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Select Poetry.

YES OR NO?

We were walking in the garden
Now we sat upon the style;
Not a word was said between us—
We were looking at the while.
The full moon was shining, or us—
Shining on this world below;
As I gazed I asked with meaning—
Will you tell me yes or no?
Then our hearts beat loud and wildly,
Beating together in one tune,
And our eyes met, yet we spoke not—
But our spirits were in converse;
I heard a sigh like zephyrs playing
O'er Aeolian chords of woe;
I listened, and I asked in earnest,
Will she tell me yes or no?
A playful breeze blew her brown tresses
All against my glowing cheek;
I felt myself draw near and nearer,
Skill, yet still I could not speak—
"Was a moment full of gladness
As only heaven can bestow;
Then I asked the breeze imploring,
Will she tell me yes or no?
There we sat in solemn silence,
No sweet thoughts our lips could move;
Why it was? What spirits held us?
Could there be such powers in love?
Doubts were banished, and I whispered
"As I found my heart's true home,
Her hand I pressed and then I asked her,
And she did not tell me No!"

Select Miscellany.

THE RIGHT ARM;

OR THE PATRIOT AND THE TRAITOR.

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook the city of London. At the dead of the night, when the storm was at its height, an aged minister living near the suburbs of the city, was aroused by an earnest cry for help. Looking from his window, he beheld a rude man, clad in the coarse attire of the sweeper of the public street. In a few moments, while the rain came down in torrents, and the storm raged above, the preacher, leaning on the arm of the scavenger, threaded his way through the dark and lurid light of the storm.

That very day a strange old man had fallen speechless in front of the scavenger's rude home. The good hearted street sweeper had taken him in, laid him on his own bed—he had not spoken once—and now he was dying.

This was the story of the rough man. And now, through dark alleys, among miserable tenements, that seem to topple down upon their heads, into the loveliest and dearest suburbs they pass. That white-haired minister and his guide, at last in a narrow court, and up a flight of stairs that creaked beneath their tread, and then into the death room.

It was, in truth, a miserable place. A glimmering light stood on a broken chair. There was the rough wall, there the solitary window, with the rain beating through the ragged and straw, which stuffed the broken panes—and there amid a heap of cold ashes the small vase which it seems the stranger had with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed, lay the dying man. He was but half dressed—his legs were concealed by military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and looked upon him. And he looked—through—through—you might hear the death-watch ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man, grown old with care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon once, and yet wear in it your memory forever. Let us bend over the bed and look at the man.

A bold forehead, scarred by one deep wrinkle between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray—lips firmly set, yet quivering as though they had a life separate from the life of the man—and these two large eyes vivid, burning, unnatural in their study glare.

As there was something so terrible in that face—something so full of unutterable loneliness, unexpressed despair—that the aged minister started back in horror.

But look, these strong arms are clenching at the vacant air—the death watch starts in drops upon the cold brow—the man is dying!

"Through—through—through!"—bent the death watch in the shattered wall.

"Would you die in the faith of a Christian?" faltered the preacher as he knelt there on the dark floor.

The white lips of the death stricken man trembled but made no sound.

Then, with the agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time, he spoke.

"Christian? he asked in that deep tone which thrilled the teacher to the heart, "will that faith give me back my vigor?" Come with me—will me fit, fit over the water. "H! I am there. This is my native home. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood—yonder the green on which I sported with a boy. But another day than that which I was a child. And listen, old man; were I to pass this street as I passed when but a child, the

very babes in their cradles would rise their tiny hands and curse me. The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my footsteps, and yonder flag would stain a baptism of blood upon my heart."

That was an awful death-bed. The minister has watched the "last night" with a hundred convicts in their cells and yet never beheld a scene so terrible as this.

Suddenly the dying man arose. He tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails are blue with the death-chill, he threw open the valves. He struck his military coat trimmed with silver, an old parchment, a piece of cloth that looked like the wreck of a battle flag.

"Look ye, priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. This is the last coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga. That bullet-hole was pierced in the front at Quebec; now I am as—no whisper in your ear."

"Now, help me, priest," he said in a voice growing suddenly tremulous; "help me put on this coat of blue and silver. For you see," and a ghastly smile came over his face, "there is no one to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child—I must meet death alone; but I will meet him, as I met him in battle, without fear."

"While he stood arraying himself in that worn coat of blue and silver, the good preacher spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God.

"Faith!" echoed the strange man, who stood there erect, with the death-light in his eye. "Faith, can it give me back my honor? Look ye, priest, there over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years' war—there in his royal hall sits George of England bewailing in his idiotic vision the loss of his colonies. And here am I—who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike the blow against that King—here am I dying like a dog!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, death—through—through—bent the death-watch in the shattered wall.

"Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead, "silence along the lines! Hark ye, Montgomery, we will meet in victory or death! Hark! silence, my men, not a whisper, as you move upon these steep rocks! Now on my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town. Now up with the banner of the stars; up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark and the snow falls! Now—now—shrieked the death-stricken man, clenching there in the blue uniform, with his clenched hands waiting in the air—"now, now! One blow and Quebec is ours!"

And look, His eyes grew glassy. With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair, erect, livid, ghastly! There for a moment and then he falls! He is dead! Ah! look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers even yet, horrible energy, a sublimity of despair.

Who is this strange man, dying here alone in this rude parrot, this man, who, in all his crime, still treasured up his blue uniform and faded flag?

Who is this being of terrible remorse? This man, whose memories link something of heaven and more of hell?

Let us look at that parchment and the flag.

The old minister unrolls that faded flag. It was a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars.

He unrolls that parchment. It is a Colonel's commission in the Continental Army, addressed BENEDICT ARNOLD! And there, in that rude hut, while the death watch throbbled like a heart in the shattered wall—unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corps of that patriot and traitor.

Oh that our own true Washington had been there to sever the death right arm from the corpse, and while the dishonored lady rotted into dust, to bring home that good right arm and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past.

For that right arm had struck many a gallant blow for freedom, yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga—then arm yonder beneath the snow white mountains, on the deep floor of the dead, first raised into sight the banner of the STARS.

It was during the renowned expedition through the wilderness to Quebec, that Arnold encamped for two or three days beside the river of the Dead, near a snow-white mountain, which rose in lovely grandeur over all other mountains into the surrounding sky. A dark shadow descended the mountain, and the hope of beholding a dawn of glory, the rocks and snows of the world. When he came down Arnold took from his breast where, for five days in privation and danger, he had carried it, a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He raised it into the light, and for the first time the Continental Banner floated over the solitudes of the Dead River. This is a fact attested by history and corroborated by tradition.

He Died Poor.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker, "the saddest I have attended for years."

"That of Edmonson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor—poor as poverty—his life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were never destined to know fulfillment."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! he was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"Did he not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

"No, sir. He died poor, as I have just said. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and I thought he died rich."

"No, he has left nothing behind," was replied. "The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate."

"He has left a good name," said one.

"And that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," said a third.

"Lessons of patience in suffering; of hope in adversity; of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his lowly path," was the testimony of another.

"And high truths, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich!" was the emphatic declaration. "Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home the same day a miserable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a triumphal procession. Not the burial of a human, clad, but the ceremonial attendance on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed? Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off victorious, and now the victor's crown is off his brow. Any grasping, soulless selfish man, with a share of brains, may gather in money, and learn the art of keeping it; but not one in a hundred can bravely conquer in the battle of life, as Edmonson has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men, a Christian hero. No, no; he did not die poor, but rich—in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections. And his heirs have an interest in the administration of his estate."

A large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose precious things through false estimates and ignorant depreciations.

"You have a new way of estimating the wealth of a man," said the one who had first expressed sympathy for the deceased.

"Is it not the right way?" he answered.

"There are higher things to gain in this world than wealth that perishes. Riches of priceless value ever reward the true merchant who trades for wisdom, buying it with the silver of truth and the gold of love. He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide forever, and he who has to leave all behind on which he has placed his affections, dies poor; indeed, our friend Edmonson died richer than Girard or an Astor; his monument is built of good deeds and noble examples. It will abide forever."

Wait for the Wagon.

People that are in the habit of knowing things by intuition or somehow else before they occur, and industriously circulate such items of news as this:—

Mr. Snipes is going to marry Miss Giggles, would do well to "wait for the wagon."

Folks that take every general remark as personal must learn to "wait for the wagon."

Those that live in idleness in the expectation of getting a fortune when somebody dies, ought by all means to "wait for the wagon."

Editors who denounce party leaders precipitately will come to know that they had better "wait for the wagon."

Those who inflate themselves with self importance and believe themselves conspicuous, should take our advice and "wait for the wagon."

Young gentlemen, grown at fifteen, who expect the deference due to age, and attempt to cut a swell, should "wait for the wagon."

To those well dressed and fashionable simulators, who laugh conceals in a general party, and expect that gilding and low posts will give them a passport, we have only to say, "wait for the wagon."

Those who plunge themselves on distinguished "k'n and expect to shine with red-tape obsequies will have to keep waiting.

The song of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the murmuring brooklets, and the prattle of children, are all parts of the great anthem of Nature, whose sweetest symphonies sound forth during the bright sunshine of spring.

How the Dead by Yellow Fever are Buried.

A New Orleans correspondent of the Memphis Inquirer gives the following mournful picture of the yellow fever victims:

The yellow fever has been especially virulent and fatal, and some who were thought to be long since acclimated have been attacked, and some of them have fallen victims. We hope it has reached its climax and will be steadily declining—though we know not the end. Some four hundred died last week. This sounds alarming, but is small as compared with 1853, when 300 died in a single day.

Your readers will inquire what we do with all these dead?—where do we bury them? There are in the city and its environs, fourteen cemeteries. Some five of these are in the midst of the city—surrounded by close built and densely populated streets. Owing to the peculiarity of our soil, these burial places are peculiar. We cannot dig more than two or three feet without coming to water table, so that most of the dead are buried above ground. These grounds are regularly laid off in squares, the walls raised and covered with shells. The squares are built up with vaults and monuments—many of them are very splendid and very expensive, costing thousands of dollars. There are a great variety of models and devices, many of them of rare and exquisite beauty. Around these tombs are beautiful evergreen, interwined with fair and fragrant flowers, which grow with so much luxuriance in our rich soil and sunny climate.

The cemeteries below Canal and above Esplanade streets, called the French burying grounds, are regarded as the most interesting exhibitions of sculpture, where grief records its weep, or pride in imperishable marble.

Around these cemeteries are walls ten feet high and eight or ten feet thick. These are pierced with three or four rows of tombs, about two and a half feet square, rising in tiers one above the other, and has the appearance of the pigeon holes for letters in the post office, though on a much larger scale. These are perfectly closed with slabs, and airtight cement, except at one end. This is open for the insertion of the coffin. The burial service at the grave is performed thus—The position of the body in the vault has been previously selected—say No. 259, (they are all numbered.) The coffin is about two thirds inserted, and the service, whatever may be its character, is then attended to;—then the coffin is then pushed in—then the mason with his bricks and mortar, trowels and hammer begins his work. The family and friends stand uncovered, and the mason is done, when the date and name are written in the smooth soft plaster spread over the brick, and the company depart and leave the sleeper to his last and lonely bed!

One gets used to such scenes as this, but at first it seems so business-like and mechanical, so like any other labor, any other piece of masonry and concrete, that one is almost surprised to find, when the turf is green and the old trees spread their broad, green boughs, and the little birds in summer time sing their requiems, and the low winds in winter time murmur solemn dirges o'er the dead. The city authorities are discouraging interments in the crowded portion of the city. Some three miles from the city, about midway from the city to the lake, there is a low ridge of land known as the Metairie Ridge. Here the city authorities are laying out among live oaks, a public park—and there is a famous race course—and here most of our city's dead are to sleep their last sleep! What strange uses!

There are quite a number of cemeteries laid out here, and here already thousands "are at rest." In these cemeteries are many rich and beautiful tombs and monuments, some of them private, and some the property of benevolent associations. On this ridge many are buried in graves dug in a shallow ground, but they often fill with water so rapidly that the coffin has to be held down until mud enough can be thrown on it to hold it at the bottom of the grave. Thus thousands of the poor are committed "earth to earth." Our feelings at first revolt at this; but why? What does it matter how the dust returns to dust? Whether it sinks beneath the purpling waves—whether on burning sands—sleeps in sculptured walls—or like our lowly dead, in the marshes of our great river.

A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry, whether she had seen "a hand, one orange, for most men to struggle with, without entertaining antagonisms against their fellow man, because of arriving at different conclusions from themselves; which, after all, is not so much the result of reasoning, as education. Is it not wrong then for those who assume the position of Spiritual advisers to encourage a hostile sentiment in man towards his fellow man, on account of a matter of belief. Light they not rather to teach love, and the practice of kindly actions towards all men, because all men are brothers, notwithstanding they entertain different beliefs.—Ned.

A man who had been West and chased by an Indian, makes the following matter-of-fact observations:

"Much has been said by poets and romantic young ladies about the picturesque aspects and the noble form of an untamed, untamable warrior of the prairie, and for he it from me to guess them. An Indian is a noble spectacle—in a picture or at a safe distance—but when this noble spectacle is moving his moccasins in your direction, and you have to do some tall walking in order to keep the capillary substance on the summit of your cranium, all his nobility vanishes, and you see in him only a painted, greasy miscreant, who will, if you give him a chance, lift your hair with the same Christian spirit, and pass and most serene, with which he could ask another 'spectacle' for a little more of that 'naked dog.' I used to think like the poet's; and the sight of an Indian give me a cramp in the stomach."

"I mean your pardon, Miss," said he, "I would have you read 'Crabb's Tales'."

"And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other crabs, had tails."

Found—ninety-five dollars by a lawyer in Lowell, who returned it to the owner. One of the papers says, "the act may be honest and honorable, but it is unprofessional."

A certain gallant editor thinks when a single gentleman can't pass a clothes line without counting all the long stockings, it is a sign he ought to get married, and the sooner the better.

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT

BY MRS. H. J. BEVERIDGE.

I saw a youthful mother,
Once on a summer's day,
Sit down a smiling infant
To watch its frolic play;
It gambols on the flowers
That deck the carpet o'er,
And gazed with childish
And open object to explore.

A something on the instant
Its glad career arrests,
Which in its beauty there
A golden sunbeam rests;
Wide on a new found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And trustfully reached forth its hand
To seize the glittering prize.

And now its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure rich and rare,
Which in its beauty there
It surely thought was there.
But, ah! that hand uncloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright imprisoned rays!

And then the first of many tears
Fell on the cherub face—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it has been with us all—
Who its dark game has played—
We've sought to grasp the sunshine,
And only found the shade.

Speaking Well of Others.

If the disposition to speak well of others was universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is a Pandora's box, which, when opened, fills every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enemies and heart burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed by Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has imperfections, and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify an unkindness. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault finding, to do it privately to the wrong doer. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will be generally taken kindly, if the manner of doing it be not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

Spiritual Instructors.

It is to be regretted that the teachings of Spiritual instructors are not more harmonious, and that their doctrines do not appeal more strongly to the common sense and judgment of the reflecting mind. It is equally much to be regretted that the people either will not think for themselves upon subjects which concern them, or that they coincide with their instructors in opinions, which lead them to judge harshly of those who do not entertain the same belief with themselves. The battle of life is a hard one enough for most men to struggle with, without entertaining antagonisms against their fellow man, because of arriving at different conclusions from themselves; which, after all, is not so much the result of reasoning, as education. Is it not wrong then for those who assume the position of Spiritual advisers to encourage a hostile sentiment in man towards his fellow man, on account of a matter of belief. Light they not rather to teach love, and the practice of kindly actions towards all men, because all men are brothers, notwithstanding they entertain different beliefs.—Ned.

Only Tight.

"How flushed; how weak he is! What's the matter with him?"

"Only tight?"

"Tight?"

"Yes, intoxicated."

"Only tight!" Man's best and greatest gift, his intellect, degraded; the only power that raises him from brute creation, trodden under foot of a debasing passion.

"Only tight!" the mother stands with pale face and tear-dimmed eye to see her only son's disgrace, and in her fancy pictures the bitter woe of which this is the fore-shadowing.

"Only tight!" The gentle sister, whose strongest love thought life has been given to her handsome, talented brother, shrinks with contempt and disgust from his embrace, and brushes away the hot impure kiss he prints upon her cheek.

"Only tight!" and his young bride stops in the glad dance she is making to meet him, and checks the welcome on her lips to gaze in terror on the reeling form and flushed face of him who was the "god of her idolatry."

"Only tight!" and the father's face grows dark and sad as with a bitter sigh he stoops over the sleeping form of his first born.

He has brought sorrow to all these affectionate hearts; he has opened the door to a fatal indulgence; he has brought himself down to a level with brute; he has tested, exciting the appetite to crave the poisonous draught again; he has fallen from high and noble manhood, to babbling idiosyncrasy and heavy stupor; brought grief to his mother, distrust to his sister, almost despair to his bride, and bowed his father's head with sorrow, but blaméd him not, for he is "only tight."

"The Sabbath School," said Daniel Webster, "is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the path of truth and morality, and makes them good and useful citizens.—As a school of religious instruction, it is of inestimable value; as a civil institution it is priceless, and has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesmen and armed soldiers. Let it then be fostered and preserved until the end of time."

"I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial, I asked him what could have induced him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow being. Turning his blood-shot eyes upon me, he replied in a voice of despair, 'Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise.'"

Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, we firmly believe, that their first departure from the path of morality was when they abandoned the Sabbath school, and their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction."

Scientific Paradoxes.

The water which drowns us—a fluent stream can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, when fired from the musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperature though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets.—The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which it owes its quality, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will ally our burning thirst, arguments it when congealed into snow; so that Capt Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions, "prefer during the most extreme thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages the thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has an opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficacious for allaying thirst.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The next best thing to force in speaking is concely grace in keeping silence.

Pleasure is the greatest foe that happiness has.

When success makes a man better than he was before, he must be a good man indeed.

Give substantial aid if you can—tears are but drops of water—what good can they do?

No horse ever found a mare's nest. That discovery can only be made by a donkey.

He who pays more attention to his hat than his head, shows which is most prized.

WANTED.—A feather from the tail of the Comet. So says an exchange.—Would't a hair do as well?

EXPOSING A PARSON.—A Minister

was one Sabbath examining a Sunday-school in catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapper, who usually assisted her father, who was a publican, in waiting upon customers.

"What is your name?"

No reply.

"What is your name?" he repeated.

"None of your fun, Mr. Minister," said the girl; "you know my name well enough. Don't you say 'When you come to our house on a night, 'Dey, bring me some more ale?'"

The congregation forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked dazed.

ADVANTAGE OF EDUCATION.—"Doctor," said an old lady the other day, to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

"Why, hem; certainly, madam!" replied the doctor. "It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech!" "La, me!" remarked the old lady; "now, just see what it is to have an education! I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that ere same thing; and all I could get out of him was, 'Kase they is!'"

The Philadelphia Evening Journal says the convulsal fever is epidemic, and its ravages are very extensive and startling. The victims of undue exposure to moonlight, and over indulgence in music, murmurs, and the waltz may be counted by scores. The skill of experienced parental practitioners has, in all these cases, proved unavailing, and, in several instances, only served to hasten the sad catastrophe. The truth is mighty and prevails, notwithstanding the inability of the tea-table and front window faculty to account for it, that all the young people are going off in this way.

Nobody likes to be nobody; and everybody likes to be somebody; and everybody thinks himself somebody, but generally thinks everybody else to be nobody, but is nobody himself.

So it is.—It is very often the case that a beautiful woman is by her beauty alone made the ugliest of her species—because the charms which should veil the angels modesty and good humor, sometimes become the boon companions of coquetry, affectation and folly.

GETTING MARRIED.—A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be, he never did me any harm."

Shun a man who doesn't pay his compliments to the ladies. He who is wanting in honor toward curls will invariably attempt to cudgel the grocer, tailor, and butcher! Faithfulness to the dimity institution is a sure sign of want of principle, piety and a good bringing up.

A pretty girl was complaining to her friend that she had a bad cold, and was sadly plagued in her lips by chaps. "Friend," said Obadiah, "thou shouldst never suffer the chops to come near thy lips."

A French writer asserts that Adam was the first ridiculous man, because he was the first married man, and very naively adds, "that he would have been more ridiculous had he remained a bachelor."

The Southern Messenger has an article denouncing Time, the fierce old spirit of the glass and scythe. A great smany rapid writers have written against Time, and fast men and horses have run against it, and almost everybody, we fear, abuses it.

The dispensation of justice may spring from the thirst of domination over our fellow creatures, and religion itself, even when sincere, may be investigated by that selfish regard to future reward, which has been termed other worldiness.

Two Louisianians recently arranged a slight "difference" with rifles at twenty paces. Result: two shots, nobody touched, seconds interposed, amicable adjustment.

Many writers lay claim to correctness, who are better entitled to correction.

To ascertain the number of your enemies. Publish a book.

It is far less important that a tradesman or anybody else should keep his carriage than that he should be able to keep his feet.

"Isn't the wind getting round?" said a traveler to his companion. "I hope so; it has been sharp long enough."

There's no fun in going a fishing when the fish won't bite, and the gnats and mosquitoes will.

"With all thy faults I love thee still," as the man said to his wife when she was giving him a curtain lecture.

Fear God and love the women. By doing thus you will feel as buoyant as a Phoenix just arising from his ashes, or the girl getting squeezed in a poke.