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Wilmington Journal.

DAVID FULTON, EDITOR. — GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY. — TERMS: $2 50 in advance.

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Wilmington, N. C.
July 16, 1847—[44 12m

THE JOURNAL.

THE RIGHTS AND PREROGATIVES OF THE PRESS.

"It has been well observed that newspapers—reversing the former rule—now make or unmake the fortunes of politicians. Nothing can be more true. And such will be in future, and under the new constitution, still more the case than now in this State. Professed politicians are shorn of their former influence. The sceptre of patronage has departed. The smiles of those who formerly wielded it have lost their power to charm. Henceforth they will have their due influence, and no more—And it will be perhaps best for all parties that the tone of domineering control towards the press, which in some instances the force of habit still leads them to indulge, should now be abandoned. But it is really of little consequence whether it is or not. The world will probably go round just the same."

[*Rochester Daily American.*

There is much good sense, as well as plain truth, in the above extract. Every one admits the power of the Press; yet few readers or politicians seem to understand what are its legitimate and rightful prerogatives. Nor is this, perhaps, very remarkable. For, if there are "many men of many minds," so are there "many politicians of many kinds;" and each having his own foible to be flattered, his own interests to be subserved, or his own prejudices to be gratified, it is not surprising that they should often complain of the manner in which the public Press is conducted. If one individual has an object to gain—be it fair or foul—the Press which he patronizes—(that is to say, by paying two cents for a newspaper that costs the proprietor from ten to twenty, according to the size of the edition, exclusive of advertisements)—must enter into his scheme, under the penalty of losing this powerful patronage, and perhaps his good will besides. But in favoring that one, the editor offends, perhaps, a dozen others, whose interests lie in an opposite direction. And if an editor attempts to please *all*, he is sure to please *none*.

We should like, for the curiosity, to see one newspaper made up in accordance with, and that should embody the opinions, whims, and caprices of all its readers. It would be a greater curiosity than Tom Thumb, the Chinese Junk, or the wonderful sights disclosed in the celebrated "Moon-hoax." And if each of our readers will send us a written specimen, not to exceed, say twenty or thirty lines, or thereabouts, of what they consider the legitimate and proper matter with which to make up a paper, we will agree to give them one entire Globe, if necessary, for the exhibition of their several tastes and wishes. Will our readers send them in?

But to return from this digression. What, with all the diversified calls and claims upon an editor, is he to do? Our opinion is—and we have endeavored to square our practice by it—that he should follow his own best judgment—take a high, straight-forward, honorable course, act independently of the conflicting notions which are entertained by his multitudinous readers, and do his best to catch up and express the true spirit and sound sentiment of the people. That editor who is not better qualified than his ordinary readers possibly can be, to decide as to his duties and prerogative—who does not know far better than they what course to pursue—who has not the discrimination to know what he should publish and what reject—is not fit to sit in an editorial chair or to wield an editorial pen.—Nor is this claiming for him more than he can or ought to be. We speak not now of the mere casual scribblers for the press; but of those who are editors by profession and practice—who have been thoroughly schooled in the business, and who are intelligent, observing, discriminating, common sense men. Such editors must, from the very nature of the case, better understand their duties than their readers possibly can. Not that they are more learned, more gifted, or more profound in many matters, or so much so, perhaps, as many of their readers. But their facilities are greater—through their widely extended interchange of papers and sentiments, they must necessarily catch the spirit of the world at a glance, and partake of its impulse at every moment. They have before them, as it were, the concentrated intelligence and wisdom of the world. There are papers breathing the spirit of the people of all parties, of all creeds, and all classes, in the metropolis of Boston—there, the same from New Orleans—here, the same from Montreal and St. Louis—from the State of Maine and from Oregon—from Nova Scotia and from Mexico—and from all intermediate places; the same from Hong Kong and from Bombay—from the Island of Great Britain to Isles of the Pacific—in short, from all part of the civilized world. With all these lights before him, and with the standard periodicals from men of profound science and learning, he must be a dull scholar, indeed, who does not gather up sufficient knowledge and intelligence to have some to impart to others. It is his vocation to study and analyze, and sift and combine, all these elements of light and knowledge—of moral science and political economy. He must necessarily read and scan the political opinions of both friends and opponents; he must become acquainted with the sentiments of the people, as reflected through these varied channels.

And yet, with all these superior facilities and advantages, the editor is often amused, if not annoyed, by the complaints of some tyro in politics or learning, who having mastered one idea, having glanced at one side of the question that he has made his hobby, fancies himself master of all branches of politics and learning, and forthwith assumes the prerogative of dictating what is proper, and of instructing the wayward editor in the discharge of his editorial duties! But the intelligent, right-thinking editor has this fact to console him—that these complaints and these dictatorial proffers of advice rarely if ever come from the more intelligent and sensible portion of his readers. These may occasionally make, it is true, a friendly and enlightening suggestion, such as every reasonable editor is always gratified to receive, and ready to profit by, but they never assume the attitude of censors or dictators. "It is the *emptiest* barrels that make the most noise."

Every profession has its peculiar prerogatives and rights. If you go to a competent attorney for advice on a legal point, although he may be inferior to yourself in some other branches of learning, yet in legal knowledge he is your superior; because he has made the science of law his study, and you have not; you admit that it is his prerogative to counsel, and your duty to follow that counsel. You go to a man of like comparative standing in the medical profession; you may know more, perhaps, of theology or law than he, but he is more competent to mend a broken leg or to cure a diseased liver than you—it's his vocation. So with the sensible editor; while he is daily adding to his stock of knowledge, and never thinks himself too old nor too wise to learn, and while he is always thankful for friendly advice and useful suggestions—yet there are certain prerogatives in the conduct of a paper which he alone must be allowed to exercise.

But we perceive that we have, like many a better sermonizer, strayed somewhat from our text. Yet in these random reflections we may have suggested some stray thought that will be edifying, if not beneficial, to our readers.

New York Globe.

From the Columbia South-Carolinian.

A NUT FOR NORTHERN FANATICS TO CRACK.

Last week we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. W. C. Bennett, of Spartanburgh, S. C., who was returning from the North, and had under his protection, Peter Poole, a negro man who voluntarily returned to slavery rather than *enjoy* freedom in New York. Peter Poole was a blacksmith, who was owned by our friend, the Hon. H. H. Thompson, Senator from Spartenburgh; and having been faithful and earned for his master a large sum of money, he was by his liberality, only nominally a slave, and Col. Thompson paid him large wages. Under the laws of South Carolina, he could not manumit him, and as he might have fallen into the hands of a less liberal master in the event of Col. Thompson's death, he gave Peter permission to depart for a "Free State," and furnished him with proper papers to go wherever he chose. Sometime last year he proceeded to Charleston, but could not get a passage in any ship to New York, although he was vouched for by Mr. Bomar, who resides in that city and who knew all the circumstances connected with his leaving. Mr. Bomar wrote to Col. Thompson, who promptly forwarded to him a proper power of attorney, by which he cleared him at the Custom House, and he found easy transit to New York. Peter had several hundred dollars, the fruit of his industry here, which, after his arrival in New York, he deposited with Mr. Kelsey, a broker in Wall street. He set about procuring work at his trade, which he found difficulty in getting.—He was immediately taken by the hand by the Abolitionists, who promised him to buy his wife and child, who remained here. They frequently urged him to proceed to Canada, stating they would send his wife on after him. He waited patiently, listening to their promises, and losing daily by lack of work, low wages, and high board, until patience itself was exhausted. In his own words, "They were the best hands at talking I ever heard." Mr. Kelsey was his good friend, and at last gaining confidence in Peter, proposed to give $200 towards the purchase of his wife, provided the Abolitionists who had volunteered to do so, would make up the balance required; and in order to test their sincerity, went round with him to see what they intended to do.—They, however, declined, and gave as an excuse "*that it was against their creed to purchase human flesh.*" Even charity and their boasted principles of humanity could not induce them to depart from their principles, although they had promised this honest negro to redeem his wife from slavery!!!

Peter then decided to return home, and risk the inevitable consequence of being made a slave again. The Abolitionists endeavored to dissuade him from this, as they said "*it would be against their cause,*" and he believes they would not have allowed him to depart, if he had not kept his further intentions secret. This he did, and meeting with Dr. Bennett, desired to return home under his protection. Dr. Bennett informed him of all the consequences, and put him in possession of all the information in his power, at the same time warning him that he would become a slave the moment he reached South Carolina. With this knowledge he determined to return, and reached here last week on his way to his master. He says "he was a slave thirty-four years, and a freeman one, and decides in favor of slavery in South Carolina. He also says, "he could not make a support for himself and wife in New York, and could not enjoy life as well there a freeman, as here a slave." "That he was in a hurry to get off home, for fear he would become as degraded as the free negroes of the North," who, he says, "resort to roguery and drinking when they are out of employment." It is his opinion "that a slave in any situation here, is better off and has cause to be happier, than a negro in a free State; and says "that not only the free negroes in the vicinity of N. Y., but thousands of whites are worse off than the slaves of South Carolina. He worked in the village of Islip, in which he said, "there lived about two hundred free negroes. Out of this number, there are few who are able to gain a decent support, but are a poverty stricken and roguish set." Such is the character of most of the free negroes of the North. We have no comments to make. These statements are taken down from the lips of an honest and unsophisticated man, whose testimony we give for the benefit of our slaves at home and the fanatics abroad.

TRANSCENDENT ELOQUENCE.

If there is anything in modern oratory more truly eloquent, beautiful and impressive than the following extract from a late speech of that glorious Young Irelander, T. F. Meagher, we should be too happy to read it:

The pursuit of liberty must cease to be a traffic. Let it resume amongst us its ancient glory—let it be with us a passionate heroism. Fear not dissension. Dissension is good where truth is to be saved. Repeal does not triumph, I contend, where the Repeal principles of Conciliation Hall prevail. Repeal does not incur defeat where these principles are swamped by Whiggery or Conservatism. In the former case it is Whiggery, masked and muffled, that succeeds—in the latter, it is Whiggery, masked and muffled, that is beaten. Disdaining, then, the calumnies of the public writer, and the invectives of the public orator, however bitterly society may sneer, however coarsely a section of the multitude may curse, assert this righteous principle. Rescue the cause of Ireland from the profanation of those who beg, and the control of those who bribe. Ennoble the strife for liberty, and be it here, as it has been in other countries, a gallant service—not a vulgar game. Conform to one precept of the English Parliament—depend upon your own resources. Demanding independence, be thoroughly independent. Be as independent of this Russell, the English Minister, as of Metternich, of Vienna, or Guizot, of Paris. Cherish in its full integrity this fine virtue, without which, there will be no true liberty amongst you, whatever be your institutions. Bereft of it, the heart of the nation will be cold, and cramped, and sordid. Bereft of it, the arts will have have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul. Bereft of it, society degenerates, and the mean, the frivolous, and the vicious, triumph. The idler, the miser, the coward, may laugh at these sentiments; they may hiss them when they read them. The worms of the Castle, I know, would eat them from the hearts of the young, the generous, and the gifted. The old champions of faction—in whose withered souls all that is pure and generous in our nature has rotted out—may drive their poisoned pens, and ply their tainted tongues, in their coarse crusade against them. Then will come the dull philosopher of the age, to rebuke our folly, our want of sense, our indiscretion, and proclaim that patriotism, a wild and glittering passion, has died out—that it could not coincide with civilization and free trade. It is false! The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre—to Barbarism its redeeming trait—to Christianity its heroic form—is not dead. It still lives to preserve, to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime, its worship and festivities. On the heathered hills of Scotland, the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, brilliant and impetuous, in the literature of the day, pays its enthusiast homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate Hall, England bids her sculptor place among the effigies of her greatest sons the images of her Hampden and her Russell. In the gay and beauteous capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution. By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerene stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied cantons. From the prows hang the banners of the republic, and as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerene chaunt the hymns of their old poetic land. Then bursts forth the glad *Te Deum*, and Heaven hears again the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains which, five centuries since, pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri. At Innspruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol, who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive day all through this quiet, noble land. In that old cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar—his image appears in every house—his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people—and when the sun goes down, a chain of fires—in the deep, red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry—proclaim the glory of the chief whose blood has made his native land a sainted spot in Europe. Sir, shall we not join in this glorious worship, and here in this land—anointed by the blood of many a good and gallant man—shall we not have the faith, the duties, the festivities of patriotism? You discard the weapons of these heroic men—do not discard their virtues. Vindicate the national character, and serve the national cause with generous hearts and stainless hands. You have pledged yourselves to strive in this Confederation for the independence of your country within the limits of the constitution. Keep within the constitution, but do not pervert the virtue of the state. Confront corruption wherever it appears—scourge it from the hustings—scourge it from the public forum—fling the bribes of the minister back into the pest-houses with which he has defaced the land—there let the vermin that feed upon our countrymen bury the bribes in kindred putrefaction—and whilst proceeding with the noble task to which you have vowed your lives and fortunes, let this proud thought enrapture and invigorate your hearts, that in seeking the independence of your country you have preserved its virtues from the seductions of a powerful minister, and the infidelity of bad citizens. Mr. Meagher sat down amidst the most enthusiastic cheers, which lasted for several minutes.

A gentleman, one day, visiting a school at Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word, "inheritance" occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows:

"What is inheritance?"
"Patrimony."
"What is patrimony?"
"Something left by a father."
"What would you call it if left by a mother?"
"Matrimony."

From the St. Louis Reveille.

GOOD FOR BUFFALO.

BY JOHN BROWN.

In one of the companies of the 1st regiment of U. S. dragoons, there once happened to be thrown a recruit, whose fond parents, bearing the name of Jackson, had given him the christian name of Andrew—a name, in this case, extremely *mal appropos* This fellow was drilled with others and drilled alone, but the task of instruction seemed almost a hopeless one. Dismounted, if ordered to start with the *left* foot, he almost invariably put forth the *right*, and it was more than hinted that he could not tell the one from the other.

"And, curse him!" said the sergeant, one day, out of patience, "he don't know his legs, and has not sense enough to *mark* them!"

In the mounted drill he was the same. At a command "to the right," he was just as likely to turn to the wrong as to the right side. As to mounting a horse according to the manual, he saw no use whatever in that; and provided he could climb up by the cantel of the saddle, was perfectly satisfied.

In truth, Jackson was very stupid. He could hardly be taught to keep his arms and accoutrements in order, and could never execute the first movement of the sabre exercise without the most ludicrous blunders, and, if mounted, danger of cutting off his horse's head or ears.

Altogether, after he had been two years in service, he was put down by every body as absolutely "good for nothing"—a worthless appendage to the corps; for he had even been tried on various kinds of extra duty, and failed in all.

The captain had marked Jackson—he regarded him as an anomaly—not exactly an idiot, yet seeming so very near one that the dividing line was hardly perceptible. He can never be fit for anything, thought the captain; and he meditated the discharge of the impracticable dolt, as a "nuisance to the service."

A strict drill officer, the captain required every man to do his duty. When Jackson was on drill, the captain's order to march generally ran as follows:

"Column forward!—Corporal West, *give that man a kick to start him*—march!"

Corporal West, accustomed to this duty, usually by a kick properly dealt, had given Jackson an impetus forward, by the time the command "march!" fell from the captain.

Jackson had, as time flew, been three years in the company, when a march to the prairies was ordered. In the range of that animal near the Arkansas, it became an object with the command to procure a supply of buffalo meat, and every day details of men were made for that purpose.

The captain himself, on one occasion, thirsting for sport, went out with the hunters.—They had been out some three or four hours, when Jackson, his horse nearly at full speed, and his carbine unslung, was dashing past the captain towards a herd of buffalo at some distance across the plain.

"Stop, sir, stop!" commanded the captain. Jackson instantly reined up. So far as he knew how, he had learned to *obey*—the first lesson of a soldier. The captain was inclined to be religious, but now he was betrayed by excitement into the use of naughty language.

"What the devil are *you* doing here?" he demanded fiercely.

"Hunting buffalo, sir."

"Hunting buffalo! D—nation! Who told *you* to hunt buffalo? What business have *you* on the plains?"

"The sergeant detailed me as a hunter, sir."

"The devil he did! Well, the sergeant's a d—d fool," continued the captain, growing warmer and worse betrayed. "What can you do here? Do *you* ever expect to kill a *buffalo?*" he asked, almost with a sneer.

"I've done so, sir, this morning," replied the soldier, touching his cap.

"What! You've killed a buffalo? Take care, sir—don't lie to me—take care! The thing's *impossible!*"

"Indeed, captain, it's true. I've killed *three*, and have a three months' calf tied to the leg of the last one."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, sir; and I'd have killed one of those four just back in the last hollow, if *you hadn't rode up and scared them away!*"

The captain was more than astonished—he was thunderstruck. The stupid, worthless soldier, suddenly appeared in a new light. His genius had peeped out—he was *developed.*

"Well, well," replied the captain, "go ahead—go ahead—kill all you can; I'm glad you can *do* it; you're *fit for something*—I've discovered it by mere accident; but every man, I suppose, is *made for something*—go ahead, you can earn your rations now, for a few days, at least—you're good for nothing else; but you're GOOD FOR BUFFALO!"

CRUELTY OF THE CHINESE.—When once speaking to a Chinese of the remuneration for pilots in England being fixed by Government, he gave me a description of the wreck of a junk, in consequence of the exorbitant demands of the pilots, who, seeing signs of a coming typhoon, demanded more than the master of the vessel could make up his mind to give. It being at the time nearly dark, the latter, hoping the typhoon would not come on before the ensuing day, anchored, with the intention of sounding his way into the river he wished to enter as soon as it was light again. The next morning, however, he was caught in the storm: the junk struck on a hidden rock, was driven off again, and began rapidly to fill. The sailors nearly all took to the water-butt, which, loosened from the vessel, is the usual refuge in such cases. The master proposed saving himself on the large sail, which, being composed of matting, extending on and supported by a number of bamboos running across it, is very buoyant, and for this purpose cut away, as he supposed, all the ropes which attached it to the vessel. Unfortunately, however, he had not done so completely, and when the junk went down, he was gradually drawn down with the sail and drowned. The water-butt went down also soon after, so that only two or three men saved themselves by clinging to loose pieces of timber. Now, most Englishmen, on telling this story, would feel a little commiseration for the sufferers, and few, if any, would be excited to laughter by it; but the Chinese narrator no sooner came to speak of the drowning, than he began to laugh, and he was so particularly tickled by the manner in which the master met his death, that the tears ran from his eyes from excess of merriment, and he could scarcely get on with the tale. While this story illustrates the want of humane feelings on the part of the Chinese, the cause of its being related is, however, an instance of the candor with which they will admit anything in foreign countries to be of a superior nature, as soon as they perceive it, even tho' it should be the existence of a government institution which they have not. The practice of mutilating children, and constraining them to act as beggars, in order to gain a livelihood, by taking from them the gifts their forced pertinacity or disgusting appearance extort from the public, exists to a great degree in Canton. All the blind people who are seen in the neighborhood of the factories are, I am told, victims of a system that constitutes a strong proof of cruelty in a people who suffer its existence among them.

[Meadow's Notes on China.

From the Reville.

FULL OF LIFE.—BY CARONDELET.

Some winters ago a party of rough country fellows were sitting around a bright blazing fire in a village tavern, situated in the upper part of this State. We, being attracted by their loud voices, heard them calling on one of the number to relate some incident connected with his own history, and drew up into their circle just as he began.

"Well," said he, "Jim and me was old playmates, but hadn't met for some time, when I went down to St. Louis to sell my crap and get the old 'oman some groceries, and who shud drap in the tavern 'bout a minite arter me but Jim Scrogging; we shuck hands, talked a while, and then went up to our room, (for the landlord put us together when he saw we knowed each other,) and told 'em to send us up some licker.

"'Jim,' says I, when we got up to our roosting-place, 'I hear you'r been jined, old hoss; here's luck to you.'

"Jined to what?' sez he, pretendin' not to know what I meant; for he'd been to school, and studed some perfession, as he called it, and thought he talked onkommon well.

"'Jined to Suze Sloper,' sez I, 'and *here's thumpin' luck* to you both, for Suze is a clever gal, and well made, too,' sez I, tryin' to soft-soap him; 'she's got a right smart chance of hips, and I reckon her timbers aint a goin' to break down with her.'

"I seed Jim bite his lips and look sorter mad, but he didn't bile over yet, and sez he:

"'She is a sweet cretur, Mr. Wiggings—all annymashun, and full of life'

"'*Wh-e-e-w!*' sez I, whislin' rite out—'you don't tell that, do you. Full of life! why, you orter be ashamed of yourself, Jim Scroggins.'

"'What do you mean, sir?' sez he.

"'Mean?' sez I—'I don't mean nuthin' but what I say. You orter be ashamed to tell it, fur her sake, when you ain't been married but one month!'

"'Damnashun, sir!' sez he; 'I can't stand that, no how,' and with that he gathers up a piece of furniture and hove it rite at me. I dodged it, and made at him, and we went into it strong.

"Well, we fit round the room, upsettin' cheer and wash fixins, and keepin' up a devil of a racket; but didn't wake no one, till at last down we cum on the floor, Jim on top, and shuck the whole house. This raised a fellar sleepin' under us, and he hollered fire! I think it was fire, sure enuf, with Jim pluggin' away rite in my face, and the back part uf my head takin' revenge out of the floor.

"But it warn't no go; I rolled him, and by that time the whole crowd had gathered and cum a rushin' up. Some hollered part 'em; but *one fellar, that I reckon Jim thought was a fool*, sed, 'Let 'em have it out—fair play!' and at it I went, givin' him what he'd jest give me; but he was so mulish obstinate that he wouldn't say enuf—so, arter I got tired of beatin' him, and appealed to the crowd, the same fellar that wouldn't let 'em part us *hollered fur him*, and they pulled me off. *Maybe* Jim didn't give *him* fits afterwards."

"Well, Bill," asked one of his listeners, after the laugh had in a degree subsided, "did you ever find out what he meant by 'full of life?'"

"Oh, yes," answered the hero, "I furgot; he told me next day, when we made it up—he meant *peert*—nothin' else!

"Ha, ha, ha!" went round the crowd, and we went off to bed.

From the Mother's Magazine.

PATIENCE IN TEMPER AND TEACHING.

We are all learners here on earth. We are all in a process of training for another world, for a higher and nobler and unchanging existence in a future state. This fact invests the children, especially their moral and religious instruction, with great importance. And with this view, it would have a salutary influence on every parent and every teacher to reflect in his daily intercourse with his children or pupils—Now let me remember, I am training and educating these young minds for an immortal existence of happiness or wretchedness in a future world.

Few persons seem to have proper apprehensions of the sacredness which attaches to the instruction of youth. Hence many of the neglects, and many of the errors of teachers; and hence, consequently, many of the mishaps and catastrophes of pupils.

You have, I will suppose, under your tuition, a little boy, eight or nine years of age. It is a most interesting period of life, and the charge is one of the most momentous nature. I can conceive of few employments more delightful than the training of such a child, and there is certainly none which is more responsible.—Every touch you give makes its mark, as the fingers on a mass of ductile wax. You can scarcely say, or do, or omit anything, without contributing, in some way or other, to form the character of your pupil. He finds an example, for good or for evil, in everything about you.

Let me direct attention to a single particular, in which we are all apt to go wrong; I mean the *temper* which we manifest in the company of our pupils. Almost every child has some trait which tries the temper of the teacher. He is stubborn or forgetful, idle or hasty; these are great faults, but that of the teacher who loses his temper, is greater. Patience is a virtue which is especially demanded in the work of instruction; but for this reason, above all others, that all impatience on the teacher's part disturbs, in a high degree, the process of communicating moral truth. If the teacher grow warm, especially if he use reproachful words, the child will suffer pain; some children will suffer great pain. If this be often repeated, an association will be formed in the mind of the child, which may render the particular topic of instruction hateful for life. I could mention, if it were proper, a very striking instance of this. When the child is scolded, or boxed, or laughed at, a scar is sometimes left in his memory; and to my mind, that is a very serious thing. We are dealing with a material more precious than the diamond, and more lasting than the sun. We are forming a tablet, on which may be one day impressed the image of the glorious God. We are handling that which is delicate as the rose-leaf, yielding as clay and yet more mighty, when trained, than all engines of power. We are conversing with those whose angels do always behold the face of God. Let us treat them with sacred awe. Let no word or tone betray anything sinful for them to imitate.—Remember the words of the Roman: *Reverentia magna debetur pueris*—Great reverence is due to the young. Remember the higher words of Christ: "Take heed lest ye offend (or cause to stumble) one of these little ones."

I am persuaded that much of our instruction goes for nothing, just for want of temper.—The motto of the teacher should be, LOVE IS POWER. A loving teacher will communicate twice as much as another. And this gentleness is compatible with a high measure of authority. There are some who never rebuke a child, even for a slight breach of decorum, but in the language of bitter sneer and sarcasm. This is like burning the tendrils with a red hot iron. It is an unlovely weapon with any age; but when applied to shrinking, sensitive children, it is barbarous and cruel.

To make a child angry during his lessons, is to give him his food scalding hot. Let the operations be repeated a number of times and he will contract a dislike for the teacher, and his teachings. Every unkind feeling thus engendered in his little bosom, will go a certain length towards fixing an evil habit upon him. From such causes human character receives its bent. And, O, how much holier a race would grow up around us, if, in all our dealings with little ones, we bear in mind that the Christian love of our hearts should be operative, even in our earliest and slightest teaching!

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

TESTIMONY OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

The N. Y. Express gives an interesting sketch of a debate in the British House of Commons on the subject of the African slave trade. The important fact was elicited, that under the very expensive treaty between Great Britain, the United States and France, to keep a squadron on the coast of Africa to watch and capture slavers, the iniquitous traffic still continues with unabated vigor. The evil, contends the Express, can never be remedied, as long as the great demand for slaves in Cuba and Brazil is allowed to be supplied. These are the two great slave markets. Check the current of traffic to these two points and the atrocious evil will die out.

Mr. Bothwick, a member of the British House of Commons, called upon Lord Palmerston, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, to abrogate the treaty he had made with the United States and France on this subject. In the course of his remarks, he expressed the idea that England owes to mankind the exertion of her great power to put down the trade in Africa which her own people began. It is to her that the United States are indebted for the introduction of slaves, even against the remonstrances of their own colonies. Mr. Bothwick, in pressing the annulment of the treaties of England with other powers to keep up African blockading squadrons, presented the following facts, which should forever seal the lips of British fanatics to any denunciation of the system of slavery in our country:—

"England first engaged in slave dealing in 1652, when John Cocking fitted out thirty-eight vessels, the largest being 120 tons and the smallest 40, to carry negroes from Africa to Hispaniola, now St. Domingo, where they were sold. From 1752 to 1762, the trade increased to such an extent that during that time no fewer than 71,115 negroes were imported into Jamaica, and sold at the average of £30 each. From time to time English dealers contracted to supply foreign powers with slaves, *and in every instance the contracts were sanctioned by the British Government.* It was a curious fact that the first attempt to put an end to the traffic in slaves, was made by the planters themselves. In 1747, the Assembly of Jamaica passed two bills, the object of which was to suppress the slave trade; but the British Government refused to sanction those measures, and directed the Governors of the West India colonies to inform the assemblies *that if they passed any more bills of a similar nature, they would be deprived of the power of legislating for their own affairs;* and the reason assigned for that proceeding was, *that the slave trade was very profitable to the citizens of the mother country.* In 1794, the House of Commons took a step towards the ultimate abolition of the slave trade, by passing a bill prohibiting the sale of slaves to foreigners. The House of Lords, however, rejected the bill; and it was not until—in consequence of the famous agitation headed by Wilberforce and Fox, and countenanced by Pitt—the anti-slavery feeling took such a strong hold of the public mind, that the Legislature was obliged to grapple with the question; and, finally, in 1807, the slave trade, as far as Great Britain is concerned, was made felony."

We hope, then, (says the Express,) soon to hear England, in the earnestness of her atonement, remonstrating with Spain and Brazil in a voice loud enough to be heard in Madrid and Rio Janeiro. A little British thunder, of the old sort, would soon clear the air, we believe, on the coast of Africa, by making Cuba and Brazil too hot for slavers to fit out from, or go back to.

A Democrat in England.—Mr. Sturge, a candidate for a seat in Parliament for Leeds, addressed an assemblage of from eight to ten thousand people, to whom he held forth in the following strain:

"He commenced by declaring that, holding that every one of his fellow-citizens unconvicted of crime, was entitled to the right of suffrage, he would not consent to be put in nomination for Parliament, if he had not the support and confidence of the non-electors, so unjustly deprived of a voice in the choice of rulers. He was infavor of a total separation of Church and State—of entire freedom of trade—the abolition of the game laws, and those of primogeniture and entail. Would abolish all oaths and capital punishment. He saw no necessity for supporting, at an annual expense of £20,000,000, a standing army and navy. He would allow no man, in receipt of pay and pension from the Government, to hold a seat in Parliament. He wished the people of Leeds to have a full understanding of his sentiments; but he would use no influence to obtain a vote. He deprecated the common custom of canvassing for votes; he would not solicit one if his election depended upon it.—We are glad to learn that there is every probability of the election of so thorough a reformer. He has the support of the Leeds Mercury, the most influential paper out of London, in the United Kingdom."

A TOUGH 'UN.—A Southern paper tells the following Munchausenish story, which, if 'not bad to take,' is certainly hard to digest. We have swallowed some tough 'uns in our day, but the author of this could give an anaconda 'six,' and then throw him into 'fits.'—Where's Sam Hide?

Many years ago a settler in the Macon started one day on a hunting excursion, and after travelling about half the day, killed a noble bear. He then threw the bear and gun over his shoulder and started homeward. After walking about four miles he became very much fatigued, and concluded to stop and take an hour's rest. He dropped Bruin on the ground, laid his gun by the side of the bear, and retired to a log some fifteen or twenty steps off, and laid him down to sleep. After sleeping about half an hour he awoke, and was startled at finding a ferocious panther between him and his game. What was he to do? He could not get at his gun for the panther. But in the very energy and frenzy of despair, he started to his feet and met the beast in his spring. The hunter ran his arm down the throat of the panther, through and through him—caught him by the tail—gave it a heavy jerk, and *turned the beast wrong side out!* If any of our cotemporaries doubt this story, let them tell us so. 'We've got the papers!'

GOOD REPLY.—"If we are to live after death why don't we have some knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman.

"Why didn't you have some knowledge of the world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.

STAND FAST.—Under all trials of life, *stand fast!* Would you wish to live without trial—then would you not wish to die but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim upon a table. They must go into deep water and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character, if you would know their whole strength, and of what they are capable, throw them overboard! over with them! and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves. The Spartans exposed their upright children—nay, all their children to such trying hardships that none but the hardy could outlive the exposure.—And what followed? A nation of heroes: men, who even in their boyhood, were incapable of untruth; who would suffer their entrails to be torn out by the wild beast, without a single outcry or whimper! of men who played in heavier armor than they went into battle with; of men who regarded the hardships that destroyed others as mere pastime. So much for the hardening effect of trial from the first; of enduring hardship. Stand fast, therefore! Come what may, stand fast, and thank God that he has not forgotten you, when trial and hardships are upon you when, look where you may, there seems to be no chance of escape.

NEW BUILDING MATERIAL.—It seems that in Buffalo they are beginning to use a material for building, very common in the south of France, and we believe in many other places enjoying a warm and dry climate. Dr. Theller, of Buffalo, has introduced it into that city, and is about to build a dwelling house, and a Maison de Sante, for the homœopathic treatment of patients. The material, as described by the Buff. Com. Advertiser, consists of large bricks, dried in the sun, only 16 inches long, 12 wide, and 8 in thickness; made of pure, strong clay, without any mixture of sand or gravel, kneaded with straw, wild hay, or some such material. After drying, it is sometimes necessary to fill up the cracks by pouring over them a thin composition of sand, lime and mortar. A foundation of "concrete," or something capable of protecting the bricks from the damp, is necessary. A projecting roof should also be used, for the same reason.—Common mortar is used to cement the bricks together, and a covering of water-proof cement or "rough cast" gives a finish to the appearance and protection to the building. Durability, cheapness, warmth in winter, and coolness in summer, are the alleged advantages of this material.

"A HASTY PLATE OF SOUP."

Cooked up for the Blade by TOM.

A TOUGH STORY.—Our uncle Ezra is in the habit sometimes of 'stretching the truth' a little—a vicious sort of propensity from which the rest of the family are singularly free. We heard him tell Snooks a rather severe tale one day last week, which, we have concluded to give to the world:—

"When I lived in Maine," said he, "I helped *break up* a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and *arly* in the spring we begun to think of ploughin' on't.—It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did, faith—and I held that plough for more than a week—I thought I should die. It e'en a'most killed me, I van. Why, one day I was holdin', and the plough hit a stump, which measured just nine *foot* and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I just threw my feet out, and I no sooner done this, than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course, I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons—nor cause me to let go my grip. At last though, after letting the cattle breathe, they give another strong pull together, and the old stump came up about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haint worn any other kind since."

The only reply Snooks made to this was—"I should have thought it would have come hard on your suspenders."

CONFESSION.—A Methodist and Quaker travelling together, stopped at a hotel, and were both given the same room. The Methodist made a long humiliating prayer, in which he made much confession of himself. When he rose from his knees, the Quaker said, "Do'st mean all thee said, friend?" Being answered in the affirmative, he shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Then thou art too bad a man for me to sleep with thee."

BRAGGING.—"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything neater than any man in this town."

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I said so."

"Well, Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there is no man on earth that can turn any thing as well as I can whittle it."

"Poh, nonsense, Mr. Smith, talk about your whittling; what can you whittle as well as I can turn it?"

"Anything, everything, Mr. Jones. Just name the article that I can't whittle, that you can turn, and I will give you a V, if I don't do it to the satisfaction of all these gentlemen present."

"Well, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones, just for trial, you may whittle and I will turn!"

Mr. Smith sloped!

A hint to young married women.—Never tell your own affairs to any old gossipping housewife. Let her appear ever so specious—so sincere—so candid—be sure to avoid her, and keep your own counsel; for the only reason she has for prying into your secrets—for insinuating herself into your confidence, is to learn some error, or deformity existing in your family, on which she might feast in secret delight for a luxurious moment, and then share some of her choicest bits with her neighbors. Treasure this up and act upon it; and it will save you years of mortification, if not of heart-burning and sorrow.

Dialogue between a man in want of Work and a man in want of a Workman.—Applicant—Are you in want of a laborer, sir?

Gent.—I am.

A.—I'm out of work, sir, and should be glad to serve you.

Gent.—Are you a reformed drunkard?

A.—No, sir, I never drank in my life.

Gent.—I'm sorry for that—but perhaps I can do something for you yet. Were you ever in the State Prison?

A. (indignantly)—No, sir! I'm a poor man, sir, but, thank God, I'm honest.

A Good one.—A little Ebony applied to a friend of ours, a few days ago, in the name of his mistress, for a sample of Cheese. The article was given, and in a few moments Darkey returned with "Missus say berry good Cheese, and tank you for send *two more samples.*"

"What's the news, neighbor?"

"Oh, not much in particular. They say bread stuffs are in a rapid *decline.*"

"That's no news,—they've been in *consumption* all winter."