ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

Volume XXV. No. 40. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1869. Terms: $2, in advance.

THE PORT TOBACCO TIMES,
And Charles County Advertiser,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY E. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
Two Dollars per Annum, Payable in advance. $2.50 if not in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—For plain matter, one dollar per square for the first insertion.—For rule and figure matter, two dollars per square for the first insertion. For each insertion after the first, fifty cents per square. Eight lines (or that space occupied) constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. The privilege of annual advetisers extends only to their immediate business.

Obituaries, tributes of respect, calls upon persons to become candidates, &c., inserted as advertisements, at the usual rates. Marriage notices 25 cents.

Communications, the effect of which is to promote private or individual interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of 50 cents per square.

A Humorous Story.

BAYED BY BULL-DOGS.

A Tough Yarn of an Old Texan Hunter.

Among the many odd characters of the old-hunter type with whom I have come in contact, I can remember none more deserving to be called "queer," than Zebulon Stump—or "old Zeb Stump," as he was better known among his hunter confreres.

I have been all my life fond of listening to tales of adventure, in which wild animals played a part; and, whenever opportunity occurred, have solicited the telling of them. In my note-book I find more of these tales accredited to Zeb Stump than to any other man; and perhaps no other man ever met by me was capable, from his own experience, of relating so many.

I will not answer for their being all strictly true; though despite his "queerness," Zeb had a reputation for veracity, and the worst ever alleged against him was a little exaggeration. The truth is, that he enjoyed the telling of an adventurous tale, as much as his hearers did the listening to it; and he could scarce have excelled as a story-teller, without dealing in a little embellishment.

One day we were turkey-hunting together in the Mississippi bottom, not far from his own domicile, which was simply the cavity of a hollow tree.* We had enjoyed a forenoon of tolerably fair sport; and, seated upon a log, well shadowed by the overtopping cottonwoods, were recruiting our strength wi h a "pone" of corn-bread and a "hunk" of boiled bacon, that Zeb, ever provident on such occasions, had drawn forth from his wallet.

After satisfying the inner man, I had offered him a cigar, which he declined on the excuse, that he "allers purfurred a pipe." He made no objection, however, to joining me in a stomachic, which I was wont to take along with me on these excursions, in the shape of a flask of old cognac brandy. Although unaccustomed to this peculiar spirit, Zeb pronounced it good; better'n any "corn" he'd ever tasted.

After a second pull at the "pewter," I observed that it produced a pleasant effect upon him; and, seeing him in this cheerful mood, I determined on drawing from him a story—some adventure with wild animals, feline or ursine—of which I knew the old hunter to have his share.

Deftly setting my trap I soon had him into it.

"Ye may talk 'bout yut 'bars," begun he, "an' yur painters, an' other wild beests bein' dang'rous, an' so they ur, unner sartin sarkimstances, ex this chile hez reezun to know. But I war oncest in a scrape wi' a anymal as air konsidered tame, not more'n six't part the size o' eyther bar or painter. An' when I say a scrape, I mean a ugly 'un; perhaps the ugliest ever chenced to this hyar chile, an' he hev fit both bar an' painter, to say nuthin' o' wownded buck, which air sometimes wuss than both."

"A tame animal?"

"A tame anymal; an' not much larger than a tom-cat, at thet."

"I can't think of what animal you mean."

"Wait, young fellur, an' you'll hear all 'bout the critter I'm speakin' o'."

The old hunter had the knack of telling a story, in such a way as to bring out its points in their proper places. Knowing this, I consented to be silent.

"'Twar 'bout three yeer ago, on my first trip to Texas. I went to see how thet new country 'ud shoot me; an' it did, for I intend goin' back there putty soon. Wal; I landed on the island o' Galveston, an' frolin' thar I went up Buffalo bayou, to the town o' Hewston.

"Thar war a fellur at Hewston who'd gone out from Tennersee. I used to know him, when we war youngs 'uns thegither; an' in coorse I wanted to find him. They tolt me he wa'n't in the town, but out at a place 'bout three miles off, on the puraira, whar thar wur a esteblishment kep' by an Englishman, for the killin' o' cattle. My ole chum hed some sort o' a post unner this Britisher to which the slaughterin' yurd belonged.

"I started off in sarch o' the place, goin' afut; for I wa'n't rich enuff to purvide me wi' a beest, tho' I ked a bought one o' the best for a ten-dollar bill. Niver mind 'bout thet. I rud upon shank's mare, which I allers purfars, anyhow; 'spiecially when a huntin'. Hosses skeers the game.

"It war 'bout twelve o' the clock when I reeched the catile killin' esteblishment. Thar wa'n't no house, nor the show o' anythin' like one—'ceptin' a sort o' kivered shed, whar they stowed away the hides o' the cattle they killed; for it war them, an' not the meat, that the bizness war carried on for. All roun' the shed run a fence made out o' posts set on thar eends, that I reck'n they must 'a hauled a good ways; for thar wa'n't a stick o' timmer to be seed anywhere within miles o' the place. In this fence I spied a gate, jest the same as the rest of the incloseyur, only I knew it by a pair o' posts risin' a leetle higher up than the fence itself.

"Torst this gate I deereckted my steps.

"Thar wa'n't a human in sight, eyther outside the fence or inside o' it. But I knew it war the slaughterin' place. I ked tell that afore I'd got 'ithin helf a mile o' it, by the stink o' the skins.

"I foun' the gate upon the letch. It war a double one; so openin' one helf I stept inside, an' looked about me.

"I kedn't see a critter o' any kind.—Thar wa'n't the show o' livin' thing neyther about the yard, nor unner the shed, which last war open all roun'. It war clar that the incloseyur war desarted.

"'Zeb Stump,' saz I to myself, 'ye've hed yur long walk for nuthin', an' unner a durned sweaty sun too. It air clar thar's nobody 'bout these diggins, neyther man nor anymal, so you may turn roun' an' track back to Hewston.'

"But jest as I'd made this reflexshun, a sown reeched my ears thet tolt me I war unner a mistake; an' at the same time I spied four ugly varmints, the like o' which I'd niver seed afore; tho' from what I'd heern o' 'em I knowed to be English bull-dogs.

"They 'peared comin' right out o' the shed, an' war makin' strait torst me, thar teeth stickin' outside thar lips, an' thar eyes glitterin' from four o' as ugly faces as ever war sot upon the head o' a canyne.

"They didn't come on in anythin' o' a run; but crouchin', wi' thar bellies flattened out along the groun', jest like a painter stealin' on a turkey or a deer.—F'r all that thar war no mistakin' thar intenshun. It war plain enuf by the glint o' thar eyos, an' thar angry growlin'.

"I tried coaxin', same as you'd do wi' other dogs. It wa'n't no use; they only growled angrier; an' thinkin' to skeer them off, I grupped up some donicks an' begun flingin' 'em right in thar teeth.

"It war the foolichest thing I ked 'a done; for the fust stone that fell among 'em, set 'em stark mad; an', 'afore I ked throw a second, the hul four war aroun' me, 'ithin bitin' reech o' my shins.

"I hedn't a thing in my hands; for, not expectin' to scare up any game, I'd kim away from the town 'ithout fetchin' my rifle along wi' me. That war a green trick, an' I war niver caught the same way since.

"In coorse I war helpless; an' for a spell I kedn't think o' what I shed do.—I'd anger'd the dogs, past any hope o' 'peasin 'em; an' from what I'd heerd o' the nater o' them anymals, an' what I then seed for myself, I war sartin they intended tarin' me to pieces.

"I looked roun' to see ef thar war any chance to git out o' thar way. I' got 'bout helf'crost the incloseyur, when they fust kim rushin' torst me. Thar wa'n't nuthin' in sight, 'ceptin' a pump that stud right in the middle o' the yurd. But it war one o' the tallest kind; an' I sed at a glimp it war my only hope for salvashun.

"Gruppin holt o' the handle, I speeled up; an' afore any o' the brutes ked git ugly teeth on me, I war out o' thar reech.

"I wa'n't so far out o't, as to feel safe; for the anymals kep' springin' up an' tryin' to grup my legs; the which I hed to draw up unner me, arter the fashion of a tailyor.

"When they hed goed on wi' thar jumpin' an' yowlin' for 'bout helf-an-hour they begun to git tired themselves; an' at last seein' they kedn't reech me, they gin that game up.

"I hed hopes they'd go 'bout thar bizness, an gi'e me a chance o'gittin' out o' the yurd. But I soon seed they hed no notion o' doin' so. Thar bizness war to purtect the place agin thieves an' interlopers, an' they hed tuk me for eyther one or t'other. If any o' 'em did stay away for a bit the others kep' guard roun' the pump; an' whenever I showed sign o' slippin' down, they'd spring forrard an' start up a fresh spell o' barkin' grinin', an' growlin'.

"I war in the wust o' fixes, an' I know'd it. Hed it been a painter, or even a bar, thar mout 'a been some chence o' escapin' arter a tussle; but I'd heerd a deal 'bout them English bull-dogs, an' that whenever they gits grup they don't let go agin till they've tuk the piece out. They looked jest like it, as they showed thar ugly teeth all roun' me. Ef thar hed been only one o' 'em I mout 'a tried fight wi' my naked hands, an' choked the anymal till deth. But wi' four o' the varmints, the thing war plainly unpossable.

"Thar war no help for't but stay whar I wur; an' so I squatted down on the summick o' the pump.

"An' thar I sot, an' sot, for six mortyal hours, wi' the four bull-dogs growlin' an' grinnin' unnerneath, an' at the eend o' that time showin' no sign o' thar intenshun to leave off!

"An' the way I cussed British bull-dogs, an' British brutes as wud own sech cruel critters, an' everythin' else thet air British beside—the way I did cuss 'em 'mout 'a started old Dave Crockett's ghost out o' its grave, which wa'n't so very fur away.

"But the cussin' did no good; preehaps made thingn wuss: for the four varmints below, as ef they knew that I war agin them an' thar country, only growled the louder, an' snatched thar teeth all the angrier.

"I war as angry as them, an' at that parteekler minnit, I'd 'a gin a hul yur o' my life, to 'a hed holt o' my rifle, or even a good-sized knife. But it wa'n't no use. I hedn't weepun o' any kind. I war as helpless as a babe o' the woods.

"My persishun too war durned unkomfertable. The head o' the pump wa'n't flat; but hewed off to a sherpish top, on which I hed skimp room for my starn. I kedn't 'a stood it nohow, but fur the pump-handle on which my feet foun' a sort o' a supportin' place.

"What war to be done? For the life o' me I kedn't think. The only hope I hed war, that as it war gettin' on torst sundown some o' the people belongin' to the slaughter-yurd mout be comin' back for the night.

"But then thar wa'n't no appearance o' a sleepin' place, an' they moutn't.

"The thought o' bein' beeseeged thar all night wa'n't to be tollyrated. I kedn't 'a stood it, ef I'd tried. An' ef I shed drop off o' my perch, eyther through bein' sleepy or tired out, it ked only be inter the teeth o' them British bull-dogs!

"Talk o' the Munroe doctryne. Ef ever man believed in't this chile did at thet hour. I'd 'a gone in for clarin' every Eurowpian off the soil o' this contynent, an' thar dogs along wi' 'em.

"I got so riled at last, that I didn't know how I shed stan' it any longer. I'd most made up my mind to jump down among the dogs, an' take my chance o' a skrimmage wi' the hul four, tho' no doubt they'd 'a tore me to pieces.

"What purvented me air preehaps the most kewrous thing in the hul story. I'll stake lurge, young fellur, ye can't guess it, nor how this chile at last got clar o' that scrape."

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Wal, lissen, an' I'll tell ye. Afore leevin' Massissipp I'd heerd they war greatly troubled wi' rats at the port o' Galveston, same as on the wh rfs o' Natcheez an' Noo Orleens. Now thar chanced to be a fellur I knowd, as hed invented a pizen for killin' 'em. It war a sort 'o compursishun, the varmints war mad to eet; an' soon as they swallered it, over they coflumixed, jest as ef they'd been shot dead. It war in Natcheez I met the fellur, an' he, knowin' I war on my way to Galveston, gin me a kupple o' cakes o' his pizon stuff, askin' me to make a trial o' it on the rats o' Texas.

"Jest by chance, I hed them two cakes in my coat-pocket, an' as I sot upon the pump the idee kim inter my head to try it on the bull-dogs. It wa'n't unlike bis-kit-bread, an' maybe they mout take on to it as the rats did.

"Pullin' one o' the cakes out o' my pocket, I broke it inter crumbs. Then pretendin' to become friendly wi' the brutes below, I throwed the pieces down right afore thar noses.

"They jumped at 'em, same as the fellur sayed the rats 'ud do, an' in less than three minnits arterward the four bull-dogs war sprawlin' over the groun' an' frothin' at the mouth as ef they'd goed suddenly mad.

"An' in less than ten more, they war lyin' on thar sides, stretched out to their full spread, an' dead as bucks—every dog o' 'em!

"Thar wa'n't no need for me keepin' any longer parched on the pump, an' in coorse I deescended.

"I'd hardly got to the groun', when I seed a big fellur ride in through the gate, an' up to the place whar I war standin'. It wa'n't my old Tennersee playmate; but from his looks an' the way he kim swaggerin' on. I ked tell it war the owner o' the slaughter-yurd. By his red face, an' the turned-up pug o' a snout, any one ked tell he war a born Britisher; an' durn me, ef his picter war so fur diff'rent from the anymals as wur lyin' dead under the spout o' the pump.

"The minit he sot eyes on them, an' got a idee o' what hed happened, he jumped off o' his hoss, an' kim at me as fierce as any o' his dogs hed done.

"Thar he made the biggest mistake he'd ever made in his life. What wi' the trouble I'd hed wi' the dogs, an' his imperence as he squared at me, the Munroe docktryne got rfz in me, a'most to bustin'; an' in less 'n ten minutes I made the Britisher squeal out quarter.

"I left him bleedin' at the nose; wi' a pair o' eyes, each hevin' a black ring roun' it, like the squinters o' a coon. He'd reezun ter be thankful I didn't leeve both o' 'em hangin' on his cheeks; but arter his cryin' enuf, I war contented to let him alone; an' gi'ein' his dead dogs another kick, to saterfy my spite at 'em, I clurred out o' his stinkin' yurd, an' tuk the back track for Hewston."

*This is no exaggeration. When I first became acquainted with him, the old hunter was living in a hollow (standing) tree—a sycamore, or buttonwood, if I remember aright—along with his wife, who was a character almost as "queer" as Zeb himself. The cavity that thus sheltered them was large enough to contain a cot-bed, and had a small fire-place ingeniously contrived for the emission of the smoke. This primitive dwelling was in the midst of an extensive tract of forest, in the Mississippi bottom.

Selected Poetry.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

The following poem, from the *Church of England Magazine*, will come like a "song in the night to many a stricken heart:

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?"
Because we miss them on our onward road.
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Look on us all and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss. A selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow,
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary, desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who, with his treasure, strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach.

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell,

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying, spake, "give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"
Or, rather, bursting into graceful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise, Death has made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and in truth;
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost, loved ones will be found again.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Hearth and Home.

MONEY AND FARMING.

A Toledo correspondent says:

"Most writers on agriculture have in view the well-to-do farmer, when recommending improved implements, high farming, blooded stock, etc. Now, a vast majority of farmers are poor; many of them are in debt, and have to labor hard to pay interest, and cannot save money to make improvements. Many of them *know* much better than they *do*, and they don't do better because they lack capital to carry out the advice of agricultural teachers. Now, can't you do something for them, by telling them how they may rise to the level of the standard set before them? The writer who gave his experience with his 'persimmon lot' was eminently sound; but let him tell hundreds of Western farmers, who own scores of acres of just such land as his 'persimmon lot,' either how to under-drain them without the needed fifty dollars per acre, or else where they may obtain the money. It is just here that the poor farmer suffers. His clay-land is too wet to plough early in the spring, and if he waits until it is dry enough, some portions of it become so hard that his light team cannot plough it; and so he cannot get his crops in season, and what he does plant yields a very inadequate return for the labor bestowed upon them. Again, this same man is told that he should purchase a thorough-bred bull, to improve his dairy. He asks the price, and is told he can obtain one with a pedigree for from $200 to $500. He turns away utterly discouraged.

"Pray, Mr. M., can you not come to his relief with some well-devised plan of operations whereby he may lift himself from this slough of despond? Tell him where to begin and how to proceed to evolve something out of nothing but the crude materials around him. To tell him he should under-drain, build big barns, raise roots, cut and steam his feed, subsoil, and what not, is but to tantalize him; but he who tells him *how* to do these things with his paltry wherewithal will be a public benefactor, and will have accomplished some good in his generation."

We shall try and meet, so far as we may, our correspondent's wish.

Great "discouragement" is not uncommon with other men as well as with small farmers, and the discouragement which springs from "lack of sufficient capital" is one of the most common with which the human family is afflicted.

The best way to overcome it is to work as hard as we can with the capital at command, and not waste its efficiency by making too large a "spread." This last failing is common to merchants who extend their business indefinitely, and to farmers who hold more land they can thoroughly manage.

It is not supposable that half the farmers in the country can bring their lands up to the highest productive power, or can stock their farms with the best blooded stock; yet we urge the best possible practice, and close attention to breeds, satisfied that we shall all do better with high aims in view than with humble ones.

Improvements on a great scale certainly demand great means; but this should not discourage a small farmer, whose means are never so limited that he cannot apply the principles of the best practice upon a small area—if he will only be contented with a small area. A man can with no more safety go beyond the reach of his capital in farming than he can in trade. In either case, he wants good tools and good servants, and books squarely kept. Credits may be easier in the city, but they are easy enough in the country for a man who is industrious and prudent, and spends his money wisely.

In the case supposed by our correspondent, where a farmer holds lands which can be tilled to no profit without drainage, we should advise him to sell enough of it to enable him to put the balance in profitable working condition. If he can neither sell nor lay tile, let him try stone drains or brush drains, or, failing these, the old system of ridging. These are not the best methods, but they are alleviating methods, and are a hundred per cent. better than despondency and no work at all.

Big barns, and big walls, and steam-engines, and bulls with pedigrees are by no means essential to great crops; but a good, friable condition of the soil is; and if a man cannot secure this with the labor and capital at his command upon fifty acres, let him sell and try twenty-five if he cannot secure it on twenty-five, let him sell, and try it on ten; if he cannot secure it on ten, let him off with his coat, take to the spade, and make a farm out of his garden. Good, sharp work will cure the despondency that grows out of short capital quicker than anything we know. Plantation bitters are nothing in comparison.

An Excellent Fertilizer.

The *Journal of Chemistry* says that one of the very best fertilizers used upon the farm for all the cereal grains and root crops may be made in the following manner:

Take one barrel of pure, finely ground bone, and mix with it a barrel of good wash ashes; during the mixing add, gradually, about three pailsful of water. The heap may be made upon the floor of an out-building or upon the barn floor; and by the use of a hoe the bone and ashes must be thoroughly blended together.—The water added is just sufficient to liberate the caustic alkalies, potash and soda, and these act upon the gelatine of the bone, dissolving the little atoms, forming a kind of soap, and fitting it for plant aliment. In this way the most valuable constituents of the bone can be made immediately available, and the addition of potash and soda aids in the formation of a fertilizer of inestimable value. A gill of this mixture, placed in a hill of corn, will work wonders. It is excellent for garden vegetables, and for all kinds of roots. It will be ready for use in a week after it is made.

ANGER.—Of all the passions there is none so extravagant and currageous as that of anger. Other passions solicit and mislead us: but this runs away with us by force, and hurries us as well to our own as another's ruin. It falls many times upon the wrong person, and discharges itself upon the innocent instead of the guilty, and makes the most trivial offence to be capital, and punishes an inconsiderate word perhaps with fetters, or death. It allows a man neither time nor neans of defence, but judges a cause without hearing it, and admits no mediation. It spares neither friend nor foe, but tears all to pieces, and casts human nature into perpetual war.

The Farmer's Workshop.

No reasonable farmer will dispute the importance of having a workshop upon his premises, and especially those who have boys to bring up. Boys will be busy, and if opportunity is not given for a full employment of their time, either with work or sport at home, they will seek diversion abroad, which will not usually result profitably. A farmer gives his experience and opinion upon the matter in the subjoined sensible talk:

How many farmers do we find that have not the ingenuity to repair a rake, or other small farm implement. Were they bro't up on a farm? Yes. Well, then, why is it? Some may say they are of that unfortunate class of mortals that are not gifted with their share of ingenuity. This is a great mistake. If you will take the trouble to inquire of them what they spent their time at when young, they will tell you farming. Was their father a farmer? Yes, the best in the neighborhood, they may say. Well what did he employ himself and boys at rainy days? "O nothing; when it rained too hard to work, we generally spent our time at the village, in the stores and tavern. You know that boys want rest sometimes." Very true, but is there no other enjoyment for boys than at the tavern and stores? Had the father had a workshop, with a selected lot of tools, would not those boys had some job for a rainy day, such as a little cart, sleigh, wagon or boat to make or repair? There are very few boys who do not have such things to make. Thus by having a small workshop, boys soon acquire a taste to handle tools and tinker up many little playthings of their own.

When older, the knowledge gained will be of great service to them in making and repairing implements on the farm. But there are habits which they acquire in spending their leisure time at the village, which is the ruin of many a promising boy, for where do we find a village now, in which there is not one or two taverns, where the temptation appears to be strong, judging from the number we generally find in them getting spirituous liquors to drink?

When all farmers learn to make their homes attractive for their boys and themselves? A few good books, one or more good agricultural papers, and last, but not least, a workshop.

READ AN HOUR A DAY.—There was a lad who, at fourteen, was apprenticed to a soop-boiler. One of his resolutions was to read an hour a day, or at least at that rate, and he had an old silver watch, left him by his uncle, with which he timed his readings by. He stayed seven years with his master, and said when he was twenty-one he knew as much as the young squire did. Now, let us see how much time he had to read in seven years, at the rate of an hour each day. It would be 1,555 hours, which at the rate of eight reading hours per day, would be equal to three hundred and ten days; equal to forty-five weeks; equal to twelve months; nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Try what you can do. Begin now. In after years you will look back upon the task as most pleasant and most profitable you ever performed.

IRISHMAN AND FIDDLE.—An Irishman, just come to this country, had never seen a fiddle. A man came into the hotel with one under his arm. He soon began to tune it up. One of the screws slipped, and he spit upon it to make it hold, and then began to draw the bow. The Irishman, who was watching him, could stand it no longer, but bolted across the street, into another hotel, exclaiming:—"I tho't this was a land of liberty and freedom, but the divil take such a land, where ye abuse the poor childer so bad."

Landlord.—Who is abusing the children?

Irishman.—Why, a man came into the tavern just now, with a little boy under his arm, and he began to torment the dear little crathure. First, he began to pull and twist his ears, then, to provoke him more, he spit in his face, and then he draw'd a briar across his belly, and Holy Virgin, how he did scrame!

☞ Charles Dickens says that "the first external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

☞ "If you want a purely unsophisticated family pill," says a quack advertisement, "buy X——'s liver-encouraging, kidney-persuading, silent perambulators, twenty-seven in a box. This pill is as mild as a pet lamb and as searching as a small tooth comb. It don't go fooling about, but attends strictly to business, and is as certain as an alarm clock."

☞ Every man capable of doing a secret injustice is a coward. He will shrink, shuffle and equivocate; but if held by the firm grasp of truth and courage, cannot escape an ignominious exposure.

Female Piety.

The gem of all others which encircles the coronet of a lady's character is unaffected piety. Nature may lavish much upon her person—the enchantment of the countenance, the gracefulness of her mien, or the strength of her intellect, yet her loveliness is uncrowned until piety throws around the whole the sweetness and power of her charms; she then becomes unearthly in her temper, her desires and associations. The spell which bound her affection to things below is broken, and she mounts on the silent wings of her fancy and hope to the habitation of God, where it will be her delight to hold communion with the spirits that have been ransomed from the thraldom of earth, and wreathed with a garland of glory.

Her beauty may throw a magical charm over many princes, and conquerors may bow with admiration at that shrine of her riches—the sons of science and poetry may embalm her memory in history and song—yet piety must be her ornament, her pearl. Her name must be written in the "Book of Life," that when mountains fade away, and every memento of earthly greatness is lost in the general wreck of nature, it may remain and swell the list of that mighty throng which have been clothed with the mantle of righteousness, and their voices attuned to the melody of Heaven. With such a treasure every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased; friendship will be doubly sweet; life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death the entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. And when the notes of the last trump shall be heard, and sleeping millions awake to judgment, its possessor shall be presented before the throne, faultless, with exceeding joy, and shall wear away a crown of life.

Such is piety. Like a tender flower, planted in the fertile nature of woman's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage and imparting its fragrance to all around, till transplanted it is set to bloom in the paradise of God.

Follow the star—it will light you thro' every labyrinth in the wilderness of life, gild the gloom that will gather around you in the dying hour, and bring you safely over the tempestuous Jordan of death into the promised and settled rest.

The Teacher.

The poet says:

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
And pour the fresh instructions o'er the mind;"

and so it is when pupils are studious, obedient, and good. It is pleasant to meet the sunny faces of boys and girls that possess amiable dispositions, becoming manners, and demean themselves with propriety; and this in a great measure depends upon their home training. Children are not adepts in the dissembler's art; the primeval purity of human nature shines out with that lustre which puts to blush the hollow pretensions and flattering to blush the hollow pretensions and flattering smiles of maturer years. But there are those that are not amiable, but obstinate and unruly, devilish dispositions are continually plotting and planning mischief, and these—the objects of time of moral negligence at home—constitute the great source of the teacher's trouble, and force him to utter maledictions upon the inauspicious day he donned his robes with the insignia of the teacher's profession.—And when he attempts correction, how often is the sheltering protection of the indulgent parent, whose affection binds him to the faults of his child, interposed and he rendered powerless to remedy the evil.

Again, the teacher finds himself confronted by so many critics! Everybody turns critic!

"Men must serve a time to every trade
But censure—critics all are ready made,"

says the satirist, and the unfortunate head of the room finds it so. Although they may never have taught school, and may have but little education themselves, they know how his work ought to be done better than himself who has "served a time to his trade!" O tempora! O mores!—*Salisbury Advertiser.*

☞ Here is a beautiful paragraph which we find in one of our exchanges:

"If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace with God and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth, or won it by his honest industry. It is cankered by no fraud; it is wet by no tears; it is stained by no blood."

☞ We cannot name nor can any one name a single battle in which the Federal troops defeated a Confederate force equal to themselves in number. No such incident either upon a large or small scale, occurred during the four years. That's one of the truths of history, and not all the world can make it aught but a truth.—*Louisville Courier.*

☞ Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years and hear nothing but purring. But accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of kindness is obliterated.

☞ A polite philosopher once thanked a lady who had been singing to a party for an hour, by saying, "Madam you have wasted our time charmingly."