

They, and not us, are mostly to blame. God speed the day when slavery may be no more. But may it come without war or bloodshed."

"This Mr. Dawson—as we can hardly call him brother," said Mr. Abbott, "has been an extensive trader with me for the last fifteen years; but for several months past he has not entered my establishment. One would think from his conversation that he suspects us as knowing something of his negroes. To return to the subject; what do you think, brother Sherwin, is best to be done. I presume that you, like myself, are beginning to be placed in jeopardy."

"Yes indeed," replied Mr. Sherwin. "During several Sabbaths the church as you know has been nearly empty. And it has been broadly hinted by numerous members that my services are no longer needed. I have lately received a call from Ill. If I should accept the call, I will be pleased in aiding you to locate your business there."

"That will undoubtedly solve the problem," said Mr. Abbott with a lighter heart. "I would ever remember you for the kindness. I believe that through you I shall be able to pass through my calamities. I think that our only rescue, is to go to the North. But we surely cannot sell any of our real estate. We shall be compelled to leave that to the ravages of war."

"We should be thankful if we are able to find a quiet retreat for our families," said Mr. Sherwin. "our property is but chaff as compared with our families."

At this point Mr. Abbott drove up to Mr. Sherwin's residence. Mr. Sherwin alighted and soon retired. Mr. Abbott found old faithful Ben waiting for his master to take care of the horses.

A short time after this conversation, Mr. Abbott closed his business. With the troubles, and nothing to occupy his mind he seemed to be constantly enveloped in gloomy forebodings.

#### CHAPTER II.

Just across the way from Mr. Abbott's establishment stood a large and old-fashioned hotel. Its long and broad portico, supported by large columns, and shaded by stately elms, presented a hospitable greeting to the weary traveler. Though dead, serpents lurked within, on sunny afternoons might always be seen a group of persons, composed of the villagers and the neighboring planters, loitering beneath its shades. Men will not handle an adder, but they will linger within reach of its poisonous sting. Their conversation was such as would little interest a northern person; it was mostly on negroes, mules, cotton and tobacco. But at the present time it seemed to consist of zealous political exclamations. Of course they had no one to differ with them, as it was not deemed prudent at this time for a person of opposite political opinions to express himself in public.

"Has Mr. Abbott closed his store?" enquired a person on entering the portico, and who had just come from Mr. Abbott's establishment.

"Yes," answered one of the group, "I expect he and his business has gone to purgatory, where all such men ought to go."

"I think we, as law-abiding citizens, should not patronize such persons," said a shrewd looking person. "I expect Mr. Abbott has been imbibing rather freely lately, as I see him make frequent visits to Simm's distillery."

"By his looks, I should think so. His

nose is beginning to look like a pickled beet," exclaimed the landlord who sat in an immense armchair, and whose corpulence filled the space of half a dozen common persons; forgetting that his own nose was aquiline shape, as long as the last dime novel he had read, and the color of his adulterated whiskey. It was plain that he was only displeased because Mr. Abbott did not patronize him, because he had not the opportunity of robbing him of his life and property, and hurling his family headlong into inexpressible misery.

"The best way to rid ourselves of these abolitionists is to pack each in a barrel of whiskey and ship them to New England," said a tall, crany person.

"They are such vile sinners, that the whiskey would need be changed every twenty-four hours to keep them from spoiling," said a person in a broad planter's hat.

At this the fat landlord laughed and shook his fleshy sides like the eruption of a volcano.

"It is true," said squire Lawson, "that Mr. Abbott has erred in his political views, but this is no reason that we should exult over his downfall. This is not a godlike spirit. Mr. Abbott has been one of our most highly esteemed citizens. Orr respect for his family has been second to none. Because Mr. Abbott will not concur with us, shall we set him and his family afloat on the turbulent stream of destruction? Alas! so ever is the world. "This" continued the squire, "is persecution for conscience' sake. In former times they persecuted religious views; but now they are persecuting political views. If the whole people, both North and South, were liberal minded and free from malignity, this strife could be settled peaceably without bloodshed. If we are right, slavery will continue, if wrong, it will fall. For the right will prevail."

"These men are villainous thieves; they would rob us of our negroes—our personal property," exclaimed an irritated person.

"I know one thing; they'll not git my niggers," interspersed the fat landlord. Then he tried to lean over on his cane, to ponder the matter in his thick and cloudy brain.

"But," continued the squire, "it is not their general desire to rob us of our negroes. They wish to show us where slavery is wrong."

"How can it be wrong when it is a divine right. Did not God curse Ham, and say that his children should be servants of servants?" inquired Deacon Hodson. Here the good squire saw that it was useless to talk more with these biased minds.

"It is for their spiritual benefit that these niggers should be our servants as we are servants of the Lord," said the fat landlord with a knowing look, thinking this would be taken as sound logic, and himself as a virtuous man. Turning to the deacon he said with a grave look, "Just think, Deacon Hodson, what 'ud become of these 'ere niggers if they didn't have our Christian care. They wouldn't any longer be good and simple Christians, but would be come like their brothers in Africa. He forgot that he lately sold liquor to Deacon Hodson's negroes, and that they got beastly intoxicated, and came near exterminating each other. At this the deacon seemed rather bewildered. Has not the reader, in the walks of life through all circles, often come across this landlord's prototype?

(to be continued.)

#### THE LOCAL AT WORK AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

—It is demonstrated that the weight of the earth is 5,855,000,000,000,000 tons. Yet some people think they tilt it up when they walk about.—*Ex.*

—A negro in South Carolina who was complaining of the hard times, declared they were the hardest ever known. "Why said he "I work all day, an' steals all night an' yet I'm blest of I kin make an honest livin'."—*Ex.*

—A young lady in the freshman class was heard to say the other day, "We must be polite until men give us the ballot, then won't we part our hair on the side and wear bloomers!"—*Ex.*

—At the marriage of an Alabama widower, one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno-sah; when old missus's alive he took a paddle to her; dunno if he take a bridle to the new one or not."—*Ex.*

—A doctor was discovered holding a young lady in his lap the other evening, but he stated that he was examining her for an affection of the heart, and she remarked that there was nothing wrong in laying her head on her pillar.—*Ex.*

—Prof. B—e.—Suppose, Mr. B—n, you with feelings *positively* excited, were to attempt to kiss a girl, *negatively* charged by her mother, would she be likely to take the spark, or would there be a sudden repulsion? Mr. B—n pleads inexperience but is perfectly willing to try the experiment.—*Ex.*

—The first letter sent by a gushing Freshman home to his sire encouraged the old man, who thinks his son will be a tutor some day. Here it is: "Pater, Cuni havesome more stampsent tome. Ego spentthe lastcent. Tuus studiosus heres Johannes."—*Ex.*

—A slight tribute to the memory of the great Father of his Country concludes thus: "A hero, warrior, President, He subsequently died; To be his like I never meant, Nor could be if I tried."—*Ex.*

—The impromptu poetic flight where with one of our Seniors secured company and shelter through the rain:

"You've got an umbrella—

And I've got a cane;

I'll keep off the dogs,

And you keep off the rain."

Jack didn't bother them.—*Deacon Col. legian.*

—Sugar wedding: marrying a candid man. Wooden wedding: marrying a perfect stick. Tin wedding: one that pans out well. Silver wedding: marrying a grey beard. Crystal wedding: marrying one addicted to the glass. Golden wedding: when the groom is a minor and a bride a little vain. Diamond wedding: when the washings are large.—*Ex.*

The *Livermore Collegian* inveighs strongly against "small talk,"—calls it the "rag-baby" of society. We can not agree with the *Collegian*, that if we would only give our "best thoughts" there would be an end of small talk. One's best thoughts should always be presented, but in speaking of small subjects even our best thoughts can not be very grand. Again, conversation would be rather heavy if we only dwelt upon such subjects as "the first cause," "our future condition," etc. There are times when learned disquisitions are out of place, and "small talk," full of wit and humor, eminently in place.

—"Only a lock of golden hair"

The lover wrote—"Perchance tonight It formeth, upon her pillow fair, A halo bright."

"On'y a lock of golden hair,"

The maiden smiling, sweetly said, And she laid it over the back of a chair And went to bed

—A prominent merchant on Main street stumbled over the chairs into his bed-chamber the other night, hoisted his umbrella and sat down on the bedside. The sharer of his joys and toils waked up and inquired the cause of his acting thus, a lunny fool, when he should be asleep. He looked up with a painful stare as he replied, "I'm waiting for the storm!"—*Ex.*

—The following new scale of postal rates has been sent us by a correspondent:

"A one-cent stamp for a circular;  
A two-cent stamp for a newspaper;  
A three-cent stamp for a sealed letter,  
All licked on in the right corner.  
Lick, brothers, lick with care,  
On the right hand side, not everywhere,  
Unless you want the postmastair  
To make things hot and "cuss and swear"  
—*Ex.*

—A young lady at an evening party, some time ago, found it apropos to use the expression "Jordan is a hard road to travel;" but thinking that too vulgar, submitted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune, east on the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine, is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforseen difficulties."—*Ex.*

—They were sitting together, he and she, and he was arduously thinking what to say. Finally he burst out with: "In this land of noble achievements and undying glory, why is it that women do not come more to the front; why is it they do not climb the ladder of fame?" "I suppose," said she, putting her finger in her mouth, "it is all on account of their pull-backs." And then she sighed and he sighed, side by side.—*Ex.*

—The precocity of American children is something marvelous. The other evening a Brooklyn gentleman was explaining the panorama of the heavens to his little son, and in the course of the lesson directed his attention to the two planets lately in conjunction. "You see that red looking one, Sammy? That's Mars. He is moving further away from Saturn every night." "Ah" rejoined Sammy, without taking his eyes off the planet, "but he would'nt do so if Saturn was Venus, would he pa?"—*Ex.*

—Teacher: "Johnny, how did Enoch go to heaven?"

Johnny: "Don't know, ma'am."

Teacher: "Why, Enoch was translated; God took him up to heaven without dying."

Johnny: "By golly then, that's the line I'm going up on!"—*Pucker Quarterly.*

—The following tradition in regard to the Creator, obtained among the tribes of Indians known as the Yutes: "In the beginning the earth was covered with mists. The Great Spirit took his bow and arrow and shot—shot so well that he scattered the mist. The earth became visible to him, but there were no men upon it. Then he took clay, fashioned a man and set him to bake—man came out white; the fire had not been strong enough. The Great Spirit began his work again; this time the man came out black—he had remained too long in the oven. It was necessary to try a third time. At length the experiment succeeded, and man came out, done to a turn—he was the redskin, the most perfect of human types."—*Ex.*