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DECAY OF ABOLITIONISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

Boston, March 16, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER: I have read your speech of the 21st ultimo, delivered in the House of Representatives. It is a point of considerable smartness, and will be praised by your partisans as a very clever effort; but I see no other effect that it can produce but to irritate the South, and alienate one section of the Union still more from the other. Have we not at the North stimulated our own self-righteousness, in contrast with the sins of the South, quite up to, or beyond the healthy point? Would it not be well for us, for a time, to look more at our own failings and at the virtues of our brethren at the South?

You speak of the change of tone and sentiment that has taken place during the last twenty-five years on the subject of slavery. I plead guilty to the truth of this charge. It was one of the dreams of my early life, that the condition of mankind might be greatly improved by sudden political changes. The cry of slavery came to my youthful ear, waited by the eloquent breath of eye-witnesses, from Virginia and New Jersey. Almost every man at the South, at that time, admitted that slavery was an evil, moral, social, and political; the horrors of the middle passage, the barbarian cruelties of Jamaica, came to us across the ocean; Wilberforce and Clarkson had acquired a world-wide fame by their singular devotion to the abolition of the slave trade; the assault, was seen made upon slavery itself in the British West Indies, and the first of August, 1838, was entered in the calendar as one of the holy days of the year.

Compelled to visit the wilds of Africa on his native plains, so noble, so free, so happy—caught, chained, doomed, suffering, till the hurricanes in the West Indies were commissioned to avenge his wrongs. The plaintive Cooper wept out his compassion in the touching lines, "I would not have a slave for all the gold that sneezes brought and sold, have ever earned." And these tones of suffering, of compassion, of pity, were echoed by every harp, and re-echoed by orator and preacher, till the whole atmosphere of New England was vocal with the cries of the slave. I have done my full share of it; but greater men have been mistaken, and have in riper years been compelled to revise and revoke the opinions of earlier days. Burke once was enraptured with the voice of Liberty, as she cried from across the channel; but in the full strength of his manhood, he was compelled to denounce the crimes committed in her name. Sir James McIntosh wrote his "Vindictive Gallicism," but was compelled, by a longer experience and a wider observation, to cancel the opinions of early life by those of maturer years. I am compelled to cancel many things that I have said on the subject of slavery, and substitute for them the opinions of riper age. I might have once said what, or nearly what, you have said in your late speech in Congress; though I think I should have left out those portions which serve no other end than simply to irritate without convincing. But my convictions at the present time are, not only that the slaveholders have a complete vindication of their present position, but that they are entitled to be looked upon as benefactors to the country, and to the human race.

The only ground on which I can claim their patience and forbearance toward us for a calling with their affairs, and for abusing them as much as we have, and as some still continue to do, is this: They gave us the false premises on which we reasoned correctly to false conclusions. They gave away their case by concession; for if slavery be a sin, a wrong, or an evil, no fair mind can resist the conclusion that efforts ought to be made as soon as possible to do it away. This philosophy, that slavery is wrong, sprang up in Virginia, and was adopted and encouraged in nearly all the slave States; and the seed was there, in connexion with the correct and grand principle of human government, scattered wide over the free States. They have had their growth, and now it is not a little difficult to put them up; but they shall take the wheat with them also.

The South is impregnable. The Constitution protects them, the Bible protects them, and the experience of mankind protects them. Our fathers made a covenant with their fathers. They came into the Union with their African slaves on terms of equality with us, and with all the rights and privileges that we can claim under the same instrument. They would make no covenant except upon terms of equality. We accepted those terms; we could get no better to-day; and yet we should be glad to make it, if it were not made, or to renew it, if broken, and on the same conditions we now have. The South claim the right to go into new territory, and try the new land with their slaves, till the territory becomes a sovereign State, and then bow to its will, as before all other sovereigns. This is a just and equitable claim, founded on a fair interpretation of the Constitution. Slavery should be permitted to flow by natural laws to regions for which it is best adapted. It will go nowhere else. You

could not force it into New Hampshire, nor keep it there if introduced. The experiment has been tried and failed. Slavery was given up in the northern States not by the force of moral, but natural laws.

It is true the discussions of the last twenty-five years, have produced a great deal of sentiment on the subject of slavery in the Northern States; but you know how utterly barren of any good results it has been to the African. In words—and because their number is small, and will continue to be small—we have in the extreme North given them the rights of citizenship and equality; but in works we deny them. The most respectable colored men in Boston would not be permitted to hire or to own, and quietly enjoy a pew in the broad aisle of any fashionable church. In the West, where your soil is more fertile, and where more free colored men would be likely to go, you are more stringent; and the black laws of Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and Oregon, and the still more expulsive Popera Constitution of Kansas—for which I believe you and all your Republican associates voted—proclaim as with trumpet-tongue, the innate and ineradicable prejudice against the African, lurking, as it still does, in the bosoms of those whose tongues are eloquent for his rights.

I am not a little surprised at the manner in which you speak of Noah. The Bible calls him a "just man, and perfect in his generation;" and yet he is, by Divine inspiration, and by Divine command, foretold the slavery of the children of Ham, you give him some very hard thrusts, and leave him on the pages of your speech with a character by no means so fair as that given him by the sacred historian. Was Noah in the way of your theory, that you strike at him so vigorously, as though you would have him down? You say he mistook Canaan for Ham. Suppose he did—the prediction and the curse rests somewhere—on some nation. The principle is the same in the Divine administration. Who are the children of Canaan? Tradition and history unite in the belief that they inhabit the continent of Africa. Their condition fulfills, with remarkable fidelity, the prophecy of that righteous man and preacher of righteousness, Noah—"A servant of servants" was the double curse, which has rested on that continent and race for many centuries. It is covered with a network of double slavery—every child having his retinue of slaves, while he pay tribute to some higher chief or petty king.

You seem to lay great stress upon the fact that the Canaanites were not black. How do you know? Dr. Thompson, who has written, perhaps, the most thorough work on Syria and Palestine that has ever been published, says the ancient inhabitants of that country came from Africa. The great painting of Sampson grinding in the mill, shows his Philistine drivers very dark, if not black. But you miss the point of the Scriptural precedent and example for slavery. You prove, as you think, that the Canaanites were not black, and then jump at once to the conclusion that if they were not black they must have been enslaved because they were laboring men. This does very well to stir up prejudice at the North; but is it the truth? The Israelites were permitted to enslave the Canaanites not because they were laboring men, but because they were heathen, and thereby so degraded that a transfer to the Hebrew Commonwealth, where the true God was worshipped, was a privilege and a blessing.

This furnishes the parallel point on which American slaveholders rely with great confidence. The Africans were taken from the most degraded heathenism, and are here taught to worship the true God; and, in the opinion of every Bible man, more of them have been fitted for and gone to heaven from the thousands in America, than from the millions in Africa.—Dr. Dwight said, after long experience and wide observation, that he never knew but one lazy man to be converted. And as God had some chosen people in Africa, it was necessary that they should be taught to work in order to their conversion. But in the South they are not allowed to read the Bible. Well, in Africa, they neither read, hear of it, nor from it. Faith cometh by hearing; and it is not better to hear the truth than to live entirely destitute of it?

You quote the eighth commandment as a prohibition of slavery. This is singular. Were your ancestors thieves? They thought, or assented to the bringing of slaves to this country. It is a singular fact, that while we boast of our Puritan ancestry, the laws of the present day would hang half the men that lived a hundred years ago, as engaged in the slave traffic, directly or indirectly; and another law would imprison all the men who lived forty years since. The eighth commandment was given on the way out of Egypt. It was the charter, the constitution of the Hebrew nation. All their other laws were controlled by the Decalogue. Well, now what? Why, they had slaves by Divine permission under this charter. How could they, if the eighth commandment forbids it? But are the slaves stolen?—Certainly not by Americans. They buy them, pay for them, transfer them, and provide for them, in the only and most benevolent manner in which it can be done. As to the metaphysical abstraction, that man cannot have property in man, it has been contradicted from the foundation of the world to the present time. Holding, use, and transfer, are the elements of property; and this has been done by men to men in all ages; and yet you say that there is no word in the good old Hebrew tongue that conveys the idea of property in man. When a master inadvertently killed his slave, no blood was to be shed, for "he was his money." Does not that mean property?

It cannot be denied that the idea of slavery runs all through the Bible; it was stamped upon the entire history of the Jewish nation, and upon the history of every vigorous nation upon the face of the earth; indeed I strongly

suspect this is the normal condition of large portions of a depraved race, and I can readily believe that a man may sustain the relation of slaveholder, in all good conscience, and with the entire Divine approbation. There are visible footprints of God's disapprobation of the abolitionism of this country. Look at the flocks of unclean birds and birds that have come up out of its train. Infidels that curse God, abuse every man of good character, and then praise humanity in general to counterbalance their malignity and blasphemy. Out of the abstract rights of man have grown the more abstract rights of women; and once respectable wives call St. Paul a crusty old bachelor, and Abraham a tyrant, because Sarah obeyed him, and Paul makes mention of the fact. The second edition of the rights of woman is divorce, "affinity," and universal concubinage. We have far more of these immoral tendencies in the northern States than they have the South. Is it not time to look at home?

The truth is we have been wont to contemplate the condition of the slaves at the South from a wrong point of view. We compare them with races or nations more highly civilized, and their condition seems a harsh and degraded one; but what were they when the Christian nations took them by the hand and led them across the ocean? American slavery has produced and cultivated more African intellect, more social affection, more Christian emotion in two hundred years than all Africa (Central and Southern) for two thousand years. American slavery is a redemption, a deliverance from African heathenism. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;" and no part of the earth is more dark or more filled with cruelty than Africa. Treading under their feet one of the most fertile soils, they cultivate almost nothing—live on fruits and nuts, with few cattle, and little commerce. They are in the first place lazy beyond all hope of self-improvement. They will not work.—Now, God has ordained the law of labor so surely, and so universally, that if barbarians will not work, civilization will yoke them up and drive them to it. This is fixed, is sure as light and gravity. Why not? Why should one quarter of the globe, one section of the human family do nothing for the race? If Ham will not bring timber for the ark, Shem and Japheth will drive him to it.

But Africa is not only a great wilderness of loungers, but out of this idleness grow all manner of vices. Work is salvation. Work regenerates the earth and man. Work is progress, and without it nothing. The title deed of the earth to man had this provision, that he should subdue it and multiply upon it. Now, if he only multiplies and does not subdue, he has only a squatter sovereignty—no certified title till he builds his house and tills his farm. Hence the Indian must be driven out; he will not work on any condition, neither self-moved nor driven by the hand of another, and therefore, the last tomahawk of the red man will soon hang as a trophy in the halls of the conqueror. Now, the African works patiently and well when driven to it; he will work on no other condition. His climate is a terrible protection from white invasion, therefore he must be transported and taught to work, thereby civilized, thereby christianized, thereby improved every way, and perhaps by-and-by sent back to yoke up and subdue his whole continent, according to the pattern that has been shown him in this working beehive of America.

You touch in no very fraternal manner some of the social evils of your brethren at the South. Perhaps if they deserved the stone, it should hardly come from a northern hand; the garments of our cities are dripping with the waters of Sodom, and some of the Western States under the marriage covenant with as little consideration as the most ruthless slaveholder. Sensuality is not at this hour producing as much social degradation nor destroying as many lives at the South as at the North; but this is not the point. What were the blacks socially when taken from Africa? The King of Dahomey has four hundred wives, whom he employs in carrying palm oil to the coast, and thence new rum and tobacco back to the palace for their husband and king. This rum and tobacco are the joint production of slavery and freedom. Slavery produces the tobacco and molasses, and then we Yankees make the rum and send them both in our vessels to the coast of Africa to buy off-gathered by women and carried on their heads in jars from fifty to two hundred miles. They are driven along by a herd of lazy men, and stepping carefully every minute under the express condition that if one pot of oil is spoiled, one head of a woman and a wife must be cut off to atone for it.

Now, is it any sin to catch a set of these lazy fellows, that live on the earning of their wives, teach them to work, make them work, teach them to love one another and to love their children, so that their highest ambition shall no longer be to buy an extra number of wives that they may have a few "pickaninnies" (children) to sell to a wild African recently brought to Boston by a merchant begged for an old gun which he saw. When asked what he wanted of it, he replied, "to buy a wife and have pickaninnies to sell." Is it any harm to yoke up such men and work the laziness and the brutality out of them? Yes; but you say there is a better way to do it. There may be, but it wants the evidence of a successful experiment. The Moravians once kindled their altars of devotion all around the African coast, but the waves of barbarism have extinguished them.—Jamaica, in spite of devoted missionaries, British philanthropy, and American sympathy, is fast receding through idleness to barbarism. Half a million of people there in twenty years have not lifted as many spades of earth as twenty thousand Yankees in California in one-third of the time. If this half million had the twenty thousand to lead them and plan for them, then that island, which was once a fruitful field, would now be going back

to a wilderness. The best thing that can be done for Africa, if they could live there, would be to send them a hundred thousand American slaveholders; to work them up to some degree of civilization.

It is charged that the life of the slave at the South is sometimes at the mercy of the master. In Africa the immediate body servants of every chief, at his death, are at once beheaded and hurled forward to attend the new wants of their old master. It is wicked to buy these devoted victims of heathenism and put them under the protection of civilized, and often of Christian masters? Just in proportion as the price of these slaves is raised in Africa, just to that degree is there a motive to the heirs to spare their lives. So far as Africa is concerned, the slave trade was and is its operations; its abolition was the result of sentiment, and not the determination of calm and deliberate statesmanship. That it was not called for by the condition of the world nor by any deep-seated moral sentiment, is proved from the fact, that the nation foremost in its abrogation, has now revived it on other shores and under another name, adding to whatever sin there is in the direct, open slave trade, the other sin of hypocrisy and false pretence.

Jamaica wants laborers; not because there are not plenty of them on the island, but because they will not work; and the same British philanthropy which stands guard over the stalwart and immensely lazy son of Ham, brings in the feeble children of Shem, and dooms them to the same bondage under another name. Honor to the sagacious and far-seeing statesmen of Georgia and South Carolina, almost the only consistent slave States in the Union; for they breast the united streams of British and American fanaticism, claimed and maintained their rights, and saved the South from barrenness and desolation, the North from civil war, and the negroes from barbarism. If more laborers are needed for Texas, Central America, parts of Mexico and Cuba, they ought to be brought, without objections, under such humane regulations as are made in other cases for the comfort of passengers.—These laborers should come from Africa, because they are stronger and make better slaves than any of the copper-colored races, because they are the most degraded.

As to the influence of slavery on the character of the whites, that is quite another question; but so far as the political history of our country is concerned, it is not easy to see how we could do without the slaveholders. See how their names shine along and adorn the roll of our countrymen: Washington, Jefferson, the Randolphs, Bayard, Pickens, Madison, Monroe, Crawford, Rutledge, Jackson, Calhoun, Clay, Benton—blot out these names and a countless host of others, from the slave States, and what a blank is left in our history. And do you not find men from these States now in Congress, fully the peers of any that you can name from the North in statesmanship, honor, integrity, patriotism, and high moral and religious character? Do you not see some bright and shining lights around you from the South? I have read no speeches that give more entire satisfaction than those of the clear-headed, broad-minded, candid, fair, patriotic Stephens, of Georgia, or his associate, Jackson. In their speeches they seem to me models for smaller statesmen to look up to, and strive to equal.

A few words as to your motto at the head of your speech: "The fanaticism of the Democratic party." If there could be found in the Democratic party or its history any of that element, certainly no one ought to be better qualified to deal with it than a gentleman from the Republican ranks. They were born of it and nurtured by it; it is their meat and drink, their nevine and anodyne; their zeal in conflict and their consolation in defeat. The Democratic party needs no defence; a simple recital of its biography is its highest eulogy. When the measure of British insult was full—when for twenty years they had insulted our flag, embarrassed and put under tribute our commerce; when they had seized our sailors and fired into our ships, and hung innocent men for being found on board an American vessel, then Henry Clay, Felix Grundy and John C. Calhoun, and their associates, performed a lustration; then the Democracy of America vindicated the national honor, and established a new name and a new flag over the ocean; and from that day to this all the progress and honor abroad, have been won by the measures of the Democratic party. This glory will remain, in spite of all that enemy or mistaken zeal can do to mar or destroy it. You may possibly succeed (but may heaven prevent you) in the attempt you are making to trample under your feet the covenant of our fathers, and exalt a sectional party with sectional aims to places of power and trust; but the day of your success would be the hour of your dissolution. Like the last day of the arctic summer, your sun would only rise to go down. Opposition is your cohesion—the only cement of your party. Your party can construct nothing; they lay down no principles; adhere to no name. Mr. Banks goes for the absorption of the colored races, while Mr. Blair goes for their expulsion.—Which shall be the policy of the party?

The Democratic party has carried the country up from small beginnings to its present prosperous and happy condition; and, only occasionally being taken out to be aired and purified, is destined under that name, and with essentially its original and present principles, to govern this nation while we remain a republic. Equality among all the States—each State to manage their own affairs—slaveholders not to be taunted nor insulted for that fact—equal rights in the new Territories and new lands annexed and new States welcomed, as fast as they wish to come.

These are the principles, mottoes, and banners of success which wave around the Democratic party.

Affectionately, your brother,
JOSEPH C. LOVEJOY.
To Hon. Owen Lovejoy, M. C.

BIDDY MALONEY'S CAT.

Mathew Maloney, better known by the boys of the mill as "Father Mat," on returning from work one evening, was met at the gate by Biddy, his better half, in a high state of excitement.

"Mat," says she, "there's a strange cat in the cabin."

"Cast her out thin, an' don't be botherin' me about the baste."

"Faix, an' I've been strivin' to do that since the mather of ten minutes past, but she's just beyant my rache, behind the big red chest in the corner. Will yez be afther helpin' me to drive her out Mat?"

"To be sure I will, an' luck to the constable she has for me house; show her to me, Biddy, till I tache her the respick that's due to a man in his own house—to be takin' possession widout as much as by your lave, the thafe o' the world!"

Now Mat had a special antipathy for cats, and never let pass an opportunity to kill one. This he resolved to do in the present case, and instantly formed a plan for the purpose. Perceiving that one mode of egress for the animal, he says to Biddy:

"Have yez ivir a male bag in the house, me darlint?"

"Divil a wan is there, Mat. Yez tuk it to mill wid yez to bring home chips wid, this mornin'."

"Faix, an' I did, and there it is yit, thin.—Well, have yez nothin' at all in the house that will tie up like a bag, Biddy?"

"Troth, an' I have, Mat, there's me Sunday petticoat—ye can draw the strings close at the top, an' sure it will do better nor lettin' the cat be lavin' yez."

"Biddy darlint, yez a jewel to be thinkin' of that same; be afther bringin' it to me."

Biddy brought the garment, and when the strings were drawn close it made a very good substitute for a male bag, and Mat declared it was "will-zant."

So holding it close against the edge of the chest, he took a look behind and saw a pair of bright eyes glaring at him.

"An' is it there ye are, ye divil? Be out of that now; bad luck to all yer kin, ye thavin' vagabone ye. Bad-luck, an' ye won't lave me here at all thin wid perfide axin'! Yez sell-wid betes a pig's intirely. Biddy, have yez any more of these male bags?"

"Yis, I've a plenty, Mat; the ray-kettle's full uv it."

"Be afther castin' the mather of a quart thin behind the chest, till I say how the shay divil likes it!"

"Hould 'im close, Mat; here goes the water."

"Dash wid the water, and out jumped the cat into Mat's trap."

"Arrah, be the howly poker, I have 'im in, Biddy," says Mat, drawing close the folds of the garment; "now, bad cess to yez, ye thafe, its nine lives ye have, is it? Be afther axin' forgiveness, for the thavin' ye have been doin' in me house, for I'm thinkin' the nine lives ye have won't save ye now, any way.—Biddy saize hould of the poker, an' whin I'll shoulder the haythen ye'll bate the daylight out o' 'im."

Mat threw the bundle over his shoulder, and told Biddy to play "St. Patrick's day in the mornin'" on it. Biddy struck about three notes of that popular Irish air, and suddenly stopped exclaiming:

"What smells so square, Mat? It's takin' me brith away wid the power uv it. Och, me mother, Mat; sure an' ye have the divil in the sack."

"Bate the odd hathen, then; yez 'ill 'niver have a better chance. Bate the horns of 'im; lather 'im like blazes, my darlint!"

"Augh!" says Biddy, "I'm faintin' wid de power uv 'im. Cast 'im off yez, Mat!"

"Howly St. Patrick!" says Mat, throwing down the sack; "Biddy, the baste is a pole-cat! Lave the house, or yez'll be kilt intirely. Murder and turf, how the haythen smells. Och, Biddy Maloney, a purty kittle o' fish yez made of it, to be sure, to be mistakin' that little divil for a harrumless cat!"

"Mat, for the love o' God, if yez convariant to the door, be afther openin' it, for I'm narely choked wid 'im. Och, Biddy Maloney, bad luck to yez for lavin' ould Ireland, to be murdered in this way. Howly Mary, pertict me! Mat, I'm elane kilt intirely—take me out o' this."

Mat drew her out doors, and then broke for the pump like a quarter horse, closely followed by Biddy.

"Shure, that little villain hates the divil intirely; he's ruined me house, an' kilt Biddy, an' put me out o' constate wid meself for a month to come. Och, the desavin' vagabone, bad luck to him," and Mat plunged his head into the horse-trough up to his shoulders.

"Get out o' that, Mat, I'm nearly blind," and Biddy went under the water. Och, the murderin' baste," says Biddy, spluttering the water out of her mouth, "me best petticoat is split intirely. Mat Maloney, divil a trap will I ivir help yez to sit for a cat again."

"Don't trouble yerself, Mistress Maloney, ye've played the divil as it is. Nivir fear me axin' a lap'orth o' yer assistance. It's nat'ral fool ye are, to be takin' a baste uv a pole-cat for a house cat."

Mat and Biddy went cautiously back to the cabin from which the offensive quadruped had taken his departure. Things were turned out of doors, Biddy's petticoat buried, the bed, which fortunately escaped, moved to a near neighbors the stove moved outside, and for a week they kept house out of doors, by which time, by dint of hard scrubbing, washing, and airing, the house was rendered once more habitable, but neither Mat nor Biddy has forgotten the "strange cat."

INDIAN TACTICS.—Those who suppose, says the Galveston *Civilian*, the Indians on the frontier of Texas to be destitute of craft and courage, in the prosecution of their depredations, should note the following incident, as related to the editor of the *Western Texan*, by Mr. Room, who arrived with the San Diego mail last week.

The train near Fort Quitman on the Rio Grande, had a slight brush with Indians. It seems that two of the Mexicans while engaged in guarding their mules, noticed something moving in the tall grass. Supposing it to be *coyotes*, they took but little notice of it. Shortly an Indian took hold of one of the stake ropes within a few feet of one of the Mexicans, and cried *look!* evidently expecting that the Mexicans would run; but in this he was mistaken. The Mexican held his six shooter near the head of the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot.—The other Indian in a moment shot the Mexican through three arrows, mounted a horse, rode direct through camp upon the run, and as he passed a person covered up with two blankets, he seized both the blankets, stooping as he went and escaped. Some six Government mules were driven off and the Indians crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico.

AN EDITOR IN HEAVEN.—A paper published in a neighboring State, after having a long obituary of a deceased brother of the quill, thus, in glowing strains, concludes:

"Are we not glad also that such an editor is in Heaven?"

"There the cry of 'more copy,' shall never again fall upon his distracted ears. There he shall never be abused any more by his political antagonists, with lies and detractions that should shame a demon to promulgate. There he shall be no more used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as they reach the desired height, and need him no more. There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowingly and unknown, performing as he has been his weeny pilgrimage on earth.

There he will find all articles credited, not a clap of his thunder or stolen—and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to set him in a fever. We are glad the editor is in Heaven."

"Hold on, Dar."—The Piquet (S. C.) Register, has the following, in a recent issue, describing an incident among the slaves:

"Quite a revival is now in progress at the African church in this city. We were present a few evenings since, and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion. The brother was supplicating the throne, eloquently, when another brother called out in a sten-torian voice:

"Who dat prayin' oder dar?"

"The response was, 'Dat's brother Mose!'"

"Hold on dar, brudder Mose!" was the dictum of the former, "you let brudder Ryan pray he's better 'quainted wid de Lord dan you am." Brudder Mose dried up, and brudder Ryan prayed."

ONLY FIT FOR A LAWYER.—There is a little three year old boy in Norwalk, Connecticut, already set apart for the legal profession. The Gazette says: Being taken in hand with a switch after having been forbidden to pick another pear from a favorite dwarf tree, he indignantly exclaimed, "Mamma, I did not pick off the pear—you come and see if I did." Sure enough he didn't. He simply stood there and ate it, and the core was still dangling from the stem!

WHAT IS A FOP.—The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar one-sixth patent leather, one-third aw'king stick, and the rest kid glove and hair.

YOUNG ATTORNEY.—A useless member of society, who often goes where he has no business to be, because he has no business where he he ought to be.

CRITIC.—A large dog, that goes unchained, and barks at everything he does not comprehend.

"A ruffian shot at me last night," said a pensive gentleman, "and my life was saved by the balls' striking a silver dollar in my pocket." "Whoever takes true aim at your heart, is very certain to hit a dollar," said one who knew him.

"You going out again this evening, Mr. Tompkins?" "Yes my dear, to a stag party at Mr. Crummels." "Stag party—humph—! I guess you mean stagger party, youbrute." This was a staggerer and Tompkins slumped into his boots.

An inn keeper observing a postillion with only one spur, inquired the reason. "Why what would be the use of another," said the postillion "if one side of the horse goes, the other can't lag behind."

It was a maxim of General Jackson's—"Take time to deliberate but when the hour of action arrives, stop thinking and go in."

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure that it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

The road abolition tree is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too ragged for honesty, too dark for silence.

"Good morning, Smith, you look sleepy." "Yes," replied Smith, "I was up all night. Up where?" "Up stairs in bed."