	25 00
7 squares 6 months	35 00
7 squares 9 months	41 00
7 squares 12 months	45 00
8 squares 3 months	30 00
8 squares 6 months	40 00
8 squares 9 months	46 00
8 squares 12 months	50 00

Fractions of Squares will be charged in proportion to the above rates.

Business Cards for the term of one year, will be charged in proportion to the space they occupy, at **One Dollar** per line space.

For all advertisements set in double column, Fifty per Cent. extra will be added to the above rates.

DAVIS & CREWS,
For Banner;
LEE & WILSON,
For Press.

MISCELLANY.

A Model Bandit.

The Parisians quote various whimsicalities of a certain Lord H., an English nobleman, now dead who figured for a long time in the annals of Paris as one of the most distinguished representatives of English eccentricity. Travelling once in Italy, at a date when the banditti—who, whatever skeptics may say, have never entirely disappeared—were in full activity, Lord H. ventured on a day, alone, in a post-chaise upon a road of very bad repute, not having even his body-servant, whom he had sent elsewhere on an errand. He did not know that the soldiers were at this time on a vigorous hunt through the region, and was none the less tranquilly seated in his chaise, when suddenly there sprang towards the carriage, from a thicket, a man whose picturesque dress top clearly indicated his profession. Lord H. took a pistol and a cool aim at the brigand, who shouted:

"Mercy, I was not attacking you; I surrender. I am pursued. Save me!"

The galloping of horses was heard at no great distance. The nobleman thought it quite prudent to avail himself of the protection of a traveller's protection on the highway; the confidence touched him; the simplicity amused him.

"Do be it," said he; "jump on the seat; wrap my cloak round you, and draw this cap over your eyes."

The soldier appeared. "Have you seen a man running this way—a bandit—are after?"

"No bad ones. But I ask nothing better than a chance to be an honest man. Would you take me into your service?"

This proposition, which would have made an ordinary traveller jump, was favorably received by the eccentric Englishman. I should like to do so," he answered; "you interested me."

"Thank you, my lord. It is agreed, then? You will take me for your servant?"

"No, I have one; and really, I don't very well know what place to give you. I have but one vacant; I have just discharged my steward."

"Why?"

"He robbed me."

"The wretch!"

The word pronounced by that man, pleased the noble lord. He felt that his new retainer, who established himself entirely in the matter of good grace. He was such an irresistible oddity to give a hand to a place of trust.

The rich Englishman thought it extremely original to give the keys of his cash and the account of his business to a man who had been used to stripping travellers on the highway; but, what is more extraordinary, he never had occasion to repent it by the experience brought to him by so prodigious a mark of confidence, persisted in the good resolutions which the Englishman had agreed to observe. Far from continuing his former trade, in the prodigious situation of steward, he became a model of probity, disinterestedness, and delicacy, and his noble master's fortune prospered in his royal care.

English Anecdotes.—Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors of England, just published, contains some amusing stories. One is of a young nobleman, who had the reputation of being very dissipated, but whose memory was so good that he began a speech with "the noble Englishman who appears by me—my Lord the Chancellor of England." The Chief Justice, who was present, said, "You are a good fellow for the Court is quite with you."

Another anecdote is of a Quaker coming to a dinner at a nobleman's without a hat, and being asked why he did not wear one, he answered, "I have lost it."

Another anecdote is of a Quaker coming to a dinner at a nobleman's without a hat, and being asked why he did not wear one, he answered, "I have lost it."

Another anecdote is of a Quaker coming to a dinner at a nobleman's without a hat, and being asked why he did not wear one, he answered, "I have lost it."

Another anecdote is of a Quaker coming to a dinner at a nobleman's without a hat, and being asked why he did not wear one, he answered, "I have lost it."

Another anecdote is of a Quaker coming to a dinner at a nobleman's without a hat, and being asked why he did not wear one, he answered, "I have lost it."

Another anecdote is of a Quaker coming to a dinner at a nobleman's without a hat, and being asked why he did not wear one, he answered, "I have lost it."

Another anecdote is of a Quaker coming to a dinner at a nobleman's without a hat, and being asked why he did not wear one, he answered, "I have lost it."

gorous eloquence." His Lordship answered, "My impartiality as a judge calls on me to say, in that in accusing you of that, they do you great injustice." A very tedious bishop have yielded during his own speech, Lord Ellenborough exclaimed; "Come, come, the fellow shows symptoms of taste; but this is encroaching on our province." Soon after he was made Chief Justice he removed to a splendid mansion in St. James' Square. To give an idea of his size to an old lawyer of Chancery Lane, he said, "Sir, if you let a piece of audience in the hall, the report is not heard in the bedrooms."

The following lines were written by the late Governor Reid, of Florida, on a voyage from this city to St. Augustine, Florida, in the steamer Caledonia. They have been furnished us for publication by a lady, and may be interesting to those who know the Savannah river, and knew the writer when a citizen of Augusta.

Chron. & Sen.
O speed the well, my bonny boat
And hasten to the sea.
My cares and I are all afloat,
And would not tarried be;
On, by Fort Moore's high chalky bluff,
Beyond the Point—farewell,
To where the waters foam so rough,
And boil in little Hell.
Away with noise and smoke;
By willow-swamps and brake,
To where our wheels with steady strike,
Glide o'er Freshman's lake!
Away! Poor Robin—Tiger's Leap,
And Hager Slager's shore,
Away—away—away we sweep,
And ne'er shall see them more!
Farewell, ye tangled woods of gloom,
Upon Savannah side:
The wild birds haunt—the serpents home,
Where the Cayman wags his bride!
The wander who no lightsome heart,
And thoughts he may not tell;
From the winding river must not part,
Without a kind farewell.

To-morrow, we shall onward speed—
Scene changing after scene;
We follow where our fortunes lead,
To find St. Augustine,
Where the stars of heaven burn brighter,
And the Orange grove are green;
When the heavy heart beats lighter
For famed St. Augustine!
And welcome the beacon tower
Upon its sea-girt mound—
The waves that dash the skies that lower
O'er Catloga's sound—
Thrice welcome the sweet young moon,
That lights this little bay,
And music's voice that soft, and soon
Can chase regrets away.

A Picture of Bachelor Life.

At a class-meeting at the recent commencement of Yale College, Mr. James C. Rice, of New York, responded to the toast, "The wives present and future of the Class," in a very humorous style. The following extract from his remarks will be read with interest by sufferers:

What is more miserable, Mr. Chairman, and I appeal to you, Sir, as one who is still in the "bonds of iniquity and the gall of bitterness," than the life of a self-sacrificing, persevering, liberally educated bachelor? Tell me, sir, of the miseries and sufferings of the various conditions and fortunes of life; tell me how the soldier leaves his happy home and dies unshrouded in some foreign land; and the sailor, who has wrought a hundred storms, at length finds a watery grave; how the weary traveller sinks exhausted on Sahara's sands or in Alpine snows; but, O ye good fate, who preside over the destinies of men, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos—O ye, O beautiful Graces, Aegleia, Euphrosyne and Thalia, and ye, also, bright goddesses, Venus, Juno and Minerva, have had mercy upon us, and deliver us from the life, the death, and the expectations of a bachelor!

I beg, of you, my fellow classmates, to leave the table for a few moments, and accompany me to the "existing place" of a bachelor. You behold here no tasty garden with rich variegated flowers, no love bowers clad with woodbine and ivy, no meandering walks fringed with rose edges, no wife to entertain you with the kind words of welcome, no children to climb up and prattle on your knee, and no bird to punctuate the too lively talk with song; but rather on all sides the wretchedness of "single blessedness." Go with me to this room. Oh, "confusion worse confounded!" Pelions of unfiled newspapers, piled upon cases of unarranged books, magazines and manuscripts lost like the unfound books of Livy in the dust of ages. Cast your eyes on the mantelpiece, and let yourself in inexplicable confusion; see his chairs tottering on their last legs, as if too weak to stand up by or for themselves; feel of his hard bed, from which each morning he rises mangled all over into a check-board by the impressions of the cord through the unevenly spread mattress. Go with me to this bureau; here are twelve shirts which look as if they would like to get free and shift for themselves; there is not a bosom among them but abut opens to you its troubles, not a wristband will enough ever to go into the world with its broken constitution—not a collar so aristocratic but that it seems entirely broken down by its long standing adversity. But look at the bachelor himself. See his perforated stockings holding up his heels to ridicule—his torn slippers disintegrating and turning out of doors his toes—his pants trying to get up a meeting on account of their rents and to be off before detection.

Why, Sir, you may tell me of tattered worn more freely than the Xantippe of Scironia—of certain lectures and caudling when money the lord and comes to his bed, and you may say, "Wake up at the morning, and you shall see the life of a bachelor!"

Why, Sir, you may tell me of tattered worn more freely than the Xantippe of Scironia—of certain lectures and caudling when money the lord and comes to his bed, and you may say, "Wake up at the morning, and you shall see the life of a bachelor!"

Why, Sir, you may tell me of tattered worn more freely than the Xantippe of Scironia—of certain lectures and caudling when money the lord and comes to his bed, and you may say, "Wake up at the morning, and you shall see the life of a bachelor!"

Why, Sir, you may tell me of tattered worn more freely than the Xantippe of Scironia—of certain lectures and caudling when money the lord and comes to his bed, and you may say, "Wake up at the morning, and you shall see the life of a bachelor!"

Why, Sir, you may tell me of tattered worn more freely than the Xantippe of Scironia—of certain lectures and caudling when money the lord and comes to his bed, and you may say, "Wake up at the morning, and you shall see the life of a bachelor!"

Why, Sir, you may tell me of tattered worn more freely than the Xantippe of Scironia—of certain lectures and caudling when money the lord and comes to his bed, and you may say, "Wake up at the morning, and you shall see the life of a bachelor!"

Why, Sir, you may tell me of tattered worn more freely than the Xantippe of Scironia—of certain lectures and caudling when money the lord and comes to his bed, and you may say, "Wake up at the morning, and you shall see the life of a bachelor!"

[From the Virginia Sentinel.]

A Reminiscence.—Clay and Calhoun.

Did HENRY CLAY SWEAR?—A New York correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury*, speaking of Harper's Magazine for April, says:

"I note in the Editor's Drawer, among a variety of interesting anecdotes, one of a passage between Mr. Clay and Calhoun, in which a little verbal inaccuracy occurs, which somewhat lessens the effect of the latter's retort. When Mr. Clay said, 'The gentleman has gone over to the enemy,' he continued, 'and I leave it to time to disclose his motive,' the answer of Mr. Calhoun, as we remembered it, was, 'Unfortunately for the Senator of Kentucky when he went over to the enemy, he did not leave it to time to disclose his motive.'"

"The impulsive speech of Mr. Clay, on receiving this retort, has been omitted by the editor. He said, *sotto voce*, but sufficiently loud for those immediately about him, striking his bosom at the same time, 'A clear hit, by—' It was, indeed one of the most exquisite of retorts—the more happy, as so prompt, so clear, so entirely within the parliamentary proprieties—nothing coarse, rude, vulgar—but a graceful trust of his polished rapier, casting off the enemy's foil, and following up the advantage by a direct thrust into the bosom."

The writer of these lines, then a youth, had the privilege of hearing, in 1837, the debate referred to in the above;—and it has ever since been one of the most vivid recollections. Too ardent and inexperienced then to realize how men could hold opinions contrary to those he had been taught to consider orthodox, Henry Clay was to him the impersonation of evil.

Two weeks afterwards Mr. Calhoun replied. He had studied and arranged his argument; and his pathway was a stream of light. He reviewed his political career; showed how the charges of inconsistency—brought against him by weak minds, grew in fact, out of his very consistency—a consistency which would abandon party before principle. He said he had always been ready to co-operate with those who would act with him, in achieving a public good; that such an object was only found in party union which he recognized; that with this view he had co-operated with the Whigs, with the majority of whom he disagreed on important political questions for the purpose of breaking down the dangerous usurpation of executive power. That object was now accomplished, and the alliance ended with its purpose. Further co-operation with the Whigs, would be placing them in power, instal principles which he had ever been opposed, for the States Rights portion of the Whigs, being the weaker wing, could not expect the advantages of victory to inure to the benefit of their principles. This was what he meant by that remark in which the Senator, prompted from within sees a longing after the vile spoils of office, instead of a laudable patriotic sentiment!

Mr. Calhoun next explained his connection with the sub-treasury system. He showed that he had always favored it as the true, constitutional expedient; that when Gen. Jackson had recommended the system of deposits in the State Banks, he, with about thirty other Congressmen, had advocated the sub-treasury in preference. The State Banks had since been tried, and the result was such, that the very party which then advocated that system, and denounced him for opposing it, now renounced it themselves and recommended the sub-treasury scheme as a substitute. Was he therefore to abandon a measure which he had always advocated? Was he to reject the aid now proffered? Was he to quit his own ground because those who had opposed him, have found out their mistake and come to his side? Was he thus to make war against a correct principle? Such a course might suit the mere unscrupulous party man, but it did not become an honest statesman. It might comport with Mr. Clay's sense of public duty, but it did not suit him.

Having concluded his defence, he pointed it thus: "So, sir, the air of columny which the Senator has hurled at me, falls harmless at my feet. I stamp it in the dust with *s-c-o-r-n*! I do more. I pick it up. I hurl it back! What the Senator charges me with, he himself has been guilty of. He once 'went over' on a momentary occasion—but did not leave it to posterity to discover his motives."

Mr. Calhoun, while speaking, maintained a stern attitude, and stood in the aisle by the side of his desk. His gesture was short and nervous, and chiefly with the right hand. His articulation was rapid, but not so much so as to beget all indistinct, as we had been led to expect. His pronunciation of some words, was faulty; "point," for example, he pronounced "pint." His keen eye was unwaveringly fastened upon Mr. Clay, who sat on the opposite side of the Chamber, and to him rather than to the Speaker of the Senate he addressed all his remarks.

Between Mr. Calhoun's nervous flashing, electric oratory, and the calm magnificence of Mr. Clay's elocution, the difference was as great as that between the flow of Niagara and that of the Amazon; but each had its powerful charm, and no listener could wish that either was other than what it was. To Mr. Clay, one listened with less fatigue—he would be delighted indeed with magnificent bursts, and charmed with the witchery of voice and action, but never taxed above his strength. He was conducted by a path which led to pleasant prospects, and wound amid shades and water falls. Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

pect him!

Mr. Clay spoke so much length, and with great deliberation throughout. His deep sonorous voice rang through the Senate chamber; not a whisper was lost. Much of the time while speaking he leaned against the partition separating the Hall from the lobby—and often he would walk some distance from his desk to help himself to a pinch of snuff from some senator's box. When he introduced any printed extracts into his remarks, he would call up on his colleague, Mr. Crittenden, to relieve him by reading it. Commanding in his appearance throughout, his dignity appeared the sublime when describing the warfare which had been waged upon himself. After giving a narrative of the earlier differences, and their adjustment, between Gen. Jackson and himself, he told of the last final dislike which Gen. Jackson had conceived of him, growing chiefly out of the discovery that he, Mr. Clay, could not be cajoled or used for Gen. J.'s purposes.—"Then it was," said Mr. Clay, "that they let loose their dog-a-upon me! But though for twenty years the war has been unceasing, I yet stand here this day, unawed, unshaken, untrifled!" As he pronounced the last three words, it is impossible to conceive a nobler figure or prouder bearing than that presented by his tall, manly form, erect even beyond the perpendicular; and his lofty, defiant crest.

While Mr. Clay was speaking, Mr. Calhoun was generally in motion, walking much of the time in the lobby in the rear of the presiding officer's chair. He listened attentively, but did not interrupt the speaker. When Mr. Clay concluded the Senate adjourned.

Two weeks afterwards Mr. Calhoun replied. He had studied and arranged his argument; and his pathway was a stream of light. He reviewed his political career; showed how the charges of inconsistency—brought against him by weak minds, grew in fact, out of his very consistency—a consistency which would abandon party before principle. He said he had always been ready to co-operate with those who would act with him, in achieving a public good; that such an object was only found in party union which he recognized; that with this view he had co-operated with the Whigs, with the majority of whom he disagreed on important political questions for the purpose of breaking down the dangerous usurpation of executive power. That object was now accomplished, and the alliance ended with its purpose. Further co-operation with the Whigs, would be placing them in power, instal principles which he had ever been opposed, for the States Rights portion of the Whigs, being the weaker wing, could not expect the advantages of victory to inure to the benefit of their principles. This was what he meant by that remark in which the Senator, prompted from within sees a longing after the vile spoils of office, instead of a laudable patriotic sentiment!

Mr. Calhoun next explained his connection with the sub-treasury system. He showed that he had always favored it as the true, constitutional expedient; that when Gen. Jackson had recommended the system of deposits in the State Banks, he, with about thirty other Congressmen, had advocated the sub-treasury in preference. The State Banks had since been tried, and the result was such, that the very party which then advocated that system, and denounced him for opposing it, now renounced it themselves and recommended the sub-treasury scheme as a substitute. Was he therefore to abandon a measure which he had always advocated? Was he to reject the aid now proffered? Was he to quit his own ground because those who had opposed him, have found out their mistake and come to his side? Was he thus to make war against a correct principle? Such a course might suit the mere unscrupulous party man, but it did not become an honest statesman. It might comport with Mr. Clay's sense of public duty, but it did not suit him.

Having concluded his defence, he pointed it thus: "So, sir, the air of columny which the Senator has hurled at me, falls harmless at my feet. I stamp it in the dust with *s-c-o-r-n*! I do more. I pick it up. I hurl it back! What the Senator charges me with, he himself has been guilty of. He once 'went over' on a momentary occasion—but did not leave it to posterity to discover his motives."

Mr. Calhoun, while speaking, maintained a stern attitude, and stood in the aisle by the side of his desk. His gesture was short and nervous, and chiefly with the right hand. His articulation was rapid, but not so much so as to beget all indistinct, as we had been led to expect. His pronunciation of some words, was faulty; "point," for example, he pronounced "pint." His keen eye was unwaveringly fastened upon Mr. Clay, who sat on the opposite side of the Chamber, and to him rather than to the Speaker of the Senate he addressed all his remarks.

Between Mr. Calhoun's nervous flashing, electric oratory, and the calm magnificence of Mr. Clay's elocution, the difference was as great as that between the flow of Niagara and that of the Amazon; but each had its powerful charm, and no listener could wish that either was other than what it was. To Mr. Clay, one listened with less fatigue—he would be delighted indeed with magnificent bursts, and charmed with the witchery of voice and action, but never taxed above his strength. He was conducted by a path which led to pleasant prospects, and wound amid shades and water falls. Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

Mr. Calhoun's delivery was compelling to show the truth of his position. And

was quick-step marching, to the music of the bugle and the drum.

While Mr. Calhoun was delivering his speech Mr. Clay sat at his desk, and wore an easy, careless air; occasionally conversing with those around him, and listening without seeming to listen. But it was plain to a careful observer that his unconcern was only assumed and professional; for when some shaft was hurled, keener than the rest, of that unceasing volley sped against him by the unerring and giant arm of his antagonist, the veil of difference was too thin to conceal the sensibility which showed that it found its mark.

When Mr. Calhoun uttered the retort above quoted, his attitude and bearing were a study for an artist. The curling lip and the scowling countenance gave expression to a contemptuous disdain which he could not utter nor describe, as he stamped "into the dust with *s-c-o-r-n*" the imaginary arrow of columny which Mr. Clay had shot at him, but which had spent itself in his flight. And as he suited the action to the word, the dust rose from the floor, and the Senate chamber rang beneath the fierce energy of his tread. Then when he "picked it up" and hurled it back" with a gesture equally vigorous and appropriate to that action, one could almost see the poisoned missile as it flew back to its source. If Mr. Clay had been clothed in the armor of Ahab, the shaft would have found a joint through which to enter. He quivered as he felt the smart and the shock; but we do not think he made the exclamation attributed to him in the paragraph quoted at the head of this sketch. We at least, heard and saw nothing of it. He seized his pen—a pen with a long and apparently untripped top,—and commenced writing as if taking notes.

This was perhaps an artifice—if so, it was not skillfully, because too, suddenly done. Perhaps it was an unconscious act. As he wrote, the large play of the upper end of his quill indicated that he might be loosely scribbling, so to speak, rather than noting down the words which were burning into his flesh, and which no note was necessary to fasten for ever in his memory.

When Mr. Calhoun concluded, Mr. Clay immediately rejoined. He rose under an excitement, such as he had at no time had manifested in his first speech, like a stalwart warrior not weakened or dismayed, but goaded and smarting from wounds, which he has now permitted to fester. He commenced by saying that when he was assailed—when his career was called under review,—it did not take him two or three weeks of long searches and midnight toil to prepare his defence. He stood ever ready, arrayed as he was in the panoply of conscious integrity, to vindicate his name against all assaults from whatever quarter. He continued in a speech, the conclusion of which we were not privileged to hear, but which gave great satisfaction to his admirers.

Odds and Ends.

Women's Conventions are always crowded, and Dr. Johnson gave the true reason. People flock to hear a woman preach, not because she preaches well, but because she preaches anyhow; just as they go to see a dog walk on his hind legs though he does not walk on them near so well as a man.

The improving man may start in life with a great stock of conceit, but it grows less and less as his knowledge increases. You may gain knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from the chaff by thinking.

Time is the most precious, and yet the most brittle jewel we have. It is what every man bids largely for, when he wants it, but squanders it away when he gets it.

The other day an old lady rushed into the garden in search of her daughter, on being told that the young lady had gone there with a "rake."

"Marriage resembles a pair of shears," says Sydney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

A certain Dutch scholar was said to be so long nosed that he wiped out with his nose half of what he wrote with his pen. A pity that many authors have not noses twice as long as that of the Dutchman.

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman on a day or two ago, to a would-be dandy, who had more hair than brains. "Why asked Joe. 'Because they don't see your ears.'"

The man who wrestled with adversity wore out his silk stockings and got worried. They who drink away their estates drink the tears of their widows and the blood of their impoverished children.

"What is the shape of a kiss?" "Round," I suppose. "Not exactly—it is a lipstick!" He who marries beauty only is like a buyer of cheap furniture—only the tarnish caught the eye will not endure the fire-side blaze.

The papers are bragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however, tanned in five. Some schoolmasters can do it in less than two.

When great people are in distress they are apt to receive very liberal proffers of assistance from little ones. Ah, what shall I exclaimed as I rode in a quagmire. Take hold of my tail, speak in a pompous little mouse.

To My Children.

Could my impioned spirit rise
And journey upward to the skies
On light winging wing,
Listening to the thrilling strains
That sweep the wide celestial plains
While brightest seraphs sing,
My throbbing, swelling, struggling heart
In fitting language could impart,
By inspiration blest,
The deep emotions of my soul
Which raging rise and wildly roll
Within my surging breast.

Then with electric pen I'd write,
In burning words of deathless light,
Thy mother's matchless worth—
A cheering beacon, beaming bright
On virtue's pure, refulgent height,
To light thy path on earth.

I'd lead thee to the holy shrine,
The gushing fount of Love Divine,
At which she humbly bent,
Owning the Savior's spotless sway
The only guide to endless day
In boundless mercy sent.

I'd bid thee seek joy and love
Her precious visits from above,
With deep affection fraught;
With grateful hearts to seize the prize
Of Revelation from the skies,
By angel mission taught.

But since the fleshly fetters bind
My shackled soul and captive mind
In mortal words I must indite,
With mortal pen most tamely write
The thoughts that brightly glow.

Ashamed of One's Business.

It was a blemish on the otherwise noble character of Sir Walter Scott that he was at heart ashamed of his business. Enjoying a reputation in English lecture second only to that of Shakespeare, he yet secretly believed a duke, and much the same a prince, to be a better man than himself, and worshipped them accordingly. The ambition of his life was to found a family. For this purpose he toiled to acquire here after necessary for this purpose he became a partner with his bookellers; for this purpose he accepted a baronetage; flattered a royal debutante, and defended more than one flagitious public act. Part of this had its origin in the natural cast of his mind, and part was nourished by his study of medieval and knightly literature. Alas, he paid the penalty for his weakness. His son learned to blush amidst his aristocratic fellow-officers that his father had labored for his bread as an author; he himself became a bankrupt in his old age, and now though scarcely a generation has elapsed since his death, his name no longer reigns at Abbotsford, his baronetage is extinct, and his dreams of country or family destroyed forever.

There are thousands, even in this country, ashamed of their business, and with less excuse than Scott. For in England the law recognizes a hereditary landed aristocracy, so that a certain social sanction is given to the prejudice existing against "new men." But here we have no governing class, the descendants of conquerors, to boast of eight hundred years of political and social supremacy. On the contrary, there is not a millionaire in America who is not either the architect of his own wealth or the son of one who was. Not by nightly raving thank God! but by honest labor, have the fortunes that exist here been accumulated. No man in the United States can look down on another beneath him, on grounds similar to those which induce long-descended English nobles to despise a parvenu; for here are "new men," since even those who have been wealthy the longest differ from the poorest only by having possessed riches for a generation or two.

A wise man will laugh at the folly which induces even the oldest families in England to claim a superiority over others, because all claim a common ancestor in Noah, and because virtue and merit, not birth or wealth, are the true standards by which to judge a citizen; but how much the more absurd appears the claim of one American to be considered better than another on the score of wealth and family, when all alike are last men of yesterday.

Instead