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BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

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NEVER SAY FAIL.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward
And never say fail!

With an eye ever open,
And a tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb,
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty
Who never say fail!

The spirit of angels
Is active, I know,
As higher and higher
In glory they go;
Methinks, on bright pinions,
From heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage
Who never say fail!

Ahead, then, keep pushing,
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
And asses that bray;
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail,
At the might of their wisdom
Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto
Your footsteps to guide,
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

COUSIN DEBORAH'S LEGACY.

Cousin Deborah was an unmarried lady, who had no other property than a moderate life annuity. The furniture of her house was faded and antique; the linen was well darned; the plate was scanty, and worn thin with use and frequent scouring; the books were few and in no very good condition. She had no jewels or trinkets; her days were passed in a dreary state of tranquility, stitching, stitching, stitching, forever, with her beloved huck work-box at her elbow. That wasted nothing for it was abundantly fitted up with worsted, cotton, tape, buttons, bodkins, needles, and such a multiplicity of reels and balls, that to enumerate them would be a tedious task.

Cousin Deborah particularly prided herself on her darning; carpets, house-linen, stockings, all bore "unimpeachable testimony to this branch of industry."

She was lost without her work-box; her conversation always turned on the subject of thread papers and needle-cases; and never was darning cotton more scientifically rolled into neat balls, than by the taper fingers of Cousin Deborah.

As a child, I always regarded the work-box with a species of awe and veneration, without daring to lay a finger on the treasures it contained. I have no doubt that Cousin Deborah first regarded me with favor in consequence of being asked by my mother to give me a lesson in darning—a most necessary accomplishment in our family, as I was the eldest of many brothers and sisters; and, though very happy among ourselves, the circumstances of our dear parents rendered the strictest industry and frugality absolutely indispensable in order to make "both ends meet."

She was proud of me, on the whole, as a pupil, though she sometimes had occasion to reprove me for idleness and skimping stitches; and between us it is almost impossible to say how many pairs of stockings we made in the year. We resided near our Cousin Deborah; and may a time I was invited to take tea with her, and bring my bag in my hand, as a matter of course, and sit with her long hours without speaking, intent on our needles, the silence unbroken save by the ticking of the eight-day clock.

I sometimes found it very dull work, I confess. Not so with Cousin Deborah. She needed no other society than that of her work-box; and I do not believe she loved any human being so well. Her whole heart was in it; and the attachment she evinced toward me, as the time went on, was fostered and encouraged by our mutual zeal in performing tasks of needle-work. Not that I shared in her devotion; I was actuated by a sense of duty alone, and would far rather, could I have done so conscientiously, have been dancing and laughing with companions of my own age. But ply the needle I did; and so did Cousin Deborah, and we two became, with a huge work-box between us, quite a pair of loving friends; and at least two evenings in the week I would sit with the lone woman. She would have had me every evening there were so many of us at home, our parents could not bear to spare any of us out of their sight often than they deemed judicious.

At length Cousin Deborah's quiet and blameless life came to an end. When her will was opened, it was found that she left her books, furniture, and what she thought good in the same relation to her as we did, but she was in much more gener-

porous circumstances than we were. To me she gave the huge old work-box, with all its contents, in token of the high esteem and affection with which I was regarded by the deceased. I was to inherit the well stored work-box, only on condition that it was to be used daily by me in preference to all others. "Every ball of darning cotton, as it diminishes, shall bring its blessings," said Cousin Deborah "for Ada Benwell (that was my name) is a good girl, and darns more holes in the stockings of her brothers and sisters than any other girl of her age. Therefore, I particularly recommend her to use them up as soon as she can, and she will meet with her reward in due season."

Mother was a little disappointed at the conclusion of our kinswoman's will, and expressed her displeasure in a few sharp remarks, for which my father gently reproved her. The subject of the legacies was never again discussed. The old work-box was in constant requisition by my side, and the balls of darning cotton rapidly diminished. One day, as I was sitting beside my mother, busy with my needle, she remarked: "You have followed your own cousin's directions, Ada. She particularly recommended you to use up the balls of darning-cotton as soon as possible, and look there is one just gone."

As my mother spoke, I unrolled a long needleful, and came to the end of that ball. A piece of paper fell to the ground, which had been the nucleus on which the ball was formed. I stooped to pick it up, and was just about throwing it into the fire, when it caught my mother's eye, and she stretched out her hand and seized it. In moments she unfolded it to our astonished gaze; it was a bank note for fifty pounds.

"O, dear Cousin Deborah!" she exclaimed. "It's just like her, kind, queer old soul."

We were not long in using up all the other balls of cotton yarn in that marvelous work-box, and such a reward as I found for my industry sure was never met with before or since. No less than ten fifty pound notes were thus brought to light; and my father laughingly declared I had wrought my own dowry with my needle.—*Chambers' Journal.*

BLARNEY.

We extract the following from the correspondence of the *Baltimore American*:

We were soon roaming through the spacious ruins of Blarney Castle, which was built in the year 1449, by Cormac McCarty, Earl of Clare, who was first summoned to Parliament as Baron of Blarney in the year 1658. The castle was held for James II., and stood out a severe siege against the forces of the Prince of Orange. A battery was finally placed an elevated position, which compelled them to surrender the castle. The main turret and tower is one hundred and twenty feet, and the stone circular stairway to its extreme height is still in an excellent state of preservation. Its walls, inside and out, are overgrown to their extreme height with woodbine and ivy, adding interest and beauty to the ruins. Near the top of the wall of this castle is the famous "blarney stone." A curious tradition attributes to it the power of endowing, whoever kisses it with the sweet, persuasive wheedling eloquence so perceptible in the language of the people of Cork, and which is generally termed "blarney"—which has been described by some ill-natured person 'a faculty of deviating from veracity with an unblushing countenance whenever it may be convenient.' The stone generally pointed out as the "real stone" is situated on the top of the building, and besides a sculptured trefoil bears the date of 1703. Crocker's favorite song of the "Groves of Groceries" made this stone famous, and it is annually viewed by thousands of tourists—for, as the song says:

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone."

The grounds around the castle are still very beautiful and romantic, but the beauty has been gradually diminishing, and its walks are choked up with rubbish. Close at hand, however, are the famous "Groves of Blarney."

"'Tis there the daisy,
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink
And the rose as fair;
The daffodilly,
The violet blue,
All flowers that bloom
The sweet fragrant air."

These are kept in good condition, and present a wild and pleasing scene, with the Druid's Cavern, in which tradition says that sacrificial offerings were made to the last of these ancient people.

Somebody claims that it is "the only natural property which every body looks after for you."

MANLINESS.

One of the greatest evils of a city life that we know of is the false conception of a true and proper manliness of character which is apt to spring up. The boy of fourteen sticks a plug of tobacco in his mouth, or a cigar out of it, runs after a fire engine, and gets up once or twice into the rooms of a hose company, because he thinks all this the essence and proof of manhood. By this he carries a revolver and a dirk, and before long, alas! uses them and expiates his crime on the gallows, all from having before him a false standard of manliness. Or else he seizes the sword, follows some filibuster like Walker, disgraces his country, and comes home a mass of diseases, a wreck and a ruin physically and morally, to die before he is thirty, all from the same mistake.

In other walks of life "the mind's the standard of the man." To be a valedictorian in college, and the first writer of the day in a profession or out of it, the ambitious student burns the midnight oil, destroys all his perceptive faculties in cultivating the reflective, and becomes a physical pigmy in hopes of being an intellectual giant. He destroyed his nervous system in the pursuit of superiority over some rival more favored of fortune, and drops down dead just as he reached the goal. All this springs, we say, from a false conception of true manliness. The blanched cheek and sunken jaw and trembling system of the student, no less than the drinking, fighting, swearing and carousing of the soldier and the fireman, are indications of a deeply sunken, false conception. Sometimes it is not the physical frame alone that is injured by the erroneous standard of the intellectual man. The moral nature often is the greatest sufferer. Success becomes the only test of what is wise and good. A shallow smartness saps all principles of honor, and a man is considered by all others an unprincipled scoundrel, when he really supposed he was becoming an ingenious, and perhaps a wise and a successful man. Many a lawyer has thus gained his cause by losing all conscience, and many a physician risen in wealth at the price of his own self respect, and many a minister defended and pushed the interests of his sect to the neglect and injury of the general cause of Christianity.

In nearly all these cases, a false and perverted standard of manliness lies at the bottom and forms the root of the evil. The cure for it lies in correcting the notions of men on this subject. In the Scotch Universities, they have professors who lecture on "Humanities" a subject in regard to which many of our best institutions of learning are exceedingly deficient. True, we have our professors of Moral Science, and such works as those of Dr. Wayland lead men to think on some of the points that should be involved in the course of study we have in view. But the misfortune is, that so many of the writers on the moral and even on the intellectual nature of man, have been little acquainted with his physical nature,—have little studied his physiology. Phrenology and Dr. Combe's works have done something to counteract this evil in the public mind. But most of the writers and lectures on these subjects have been so exceedingly superficial, that they have done mischief in their way, and by infusing a shallow and self-confident skepticism as to everything beyond the exceedingly narrow range of their own vision, have been chiefly useful in creating the desire in many persons to form a proper and true conception of what real manliness is.

All can judge pretty well of a good physical system, and this forms the indication of what is within, so uniformly that no wise man who has once mastered the outlines of physiology will ever treat bodily culture as a light thing. It seems rather the basis of all the rest. Still, there is not a thought passes through the brain but goes to form both mind and body too. And all strong propose, all good resolutions, all observances of social morality, and the amenities of daily life, go to form the man for all the future of his existence as surely as the actions of his present course are the result of the whole of his previous being.

There is no walk of life in which the dictates and interests of a true humanity may ever be laid aside or suspended for any amount of success. But the formation of a correct conception of manliness is in each one the work of his whole life, and it is in each life the result of all former lives.

The correct formation of this conception should be one great daily aim of the public school system of education in this country. We have in such characters as Washington and Jefferson, and Hamilton, some fine models. But, above all, is that mysterious Being who called himself so often the "Son of Man," to indicate his perfect humanity, we have the type of true manhood—a standard to which all ages and all races could stand at least at the only perfect model.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The population of the city of Atlanta is said to be about 11,500.

JEFFERSON'S WEDDING.

The following scene is from the early days of Jefferson, in the New York Century:

"Belinda," (Jefferson's first love) had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling, and luxuriant hair of a rich, soft auburn formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of youthful scholar. In addition to all this the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced, and moved with elegant ease and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. Add still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm loving heart and last, though not least, notable talents for house-keeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the county of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was the daughter of John Wayles an eminent lawyer, and had married in her 17th year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton who dying in 1760, left his young wife a widow at nineteen. As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretensions of the rivals were decided either by the musical accomplishments of the young consort, or by the fears of his opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is, that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door-step, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest cheerfully and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control.

The other story is, the all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take their turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However, this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, 1772, there was a great festival at "The Forest." Friends and kindred assembled far and near—there was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion and we find from the bridegroom's note book that the servants and filers received fees from his especial pocket. It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony the bridegroom and the bride set out in their carriage for "Monticello," where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his paternal house of "Shadwell." The journey was not so end without adventures.

As they advanced towards the mountains the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage and proceed on their way on horseback. Stopping to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Col. Carter, where they found, however, no one but the overseer, they left it at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountainous and a rough one, was not a highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep.

We may fancy the sensations of the newly wedded bride at the chill appearance of the desolate landscape, as she passed along the snow; but she was a woman of courage and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—no rather, there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the bride. Far from being annoyed or discomfited by their reception, however, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was as merry and lighthearted as a bird, and set her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavilion as gaily as she had ever done in the cheerful drawing-room of "The Forest."

Thus the long hours of the winter night fled away like minutes, winged with laughter, merriment, and song. The vigil was a marvellous incident rather than a trial of their equanimity. They were young, and they had just been married. When hands are clasped and hearts beat close together, there is very little gloom in darkness, and the white night will not melt. This little moral sentiment will not, I hope, be criticised as a variety of the romantic for the "dignity of history." It is doubtless clearly a story of a young lady and gentleman, but not a very common one, and having, I think, some little merit in the line of fiction. It is said to be a true story, and occurred on January night, long ago.

MR. MILBURN'S CHAPLAINCY.

We lately noticed the new work of Mr. Milburn. In the following passage he tells us how he became Chaplain to Congress. He was traveling on a steambond from Cincinnati to Wheeling. He says: "The boat was very much crowded, and among the passengers was a considerable number of Congressmen, members of both houses, on the way to the capital to take their seats. As several of them were men known to fame, whose names I had been familiar with for years, I took great interest in observing them, and in listening to their conversation; when, as is often their manner in such environment, they talked for the benefit of the company. I cannot say how much I was shocked, or how indignant I became at discovering that not a few of these representatives of the sovereign people of the United States, swore outrageously villainous cards day and night, and drank pious whiskey to excess. I expressed my surprise and indignation to my friend; but the only comfort that I received was, that this was the fashion in which many of our politicians acted."

The river was low—fogs came on. Sunday morning arrived, we were yet eighty miles below Wheeling, and there was no place we could land to spend the Sabbath. At breakfast time a committee of the passengers waited upon me to know if I could preach to them. Never did I say yes more gladly; for never had I been so anxious to speak my mind. A congregation of nearly three hundred persons assembled at half past ten o'clock, and I took my stand between the ladies, and gentlemen's cabins; seated in the place of honor upon my right and left hand were most of my late objects of interest the members of Congress. I had never before spoken under such circumstances, but nevertheless, preached as well as I could which is not saying much. At the close of the discourse proper, however, I could not resist the impulse to speak a straightforward word to the men on my right and left; turning to them, therefore, I said something to the following effect: "I understand that you are members of the Congress of the United States, and as such you are or should be the representatives not only of the political opinions, but also of the intellectual, moral and religious condition of the people of this country."

As I had rarely seen men of your class, I felt on coming aboard this boat a natural interest to hear your conversation and observe your habits. If I am to judge the nation by you, I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of profane swearers, card players and drunkards. Suppose there should be an intelligent foreigner on this boat, travelling through the country with the intent of forming a well-considered and unbiased opinion, of the practical working of our free institutions—seeing you and learning your position, what would be his conclusion?—inevitably, that our experiment is a failure! and our country hastening to destruction. Consider the influence of your example upon the young men of the nation what a school of vice are you establishing! If you insist upon the right of ruining yourselves, do not by your example corrupt and debauch those who are the hope of the land. I must tell you, that as an American citizen I feel disgraced by your behavior; as a preacher of the Gospel I am commissioned to tell you, that unless you renounce your evil courses, repent of your sins, and believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ with hearts unto righteousness, you will certainly be damned."

At the close of the services, I retired to my state room to consider my impromptu address word by word, and whether, if I were called to a reckoning for it, I should be willing to abide by it and its consequences. Plain speaking and stern acting are common things among the men of the West and Southwest, and who ever starts to run a race of this kind should be prepared to go unflinchingly to the goal. I came to the conclusion the nothing had been said of which I ought to be ashamed, and that I would stand by every word of it, let the issue be what it might. While cogitating, there was a tap at the door. A gentleman entered who said: "I have been requested to wait upon you by the members of Congress on board; who had a meeting since the close of the religious exercise. They desire me to present you with this purse of money"—handing me between fifty and a hundred dollars—"as a token of their appreciation of your sincerity and fearlessness in reproving them for their misconduct; they have also desired me to ask if you will allow your name to be used at the coming election of chaplain to Congress." I quite stunned with this double message, I asked them for time, reflection and consulting with my friends. He warmly urged my acceptance of the offer. As the boat neared Wheeling my decision was made. I presented to my friends the purse, and they went forward to the capital I turned in Wheeling to preach. But the same evening that was far more memorable than all my labors at Cincinnati and Wheeling. By the agency of my friends, I was in due time elected Chaplain to Congress, and so I entered upon my duties as Chaplain to Congress.

RANDOLPH AMONG THE BOYS.

A correspondent of the Central Presbyterian furnishes some reminiscences of his school days, nearly fifty years ago, when the celebrated John Randolph was at the zenith of his power as a leading member of Congress. Mr. Randolph had three wards, who were his nephews, at the school of the Rev. Drury Lacy, Prince Edwards County, Va., and used to be a frequent visitor. The writer says:

"It was Mr. Lacy's custom to hear his boys recite their Latin and Greek grammar lessons before breakfast, and I have known Mr. Randolph, more than once, to come from Bizarre, (two miles) and enter the school house by sun-up. At nine o'clock the school was formally opened, when all the boys read verses about in the Bible, until the chapter or portion was finished. Mr. Randolph always seemed highly pleased with this exercise, read his verse in turn, and with Mr. Lacy, would sometimes ask questions. On one occasion, whilst reading one of the books of the Pentateuch, he stopped a lad with the question:

"Tom Miller, can you tell me who was Moses' father?"

"Jethro, sir," was the prompt answer.

"Why, you little oag, Jethro was his father-in-law."

Then putting the question to four or five others by name, not one of whom could answer, he berated them soundly for their carelessness and inattention in reading, saying: "When you were reading last week, William Cook read the verse containing the name of Moses' father, and have you all forgotten it already?"

Just then a young man caught the name and unable to repeat the verse from the Bible, repeated part of a line from Milton: "The potent rod of Amram's son," &c. "Ah, said Mr. Randolph, that is the way you learn your Bible; get it out of other books, what little you know of it; and with an exceedingly solemn manner and tone, added, "and so it is with us all; and a terrible proof of our deep depravity; it is, that we do relish and remember anything better than 'The Book.'"

The very utterance, simple as it was, filled every one with awe, and made him feel guilty, whilst at the same time it imparted reverence for the Bible which was never felt before, and which, from one mind at least, will never be effaced. Mr. Randolph was so well pleased, however, with the young man who quoted from his favorite author, that in a short time as soon, perhaps, as he could get it from Richmond, he presented him with a beautiful copy of Milton's Paradise Lost, with a suitable inscription in his own elegant handwriting.

A SECRET POLICE.

A letter from Italy, written while Louis Napoleon was there, says:

"It was curious to see the movements of the gentlemen composing the secret police of his majesty, and more curious still to study the personages. The chief is a handsome man, about forty years of age, and is decorated with the Legion of Honor. He has a large square built, powerful frame, with dark hair and eyes, dark skin and ruddy cheeks. He wears a small moustache and imperial, and although he has a military air, might pass for the rich manufacturer or the busy agent for some great company. Without an exaggeration, he is as shrewd a looking man as I ever saw; his small, dark eyes are constantly moving from side to side, under the shade of a hat with an unfashionable broad brim; no man near the circle of his movement escapes his scrutiny. The confederates which the chief has with him here are a study on account of their multifarious characters and visages. Not one of them looks like a Frenchman. One, a tall, elegant young man, with flaxen hair and moustache, would pass for a Russian or Northern German. He speaks a variety of languages. With him there sits an old farmer-looking gentleman, who, when he talks, convinces you very soon that you have fallen in with a shrewd politician and a cunning old fox, who is only in travesty in his simple costume. Then there is an enormously fat old man with grey hair, shaven close, on whose change the flaxen hair would obtain from obesity, and whose nationality is thus obscured. He is one of the most active men of the party. Then there are two men of thirty, with pale and clean shaven faces, except the side-whiskers, who do the Englishman. The correspondent of the London Times, at this place, tells me that he had used one of these men in perfect confidence in English and was 'respected to in the same language, but with a sudden access. There are still others of these men, whose gentlemanly appearance and business air would totally preclude suspicion of their character. One of the men, I think, was the Emperor, with a sword and two decorations, a strange conglomeration upon the insignia of a sergeant, however in."

WHITFIELD'S FIRST SERMON.

Writing on this subject to a friend from Gloucester, on the 30th of June, 1780, Mr. Whitfield thus refers to the first sermon he ever preached: "Last Sunday after noon, I preached my first sermon in the Church of St. Mary de Crypt, where I was baptized, and also first received the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Curiosity as you may easily guess, drew a large congregation together upon the occasion. The sight first awed me; but I was comforted with the heart-felt sense of the Divine presence, and soon found the unspeakable advantage of having been accustomed to public speaking when a boy at school, and of exhorting the prisoners and poor people at their private houses whilst at the University. By these means I was kept from being daunted over much. As I proceeded, I perceived the fire kindled till at last, though so young, and amidst a crowd of those who knew me in my infant, childish days, I trust I was enabled to speak with some degree of gospel authority.—Some few mocked, but most for the present seemed struck; and I have since heard that a complaint has been made to the bishop that I drove fifteen mad the first sermon.—The worthy prelate, as I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before next Sunday."

RESIDENCE OF A COMEDIAN.—Burton the comedian, has a pleasant residence at Glen Cove, New York. A newspaper letter says "his garden is worth going miles to see—plants, exotics, flowers of the richest, rarest, and most costly descriptions here luxuriant, blossom and bloom; the finest green velvet is not more soft than his grass plots, and the nicely boxed borders of his flower beds show the exquisite taste of its owner. Apple, pear, peach, nectarines and plum trees are here in numbers, and he has, at a cost of some \$15,000 erected a hot house that looks more like the Crystal Palace than anything I have seen. His grape vines are really wonderful, and the grapes superb and as big as the egg of a pigeon."

CHINESE CHARACTER.—Lieutenant Hathersham relates the following anecdote as demonstrative of the Chinese character:—"Some two years since, shortly after the town baker (a Chinaman) had poisoned the bread, a merchant called his butler to the breakfast table, and said, 'Butler I don't like the looks of this bread; take it away away and see if it is not poisoned.' An hour two later he met him, and asked 'Well, what about the bread?'—'It all right—no poison.'—'How do you know?' queried the merchant.—'Bottom side (down stairs) have got one small boy, one coolie; he no got father, no got mother; I give him one piece—he eat, no make he sick. Can secure now.'"

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY HOME.—Six things are requisite to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lightened up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day—while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except a blessing from Above.

MARRIED LIFE.—The affection that links together man and wife, is a far holier passion than the enthusiasm of young love. It may want its gorgeousness—it may want its imaginative character, but it is far richer in its trusting attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedlock. What! because a man has ceased to "sigh like a furnace?" No, it were to believe that the fire is extinct! We, it burns with a steady but deep flame, shedding a benign influence upon existence, a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of phlogoply.

A JOKE FOR THE LADIES.—An editor of a paper lately informed his readers that the ladies always pull off the stockings last. This, as may be supposed, created some stir among his fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they insisted that he had no business to know it, even if such were the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proved it, however, by a short argument. "When one stocking is pulled off, there is another left on; pulling off this is taking the left stocking off last."

LAWYERS ARE SOMETIMES VERY PARTICULAR.—The other day one of these learned and amiable gentlemen was waited upon by a young man, who wished his advice, and began by saying:—"My father died and made a will. Is it possible I have heard of such a thing?" answered the lawyer, "I thought that it happened every day," said the young man; "but if there is to be any difficulty about it, I had better give you a fee to attend to the business." "The fee was given, and then the lawyer observed, "Oh, I think I know what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died."—"Yes, yes; that must be it?"