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Choice Poetry.

From the Charleston Standard.

ON THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.
Once pale Freedom, broken hearted, sank 'neath
Carolina's west—
For the light had now departed that o'er Monticello's
isle arose—
And the sons who fought so bravely on her war-pole,
Lied plain,
Now hark fallen, and in triumph waved the Nation's
flag again.

From Catawba's rock-bound streamlet to vine-bor-
dered Enoree,
And where Kisko's waters ranneth downward to the
sea,
Where through high corn-waving meadows floweth
on Saluda's tide,
And where dark and turbid Santee through the drear-
y swamps doth glide.

Traitor sons and tyrant foemen over-ran the bleed-
ing field,
(Can it be that none are willing in their country's
cause to stand?)
Like a cloud that wraps the mountain, hiding all its
form from sight,
So was freedom covered over, and seemed wrapped
in endless night.

But, though hidden, still was burning Liberty's old
sacred flame—
(Though the clouds hide it, yet the Mountain stand-
eth under them the same.)
Heart were they that yet beat boldly, though hope
sickened, seemed to fly—
They were ready for their country, though to serve
her was to die.

These were not the pale-faced dwellers in the crowd-
ed, busy town,
But the keen-eyed, strong-armed hunters—rovers
through the mountains brown—
Like their old wild mountain sires, came they down-
ward to the fight;
Liberty looked up, and beauteous gleamed her eye
with stern delight.

Worthy sons of Gallie fathers—men who for their
right had died—
And of those whose bones were whitening on the
Grampian's heathly side—
Some themselves had felt the pressure of the tyrant's
galling chain—
Not for these to yield the freedom they endured so
much to gain.

Men like these no arms could conquer: fierce resolu-
ed beamed every eye;
Slaughtered fathers, mothers, brothers, seemed 'neath
tyrants' swords to die.
Onward came to the battle like the booming thunder
cloud,
Steel'd each arm, each strong heart nursing thoughts
of vengeance deep and loud.

Bravely rushed they to the conflict, like the wave
the storm before;
Like the wave the shore has broken, back returned
and formed one more;
Driven backward, pressing forward, fought they till
the grimy field
Thick was strewn with slaughtered women, who all
then were forced to yield.

Then, fate Freedom, came the dawning of thy sun-
er o'er vale and hill,
Causing through our wide-spread country every patri-
ot heart to thrill,
And increasing those more brightly, till from off our
happy shores
England's armies driven homeward, left us to return
no more.

E. C. D.

Political.

[BY REQUEST.]

From the Spartanburg Express.

POLITICIANS AND THE CHURCHES.

Ye "heap your dust on quick and dead."

[SHAKESPEARE.]

HON. L. M. KEITT, Orangeburg, S. C.

Sir: The maintenance of the cause of truth and righteousness frequently imposes on men unpleasant duties. The application of this fact to the case before me, I will now state—

In common with thousands of delighted citizens, I had the pleasure of listening to the addresses delivered at the complimentary dinner given recently in this village to Col. Orr, the worthy representative of this Congressional District. When, that day, I took the position of hearing, nothing could have been further from my mind than the duty which now devolves upon me—that of calling your attention to and that of your speech. Had you confined yourself to politics proper; or as an episode, had you been content with the humane act of interring decently the remains of the supposed defunct know-nothing organization, you never should have heard from me. With matters of that sort I have nothing to do. In the language, however, of the "deathless Shakspeare"—and I quote from him as a compliment to yourself and your honored co-speakers, for I noticed that several of you drew largely from his rich treasures—in his language, I say, ye "heap your dust on quick and dead." In other words, your statements respecting the Presbyterian and the Episcopal churches, as regarded their alleged connection with abolitionism, although wholly without intention on your part to do them injustice or injury, consigned their now strong and compact organizations to a speedy dissolution, if not an infamous grave.

You will not understand me to deny either the right or the propriety of referring publicly to the Church, in any of its aspects, conditions or bearings, even in political speeches. It was your right. The church also plants herself boldly before the world, and invites—may challenge investigation of her character, her condition and her works. What I regret is that you had not informed yourself more fully of the facts in relation to the churches of which you spoke. And what I complain of is, that your statements, uncorrected, place those churches in a false light before the world, and thus do them great injustice and injury.

In support of your argument in favor of a Southern organization, you pronounced the whole mass of the population north of the slavery limits, with the rarest exceptions, "thoroughly and hopelessly abolitionized." stated that their conversation, their teachings, their books, and their nursery lullabies, were all deeply imbued with those execrable sentiments—that, in consequence of this state of things, division had taken place, years ago, in the Methodist and Baptist churches—that the Presbyterian and the Episcopal churches were in a state of deep agitation, were indeed on the

very eve of division, and that division was inevitable!

Now, while I freely admit that the fanatical element in that region is large, that portions of it are so far gone that no reasonable hope can be entertained respecting them; and while I agree with you that their spirit and course of action are highly censurable, I dissent wholly from your inferences, as to what must be the inevitable result of their fanatical course; and I protest against the occupancy, on the above-named churches, of the position in which your statements would place them.—You spread out before your hearers those loathsome masses, and represent them as *abounding equally in all the churches*. But the Baptist and Methodist churches, years ago, cut loose from their portion of those contaminating loads, and, of course, have, ever since, stood forth before the world, pure, commendable and glorious; while the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches are still in the *obnoxious* *fact*,—still fraternizing, or striving to do so, with those on whom politicians—not always very fastidious in their moral tastes—sit on venom, and from whose touch their purer spirits instinctively recoil! This, sir, is the position in which you have placed us!

Now, in relation to those divided churches, I say, blessings on them in their deed! They chose their own course—had a perfect right to do so—acted no doubt from conscientious motives—pursued the only course, which, as they supposed, could be taken. We took a different course; and, as I shall show, *we acted the same, if not a more desirable result*.

As regards also the Episcopal Church, I have, in the above mentioned respect, nothing to say. Its proper defenders will guard its honor. But as a minister of the Presbyterian church located also on the ground upon which you spoke, and in the midst of the community before which your statements were made, I consider it incumbent on me—due also to yourself—to state the facts as they are, respecting said churches; and thus afford you an opportunity of placing yourself right with this community, and also before the Churches at large in the South.

As long ago as 1837, the Presbyterian Church commenced its reform, and made its division—not by a sectional line, but in relation to *doctrines and church order*—separating at one time a large portion of that base, floating, fanatical element to which you have referred. Since that period our duty, as regards that matter, has been easy and generally pleasant. Here and there a few obnoxious spirits for a time remained. Most of these have since gone off—some in one direction, some in another—thinking themselves holier than we. Others a little fraction, have, under conservative influences, been restrained. Thus has the process of reform gone on, until now—say, and for years past we have, as a church, been wholly free from agitation on that subject, not only in the meetings of our General Assembly, but so far as I know, in all the subordinate institutions. The fires within have died out for want of combustible material; and all attempts to introduce firebrands, from without have so signally failed, that agitators have abandoned the hopeless task.

There are two points to which you gave great prominence in your speech: 1st. The imminent danger, may the certain ruin to Southern minorities whenever Northern majorities obtained the sway. 2nd. The utter impossibility of Southern men holding any sort of fraternal intercourse with men on the other side of the line! Well, I do not know what you politicians may find possible or impossible; but your statements have led me to look narrowly into this matter—as I wished to be prepared to meet the danger should there be any—and out of all intercourse, should it be found at once hypocritical and dishonorable.—But on turning the historic pages, I find 1st. That so far as the Presbyterian Church is concerned, we at the South have from the *first* been in the minority; 2nd. It appears from the minutes of the General Assembly that our present Synods—*thirty* in all, *only twelve* are in the slave States, and *one* other is divided by the line.

Of the one hundred and forty-eight Presbyteries, only *eighty eight* belong to the South; Moderators of the Assembly have the appointing most of the Committees—consequently they have great power over all the business transactions. There have been sixty-seven meetings of our General Assembly, and each had its own Moderator. But of these sixty-seven Moderators, *only eighteen* have been from the South! All this looks very alarming in view of your recent picture! But yet it is also true. That instead of being overrun and driven out of the Church—they of the North having more than double our strength—we have, with the aid of good men and true on the other side of the line, turned out the fanatics!

As regards fraternal intercourse, I need only mention the fact, that our General Assembly is the common bond of union among all the churches. It covers the broad area of the United States and the territories. The delegation is in proportion to the number and the strength of the Presbyteries. There may, then, in any Assembly be twice as many members from the North as from the South. The meetings of the Assembly are held with respect to latitude. In 1852 it met in *Charleston*; and never, probably, was there a more harmonious and perfectly delighted company of men found on the earth. Dr. John C. Lord, of *Buffalo*—one of our strongest defenders against rabid fanaticism—in the chair, as Moderator. I mingled much among the members of that Assembly, and I know that their expressions of fraternal regard for their brethren of the South, and their grateful feelings for the warmth of their reception in that Southern Episcopium, were most cordial and profound—and that, not only while they were in the South; for I saw in my exchange papers—for I was then editor of the Southern Presbyterian—a large number of letters published by the members of that Assembly, in the Northern and Western papers, after their return home, strongly expressive of the same noble sentiments. Even to this day, also, there is a familiar and pleasing correspondence kept up between many of those members and their friends by whom they were entertained in that city.

Since that, the Assembly has met in Philadelphia, in Buffalo and Nashville, in all of which places there have been the same harmony of action, and the same cordiality of social intercourse. I was myself a member of the Assembly which met in Philadelphia in 1853. There were many delegates from the South; and I deny that any discrimination was made against Southern men in that Assembly. I am persuaded also that no members of the Assembly from any other part of the country were more cordially received, more respectfully treated, or more kindly entertained by the citizens, than were those from the South. The same, I have been told, was the case at Buffalo.

A member of the Assembly which recently met in Nashville has related to me the following incident, which occurred in that body, in direct conflict with your statements: An over zealous delegate from one of the Congregational Associations down East, being admitted to the floor as a corresponding member, so far forgot his whereabouts as to undertake to lecture the Southern members upon their sins and duties!—Instantly a dozen or more Northern members sprang to their feet, each eager to cast the first stone at him. And among them, they gave him very much such a letting-down as the old man did to the young intruder whom he found robbing his orchard. "Most handsomely and ably," says my informant, "were the Southern members defended by their Northern brethren, without the necessity of a Southern man saying a word—such men as Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia, Dr. Dunton of N. York, and Dr. Rice of St. Louis, taking the lead in the defence."

Instead, then, of its being true that we of the South are in danger of being overpowered, and driven out by the savannahs of abolition, of which you spoke in your earnest admonition, the fact is, we have put them where they deserved to be on the outside, while we remain *scarcely within*; have swept them from our whole arena; and there they will be compelled to stay—not a fragment of that disturbing element left to annoy! Instead of ceaseless and immoderate denunciations, as you stated—we have *five years* of peace! Instead of impending and inevitable division, no such thing is even in the distance contemplated. Indeed, we have *nothing about which either side is content or divided*. Such are briefly the facts in relation to agitation, fraternal intercourse and the prospects of division.—But there are other facts.

The principal religious newspaper of our denomination is published in Philadelphia—a large and ably conducted paper called the "Presbyterian." That paper is now in the 25th year of its age. It circulates throughout the United States. It is one of the most conservative and reliable papers in the world. I have never yet seen in it an "infected article" nor have in any other way offensive to the South. We have also a book publishing establishment, called the Board of Publication.

The members of the Board are elected from year to year by the whole General Assembly. The majority of the members are always Northern men. Our Publishing House is also in Philadelphia—within that vast region whom you have supposed nothing "clever" could ever issue. The publications of that Board amount now to about five hundred different works.—Large and repeated editions of many of them have been for several years scattered all over our country. They embrace a vast variety of subjects, and are adapted to persons of all classes, characters and conditions—tracts, children's books, and "nursery lullabies" forming no inconsiderable portion of their issues! And yet, sir, if you can point out a single paragraph in any one of them which directly or indirectly inculcates abolition sentiments, you can do what it is believed the whole South has thus far been unable to do! Indeed, it was precisely on these grounds that the "Simon Pures," who now constitute the "Free Synod" of the West, left us. Our Assembly was firm as Gibraltar against their seductions and assaults; and they could point none of their *heresies* through any of the papers of either the Assembly or the Synods. They left; and for the "reformation" of the rest of mankind, they are now doing their own publishing!

With little if any qualification, I believe that the same may be said of the millions of books published by the American Sunday School Union, the American Tract Society, and the Episcopal Church—ay, and of their newspapers and children's papers also, which have an immense circulation. And yet all these are published north of the line. Indeed, nearly all our books, of every kind, come from the North. Large, then, as is the mass of rabid, fanatical publications, vastly greater in strength, and incomparably more numerous are the works of those millions who have not bowed the knee to the modern Baal. Nor do I agree with you, that in regard to any of these matters there anything portentous of a worse state of things in future. So far as the Old School General Assembly is concerned, the South may have the fullest confidence in its future character and action. For not only are its spirit and its principles thoroughly conservative; but it is all powerful in its *ability* to keep out or suppress fanaticism or error of whatever kind, or under whatever name.—And so determined have its members been, that agitation on vexed and fruitless subjects should be excluded, that they have in several instances broken off all correspondence with prominent foreign bodies with which they formerly held intercourse, on account of their attempts to cast firebrands among our churches, or distract our ecclesiastical councils. The New School Presbyterian Church, a large and respectable body of Christians, is also, from year to year, becoming stronger and more united. Their approach is steadily toward the position which we occupy. Its mixture of uncoincidental foreign elements is working off. Their tendency is to greater compactness and order. In their last General Assembly their action was decidedly conservative; and, so far as I know, satisfactory to their membership in the South. Even as regards that body there is less probability of division than there was years ago.

No one, it seems to me, can doubt the conservative spirit of the Episcopal Church. It is one of the last bodies in which we should expect to find fanaticism of the rabid stripe of

which you spoke. "Order" and "unity" have ever been their boast. And so far as I can learn, no division on the subject of slavery has been anticipated, or is likely ever to occur.—But those several bodies, taken collectively, constitute a powerful conservative phalanx of prodigious strength. And they are actuated by a spirit which will neither flag in duty nor suffer itself to be overborne.

Thus, sir, have I, as in duty bound, laid the facts respecting these several points briefly before you; and hoping that it will meet your approval, I shall, through the press, present them to the Southern public.

It is due to all parties concerned that this should be done. Facts and investigations are what good men always desire. It affords me unfeigned pleasure to be able in these disjointed times to present so gratifying a picture.—And I do not think that yourself and all other true patriots will rejoice with us, whose battle have been fought and won, and whose peace now is like the placid lake. You politicians know best what can be done in the political world; but until I shall indulge the pleasing hope that you may yet be able to adopt and carry out the principle on which we have acted—*instead of dividing, hold on to your Constitution, and stand out from under those who plot its overthrow!*

Very respectfully, &c.,
WASHINGTON BARRE,
Spartanburg, September 18, 1855.

From the Richmond Examiner.

THE POSITION OF THE SOUTH.

We are no political alarmists. It accords much more with our feelings to anticipate a bright than a clouded future. But, as faithful sentinels upon a Southern watchtower, we may not now proclaim that "All is well." I go on the other hand, we have every reason to believe that trouble is ahead. Omens of evil portend thick and around us. We may be upon the eve of great events. The beginning of the end may be at hand. When a danger is to be met, it is well to be forewarned and forearmed. We know there are many good men among us who deprecate all discussion of the catastrophe which may be impending over us, and would fain silence every Southern tongue that speculates upon the possible or probable phases which the unhappy war of Northern fanaticism may hereafter assume. We have no great respect for the political wisdom of such. It is wise and it is manly to look a threatening issue boldly in the face; and he is an unskillful adviser in private or public matters who closes his eyes to every aspect of the future which does not comport with his cherished hopes.

The present position of the heavy question is suggestive of apprehension to every patriot in the land. It is vain and idle to attempt to conceal the fact that the Union is in imminent peril. We do not mean to stop here to protest our devotion to the Union. We have avowed our position frequently and recently; and we have attested our sincerity by submission and acquiescence in wrong, until submission and acquiescence have ceased to be virtues. We are free to say that there are some things far dearer to us than the Union—and among those things we reckon the objects for which that Union was established. When it becomes apparent that those objects are not to be accomplished within the Union, we shall look for them out of it. When the spirit of the Union has departed, and may not be revived, we will have little reverence for its form. In these views we are happy to believe that a vast majority of our Southern brethren heartily concur. It was fashionable, some years since, to speak of the Union as a subject upon the value of which it was criminal to speculate. In a blind adoration of a form of government, the objects for which all governments are established were ignored and forgotten. The magic of a name has potency upon masses no less than upon lone sick individuals. Mankind are prone to identify things with the names by which they become associated. Thus, under monarchical institutions, loyalty is deemed the synonyme of virtue, and the crazy fanaticism of the present age is based upon the error of reckoning liberty, the equivalent of happiness. Names more than things have impeded the advance of civilization. The idea we would express is happily embodied in those beautiful lines of Moore:

Rebellion—foul, dishonouring word—
Whose strengthful might and soul has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever best or greatest.

How many a spirit burnt to blood,
Has sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wanted to eternal fame.

The history of the world is full to overflowing of the records of civil convulsions and revolutions, which might have been, and would have been, checked in the outset, but for the incubus of a name, against which foresight and wisdom struggled for the right in vain; and if this Union is to be severed, the annals of America will record another. It is simply absurd to say that the value of the Union is not to be calculated. If it be of any worth, examination and reflection will but enhance the estimate in which we hold it. If it be not—if it may not stand such test—it is perilous to maintain it. We would cherish and inculcate as high a reverence for the Union as any one, but that reverence must always be subordinate to loyalty to its principles and proportioned to the fidelity and success with which it pursues and attains the objects for which it is established. Had the reverence for the Union been more national in the past, this anti-slavery agitation would have been crushed in the bud, and the perils which now encompass our path would have been never known. The fatal error of the Missouri Compromise—the source of all our woes—was committed under the spell of that delusion which elevated the Union of the States above the Rights of the States, and induced an acquiescence by the South to maintain the Union in the repudiation of the principles for the guarantee of which the Union was chiefly deemed of value by the framers. Had the statesmen of that day been able to appeal to a people who had calculated the value of the Union, the seeds of its ultimate disruption had never been sown.

The people of the South, have been taught

by recent events to divest themselves of the incensus which has oppressed them hitherto. The value of the Union has been calculated, and is, we believe, more intelligently estimated now, than at any previous period of our history. The gratuitous war which has been made upon our interests and our rights has induced serious reflection and close examination of our institutions and our resources. And the result of that examination has been effectually to dispel the delusion that the Union is essential to our safety and our happiness. We do not underestimate its value; we do not extenuate the atrocious crime of its disruption; but an intelligent appreciation of the bountiful gifts which a kind Providence has bestowed upon us and ours, relieves us from the apprehension that a political necessity develops upon us submission to any and every outrage of a despotic and inimical majority. The South feels and knows, at last, that, if driven to the wall, she may work out a glorious destiny, without the co-operation of faith-breaking Yankee commonwealths. It is well that it is so, and it would be well if our Northern contemporaries would impress upon their readers a similar conviction. There is still in the masses of the American people enough of conservatism and of loyalty to constitutional obligations to arrest the abolition movements of the day, if the people of the North could only be roused from those slumbers of fatal security in which the fanatics of one section, and the timid conservatives of another, unite to lull them. There never has been a time when the stern resolve and determined purpose of the South was half as suggestive of united and harmonious action. From quarters whence it was least expected, we are continually admonished of a deep-seated indignation in the mass of the Southern body politic which betokens the coming storm. Under such circumstances it is treason to the best interest of the people of this country to suppress or conceal the truths of which we speak. That man who contents himself just now with eulogies of the Union, ignoring the great and practical question of the day, whether, valuable as it is, it is of greater value than peace, security and justice, is the most dangerous, if he be the most innocent, enemy of the Union. Let him deprecate as he may what he may deem a morbid sensitiveness upon this subject; that does not alter the fact, and it is a more promising, as it is a more patriotic work, by disseminating the truth, to stay the hand of Northern aggressions, than it is to suppress the outbreak of that Southern sentiment which years of persistent wrong and outrage have provoked and fostered. The history of the world presents no parallel to this abolition crusade. Without provocation and without reason, in defiance of pledged faith and constitutional obligation we have been harassed and annoyed, outraged and wronged. High spirited and brave as our people have always demonstrated themselves to be, they have preferred to acquiesce and submit, rather than to surrender the political ties which the traditions of the past and the pledges of a written Constitution united them and their assailants. But the *ultima ratio* of aggression has been reached. From one extremity of the South to the other, comes up at last, thank heaven, the gladdening cry: "Thus far, but no farther!"

The approaching session of Congress is looked to with anxious interest. For the first time in the history of our Government, the popular branch of Congress is under undisputed Abolition control. We have no doubt that bills to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and to restore the Missouri restriction to the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, will pass that body without difficulty. The Senate is still true to the Constitution and the Union, but how long it will remain so, is a question of momentous interest. The Abolitionists may not succeed in enacting these offensive measures of legislation. The Fugitive Slave Law is so far as nine out of ten fugitives are concerned, of no value. A disloyal people, by harrassments and annoyances, practically nullify its provisions. And so, too, in reference to Kansas and Nebraska. Slavery exists in the former, and a Congressional interdiction may not exclude it; but were Kansas prepared for admission into the Union, would it be accorded her? Certainly not by the Congress which is about to be convened. May we anticipate better things from its successor? We would fain hope that we do; but if we may not, who of Southern men do us or regrets that the doom of the Union is sealed?

Upon this subject we disclaim all disposition to make party capital. We do not distrust the loyalty of our own people to the institutions and the rights of the South. With the exception of a few leaders here and there, we have every confidence in the disposition of our political adversaries to unite with us in exacting and maintaining our rights. If a collision be inevitable, we believe that Whig and Know-Nothing blood and treasure will flow as freely as our own, and we deprecate, upon this question, everything that is calculated to draw party lines among our people. There were voices in the Revolution, as there are submissionists now. The mother country committed the great mistake of imagining them strong enough in numbers and in influence to paralyze the arm of resistance; and, if the hour of trial ever comes, New England will find that she has committed a similar mistake. The hearts of all our people, with but few contemptible exceptions, beat in the right place; and how ever they may deprecate a collision, when it comes they will rally in an unbroken phalanx to maintain the institutions and the rights of the South.

The Hon. A. H. Stevens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy, in a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to

battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round—Providence led him on, and he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the cornocrats that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estate. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her case to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy, years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession.—He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estate was secured to her in perpetuity; and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house, 'that orphan boy stands before you.'"

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE MAGICIAN OF EGYPT.

Egypt swarms with magicians now, as in the days of Moses; nor do the practitioners of the present day bring any discredit upon their renowned ancestors, thus furnishing strong circumstantial evidence of the truth of the inspired narrative. So wonderful are the prodigies they perform, that they have been deemed worthy of grave recital in works on Egyptian life and manners, and have been vouched for by authors as things which they saw and heard, but which they neither explain nor account for. And some of them not only witness these marvellous things, but actually learned how to perform them, and yet were unable to give any explanation, only that they did as they were told, and the result followed.

There is a branch in their hidden art, employed to bring hidden things to light, which has been practised with startling effect. In the process, various nummeries are gone through, such as writing certain words on paper, separating and arranging them, burning coriander and frankincense, and making diagrams, in the midst of all which is deposited a few drops of black ink, which is called the magic mirror, and into which a leaf, selected at random, looks intently, and sees any thing concerning which you desire information, posting you up in relation to it to your heart's content.

Two of the British Consuls, residing a Cairo, successively, have published the results of their own observations in relation to the matter, gravely testifying that, having used every precaution against imposition, making their own selection of the boy who was to reveal the mysteries of the magic mirror, they pronounced questions to him concerning matters in England, which it was impossible for him to know anything about, and received answers corresponding with facts in every instance.

Both were incredulous before instituting their inquiries; but repeated their interrogatories a number of times, and put them in various forms, in relation to various subjects, but always with the same result; the correct answer being invariably given; and both continued incredulous still, and yet thus testified to the facts.

This bests our own clairvoyants a long way, for the latter only hit the mark occasionally—about as often as one would naturally guess right. I did not myself put the pretensions of these professors of the black art to the test, being satisfied, as I said, with the demonstrations forced upon me in the street.

Jugglery, in all its various forms, develops itself as the natural born offspring of such parentage. Among innumerable feats of the juggler here, he allows himself to be searched from head to foot, and then submits to be bound up in a sack, which has been searched, and from which he very complacently makes his exit, holding in one hand a lighted candle, and in the other a plate of sweetmeats, of which the spectators partake, and in return for which they are expected to throw him some coppers.

WHY HE DIDN'T PLAY.

"No, I don't play on any instrument," said our friend, Tom Pringle, in answer to our question. "To tell the truth, I became discouraged by a slight misconception, when I was a young man. I wasn't appreciated, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, you see," said he, in reply to another question, "it was about twenty years ago, when I was studying law, and my brother was a medical student, that we both fancied we had a wonderful talent for music. So John bought a flute, and I a fiddle, and turning one half the attic into a study, we practised there half the night through. We didn't want any one to know about it, especially our father, who had very strict notions as to the value of time; and to make him think us usefully employed, I had quantities of law books heaped up, and John had a skull and all sorts of bones scattered about. We knew that but in our study, no one could hear us, but Betsy, the housekeeper, and as she was our old nurse, we felt sure she would keep our secret. One morning, after we had been whiling the long night hours away with our music, to our own mutual delight, we came down late to breakfast, looking, I suppose, somewhat unrefreshed."

"You mustn't study too hard, boys," said our father, considerably.

"Yes, sir," said I, gravely.

"Just then Betsy appeared at the door, and looked mysteriously at my mother.

"Yes, what is it?" said mother, surprised at Betsy's excited manner. "What is it Betsy?"

"Well, ma'am, I wish to say, ma'am," Betsy always spoke in that short, nipping way, when she was what she called 'worked up,'—I must leave you, ma'am."

"Leave me? why?" asked mother.

"Yes ma'am, it's twenty-five years that I've been with you, ma'am—and it's the boys at last ma'am. I can't stand it, and I ain't going to. It's not Christian-like, ma'am."

"What have the boys been doing?" asked mother.

I've stood it for more nor a week. I didn't get a wink of sleep last night, and what that poor creetur went through was dreadful. I know they say such things must be done by doctors, but I ain't going to stay where it is, and I never thought John was the one to do it."

"And Betsy gave my brother a look of withering condemnation.

"My mother was acute enough to see that something unusual was going on in our study, and telling Betsy she would inquire into it, she dismissed her for the present."

"That was the end of our musical practice, though not the end of the story, for our father took care we should not forget it. It was a long time before we heard the last about 'that poor creetur up stairs.'"—New York Dutchman.

EDITING A PAPER.

It is a somewhat curious fact that a vast number of men who are utterly incapable of managing their own business or any other, still think that they perfectly understand that of an editor's, and regard themselves as under a special mission to give the latter the benefit of their views on all occasions. It is singular, but there are very many who really seem to sincerely believe that writing comes by nature—that the editor is without this endowment, and that they ought in Christian charity to help him out. Could some of these self-elected censors be put into harness for a while and realize what it means to be a mental engine under a perpetual press of intellectual steam, they would possibly change their views of the ease with which they would knock off a little article.

People who think that editing a paper is a pleasanter diversion than digging cellars by moonlight, or lugging bricks up a four story building in a hot July's sun, may profit by the following sensible remarks from the editor of the Bedford (Vermont) Gazette:

"It is not so easy a task to write for a newspaper as people suppose. A man may be a good scholar, a profound thinker, a vigilant observer of passing events, without being able to write for a newspaper. The power of writing a leading article for a newspaper is a tact which few possess, and which we have known many, with all their learning and diligence, unable to acquire. It requires a large amount of information on various subjects, and a readiness of application that must never be at fault, or the writer will fail. For remember, the editor is always writing against time, and the inexorable printer must have his copy, and there is no time to revise and amend; but as slip after slip is written, the devil snatches it away, and one half is usually set up in print before the other half is written. This exacts a decision of thought and a faculty of writing, which, like poetry, seems rather a gift of nature than an acquired faculty."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

The changes in the seasons demand corresponding changes in many domestic and business aspects. If you have been thoughtful, you have made arrangements to meet the wants of the approaching Winter, for you have learned that the value of thoughtfulness is in forecasting in good time, what provisions should be made for the future. Some people have eyes that look back; others have eyes far to-day; the prudent and wise see what is before them and prepare for it. If you, reader, are among the latter number—the select fraternity of common sense men and women—you have already begun to provide for the Winter. Should you have delayed, begin at once. Look out for a good supply of wood and have it ready for use. If you have stoves to be put up, do not wait until the cold weather cranks business on every tinner in town but have it done in advance of the time when you will need fires.—Have your chimneys cleaned and put in order. Should you have painting to be done, it is most economical to attend to it in the Fall or Spring, as the wood will then not absorb so much oil. If your houses have been closed during the Summer, be sure to have them thoroughly ventilated and remember, that air alone will not answer. Let in the sunshine—let it in freely for sunshine is a powerful disinfectant and a mighty purifier. Remember your children's schools and be sure to send them at the opening of the session. Beware of exposure. The bright nights are now very tempting and you may easily contract disease by enjoying the moonlight in the open air. Leave no decaying matter about your lot. Burn your vines or turn them under the soil. Have your cisterns cleaned and put some charcoal in them. And above all, have a thankful heart, that you have been preserved during the sickly season and go into the Fall and Winter with glad and cheerful footsteps. Make home happy. Your face ought to brighten its walls and your life should be a daily benediction to all its inmates.

Southern Times.

"A gossiping correspondent of the N. York Mirror, writing from Philadelphia, tells us the fashions there this season are 'excessively fanciful.'"

"Those ugly, detestable plaids, better suited to cover the floor than a delicately formed lady, have again come in vogue; and, in order to show them to more advantage, whalebone or hoops are employed, which give an extra fullness to the skirt. Broad stripes, which, being truly American and in perfect accordance with the republican spirit of 1855, must be admired, are to be worn extensively; but, unfortunately, the neat gaiter boot which sets off the pretty foot and the well formed ankle is to be discarded, and in its place high-heeled slippers, with large rosettes, are to be introduced. As regards bonnets, they appear to grow frightfully less, and before winter sets in it is probable that a large rosette fixed on the back of the head will take its place."

"Row in the Cabinet."—Washington letter writers intimate that a serious difficulty has occurred in the Cabinet, touching Kansas affairs—Mary and Cushing occupying a position of antagonism to Davis and Dobbin