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SOUTHERN IDEAS.

There is a good deal of interesting reading in the Southern papers now-a-days. The rebel Congress has just assembled, and the annual reports of the various heads of department laid before it. The views of the rebel Press in reference to the re-election of President Lincoln, also, will interest northern readers, together with the discussion of the rebel finances, schemes for increasing the efficiency of their armies, &c. We make brief extracts for a voluminous batch of rebel newspaper literature before us.

LINCOLN'S RE-ELECTION.

From the Richmond Examiner.

Abraham Lincoln is chief magistrate of the enemy's country for four years longer. How he accomplished this object—whether the transaction is properly called an election, or a usurpation, or a *coup d'etat*—is the affair of his own subjects, and no concern of ours. There he is; and along with him the whole war administration, more bent on slaughter and confiscation than ever, and backed by the great war interest, hungry for new and more enormous contracts.

What we are certain of the real, present, inevitable fact is, that the whole of the material resources; the army, the navy, the arsenals, the treasury, of the federal states, all are now firmly grasped and wielded by the hands of those who have vowed to destroy us, to seize our lands and houses, to beggar our children, and brand our names forever as the names of felons and traitors. This is the true "situation." This is what we have now to deal with; and on the way in which we meet it depends the whole future of our race and nation. If we shrink from the conflict, better were it for us and ours that we had never been born. Fortunately there is no middle course for us. We must be victors, or we must be annihilated; and it is better so. We are glad that there is now no room for submission.

From the Richmond Sentinel.

The result of the presidential election is a declaration of four years more of such war as Lincoln wages. Our enemies thus exhibit their diabolical spirit, and the resolution which now controls them. It by no means follows that they will be able to maintain the war for four years, or for one. King George and his parliament declared, in the close of 1781, that they would prosecute the war against the colonies with renewed vigor and a still stronger resolve; but before the winter was over the people constrained them to assent to peace. So it may be with our enemies. Their present ferocity has been led on by reports of victory and false assurances of speedy success. Such arts may carry on war, but cannot sustain a people under the trials and disappointments of weary campaigns.

It is our business, however, to accept the enemy's defiance as it comes. Seward has told the people of Auburn that the news of Lincoln's election will strike us with dismay. How little he knows us, even yet! That proclamation of ferocious hate and determined war will be met with a haughtier courage and a bolder resolution! By the blessing of God, Lincoln shall find a wide difference between his purpose and his accomplishment. He may make war, but he cannot command submission; and she has resolved that his people shall employ their engines in the destruction of our people he shall find that we are not unresisting victims, and that we can give blows as well as receive them.

From the Richmond Whig.

Lincoln is elected. The great Yankee nation, numbering twenty millions of souls, or of creatures who are supposed to have souls, have decreed by immense majorities that this war, infernal in its conception, infernal in its commencement, infernal in its progress, infernal in its execution and in all its aspects and details, is the barbarous plan for four years longer. That whole people have voted themselves our remorseless and determined enemies—have put upon record their determination to reduce us to the condition of serfs or to extirpate us entirely. There is no middle ground for us to occupy, even if we were so disposed. It is fight, be enslaved or die; and we feel no hesitation in deciding what to do.

NEGRO SOLDIERS—DAVIS ADVISED TO MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS.

It is truly astonishing and almost incredible, that now, in the fourth year of our independence, and of a terrible war waged to vindicate that independence—after breaking up the old federal union because we would not suffer the Washington congress to interfere with our state institutions—the president of the Confederate States should "invite" the Richmond congress to consider a project for emancipating slaves by the confederate authorities; and should at the same time speak of this emancipation as a "reward for faithful service," as a boon and a blessing, as something which would place those negroes in a better position than before. Mr. Davis thus intimates his opinion, first, that laws of congress or the action of the confederate executive, can liberate slaves; and second, that slavery is so dire and hideous an evil as to make escape from its horrors a reward and a boon even to an old and worn out negro at the end of the term of "faithful service."

Many worthy Virginians have long been of opinion, it is true, that it were better for the state if slavery were abolished and the slaves sold off to the cotton states. It is certain that but for the stupid insolence of abolition philanthropy, such a change would actually have been made in the industrial system of Virginia. Possibly, also, hereafter, when the war shall be over, and all pretence of coercion and pressure shall be removed, the citizens of this state may, if they think right—for their own benefit, and not as a boon to negroes—make arrangements for the gradual removal of their slaves further south. This may one day come to be a practical question; but it is no question now; and above all it is no question for Mr. Davis, either now or in the future. We warn him and the confederate authorities to mind their own business. We "invite their consideration" to their own business; and their most pressing business now is to execute and enforce the military laws they already have; to use the powers wherewith they are already intrusted in order to keep the ranks of the army filled up with white men and free citizens, who ought to need no stimulus to faithful service, and whose single and sufficient reward will be the glorious independence of their native land.

From the Richmond Whig.

We have been accustomed to think in this Southern country that the best friends of the negroes were their own masters, and that we were bound to withstand the cruel philanthropy of Yankee statesmanship, not only by Constitutional principle and State pride, but also by our duty towards those creatures who grew up under our care. The sad destiny of those slaves whom Yankees have stolen, or otherwise "liberated," has satisfied us still more clearly that common humanity required us to stand between our negro population and the tender mercies, which are cruel, of their false and perilous Northern friends.—Most Southern men, too, had flattered themselves that it was a blessing to the used up and worn out negro, at the end of his faithful service to have a kind master to take care of him. But now the President of the Confederate States opens quite another view of the matter. According to his message, it is a rich reward for faithful service to turn a negro wild. *Slavery, then, in the eyes of Mr. Davis, keeps the negro out of something which he has capacity to enjoy; it depresses him below the level to which nature has given him power to attain*; it hinders the developement of his faculties for good; it forbids his pursuit of happiness. If the case be so, then slavery is originally, radically, incurably wrong and sinful, and the sum of all barbarism. This is what Seward and Sumner say, and this is what Mr. Davis says after them. They invoked the Federal Congress to discourage and discountenance slavery in the Territories; he invites the Confederate Congress to consider the expediency of beginning to abolish slavery in the States.

This will never do. The slightest countenance given to those unwholesome notions may produce worse effects than can be at once perceived. Not only our invading enemies, but those foreign nations which are watching our struggle with keen interest will be greatly struck by the suggestion of the Message, and will look on curiously to see how Congress and the country will deal with it—to see whether there was any real principle in our resistance to federal usurpation—to judge whether our zeal for state rights, and our theory of the justice and beneficence of slavery were nothing but a dishonest sham all the while; and whether the Northern people and ourselves are not, in fact, after all our fighting, one homogeneous people—one in our principles, or want of principles—one in our political and social theories—one in our tricky ways—all slippery Yankees together.

DAVIS' BOLD ATTEMPT TO MUZZLE THE PRESS—HE OUTDOES LINCOLN.

From the Richmond Whig, Nov. 19.

The proposition of President Davis, in his late message, to place editors and printers of newspapers under the thumb of the Executive—so his department may have the absolute and entire control of the whole press of the country—meets with no favor out of doors, whatever may be the disposition of Congress. It is no novelty, having been tried once or twice before by his Excellency, and been rejected, almost without consideration, by the Congress of the Confederate States. If the boldest attempt to muzzle the press, or to make it speak only such language as the supreme head may like to hear, that has been made on this continent. Even in the Yankee Congress no such thing has ever been attempted. In the Yankee nation, whenever an editor says anything which the dictator or his satraps consider objectionable, he is taken at once into custody, his presses broken or handed over to some loyalist, and he himself left to meditate, in a bastile, upon the grandeur of the great Republic and the tender mercies of the best government under the sun. But he is not insulted with the reproach of having acted against law, and being, therefore, justly clapped into prison in pursuance of law. He is told, and he knows it without being told, that he is there for having taken the name of Abraham Lincoln in vain—for having criticized his measure or ridiculed his person; for having attempted to bring the ruling power into contempt, or having said what might expose it to execration. He knows that there is no cause for his arrest and he is not told there is any. In fact, his persecutors do not hesitate to point to their epaulets as their warrant, and to their swords as their justification. Press and law, they are given to understand, are alike silent in war times.

The case is very different here. We have a President who is remarkable for the conscientious scruples with which he executes the law, especially when our enemies are to be affected by it. Not for all the world would he do anything for which he had not law to show. When he wishes to do anything arbitrary, he considers it better to get a law for it. It was in consequence of one time we heard, to suppress the *Examiner* newspaper, and this journal, for certain difference of opinion with the Executive, expressed in terms not sufficiently courtly for the ear of majesty. But it was not done; there was no law for the deed. Lincoln would have acted differently. He would have clapped the editors in prison and knocked the type into "pi" without waiting for any law. Our more considerate ruler thinks it best to have a law by means of which he can effect the same thing. Give him a hook in every editor's mouth, and a ring in his nose, and he will have no occasion to send him to jail.—Give him the power, wherever an editor may express views not concurrent with his own, or sentiments with regard to him personally or officially which do not accord with his own high appreciation of his merits, to break up his paper by trundling him and his printers off to the trenches, and you enable him to accomplish under color of law all that Lincoln has been able to effect by his most flagrant violation. And such a power the President now asks Congress to bestow upon him.

Will the Congress of the Confederate States consent to prostitute the entire press of the Confederacy to the pleasure of the Executive? Will they pass a law limiting the exercise of the most important function of editor, to his tools and dependents? Will they render it impossible for the people—their own people—their constituents—their benefactors—to hear the truth if it be unpalatable to President Davis, or his friends, or his tools, or his minions? Shall it, through their agency, become impossible hereafter to hear one word against official corruption, no matter how gigantic—against Presidential mismanagement, however notorious—against oppression, speculation, robbery, and all that class of crimes of which a free press is the only possible corrective, because it is the only instrument by which they can be exposed. If so, then adopt the scheme of the message—detail editors and printers—make them dependent for their daily bread upon President Davis. The object will have been completely accomplished. You will have no editor who dare whisper a complaint of those high in office—no printer will venture to set up a line or a sentence which does not celebrate the virtues and the glory of the Executive.

To put printers and editors in the same class with farmers, tanners and other necessary trades and occupations is simply ridiculous. There is no analogy between the cases. There is no temptation for the Executive to oppress any of these classes. He can gain nothing by restricting the exercise of their trades and professions to his own tools and parasites. It is dangerous to give him command of the press, because it enables him to corrupt the fountain of intelligence, because it enables him to blind the people as to his own acts; because it places him in a cloud which the people cannot penetrate.

We will not say anything about the importance of a free press. Every member of Congress understands it and feels it. We hope this monstrous proposition will receive such a blow as will convince its author that there is no use in prolonging its existence or experimenting with it any further upon the docility of Congress.

A HORRIBLE SUPPOSITION.—The Catskill *Recorder* relates the following: "A few days since, we heard a little three year-old speculating in gleeful anticipation of Christmas, but a slight shadow momentarily darkened our little brow as she thoughtfully propounded the inquiry. "Mamma, mebbe Santa Claus was drafted!" A negative assurance, soon dispelled the cloud, and the pirouette of little white curls joyfully progressed."

THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

ROYAL CEREMONIES.

The king of Dahomey has become a synonym for all that is cruel and barbarous. One of the latest accounts of his public ceremonies on state occasions described a tank of human blood of sufficient capacity to float a canoe, and human crania are spoken of as favorite embellishments. These seem well suited to the character and disposition of the august negro potentate. Capt. Burton, the well known African explorer, whose name is so intimately associated with that of Captain Speke, has published in England a couple of volumes, comprising an account of the mission with which he was accredited by his government to Gelele, the king aforesaid, which shows that common report does the monster no injustice. Three months spent in his realm afforded opportunity to witness all the grand customs of Dahomey, including the evolutions of the army of Amazons and the human sacrifices. The Dahoman capital was reached via Whydah, formerly an important rendezvous of the Portuguese slave-traders, but which is now languishing, on account of interference by English and American cruisers. Kana, the king's rural residence, answering somewhat to Windsor Castle, the favorite resort of Queen Victoria, is described as very beautiful, but the loveliness of nature must have been contributed in no small degree to make more revolting the scenes afterward witnessed. It was at this point that an embassy was met, dispatched to escort the traveler to the royal presence. Among the followers were companies of armed men, eight of the latter carrying human skulls perched on long poles. Still another pole, with no decoration, was ominously suggestive. Still Captain Burton did not hesitate to follow the principal palace dignitary to the royal gates, where the king's ministers prostrated themselves in the sand, within the inclosure. The Gelele was there seen enthroned in state, beneath a straw shed. Describing this individual, Burton says:

"He looks like a king of finished form without tenderness of heart or weakness of head, and he appears in form and complexion the *Kalliokoe* moor of this black Hall; while his dress, though simple, was effective also, and his left elbow as he sat rested on a cushion of crimson velvet; while he smoked the weed in a long-stemmed, silver-mounted article of native manufacture."

A boy of woman formed a semicircle behind, the matrimonial establishment occupying the most favored position, while a number of female warriors seated themselves near by, all very ugly and of sooty hue, but exceedingly devoted to their lord. A sign of perspiration or a desire to spit elicited the most careful attention; or if the king sneezed, all instinctively bowed to the ground. After the introduction, dances followed, accompanied with sword exercises by the "razor women," whose instruments are referred to as "portable guillotines." Then came speeches from the chiefs of the army, all of them sanguinary, and illustrated by the exhibition of several skulls of recovered captives. Among the spectators misery and magnificence were strongly mixed. On a subsequent occasion, gifts from the English government were presented, and a few days later Capt. B. witnessed the celebration of the king's annual customs, which were honorably attended with a large effusion of human blood. These customs are designed to assist the entrance of the king's spirit to the "dead land." They are celebrated on a grand scale after the death of a king, and the maximum number of victims from year to year, with similar observances, in former years is estimated at 500, but the demand is now satisfied by executing only about forty, exclusive of 80 brave noble female victims killed by the feminine warriors within the palace, the slaughter taking place on the "Evil Nights" which precede the opening of the customs. The narrative which Capt. Burton gives of this diabolical portrait is wonderfully terrible.

"Gelele is Evil Nights old; the days wand of the death drum and the hand report of a musket told the visitors that some mortal spirit had fled. On the following morning the approach to the palace was not pleasant. A number of clothes were hanging or lying about, with or without their heads. During the night 24 human beings had lost their lives. Another procession of the royal army, the bard and the ministers and caparisons, followed on the morrow. A profusion of drums, dole guns, small internal machines on wheels, the royal equipages, with men harnessed to them by ropes, a blue-green abundance of native manufacture, a velvet chair, a metal soup tureen, the present king's calibrocaghan, with a lion on the panels—a collection that might have come from Wardour street—and intimate jars of native beer, with crowds of umbrellas and fetish figures, and even a rocking-horse, made items in the miscellaneous display. Seven hours' exhibition of these paraphernalia the Englishmen witnessed from the palace ladies, their very transition to retire and have a quiet day at home on the Sunday which followed. Capt. Burton made out the total of the royal army, razor women, bayonet women, blunderbuss women, &c., &c., all included to be about 2,500 persons. The fact is, he says, that these illustrious viragos are now a mere handful. King Gezo lost the flower of his force under the walls of Abeokuta and the loss has never been made good."

The masculine vigor of the women is especially noticed, many of them being able to endure hardships exposure or privation in an extraordinary degree. The physical superiority of the women is noticed in the country of the Bairam Bight.

The whole account given by Capt. Burton, agrees in showing that human sacrifice among the Dahomans is essentially a religious ceremony, the most depraved and violent passions beings called into exercise, professedly in religious service. Africa is dark in more senses than one.

HOW EASILY HELL MIGHT HAPPEN.—In a curious article upon the "Causes of Hurricanes and Meteors," the *Scientific American* thus concludes: "If the earth should be stopped in its orbit, it would begin to fall straight toward the sun. As it approached more nearly to that great source of heat, it would soon reach a point where the temperature is as high as two hundred and twelve degrees, and then all the water of the ocean would be evaporated. As it drew still nearer, the rocks would be melted, and afterward they also would be evaporated. Before it reached the sun, this solid earth would be converted into a vast volume of red hot gas, which, *when it fell into the fiery atmosphere of the sun, would merely produce blasts of wind* from the point where it struck outward in all directions."

DISAPPOINTED.—A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist with a box of specimens.

"Can you tell me what this is, sir?"

"Certainly I can, sir; that is iron pyrites."

"What, sir?" in a voice of thunder.

"Iron pyrites."

"Iron pyrites? and what's that?"

"That's what it is," said the chemist, putting a lot on a shovel over the hot coals where it disappeared.—"Dross."

"And what's iron pyrites worth?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Why there's a woman in our town who owns a whole hill of that—*and I've married her!*"

A modest young gentleman at a dinner party not a hundred miles from here, put the following conundrum: "Why are the most people who eat turkey like babies?" No answer. The modest young man blushed, and would have backed out, but being urged, finally gave the reason, "Because they are fond of the BREAST!" Two middle-aged women fainted immediately, and the remains of the young man were carried out by the coroner.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a cat and a catalogue? One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has paws at the end of its clauses.

What key opens the gate to misery? Wiskey.

What is the best musical instrument to drink? Piano-for-te.

When is a cabbage like a book? When it is red.

Why do sailors in brigs make bad servants? Because it's impossible to serve two masters.

Who should be the most useful soldiers in a dark night? The Light Dragoons.

Why is a tight shoe like a fine summer? Because it makes the corn grow.

Why should Africa rightly be considered to rank first of the continents? Because it bears the palm.

Why is care to a man like tether to a sheep? Because it contracts his brows(e).

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter c? Because she forms lasses into classes.

Why is a barrister's profession not only legal but religious? Because it involves a knowledge of the law and the profits (prophets).

Which of our dogs does the dog-star most resemble? A skye terrier.

When is a black dog not a black dog? When it's a greyhound.

Why is a game at cards like a timber yard? Because there are always a number of cards in it.

If a woman were to change her sex what would she become? A he then.

Which lawyer presides over railway and steam excursions? Coke.

Which city is made of the lightest materials? Cork.

What letter in the alphabet compels a black man to laugh? The Letter S—it makes nigger sniggers.

Why is the rust on a spar like pastry? Because it is pike rust (pie crust).

Why can a lady never properly object to a gentleman putting his arm around her waist to support her? Because it is treating her in a proper fashion.

What's the difference between a church deacon and a mosquito? One passes the assier, and the other assies the passer.

Why are birds like farmers? Because they depend on their crops for support.

Why is the figure of your mother's mother like a grain of rye? Because it's grandform. Don't tell her so, though, or she'll make a wry face at you.

Cider Vinegar.

We will swallow any quantity of villainous stuff called vinegar, manufactured from mineral acids, which are as poisonous to the system as arsenic taken in minute doses would be. The bad effects are not immediately realized; but a thousand and one derangements are fastening upon the human system, which in after life, manifest themselves in palsy, paralysis, deranged liver, kidneys, &c., and render old age a miserable existence. When your grocer sells you white vinegar, throw it into the street. No matter what he tells you, in nine cases out of ten, it is slow poison. What is the use of living in a labor saving age, if we do not get the very nearest perfection, in our conveniences? When labor saver, we cannot have too thorough application of it necessary to produce the very best results, without a sense which the great human family cannot afford. But today we have our pocket elder pressers, almost—our patent clothes washers, that make a week's work as interesting to the good housewife as a small tea party; and our wine presses, which take up less space than a cider mill; churns that make butter in one minute; and even patent mousers, that relieve the nibbling mind of her task and at which the old cats turns around and look astonishingly, as it draws out the last mouse. These and much more we of the agricultural world have, and it takes one of the immortal inventions, lessens manual labor, and put together to one-tenth of humanity, and gives it therefore the opportunity to make vinegar, instead of buying it, and make it speedily too. Here is the formula for making pure vinegar: Take common dried apples, wash them and put them in casks, squeeze them while in soak once or twice during six hours. Take the apples from the water and strain the latter through common white coarse; pour two gallons of the water into a jug, and add to this one pint of molasses and a piece of common brown paper, four inches square, set the jug near the fire or stove, or any place moderately warm, and in five days your vinegar will be sharp and the quality pure. No farmer should ever buy vinegar.

McClellan in the Army.

The Pennsylvania regiments in the Army of the Potomac, comprising forty-seven regiments and two batteries of artillery gave Lincoln a majority of 3,916. The highest majority in any regiment does not reach 200 McClellan carries five regiment by 6 majority, another by 11, another by 17, another 19, another by 21, &c. Two Pennsylvania regiments, not in the Army of the Potomac, give McClellan small majorities. The Tenth New Hampshire and the Nineteenth Wisconsin give McClellan majorities. In two divisions of the 18th corps, McClellan received 765 votes. In the Tenth corps, 869. Among Butler's troops at Bermuda Hundred 1,082.

Here, in these few items, we find a good lot of "traitors" among the soldiers of the Union. When the returns are all in it will be shown that several thousand of the bravest men and best patriots in the service cast their ballots for "Little Mac." Why don't the Radicals aim some of their envenomed shafts at these "Copperhead ?"—*St. Louis Republican.*

GENERAL LEE AND HIS CHICKENS.—A Southern writer, who describes in a letter from Petersburg, to the Mobile Advertiser, what he saw between Richmond and Petersburg, says:

"General Lee was in his tent, which is by no means a pretentious one, at the time of our visit, and my cousin and myself strolled by in order to get a look at him. The old fellow was seated in a split bottom chair, engaged in reading one of the morning papers through a pair of spectacles. The back of his head was turned to us, so that we were hardly paid for the result of our sly observations. Not far from the great captain's tent, the inside of which looked very clean and cozy, was his ambulance, and under it a number of chickens were picking about. One of them, a cock, is said to be a great pet of the General, who has had him from the beginning of the war, and carries him wherever he goes. I suspect the secret of this apparent whim is nothing more than a very rational desire for fresh laid eggs for breakfast, for the rooster is not deprived of his harem. General Beauregard's pet is a fine milch cow, which shares all his campaigns and is a most indispensable companion; his health being so delicate that he can eat little else besides milk and bread.

AN INQUIRING MIND.—Prof. Gunning, the lecturer on geology, was interesting the primary scholars in a city school recently by showing with black-board and chalk, how the bee was made. He had just finished it by putting in the sting, when a little fellow, who had been watching the process most closely, spoke up—

"Mr. Dunnen?"

"What, my boy?"

"Din't Dod make the bee?"

"Yes, certainly. God made the bee."

The little fellow was silent a minute when he spoke again—

"Mr. Dunnen?"

"Well, what now, my son?"

"I was thinking," said the young philosopher, "how Dod could put the sting into the bee without ditting his fingers stung before he let it do."

That child ought to be encouraged.

Siding Down the Age of Man and Woman.

The man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the railway brakesman. His average age is only twenty-seven. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in the capacity. At the same age dies the factory workwoman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages, and unremitting toil. Then comes the railway baggage man, who is smashed on an average at 30. Milliners and dress makers live but little longer. The average of one is 32, and the other 33. The engineer, the fireman, the conductor, the powder-maker, the well-digger, and the factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35. The cutler, the dyer, the leather-dresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, the shoe-cutter, the engraver, and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives in an unwholesome atmosphere, do not reach the average age of 40. The musician blows his breath all out of his body at 40. Then come trades that are active or in a pure air. The baker lives to an average age of 43, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace man to 42, the mason, to 48, the stone-cutter to 43, the tanner, to 42, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 46, the drover to 40, the cook to 45, the inn-keeper to 46, the laborer to 42, the domestic servant (female) to 43, the tailor to 43, the tailoress to 41. Why should the barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water? Those who average over half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in healthful and moderate exercise and not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 51, the cooper to 52, and the wheelwright till 50. The mill wright to be whirled into the ages of 61. He regulates lengthens the thread of his life to 59; merchants, chandeals and retail, to 62. Professional men live longer than is naturally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes but seldom lawyers, for they average 59. Physicians prove their own medicines by prolonging their own lives to 61. Clergymen live on average to 62, the average life of mankind is 32, the secondary 55, the Germans 66, and Belgium 63. A dispensation of Providence the "Main Law" men may execute. Dismissing humbug, is, that brewers and distillers live to the ripe old age of 81. Last and hangmen of course prosper, 67, and "small pickings." The only reasonable conclusion is that those who live most for their neighbors, contribute all the most to

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Convention of the Christian Union of Illinois will be held in the city of Peoria, commencing Nov. 25th, 1864, at 10 o'clock A. M., and will continue over the following Sabbath.

The Christian Union is a new church, that has recently sprung up in our midst. The long continued agitation of political topics in the different branches of the Christian Church has created a necessity for the formation of a new Church, from which such agitation will ever be excluded. The object of the new Church most earnestly to establish and preserve christian fellowship; to preach the Gospel unalloyed with the dogmas of political quackery which has been productive of evil and only evil. The Christian Union is fast growing into existence, and is much opposition from political politicians and their hangers, and notwithstanding her opposition, she has become a living and powerful witness for a pure Gospel.

This Church, though in her infancy, is making rapid progress. She has nearly twenty ministers in the state of Illinois, about the same number in Ohio, and a few in Iowa and other portions of the country. She has a great many organized Congregations or Churches throughout the West.

She has no publishing house, no organ, published in Columbus, Ohio. It is a very able, liberal and free religious journal, published by Rev. J. F. Cowan, of Columbus, and a son, late of the firm of "Christian Witness." Any one desiring this paper can address Rev. J. F. Cowan, Columbus, Ohio. The paper is just what every family needs. The Christian Union has arrangements under her supervision an institution of learning, called the Western Seminary, which is now about to open with the prospects of success. Other papers disposed to favor the new church enterprise will please publish the notice of the Convention.

R. SMITHSON.

Wenona, Ill., Nov. 10, 1864.

Ten years ago Dumas published a long story in the feuilletons of a political journal. The heroine was represented as a consumptive person who had reached the second stage of the disease—cold sweats, coughs, irritability, mood mild gaiety, alternating with deep melancholy, poetic hallucinations. The entire diagnosis of the phthisis was traced with the golden pen which is so ably wielded by the skillful hand of the great novelist.

One morning, as he was engaged in putting the finishing touch to his great work, a great personage from the court of Louis Philippe was announced: M. le Marquis de—.

"Monsieur," said the marquis, "have you finished your great romance?"

"Entirely."

"And what becomes of the heroine finally?"

"You would sip the froth from the new wine or cider, after the Arab fashion, you would commence reading at the end."

"I can give a much more serious reason," said the visitor, "as a justification of my curiosity."

"Ah, well! my poor consumptive dies in the last chapter."

"You must cure her," said the lord.

"But the plot is all constructed."

"You must alter the conclusion."

"But the denouement is thrilling."

"You must find another."

Dumas looked at his interlocutor with astonishment.

"Why do you wish to effect the cure of a mere creature of my imagination?"

"Because my only daughter experiences the same symptoms which you have described. She has the same disease as your heroine, and, if your young girl dies, the reason of my poor child, who traces her own history in each morning's journal, will be irretrievably blasted."

The celebrated novelist pressed the father's hand.

He retouched the conclusion of his romance, and the heroine was miraculously cured.

Five years afterwards Dumas met in a saloon of M. de Montalivet a beautiful woman, glowing in all the splendor of Rubens. This charming person was the daughter of the marquis, then married.

"She has had four children," said the father in presenting her.

"And my book four editions," replied the novelist.

A couple of young ladies, having buried their father who had an aversion to matrimony, conversing on his character, the eldest observed:

"He is dead at last, and now we will marry."

"Well," said the youngest, "I am for a rich husband, and Mr. C——— shall be my man."

"Hold, sister," said the other, "don't let us be so hasty in the choice of our husbands, let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us, our marriages are registered in heaven's book."

"I am sorry for that," replied the youngest, "for I am afraid father will tear out the leaf."

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, comparing it with the invoice, found it all right except a hammer less than the invoice. "Och, don't be troubled," said the Irish porter. "Sure, the nagur took it out to open the hogshead wid."

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