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WILLIAM R. McCHESNEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA. Will practice in the Courts of Augusta. Special attention given to collecting.
Office on Augusta street, over G. C. Jackson's. july4

DR. R. P. MESSE HAS MOVED TO HIS OFFICE at his residence opposite the Market House, corner of Frederick and Water Streets.
Ladies will find a private room where they can consult him at all times.
Patients while under treatment can procure board in his family. june20—6m

THOMAS B. RANSON, Attorney-at-Law, STAUNTON, VA., Offers his professional services in the County and Circuit Courts of Augusta, and in the Hustings Court and the Court of Appeals held in Staunton. Will also prosecute claims elsewhere through legal correspondents in this and other States. may30-1y

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Soldier's Pensions.—We will attend to making out and forwarding the applications of Soldiers of the War of 1812, or their widows, for the pension granted by an Act of 41st Congress.
PHILLIPS, EFFINGER & CRAIG, no23 Attorneys, Staunton, Va.

A. H. HENKEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, STAUNTON, VA., Respectfully tenders his services, in the various branches of his profession, to the public; and may be consulted at any time, at his office, unless professionally engaged.
☞ SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO SURGERY. jan10-1y*

MEADE F. WHITE, Attorney-at-Law, STAUNTON, VA., will practice in the Courts of Augusta, Rockingham and Highland.
Refers, by permission, to the Law Faculty of the University of Virginia.
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☞ Particular attention paid to Collections and to special cases anywhere in their State. may17—1y

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OFFICE:—Over Cease's Confectionery Store. dec21—tf

FIRST-CLASS
SEWING MACHINES
$40 AT FAIR PRICES. **$40**
THE McLEAN & HOOPER
Elastic Lock-Stitch
Family Sewing Machines.

It requires no extra attachment for Embroidering, Braiding and Gathering. It takes the thread directly from the spools, thus saving trouble and economizing time. It requires but one foot to move the treadle even in sewing the heaviest fabrics.
It is made of the BEST STEEL, and at all points of wear case hardened.
Its chief points of excellence are: Unequalled simplicity, quietness of operation, ease of management, rapidity of execution, non-liability to drop stitches or break thread, short straight needle, simplicity of tension, ease of managing it.—Embroidering by a mere change of spools.
Braiding, Gathering and Embroidering without attachments.
Send all orders to
HUNTER & CO., s65 Staunton, Va.

Tailoring.

TAILORING! TAILORING!!—The co-partnership heretofore existing between Graves & Sprinkle has been mutually dissolved and the business will hereafter be conducted by P. B. Graves alone.
He has reduced his prices for cash, and will do all kinds of work pertaining to the tailoring business, in the very best manner, and at figures so low that no one will fail to be satisfied. He has removed his shop to the room formerly occupied by Dr. B B. Donaghe as an office, and invites all his friends and the public generally to give him a call.
y 30. P. B. GRAVES

Groceries and Produce.

CHARLES C. WHEAT, (successor to Richardson & Wheat) CORNER MAIN AND AUGUSTA STREETS, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA,

Begs leave to state that he has always on hand a large and well selected stock of

Family Groceries.

His stock embraces everything usually found in a first class grocery, of which he would only mention the following:

SUGAR, BACON,
COFFEES, LARD,
BUTTER, TEAS,
MOLASSES, EGGS,
SYRUPS, RICE,
FLOUR,
CHEESE,
BROOMS,
LEATHER,
COTTON YARNS,
&c. &c.

He is determined to give satisfaction to all who may need anything in his line of business, and would ask all those who have not tried him, to do so before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Special attention given to the purchase of Flour for family use.

He would express many thanks to his friends for the liberal patronage heretofore extended him, and would ask a continuance of the same.

☞ Remember the place for CHEAP GROCERIES—new Brick Building—corner Main and Augusta streets, Staunton, Va.
N. B.—**Mr. James T. Byers** is with him and will be glad to see his friends. ap11

WANTED—FOR CASH—
FLOUR,
GRAIN,
PORK,
CLOVERSEED!
Immediate Delivery.
JAMES H. BLACKLEY,
directly opposite the Court-house,
no28 Staunton, Va.

200 SACKS LIVERPOOL SALT, in prime order,
For sale very low for cash.
JAMES H. BLACKLEY,
directly opposite Court-house,
no28 Staunton, Va.

India Rubber Weather Strips
FOR
Windows and Doors.
Those desiring to be supplied with the above-named article, will do well to call at the store of
R. D. SEARS, Agent,
and examine a sample.
If there is a sufficient demand, an order will be forwarded and promptly filled.

FOR India Rubber, Cocoa, Grass, Shuck and Jute MATS.
Call on R. D. SEARS, agent.

FOR Grits, Hominy, Canned Goods, Sauces, Sardines, Jellies, French Mustard and Cauliflower,
Call on R. D. SEARS, agent.

GO TO R. D. Sears, Agent, and buy your CLOTHES BASKETS.

CALL and examine those HAMPERS at R. D. SEARS, agent.

IF you wish a nice DRESSED TURKEY, call at R. D. SEARS, agent.

EGGS always on hand **EGGS** always on hand at R. D. SEARS, agent.

BATH BATH BRICK BRICK
a splendid article for cleaning Kitchen Utensils, polishing Knives and Forks, and Table Cutlery, at R. D. SEARS, agent.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
RYE MEAL AND GRAHAM FLOUR,
at R. D. SEARS, agent.

ROPE, Rope.—All sizes for wells, and hay forks for sale, and cheap, at
au8 BAKER BROS.

Groceries, &c.

C. A. RICHARDSON, (late of Richardson & Wheat), **New Building, Augusta Street,** immediately opposite Spitler & Hunter, and next door to Valley Virginian office,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

Having again gone into the Grocery business, in connection with my Flour and Produce trade, I can sell choice **Family Groceries** cheaper than they can be bought in the town.

Having purchased a stock of Staple Groceries at the lowest cash rates, I will sell them upon a small profit.

My present stock consists in part of the following choice and selected goods:

SALT, EGGS,
RICE, LARD,
SUGARS, TEAS,
SYRUPS, FISH,
CHEESE, BACON,
COFFEES, BUTTER,
MOLASSES,
MEAL, FLOUR,
BUCKETS, SOAPS,
TOBACCOS, SPICES,
COTTON YARNS, BROOMS,
ESSENCES, &c.

I am determined to sell at the lowest CASH RATES. My motto is *quick sales and small profits* All goods sold are warranted in every respect as represented.

Satisfaction will be rendered to one and all—do not fail to call and see me.

I make a specialty of FLOUR—BUYING and SELLING all brands and grades—a choice stock of flour always on hand for family use. All flour sold warranted as represented.

I tender my thanks to all my friends and patrons who have stood by me so continually and well for the past five years. I tell them now that I am started again and will deal with them as fairly and as liberally as ever. Come one—come all, and give me a trial again.

☞ Be sure to remember the place for the *cheapest groceries*—new brick building on Augusta street, next door to the Valley Virginian office, and immediately opposite Spitler & Hunter and H. A. Glenn & Co.

N. B.—I am not on the corner of Main and Augusta streets as formerly, but in the rear part of the new building, in the store room recently occupied by Messrs. P. B. & P. A. Sublett. may30

TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.—You will save money by buying goods in my line from me. I keep none but the best and warrant satisfaction.
Coffee—green and toasted;
Tea, that is tea;
Sugars, of all kinds;
Molasses, Vinegar,
Flour—best grade;
All kinds Crackers,
Cheese and Macaroni,
Lard, Bacon, Rice,
Candles, Soaps,
Canned
Tomatoes, Peaches, Corn,
Matches, Brooms, Waiters,
Looking Glasses, Baskets,
Buckets, and the largest
Stock of **Queensware**
In the Valley.
Buys and sells all kinds of Country Produce. de5
R. M. AYRES. R. M. AYRES.

NEW STORE and CHEAP GOODS on the corner of Augusta and Frederick streets.—I am now receiving a large stock of new staple goods, consisting of cotton goods, calicoes, plaid cotton, ginghams, bleach cottons, also heavy woolen and tweed goods, boots, shoes, hats, &c., queensware, crockery, tinware, wood ensware, also a large stock of groceries, all of which I will sell at low figures for cash or exchanged for all kinds of produce. Cash will be paid for flour, wheat, corn, oats, &c. The farmers and everybody will do well to give me a call before selling or buying elsewhere.
J. A. LOGAN. se19

NEW GROCERY STORE.—J. W. Utley & Co., dealers in Choice Family Groceries, Bagby's new building, Frederick street, Staunton, Va., respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have in store a choice stock of sugars, coffees, teas, bacon, lard, soap, candles, fish, salt, molasses, tobacco, plaster, brooms, buckets, shoes, &c., and, in fact, everything usually found in a first-class grocery store. Cash paid for country produce, or goods given in exchange at market prices. They are prepared to supply families with anything in the grocery line at very low prices for cash. sep5

JAMES T. BYERS. HENRY E. SUMMERSON.
BYERS & SUMMERSON, DEALERS IN **Family Groceries, Country Produce,** FINE CIGARS, *Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos, &c.*

We have opened a new and full stock in the *room opposite the Court-House* recently occupied by N. A. Baylor & Co., and it will be our aim to keep constantly on hand a choice selection of goods in our line. A call is solicited.—We feel confident we can please.

We have a full line of all the different brands of both CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCOS, and every style and grade of *CIGARS.*
Wanted—for Cash.—FLOUR, GRAIN, BACON, &c.
au25-6m BYERS & SUMMERSON.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE paid for Flour and Grain, by J. W. UTLEY & CO., corner of Augusta and Frederick streets jul3-tf

TEAS! TEAS!—A prime lot of fresh teas, viz:
No. 1 Gunpowder Tea,
No. 2 Gunpowder Tea,
Japan Tea,
Black Tea, just received and for sale at
RICHARDSON.

CHEESE.—Young America, Pine Apple, and N. Y. State Cutting Cheese on hand and for sale by CHARLES C. WHEAT.

FLOUR! FLOUR!—A choice supply of flour always on hand for family use. All grades and brands kept at RICHARDSON'S.

SUGARS, Coffees, Syrups and all kinds of groceries at the very lowest price, by RICHARDSON, Augusta street.

IT is a duty that you owe yourself and family to buy your provisions as cheap as possible for the cash—so go to RICHARDSON,
mar30 Augusta street.

P. B. HOGE & BRO., (successors to Hoge & Mason,) Wholesale and Retail Dealers in **Groceries, Produce and Fertilizers.**
Highest market price in CASH paid for FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, &c. aug4—

POWERS & PRITCHARD, GRAIN AND PRODUCE **Commission Merchants,** STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.
All of our friends, and the public generally, who desire good cash prices for Flour, Grain and other Produce, will find it to their advantage to ship to our Richmond House—L. POWERS, 1540 Main street, Richmond, Va. Advances made on consignments if required.
We keep on hand in our large, roomy store, nearly opposite the Post-office, a full supply of all kinds of Groceries. Call and see us.
se12-4m POWERS & PRITCHARD.

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE, Cox's Gelatine, Vanilla and Lemon Extracts, Paraffine Wax Candles, for sale by CHARLES C. WHEAT, corner Main and Augusta streets.

FISH,—No. 1 Potomac new net Herring, No. 1 " " gross herring, Nos. 2 and 3 Mackarel—all warranted and for sale by CHAS. C. WHEAT.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

BY THE LATE JUDGE A. B. LONGSTREET OF MISSISSIPPI.

I describe a Georgian family. It is a fair specimen of Georgian families generally, at the heads of which are parents of good sense, good morals, and well improved minds. To be sure, there are in Georgia as many notions about parental government as there are in any other country, and the practice is as various as the opinions. Some parents exercise no government at all; others confine themselves exclusively to the government of the tongue; and others rule by the rod alone: but by far the larger class blend these several modes of government, and prefer the one or the other according to times and circumstances. To this class belonged Mr. and Mrs. Butler, the heads of the family which I am about to describe. Gilbert was the Christian name of the husband, and Eliza of the wife. I was intimately acquainted with them both before their union, and was ever afterwards admitted to their household with the freedom of one of its members—indeed, I was a connection of one of them.

They had been married about eight months when a dull November evening found me at their fireside. In the course of the evening the conversation turned upon raising children. "By the way, Eliza," said Gilbert, "I have been thinking for some time past of interchanging views with you upon this subject; and there never can be a better time than now, while Abraham is with us, whose opinions we both respect, and who will act as umpire between us."

"Well," said Eliza, "let me hear yours."

"If we should ever be blessed with children" (Eliza blushed a little.) "let it be a fundamental law between us that neither of us ever interfere with the discipline of the other, either by look, word, or action, in the presence of the children."

"To that rule I most heartily subscribe."

"When a child is corrected by one of us, let not the other extend to it the least condolence or sympathy."

"In that also you have my hearty concurrence."

"Let us never correct a child in a passion."

"The *propriety* of that rule I fully admit, but I fear that I shall not always be able to conform to its requisitions. I will, however, endeavor to do so."

"Well, if you will do your best I shall be satisfied."

"Let us, as far as it is practicable, introduce among our children the universally admitted principles of good government among men."

"That is a very mid faire rule, husband. I know very little of the principles of good government among men, and much less of those principles which are universally admitted."

"Well, I will be a little more specific. I believe it is universally admitted that *laws* should precede *punishment*, and that none should be punished who are incapable of understanding the law. In accordance with these principles I would never punish a child who is incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, nor until he shall have been forewarned of the wrong and taught to avoid it."

"These principles seem very reasonable to me," said Eliza, "but they never can be applied to children. If you do not correct a child until it is old enough to learn from precept the difference between right and wrong, there will be no living in the house with it for the first five or six years of its life, and no controlling it afterwards."

Gilbert received these views of his wife with some alarm, and entered upon a long argument to convince her that they were erroneous. She maintained her own very well, but Gilbert had certainly the advantage of her in the argument. All he could say, however, did not in the least shake her confidence in her opinion.

I was at length appealed to, and I gave judgment in favor of Gilbert.

"Well," said she, "I never was better satisfied of anything in my life than I am that you are both wrong. But let us compromise this matter. I'll agree to this: if ever I correct a child before it is old enough to receive instruction from precept, and you do not approve of my conduct, I will then promise you never to do the like again."

"Well," said Gilbert, "that is very fair. One more rule will settle the fundamentals, and we may safely trust all others to future adjustment. Let us never address our children in the nonsensical gibberish that is so universally prevalent among parents, and particularly among mothers. It is very silly in the first place, and it greatly retards a child's improvement in the second. Were it not for this I have no doubt children would speak their mother-tongue as correctly at four years old as they do at sixteen."

Eliza smiled, and observed that this was such a small matter that it had also better be left to future adjustment. To this Gilbert rather reluctantly assented.

About two months after this conversation Gilbert was "blessed" with a fine son, whom he named John James Gilbert, after the two grandfathers and himself—a profusion of names which he had cause afterwards to repent.

Just fourteen months and six days thereafter he was "blessed" with a fine daughter, whom Eliza named Anna Frances Eliza, after the two grandmothers and herself.

Fifteen months thereafter he received a third blessing, like unto the first, which he called George Henry, after his two brothers.

Thirteen months and nineteen days after the birth of George, a fourth blessing descended upon Gilbert, in the form of a fine son. This took the name of William Augustus, after two brothers of his wife.

Eliza now made a long rest of nineteen months, four days, and five hours (I speak from the family record,) when by way of amends she presented her husband a *pair* of blessings. As soon as his good fortune was made known to him, Gilbert expressed regret that he had not reserved his own name until now, in order that the twins might bear his name and mine. Seeing this could not be, he bestowed my name upon the first born, and gave me the privilege of naming the second. As I considered "a *good name* rather to be chosen than great riches," I called the innominate Isaac—after the patriarch, and a beloved uncle of mine.

In this very triumphant and laudable manner did Mrs. Butler close the list of her sons.

She now turned her attention to daughters, and in the short space of five years produced three that a Queen might have been proud of. Their names in the order of their births were Louisa, Rebecca, and Sarah. It was one of Mrs. Butler's maxims, "If you have anything to do, do it at once," and she seemed to have been governed by this maxim in making up her family, for Sarah completed the number of her children.

John was about a year old when I was again at Gilbert's for the evening. He was seated by the supper-table with the child in his arms, addressing some remark to me, when I called his attention to the child, who was just in the act of putting its fingers into the blaze of the candle. Gilbert jerked him away suddenly, which so disappointed and incensed Master John James Gilbert that he screamed insufferably. Gilbert tossed him, patted him, walked him, and whistled to him, but he could not distract his attention from the candle. He removed him out of sight of the luminary, but that only made matters worse. He now commenced his first lesson in the "principles of good government." He brought the child towards the candle, and the nearer it approached the more pacified it became. The child extended its arm to catch the blaze, and Gilbert bore it slowly towards the flame until the hand came nearly in contact with it, when he snatched it away, crying "Bunny finnies!" which is by interpretation, "You'll burn your fingers." Eliza and I exchanged smiles, but neither of us said anything.

The child construed this into wanton teasing, and became, if possible, more obstreperous than ever. Gilbert now resorted to another expedient. He put his own fingers into the blaze, withdrew them suddenly, blew them, shook them, and gave every sign of acute agony. This not only quieted but delighted the child, who signified to him to do it again. He instantly perceived (what was practically demonstrated the minute afterwards) that the child was putting a most dangerous interpretation upon his last illustration. He determined therefore not to repeat it. The child, not satisfied with the sport, determined to repeat it himself; which the father opposing, he began to reach and cry as before. There was but one experiment left, and that was to let the child feel the fame a little. This he resolved to try, but how to conduct it properly was not so easily settled. It would not do to allow the infant to put his hand into the blaze, because it would either burn it too little or too much. He therefore resolved to direct the hand to a point so near the flame that the increasing heat would induce the child to withdraw his hand himself. Accordingly he brought the extended arm slowly towards the flame, the child becoming more and more impatient with every moment's postponement of its gratification, until the hand came within about an inch of the wick, when he held the child stationary. But John would not let his hand remain stationary, nor at the chosen point. He kept snatching at the candle, till finding all his efforts fruitless, he threw himself violently back, gave his father a tremendous thump on the nose with the back of his head, and kicked and screamed most outrageously.

"You little rascal," said Gilbert, "I've a good mind to give you a good spanking."

"Give him to me," said Mrs. Butler.

"You'd better not take him," said Gilbert in an undertone, "while he is in such a passion."

"No danger," said she; "hand him to me."

As she received him, "Hush, sir!" said she sharply, and the child hushed instantly and was asleep in a few minutes.

"Strange," said Butler, "how much sooner the mother acquires control over a child than the father."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Butler. "You would have controlled him as easily as I did if you had given him the same lesson beforehand that I gave him. He got in just such an uproar the other day and finding nothing else would quiet him, I spanked it out of him, and I have had no trouble in quieting him since."

"I begin to think, Butler," said I, "that Eliza was right in the only points of difference between you touching the management of children. I observed that you addressed the child just now in the gibberish which you so much condemned before you became a father; and though it seemed ridiculous enough, especially in you, I think it would have appeared still more ridiculous if you had said to a child so young, 'John, my son, do not put your fingers into the flame of the candle, it will burn them.' And your experiment has taught you the absolute impossibility of governing children of very tender years by prescribed rules."

"I am half inclined to your opinion," said Butler. "Eliza's discipline has performed several good offices. It has relieved us of John's insufferable noise, it has taught him to control his temper at its first appearance, and it has learned him the meaning of a word ('hush') which will often supply the place of correction, and always forewarn him of desires unlawful. However, this case is an exception to my rule rather than a refutation of it. After a child gets old enough to understand the language of instruction, he should always be premonished before he is punished."

Eliza again joined issue with him, and an argument ensued in which Gilbert silenced his wife as before, but with no better effect upon her judgment. The matter was referred to me, and I decided this time in favor of the wife; rather upon the doctrine of chances than of dialectics.

Gilbert now squared himself for an argument a little more obstinate than that from which he had just come off victorious. After waiting a reasonable time, "Well," said he, "proceed."

"Proceed where?" said I.

"With your reasons."

"I've got no reasons," said I, "except that your wife thinks so."

"Well, really," returned he, "that is very profound, and proves you to be the best judge for the decision of my wife's controversies that she could select."

"There may be more sound philosophy in it," rejoined I, "than at first sight appears.—Your wife has already proved herself to be a better judge of these matters than both of us put together; and I think I understand why it is so. She has had ten times the experience in them that we have had. Her habits of life have been domestic, she has seen children of all ages and under all circumstances, and from sixteen to twenty-three she supplied her mother's place in her father's family."

"A pretty handsome retreat," said Gilbert.

Long before the second son arrived at the reasoning age Gilbert abdicated unreservedly in favor of his wife, contenting himself with the subordinate station of her ministerial officer, in which he executed her orders in cases requiring more physical strength than she possessed.

Passing over the intermediate period, I now introduce the reader to the family after most of the children had reached the "age of reason." In contemplating the scene which I am about to sketch, he will be pleased to turn his thoughts occasionally to Gilbert's principles of good government."

Sarah was about two years and a half old when Gilbert invited me to breakfast with him, one December morning near the Christmas holidays. It was the morning appointed for his second killing of hogs; which, as the Southern reader knows, is a sort of family carnival in Georgia. I went, and found all the children at home, and Gilbert's mother added to the family circle. John and Anna had reached the age when they were permitted to take seats at the first table; though upon this occasion, John, being engaged about the pork, did not avail himself of this privilege. The rest of the children were taught to wait for the second table. Breakfast was announced; and, after the adults and Anna had despatched their meal, the children were summoned. As they had been taught not to seat themselves at the table until bidden, and as there were some preparatory arrangements to be made, they all gathered around the fire, clamorous with the events of the morning.

"By jokey," said William, "didn't that old black barrer weigh a heap?"

"Look here, young gentleman," said his mother, "where did you pick up such language as that? Now let me ever hear you by-jokeying, or by-ing anything else again, and I'll by-jokey you with a witness, I'll warrant you."

"But the black barrer," said George, "didn't weigh as much to his size as the bob-tail speckle, though."

"He did."

"He didn't.

"Hush your disputing this instant! stop it! You shall *not* contradict each other in that manner. And let us hear no more of your hog pen wonders—nobody wants to hear them."

At this instant William snatched a pig-tail out of Isaac's hand.

"Ma," yelled Isaac, "make Bill gi' me muh tail."

"You, William! give him his—thing. And if I were near you I'd box your ears for that snatching. Mr. Butler, you really will have to take that fellow in hand. He is getting so I can do nothing with him."

"If he don't behave himself," said Butler carelessly, "just turn him over to me; I reckon I can manage him."

"Ma," said Bill, "he took my blather."

"Hush!

"I didn't.

"You did.

"Don't I tell you to hush your disputing?

"Well, Ma, Uncle York give it to me.

"He didn't; Uncle Monday give it to me.

"He didn't.

"He did."

Here the mother divided a pair of slaps between the two disputants, which silenced them for a few moments.

At this juncture Rebecca cried out with a burnt finger, which she received in cooking another pig-tail. The burn was so slight that she forgot it as her mother jerked her from the fire.

"You little vixen!" said the mother, "what possesses you to be fumbling about the fire?—Mr. Butler, I beseech you to forbid the negroes' giving the children any more of those poison pig-tails; they are a source of endless torment. And now, young gentlemen, one and all of you, the next one of you that brings one of those things into the house again I'll box his ears as long as I can find him. Now remember it! Come along to your breakfast."

In a little time, after some controversy about places, which was arrested by the mother's eye, they were all seated; John happened in, in the meantime, taking his father's seat.

"Is-s sp!" said William, "sassidges! that's what I love."

"Hoo," said Isaac, "spare-ribs! that's what I love."

"Well, cease your gab, and eat what's set before you without comments. Nobody cares what you love, or what you don't love."

"Souse!" said Abraham, "I don't love souse. I wouldn't eat souse; 'taint fitten for a dog to eat."

"Get up sir; get right up from the table, and march out of the house until you learn better manners. I'll be bound, if I say you shall eat souse you'll eat it. Do you hear me, sir?"

Abraham raked himself lazily out of his seat and moved slowly off, casting a longing look at the many good things on the table, which he evidently thought "fitten for a Prince to eat."

"Ma," said he as he retired, "I wish you'd make Bill quit laughing at me."

"William, I've as great a mind as I ever had to do anything in my life to send you from the table, and not let you eat a mouthful. I despise that abominable disposition you have of rejoicing at your brother's misfortunes. Remember, sir, what Solomon says: 'He that is glad at calamities shall not go unpunished.'"

"Ma," said Abraham, "mayn't I come to my breakfast?"

"Yes, if you think you can now behave yourself with decency."

Abraham returned, and they all broke forth at once:

"Ma, mayn't I have some sassidge?"—"Ma, *I* want some spare-rib."—"Ma, I ain't got no coffee."—"Ma, if you please ma'm, let me have some ham-gravy, and some fried hom'ny, and some egg, and"—

"And some of everything on the table, I suppose. Put down your plate—every one of you.—George, What will you have?"

"Some sassidge, and some fried potater."

"John, help your brother George.—"What do you want, William?"

"I want some spare-rib, and some hom'ny."

"Nancy, help William.—What do you want, Abraham?"

"I reckon, "said John, smilingly, "he'll take little a souse."

"Now, John, behave yourself. He has suffered the punishment of his fault, and there let it rest."

"I'll have," said Abraham, "some ham-gravy, and some egg, and some hom'ny."

"Help him, Chaney.—What'll you have, Isaac?"

"I'll have some ham-gravy, and some hom'ny, and some sassidge, and some spare-rib, and some'—"

"Well, you are not going to have everything on the table, I assure you. What do you want?"

"I want some ham-gravy and some hom'ny."

"John, help I—"—

"No! I don't want no gravy; I want some spare-rib."

"John, give him"—

"No! I don't want no spare-rib; I want some sassidge."

"Well, if you don't make up your mind pretty quick you'll *want* your breakfast, I tell you. I'm not going to be tantalized all day long by your wants. Say what you want, and have done with it."

"I want some ham-gravy and some sassidge and some hom'ny."

"Help him, John."

John helped him to about a toaspoonful from each dish.

"Now, Ma, jest look at Bud John! He hain't gi' me only jist these three little bit o' bits."

"John, if you can't keep from tantalizing the children, tell me so, and I'll not trouble you to help them any more. I confess that I am at a loss to discover what pleasure one of your age can take in teasing your younger brothers.—Rebecca, what do you want?"

"I want my pig-tail, *ma-'am*."

"Bless my *soul* and *body!* haven't you forgot that pig-tail yet? It's burnt up long ago, I hope. Look, Bob, and see; and if it isn't, give it to her. I wish in my heart there never was a pig-tail upon the face of the earth."

Bob produced the half-charred pig-tail and laid it on Miss Rebecca's plate.

"There," continued her mother, I hope now your heart's at ease. A beautiful dish it is, truly, for any mortal to take a fancy to?"

"Ma, I don't want this pig-tail."

"Take it away. I *knew* you didn't want it, you little perverse brat. I *knew* you didn't want it; and I don't know what got into me to let you have it. But, really, I am so tormented out of my life that, half the time, I hardly know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels."

"Missis," said Chaney, "Aunt Dorcas say please make Miss Louisa come out de kitchen. Say if you don't make her come out de fire, ner'll git burnt up d'reckly. Say every time she tell her come out de fire she make a moul at her."

"Why, sure enough! where is Louisa? Go and tell her to come to her breakfast this instant."

"I did tell her, ma'am; and she say she *won't* come till she gits done bakin' her cake."

Mrs. Butler left the room, and soon returned with Louisa sobbing and crying.

"Aunt Dorcas jerked me hard as ever she could jerk 'fore I did anything 't all to her."

"Hold your tongue! she served you right enough; you'd no business there. *You're* a pretty thing to be making mouths at a person old enough to be your grandmother. If I'd thought when I gave you that lump of dough that the whole plantation was to be turned upside down about it, I'd have let you do without it."

Miss Louisa, after a little sobbing and pouting, drew from her apron a small, dirty, ashy, black, wrinkled, burnt buiscuit, warm from the kitchen shovel, which would have been just precisely the accompaniment to Miss Rebecca's dish; and upon this, in preference to everything on the table, she commenced her repast.

"Well, Lou," said her mother with a laugh as she cast her eye upon the unsightly biscuit, "you certainly have a strange taste."

Everybody knows that the mother's laugh is always responded to with compound interest by all the children. So was it in this instance, and good humor prevailed around the table.

"I'm sorry," said Abraham, "for Louisa's b-i-s, bis, k-i-t, *biskit.*"

"Well, really!" said Mrs. B, "you are a handsome speller. Is that the way you spell *biscuit?*"

"I can spell it, Ma," bawled out Isaac.

"Well, spell it."

"B-i-s, bis, c"—("Well, that's right.")—"h"—

"Ah, well! that'll do. You needn't go any further; you've missed it worse than your brother. Spell it, William."

William spelled it correctly.

"Ma," said George, "what is *biscuit* derived from?"

I really do not know," said Mrs. B.; "and yet I have somewhere read an explanation of it. John, what is it derived from?"

John.—"From the French; *bis* twice, and *cuit* baked."

Butler.—"Rather, from two Latin words which mean the same thing; one of which the French have changed as we have it, while they have preserved the other unaltered."

William.—"Why, Ma, you don't bake biscuits twice over."

Abraham.—"Yes, Ma does sometimes; don't you Ma, when company comes?"

Mother.—"No; I sometimes warm over cold ones, when I haven't time to make fresh ones; but never *bake* them twice."

Butler.—"They were first made to carry to sea; and they were then baked twice over, as I believe sea biscuit still are."

Isaac.—"Ma, what's *breakfast* 'rived from?"

Mother.—"Spell it, and you will see."

Isaac.—"B-r-e-a-k, break, f-a-s-t, fust; breakfust."

Mother.—"Well, Ike, you're another grand speller. Break *fast* is the word, not break-*fust*."

Abraham.—I know what it comes from.

Mother.—What?

Abraham.—You know, when you call us chillen to breakfast, we all *break* off, and run as *fast* as we can split.

Mother.—Well, that is a brilliant derivation truly. Do you suppose there wasn't breakfast before you children were born?

Abraham.—But, Ma, everybony has chillen.

Mrs. Butler explained the term.

Isaac.—Ma, I know what *sassudge* comes from.

Mother.—What?

Isaac.—Cause its *got sass* in it.

Mother.—Well, there, there, there! I've got enough of derivations, unless they are better. You'll learn all these things as you grow older.

Just here, Miss Sarah, who had been breakfasting at a side-table, was seized with a curiosity to see what was on the breakfast table.—Accordingly, she undertook to draw herself up to the convenient elevation, by the table-cloth. Her mother arrested her just in time to save a cup, and pushed her aside with a gentle admonition. This did not abate Miss Sarah's curiosity in the least, and she recommenced her experiment. Her mother removed her a little more emphatically this time. These little interruptions only fired Miss Sarah's zeal, and she was returning to the charge with redoubled energy, when she ran her cheek against the palm of her mother's hand, with a rubificent force. Away she went to her grandmother, crying, 'Gran'ma, Ma whipped your prettous darlin', angel baby.'

'Did she, my darling? Then Grandma's precious, darling angel must be a good child, and mother will not whip it any more.'

'Well, I will be a dood child.'

'Well, then, mother won't whip it any more.' And this conference was kept up without the variation of a letter on either side, until the grandmother deemed it expedient to remove Miss Sarah to an adjoining room, lest the mother should insist upon the immediate fulfillment of her promises.

'Ma, just look at Abe,' cried out William, 'he saw me going to take a biscuit, and he snatched up the very one I was going to take.'

'*Abe,*' said the mother, 'I do wish I could make you quit nicknaming each other; and I wish more that I had never set you the example. Put down that biscuit, sir, and take another.'

Aoraham returned the biscuit, and William took it up with a sly but triumphant giggle at Abraham.

'Ma,' said Abraham, 'Bill said *God durn.*'

'Law, what a story! Ma, I declare I never said no such a thing.'

'Yes you did, and Chaney heard you.'

William's countenance immediately showed that his memory had been refreshed; and he drawled out, 'I never none now,' with a tone and countenance that plainly imparted guilt to some extent. His mother suspected he was hinging upon tecnichs, and she put the probing question, 'Well, what did you say?'

'I said I be teeto'tly *'od urn.*'

'And that's just as bad. Mr. Butler, you positively will have to take this boy in hand.—He evinces a strong propensity to profane swearing, which, if not corrected immediately, will become ungovernable.'

'Whenever you can't manage him,' said Butler, as before, 'just turn him over to me, and I reckon I can cure him.'

It is due to Butler here to state that it was mutually understood between him and his wife that her credit was not staked upon these general drafts, and therefore he did not feel himself bound to honor them; but when she *valued* on him (as the merchants say) for a specific *amount* for a special purpose, her bills were never dishonored.

"When did he say it?" inquired the mother, returning to Abraham.

"You know that time you sent all us chillen to the new ground to pick pens?"

"Why, that's been three months ago at least, and you've just thought now of telling it. Oh you malicious toad, you; where do you learn to bear malice so long? I abhor that trait of character in a child."

"Ma," said Bill, "Abe hain't said his prayers for three nights."

Abe and Bill now exactly swapt places and countenances.

"Yes," said the mother, "and I suppose I should never have heard of that if Abraham had not told of your profanity."

"I know better," dragged out Abraham in reply to William.

"Abraham," said the mother solemnly, "did you kneel down when you said your prayers last night?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Abraham, brightening a little.

"Yes, Ma," continued Bill, "he kneels down, and 'fore I say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' he jumps up every night and hops in bed and says he's done said his prayers, and he hain't had time to say half a prayer."

During this narrative my namesake kept cowering under the steadfast frown of his mother, until he transformed himself into the perfect personification of idiocy.

"How many prayers did you say last night, Abraham?" pursued the mother in an awfully portentous tone.

"I said one, and"—(here Abraham paused.)

"One *