Civilian and Telegraph.

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Civilian & Telegraph

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday Morning.

W. EVANS, Editor and Proprietor.
GEO. HOOVER, Publisher.

Office in Second Story of Brooks' Block, Balto. St., near the Bridge,

TERMS:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, strictly in advance, **$2.50** if not so paid, and **$3.00** if not paid within the year.

Bear in mind that no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Rates of Advertising.

One square of 12 lines, $1 for three insertions—subsequent insertions 25 cents each. All advertisements under 12 lines charged as a square.

Business Cards in the Directory, per annum, including subscription, $5.

MONTHS.	ONE	TWO	THREE	SIX	TWELVE.
One square,	1 25	2 25	3 50	6 00	10 00
Two squares	2 25	4 00	5 00	9 00	14 10
Three "	3 50	5 00	7 50	12 00	18 00
Four "	4 50	6 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Quarter col.	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00	30 00

Larger space for short periods, as per agreement.

Advertisements before Marriages and Deaths 10 cts. per line for first insertion—subsequent insertions, 5 cents per line. Nine words are counted as a line in advertising.

Merchants and others, advertising by the year, will be charged $12 00.

Proceedings of meetings not of a general character, charged at 4 cents per line for each insertion.

Yearly advertisers must confine their advertising to their own business.

ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISING, cash in advance.

Persons ordering the insertion of legal advertisements will be held responsible for payment for the same when the time for which they were ordered to be inserted shall have expired.

INSOLVENT NOTICES, cash in advance.

PATENT MEDICINES, one half in advance and the balance in six months.

ALL JOB WORK, CASH.

The losses we have sustained compel us to adopt this course It will be strictly adhered to in all cases, and no advertisement will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. D. WEISEL.
Clerk of Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.
Sheriff—THOS. G. McCULLOH.
State's Attorney—C. B. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—WILLIAM BRACE.
Clrek to County Comm'ners—JACOB BROWN.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
MOSES RAWLINGS,
ALEXANDER KING,
FRANCIS MATTINGLY.

Business Directory,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HUMMELSHIME, DENTIST, Corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, over Read's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store, Cumberland, Md.

ANDREWS & SWARTZWELDER,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in
Books and Stationery, Periodicals,
Useful and Fancy Articles, Baltimore Street, in the room under the Museum. Also, Book Binders and Blank Work Manufacturers at city prices.

M. RIZER & BRO.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Cabinet Furniture of all kinds,
South Liberty St., near Beall's Foundry.

WILLIAM R. BEALL, & CO.,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.
near the Depot, Balto. Street.

H. D. CARLETON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
McKaig's New Block, Baltimore Street, keeps on hand and makes to order all kinds of Gent's and Boys' wearing apparel.

JOHN JOHNSON,
Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker,
Respectfully asks a share of public patronage. Tin and Sheet-Iron ware always on hand and for sale low. McCleary's Row, Baltimore St.

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY,
TAYLOR & CO.,
Iron and Brass Founders,
George's street, CUMBERLAND, MD,
Manufacturers of
Steam Engines, Boilers, Railroad and Mine Cars, Mining Machinery. Furnaces, Stoves, Grates, Mill-Irons, Plows, Agricultural Implements, &c.
March 17, 1859—y.

CLOTWORTHY & FLINT,
WHOLESALE
DRUGGISTS,
and dealers in
Paints, Glass & Oil.
No. 839 Balt. St.,
Baltimore.
BEST COAL OIL and BURNING FLUID on hand. ☞Orders filled with great care, and at the lowest rates. April 11, '61—y.

JOSEPH SPRIGG
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Jan. 1863. Cumberland, Md.

Lehigh Gas Burning

Cooking Stoves!
THE undersigned has just received an assortment of the above stoves, which he offers to the public at moderate prices. There is a great saving of fuel by the use of these Stove
Sept. 15, 1859 JOHN JOHNSON

THE PUBLIC. The undersigned, being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all requiring LITERARY AID. He will furnish Addresses, Orations, Essays, Presentations, Speeches, Replies, and Lines for Albums, Acrostics—prepare matter for the Press—Obituaries; and write Poetry upon any subject.—Address FINLEY JOHNSON,
Nov. 20, 1862. Baltimore, Md.

A FEW barrels left of Baker's Old Rye Whiskey. For sale by WM. R. BEALL & CO

Poetical.

HINTS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The flower I see, I do not see,
Unless within my mind
Are airy flowers of poesy,
Waiting to be defined.

The words of wisdom unto me
As foolishness appear,
Unless that I, unconsciously,
Am wise before I hear.

The minstrel's sweetest melodies
All vainly, vainly ring,
Unless he practises the tunes.
Which I in silence sing.

Beauty is not quite beautiful
Even in the fairest face,
Unless it be the interpreter
Of spiritual grace.

Whatever things are best, imply
Something themselves above;
If love could speak its tenderness
It were no longer love.

All hopes, all dreams, all soft delights,
Would perish at their birth,
But that we know them to be hints
Of joys beyond the earth.

SHE FELL ASLEEP.

Like babe upon its mother's lap
She on her bed of sickness lay;
As if to her no ill could hap,
She gently let Death have his way.

I never saw so calm a frame
In one the crisis failed to blind,
And thought, "Or Death is but a name,
Or he has left his darts behind."

Faith seemed her rival sight to bring,
That she might view the scene, and see
How just her boast—"Where is thy sting—
Oh, grave! where is thy victory?"

Miscellaneous.

SYMPATHY.

BY J. WILLIAM VON NAMEE.

"There is a sweetness in a tear
That flows from genuine sympathy,
Which nought this side the tomb can give
In such transcendent purity."

Oh, yes, a sweetness beyond expression; but how seldom—how *very* seldom a tear *is* shed in genuine sympathy. There are but few true hearts upon the earth, and they are widely scattered. Self-interest and self-love are the ruling motives of almost every act.—Many feign sympathy, but few really feel it; and when from among the hundreds—nay, thousands of cold, selfish, unsympathizing hearts, we find one true—one who will shed a tear in genuine sympathy, there is indeed transcendent purity in that pearly drop. It should be prized above the choicest, most costly gems. Its casket should be the inmost chambers of the heart.

The great rush and race to reach the goal of wealth and position, makes the heart selfish and impenetrable. The man of busness, whose whole mind is centred upon the acquisition of gold, "has no time to sympathize with others in their misfortunes and worldly ills." Oh, no, he cannot afford to loose a day, an hour, or even a moment. It will add no gold to his coffers; and he presses on through life, hardening his heart to every tender and holy emotion; and if perchance misfortune overtakes him, he looks in vain for sympathy and assistance from those he had called friends; they turned from him as he has turned from others, and leave him alone in his misfortune and sorrow. He will at such a time be able to appreciate a word spoken, a tear shed in sympathy; but he sighs in vain for the blessed boon. Oh, sympathy is a balm to the tortured heart!—it is a jewel beyond compare—a flower dropped from the garden of Heaven. Yes—

"There is a sweetness in the tear
That flows from genuine sympathy"—

a sweetness only those who have felt its holy influence can appreciate.

Little Ones in Bed.

A row of little faces by the bed—a row of little hands upon the spread—a row of little roguish eyes all closed—a row of little naked feet exposed. A gentle mother leads them in their praise, teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways, and takes this lull in childhood's iny tide, the little errors of the day to chide. Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds, beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads, till slumber steals away their idle fears, and like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white, they are wafted to the skies in dreams of night, and Heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn, and stolen graces all their ways adorn.

☞A child beginning to read becomes delighted with newspapers, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in the family one year is worth half a year's schooling to the children, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement.

☞Improve every moment to some valuable purpose. Cultivate an intimate acvuaintance with Scriptures. Reverence the name, the laws, and the worship of God.

My Mother's Dying Call.

BY RENT RAY.

The birds sang sweetly, so sweetly and jayously that it seemed as if the silvery-throated warblers were vying with each other.—The morning breezes came fresh and cool from the hills, sweeping lightly over the clover fields and fanning my cheek with its perfumed wing. But I did not listen to the birds' songs I heeded not the serene beauty of the morning, for I was so intensely engaged in reading—not the Bible, but a new novel, which I had commenced preceding evening—that all sights and sounds were unlike unheeded.

'Jessie,' said a sweet voice, faint and low always, but now fainter and lower than usual; but I did not answer immediately, or spring to my mother's bedside, as I usually did, at her first call, but waited a moment to glance down the page. 'Jessie! Jessie! come here my child.'

'Yes dear mother, in a moment I replied, without withdrawing my eyes from the book.

'Come now—now, my love.'

Yes, mother in a moment, as soon as I have finished this page,' and I continued reading. The page was finished. 'Mother,' I said.—There was no reply. 'Still no answer. I l listened and heard a faint breathing. 'Ah she has fallen asleep,' thought I; it is early and I will not disturb her. A little more sleep will do her good.'

Then I commenced another chapter. It was exciting, very, and so I read on, so wholly absorbed that I thought not of my mother.

'Why, Miss Jessie, I knocked and knocked, but not hearing any sound, I thought you must be asleep ye,' said a voice beside me at lenghth.

'Well, what's wanting, Ann?' I inquired a little impatiently, without raising my eye.

'Why, I rang the bell twice for breakfast and you did not come, so I thought I must just come in and see if anything was the matter. And seeing it was time for your mother's breakfast. I have brought her some toast and tea along, and I should just like to know how mistress is this morning?'

'She is very comfortable, Ann,' I replied hastily; 'she has been awake, but she has fallen asleep again. She has had a nice nap this morning.'

'Well, its glad I am to hear it, for she has looked miserable these few days past.'

'Miserable! you are mistaken, Ann; she has looked better than usual. I think she improves every day.'

At this Ann shook her head omniously, and went out. I was preparing to resume my reading, but Ann's words had made me nervous, and my mother's toast and tea were getting cold. So I laid down my book and went softly into the other room. I approached the bed.—My mother looked so calm and peaceful I could not bear to disturb her. But is was past her unsual breakfast hour and I called, "Mother! mother!' but she did not stir. I stooped and kissed her white brow—it chilled my lips. I raised her in my arms, I shook her. I shrieked in her ears, "Mother! mother! Oh, my mother!' But the warm breath came not to her dear leps the pulse was still; the heart was still. My mother was dead—dead! She had died alone—died while I, her undutiful child, unmindful of her earnest, doing call, was engaged in the adjoining room reading a novel! Yes, a novel deprived me to my mother's last kiss—of my mother's dying blessing! Oh the anguish of that hour!

Years have passed by, but a deep, abiding sorrow is with me. My mother's dying call is over sounding in my ears, piercing my heart with untold anguish.

Reader, have you ever though disobecience or neglect slighted a mother's call? If you have, do so more. Every listen to her voice and hasten cheerfully to obey her slightest wish as well as her serious mandates. Do this and wen the grave closes over her and shuts forever from your sight you will have nothing with which to reproach yourselve. Tears of sorrow bedewing her memory will not be mingled with those of remorse.

Jenkins Don't see it.

The respected Jenkins was this week presented with a little reminder in the shape of a tax bill. Adjusting his spectacles to his luminous facial projection he proceeded to peruse the remarkable, incomprehensible impenetrable o-fish-all document. Jenkins suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise. To say that he was excited, would convey but a feeble impression of that state of his feelings; he was enraged; but not without cause, for the value of his available property was only $300, and yet the amount of his taxes was $375, specified as follows:—

County tax,	$200
Territorial Tax,	100
School tax,	50
Pole Tax,	24
Shoe Tacks,	1
Total,	$375

Evidently there was some mistake. Impressed with this idea, he sought the treasurer's office, and made inquiry in this wise:

'My dear sir, do you observe that amount? Well, my property is worth $300. Do you mean to say the taxes on the same are $375 or $75 more than its value: if you can *stuff* that down my throat, you are the best *tax-hidere-missed* the world has yet produced.

'Well, Mr. Jenkins,' said the affable collector, 'that is the amount of your taxes, and you must pay it. If you will make me out a deed of the property I will receive it in part payment and as to the little amount of seventy-five dollars still remaining due, I will introduce you to a friend of mine who will sell you scrip at eighty cents on the dollar to pay it with.'

'You're very obliging, really,' said Jenkins, 'and I admire your effrontery; there is some mistake in this matter, and I think the figures were intended to be $3 75, but the blockhead who made out the bill 'couldn't see the point;' that's what's the matter!'

'Can't help that, my friend, it is too late now,' said the collector; 'you should have attended the meeting of the 'Equally Shave 'Em Board;' it's too late now to have it rectified; you must pay it, or the property will be sold.'

'Well! as the value of my property is seventy-five dollars less than the amount of taxes, drive ahead, old shanghai! but, before I go, please inform me why my pole tax is put down at twenty-four dollars, when the Legislature fixed it at two?'

'Certainly, Mr. Jenkins, with pleasure.—You have eleven bean poles in your back yard, which added to your own makes twelve; at two dollars each we have twenty-four dollars, the exact amount; *why don't you see it?* it's as clear as mud.'

Jenkins *didn't see it*, but he moved off in an abstracted manner swearing that he would emigrate to some foreign land in the ship that didnt make nary *tacks*.'

The Domestic Opera.

Since the night that Ike went to the opera, he has been, as Mrs. Partington says as crazy as a bed bug, and the kind old dame has been fearful lest he should become 'nonpompous mentus' through his attempt at imitating the operatives. The next morning after the opera, at the breakfast table, Ike reached over his cup, and in a soft tongue sang—

Will you, will you, Mrs. P,
Help me to a cup of tea?

The old lady looked at him with surprise his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment hesitated. He continued in a far more impassioned strain—

Do not, do not, keep me waiting,
Do not pray, be hesitating,
I am anxious to be drinking,
So pour out as quick as winking.

She gave him the tea with a sigh, as she saw the excitement in his face. He stirred it in silence, and in his abstraction took three spoonfuls of sugar. At last he sang again.

Table cloths, and cups and saucers;
Good white bread and active jaws, sir.
Tea—gunpowder and Souchong—
Sweet enough but not too strong,
Bad for health to eat hot biscuit,
But I'll risk it butter'll fix it.

'What do you mean, my boy?' said Mrs. Partington, tenderly.

All right, steady never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast dearer,
I am not bound by witch or wizard,
So don't fret your precious gizzard.

'But, Isaac,' persisted the dame. Ike struck his left hand on the table, and swung his knife aloft in his right, looking at a plate upon the table, singing—

What form is that to me appearing?
Is it mackerel or is it herring?
Let me dash upon it quick,
Ne'er agan, that fish shall kick—
Ne'er again, though thrice as large—
Charge upon them, Isaac, charge!

Before he had a chance to make a dash upon the fish, Mrs. Partington had dashed a tumbler of water into his face to restore him to 'conscientiousness.' It made him catch his breath for a moment but he didn't sing any more at the table, though the opera fever follows him elsewhere.

RECIPES.

(From Godey's Lady's Book.)

For Cleaning White Marble.—Half a pound of pearlash, one pound of whitening, half a pound of soft soap: all to be boiled together until quite thick, and put on the marble when nearly cold. It must remain on for twenty-four hours, then be washed off with soft water, and afterwards polished well with linen cloths. Spirits of turpentine for black marble.

A Good Black Ink.—To one gallon of soft water, add ten ounces of Aleppo galls; add four ounces aach of gum Arabic, and vitriol. The galls should be well bruised, and the mixture allowed to stand a fortnight, being well stirred every day. Two ounces of white sugar improves the glossiness of the ink, and render it fit for 'copying.'

To Clean Ladies' Dresses, etc. from Paint. We can confidently recommend the use of Benzine Collas or benzol to remove paint marks, the only objection to it is, that a somewhat disagreeable smell remains; but a few hours exposure to the open air soon causes this to disappear.

An Excellent Furniture Polish.—Put into a bottle one pint of linseed oil, half quartern of spirits of wine, half a quartern of vinegar, and one ounce of butter of antimony. Mix all together, shake the bottle well before using it.

To Preserve Steel Pens from Corrosion.—Dip them for a few moments in ethereal solution of gold. This covers them with a film of pure metallic gold which prevents the ink acting upon steel.

Earwigs.—These troublesome insects may be enticed from the ear, into which they may have crawled, by placing a bit of apple (of which they are very fond) on the outside.

Glue made waterproof.—Soak glue in water till it is soft, then melt it in linseed oil, assisted with a gentle heat. This glue is not acted upon by water or damp.

To raise the Pile of Velvet.—Hold it over a basin of boiling water, the wrong side of the velvet being next the water. To clean a silk, make the following mixture: Two ounces of curd soap shredded finely, two ounces of salts tartar, two gallons of water, Boil these ing-edients together, and then add another two gallons of water. Wash the dress in the mixture, rinse in cold water, and iron as soon as possible.

HOW THEY GO TO BED.

The difference between a man and a woman in disposition finds no plainer illustration than that afforded at the moment when either of them retire to bed.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber, and with the cautious timidity peculiar to her sex, first locks the doors and arranges the window-curtains, so that by no possible chance a passer by or belated nocturnal wanderer, from the pavement, can catch a glimpse of her budding beauty when in desbabille.—This task completed, she turns on the gas to its full, and institutes a genneral search of the apartment, that she may be sure it does not contain a 'horrible buglar,' or a 'desperate ruffian,' in big whiskers and crisp black hair. Carefully, with her delicate little fingers, she lifts the bed valeces, peers into places where even Tom Thumb couldn't squeeze his diminutive corporatoin, and takes a cusory glance into the half emptied trunk not forgetting to glance nervously under the sofa, the space between which and the floor is not sufficient to contain the ghost of Calvis Edsen, much less an ordinary robber.

Having ascertained that she is really alone, she leisurely proceeds to divest her fair form of 'the silk and linen conventionalities of society.' First, she relieves her glossy hair from its thraldom of pins and combs, 'and does it up more compactly.' Then off comes the little collar and the light, vapory cloud of lace she calls her undersleeves which all the day have been clasped around her white plump arms by a couple of india rubber straps. Next, the 'love of a spring silk dress' is unfastened in front. The sundry waist strings and buttoned straps are unloosed, and lo! what a collapse, like that of Lowe's big balloon. She stands like Saturn, in the centre of rings.

There they lie upon the soft carpet; partly covered by the linen underfixings, with no more expression in them than there is in the bare floor beneath the carpet. Sits she now upon the edge of the snowy bed, and begins the unlaeing of gaiters, and the disrobing of those fair swelling limbs in the stockings.—The pretty little foot is carefully pearched upon the knee—down drops the gaiter, off comes the elastic, and her thumb inserted at the top of the stocking: pushes it down—down over the heel, and—the cotton rests besides the prunella.

There is smiles that peeps out from behind the blushes of her sweet face now as standing before the glass she places upon her head the night cap, and with a quick twist of her finger ties the bewitching bow. Then the night gown is thrown over the frilled chemise, concealing the heaving bosom, and the shoulders in the linen folds. Then the counterpaine and sheets are thrown back, the gas is turned down, very low—and the little form presses the yielding couch and the angel goes of into the worlds of dreams.

Now, in the room directly above her is the great brute of a brother. He comes into it, shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap, growls at a chair which happens to be in his way, pulls off his boots and throws them into a corner, jerks his socks from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor and lets them lay there, gets off his coat and vest by a quick, vindicitive sort of twist of his arms and body, unpins and unbuttons his collar throws it carlessly with the tie, rather than on the table, travels to the window in his shirt extremity to let down the curtains as if he didn't care a cuss whether the entire population of the street beheld his anatomy or not, then puts out the light and bounces into the bed like a great calf jumping into a pile of hay—curls himself up, his knees nearly touching his nose, lies so a moment or two, turns on his back, stretches his limbs out, grumbles at the tucking in of the bedclothes, grunts, gets over on the other side and goes to sleep. Then comes in the snoring and snorting.

'Isn't there a difference in Style?'—*N. N. Monitor*

A SOCIAL MAN.—Governor Powell of Kentucky, was widely know for his social qualities, and remarkable for establishing personal intimacy with every one he met, in the shortest possible time.—Another distinguished trait was that he chewed immense quantities of tobacco, which he always begged.

One of the Governor's new found acquaintances happened to meet a neighbor of the Governor's when the following conversation ensued;

'You are acquainted with Governor Powell?'

'Oh, yes. He's a near neighbor.'

'He's a very sociable man, ain't he?'

'Remarkably so.'

'Well I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met with in all my life. Wonderfully sociable. I was introduced to him last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes before he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and *spit all over me.*

The best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.

Shrouds Have no Pockets.

Shrouds have no pockets; rather a queer caption for an article, but one that expresses in itself a world of meaning. We may spend our days in toil; we may join in the turmoil and busy strife of life; we may get together heaps of yellow gold; we may posess broad acres, princely mansions furnished with all the comforts, yea, all the luxuries of life; our ships may sail on every sea, bringing to us the costly fabrics and the rich gems of other lands: yet soon the brief years of life flee by on Time's unresting wheel—the hour arrives when we must bid adieu to all the baubles of earth. and as we came into the world so we depart from it. Shrouds have no pockets. What avails all our yellow gold and costly gems? We can bear nought of it with us to that "unknown shore' over the river of death

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that even Solmon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these.'

What a lesson to rebuke human vanity is this. The flowers that grow wild and untended in the fields far outvie in gorgeousness all the costly apparel which wealth can procure. And yet how many pass their whole life; their every thought centered in and comfirmed to the empty baubles of earth. Dress monopolizes the every thought of some, other wealth. And what avails it all in the end, when the fitful dream of life is ever, and the mortal part, arrayed in the livery of the tomb, and consigned to its eternal resting places, the grave. Shrouds have no pockets!

How many have sought the "golden shore' washed by the waves of the blue Pacific, where gold lies shining on the river's sands—their hearts beating high with hope, and their souls fired with dreams of wealth. They have left behind them the joys and comforts of home, the kind smiles of friends and loved ones. They tread for a time that "golden shore,' and by toil, perchance by other means, win a store of wealth. Then the blighting hand of death falls on them—what then avails their wealth of yellow gold? Where they the possessors of the wealth of Golconda's mines it would not purchase them a moment's respite from the blighting hand of the king of terrors. They sink into the arms of death—the wealth they have struggled so hard to gain is left behind them.

The miser who has led a parsimonious life—whose every thought and every act has been to collect together the glittering dross of earth—whose only pleasure in life has been to gloat over his heaps of yellow gold; who has wrung the last peny from the widow and the orphan, and as by alchomy turned the sweat and tears of unrequited poverty to drops of gold, to swell still larger his store of wealth. At last he falls, sick, and dies, wanting, suffering for the commonest necessaries of life! Upon his squald pallet, or heap of straw, he still looks upon his gold, for which he has sold all the pleasure of life, happiness, and heaven as his god. He dies! his hand, which has never been extended to aid his suffering brother, is closed with a vice-like grasp, as though he would still clutch, and as though he would still gather and carry with him to the realm beyond the tomb, the dross for which he has sold his soul. But vain—he dies? Shruds have no pockets. His gold is left behind for others to enjoy—or to abuse.

Why should we weak beings of a day spend our years, and days of life striving after gold? Life's years, to make the most of them, are breif enough; soon they flee away. and we return again to the dust from which we sprung. Gold and broad acres avail us not when the short span of years allotted to our earthly life is over. We may be the possessors of boundless wealth and broad lands—a ring upon our finger of the former, perhaps, and six feet of the latter is all the best of us can claim. The rest we leave behind us for others.

Far better for us to use it while we live for the amelioration of our race, and to aid the poor and needy.

Hallo, stranger, you appear to be traveling.

"Yes, I always travel when on a journey.'

"I think I have seen you somewhere.

"Very likely you have—I have often been there.

"And pray what might be your name?'

"It might be Sam Patch, but isn't,

"Have you been long in these parts?

"Never more than at present—five feet nine.

"Do you get anything new?

"Yes, I bought a new wheastone this morning.

"I thought so—you are the sharpest blade I have seen on the road:

LAZY BOY.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left hime to keep up appearances? The great mass of theives, paupers and criminals, have come to what they are by being broubgt up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were taught in thier boyhood to be industrious.

Old men go to death. Death comes to young men.

THE SEQUEL.

Our readers have all heard the story of soaping the clergyman's tin horn at camp meeting—so that when he went to call the congregation together he blew the 'soft soap' over his brother clergymen and how he exclaimed:

'Brethern, I have served the Lord thirty years, and in that time have never uttered a profane word, but I'll be d———d if I cant whip the man that soaped that horn!'

Our readers, we say may have all heard this. but have perhaps, never heard the sequel, as given to us yerterday, by a gentleman present.

Some two days after a tall sworthy, villainous looking desperado, strolled on the grounds and leaned against a tree, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent, which was being made by the preacher. After a while he became interested and finally affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat and with his face between his hands, commenced groaning in 'the very bitterness of his sorrow.' The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. Oh no---there was pardon for the vilest. No, he was too wicked there was no mercy for him.

'Why, what crime have you committed,' said the preacher—have you stolen.

'Oh, worse than that!'

'What!—have you by violence robbed female innocence of its virtue?'

'Worse than that!—Oh worse than that!'

'Murder is it?' gasped the horrified preacher.

'Worse than that!' groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced 'peeling off' his outer garments.

'Here, Brother Cale!' shouted he—,hold my boat!—I've found the fellow that soaped that horn.

AVOID BAD COMPANY.—The following little fable contains a deal of wisdom; and editors, clergymen—indeed, all classes in society, will do well to remember it and govern themselves accordingly:

A skunk once challenged a lion to a single combat. The lion promptly declined the honor of such meeting.

'How,' said the skunk, 'are you afraid?'

'Very much so,' quote the lion, 'for you would only gain fame by having the honor to fight the lion, while every one who meet me for a month to come would know that I had been in company with a skunk.'

'Say it or Bust.'

The late eloquent and learned Rev. Dr. Rice excelled in the fervor and unction of his prayers. In his congregation was an aged negro, very pious and very excitable, who would alway shout 'Amen!' when any petition was put up that touched his feelings! This at length, became quite annoying to Dr. Rice, especially as Cæsars' hearty 'Amen!' not unfrequently filled the room. Finally, the Doctor told him that his shouts disturbed the congregation, who was not accustomed to them; and if he could restrain them it would be a great favor. The good negro was shocked to learn that he had disturbed any one, and faithfully promised silence in the future. But it happened the very next Sunday that Doctor was unusually earnest in his supplications to the throne of Grace. He fairly wrestled in prayer. In the gallery as usual, sat Cæsar, writhing sympathettically with the emotion he could not surpress, and would not utter—More and more fervent waxed the prayer.—Deeper and deeper grew Cæsars emotions—more and more violent his struggles to avoid giving vocal utterance to them. Nature at last could hold no longer. Amen! shouted Cæsar. Massa Pice, I *had* to it or *bust*.

THE WORLD OF FLOWERS.—If it were for me to direct how little boys and girls should be led to think of the wisdom and power of God, I think I should say, make them acquainted with the world of flowers. Let them be taught, even when little children, to tell the common names of flowers. Let them have little spots of ground or boxes of dirt in which to plant flowers and take care of them. Let them gather flowers on the hill, in the valleys, over the meadows, in the woods, and along the brook. When old enough, give them a cheap magnifying glass, and let them see the exquisite delicacy of form and structure and tints, and the dependence of each part upon the other, and all upon the soil and shower and the sun, and so trace the whole to the wisdom and benevolence of Him who formed and produces them all.