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Poetry.

"THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD."

BY ELIZA COOK.

The poet or priest who told us this
Served mankind in the holiest way:
For it lit up the earth with the star of bliss
That beams the soul with cheerful ray.
Too often we wander despairing and blind,
Breathing our useless murmurs aloud;
But 'tis kinder to bid us seek and find
"A silver lining in every cloud."

May we not walk in the dingle ground
Where nothing but Autumn's dead leaves
are seen;
But search beneath them, and peeping around
Are the young Spring tufts of blue and green.
'Tis a beautiful eye that ever perceives
The presence of God in Mortality's crowd,
'Tis a saving creed that thinks and believes
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us look closely before we condemn
Bushes that bear not bloom nor fruit,
There may not be beauty in leaves or stem,
But virtue may dwell far down at the root;
And let us beware how we utterly spurn
Brothers that seem all cold and proud,
If their bosoms were opened, perchance we
might learn
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us not cast out Mercy and Truth,
When Guilt is before us in chains and shame,
When passion and vice have cankered youth,
And Age lives on with a branded name;
Something of good may still be there,
Though its voice may never be heard aloud,
For, while black with the vapors of pestilence air,
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Sad are the sorrows that oftentimes come,
Heavy and dull and blighting and chill,
Shutting the light from our hearts and our home,
Marring our hopes and defying our will;
But let us not sink beneath the woe,
'Tis well perchance we are tried and bowed,
For there, though we may not see it below,
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

And when stern Death, with skeleton hand,
Has snatched the flower that grew in our breast,
Do we not think of a fairer land,
Where the lost are found, and the weary at rest?
Oh the hope of the unknown Future springs,
In its purest strength o'er the coffin and shroud,
The shadow is dense, but Faith's spirit-voice
sings,
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

An Amusing Story.

SHAVED.

Being a Brief Account of a Sentimental Young Man's Sojourn in the Country.

Augustus St. Stephens, to use his own expression, was completely wearied and soul-sick of the city.

He longed for the sylvan shade of the country, and the gushing rills of the wooded uplands.

His business, which consisted of holding up street corners, and sipping ice in fashionable saloons, had kept him confined through June and July, but as the August heat and languor came on, Augustus pined for change.

His divine Marie Seraphine, the lone star of his existence, had played him false, and eloped with a big-whiskered Italian music master, and, as in duty bound, Augustus was heart-broken.

He tore his hair, clenched his hands, and would have taken a few grains of arsenic, if he had not stood in mortal awe of a stomach pump.

His friends advised change of scene, and Augustus inclined that way himself. He was heartily worn out with dodging around corners, and exploring vulgar alleys, to avoid meeting his tailors, boot-makers and washerwomen, who impudently persisted in thrusting their little bills under his nose at every opportunity.

Augustus had fondly hoped the Marie Seraphine's fifty thousand dollar papa would have assumed the responsibility of settling these insignificant bills, but Marie had dashed down the sweet deusion.

To the country, then.

But where was he to go?

He looked on the map, but got no light on the subject. His friend, Paul Armont, recommended New Hampshire. There were rocks and lakes, and other romantic objects there, he said.

So New Hampshire was to be honored.

"My dear fellow," said Augustus to Paul, as the two smoked their Havanas on the piazza of the Revere, "it will be so charming! I shall lie at noon on the clover grass, and see the lambs and calves, and things, all around me, and hear the grasshoppers and birds of paradise and nightingales singing in the trees above my head. Altogether it will be heavenly. And the strawberries and cream—well, I am afraid I shall eat myself sick."

"Not on strawberries at this time of year," observed Paul, knocking off the ashes of his cigar on the heel of his boot.

"And then such grand flirtations as a fellow can have!"

Paul winked reflectively, but said nothing, and the next morning Augustus started for the land of promise.

The steam cars took him a hundred miles on his way, and the remainder of the journey—sixteen miles—had to

be performed in an old fashioned stage coach.

Our poor hero was horrified at the accommodations which were presented. Every seat but one was occupied, and that was a narrow space between a snuffy old woman accompanied by two dogs and a parrot, and a fat old farmer, who, with his mouth full of tobacco, and his mind full of independence, was not particularly careful in what direction he squirted the juice.

Augustus settled himself into his seat with a groan.

"Dear sake!" cried the old lady, "what's the matter? Got the stomach ache? or mebbe it's the collyer mornus! been eating any cowcumbers, pushing all a little Pain Killer, do! it's grand for all them complaints."

"No, ma'am, thank you—I do not need any," returned Augustus, pushing away the huge bottle of fiery colored liquid which his traveling companion had drawn from her reticule—"I am perfectly well. In fact, all's well with me."

"A swell! a swell!" yelled the parrot. "Darn a swell!"

The passengers laughed, Augustus feebly joined, and remarked that Fell was a fine biped, at the same time polling an intense desire to wring his green neck.

Northford was reached about sunset. The stage stopped at the only hotel in the village. Augustus alighted, and gazed around him with profound dismay.

The old portico of the town was crowded with ragged loafers—the two red-faced girls were gazing at him from the upper window, a little black dog was snapping at his legs, his feet were deep in a mud puddle, and the old lady with the Pain Killer, was pointing him out to the burly landlord.

"Take good care on him, Mr. Swinger," she was saying; "he was mighty sick in the stage—groaned the awfullest! He looks dreadful consumptive. Bert jest like a yaller-tailed hornet, and terrible thin in the jaws. Sartin sign of weak lungs. Better step out of the water, sonny, you'll catch the ager—Master place here for the ager."

Augustus fled into the house, and called for the landlord.

"Show me up to my room at once, my friend, and send up the supper divvety. Something nice and delicate. An ice and a Charlotte Russe, I think I should relish."

The landlord stared at him.

"We don't freeze up yet awhile, young man, and as for Charlotte, I don't know of but one; will she do?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Augustus, dimly comprehending mine host, and hoping something to fill the empty void in the region of his stomach would be forthcoming soon.

"This is your room," said the landlord, opening a door into a close little pen, up under the eaves, destitute of carpet or matting, and containing only a bed, a chair, and a cracked looking-glass.

"Good gracious! I never, never could go to bed here! somebody might see me—and where am I to wash?"

"I'll send up the basin as soon as my wife gets the children washed."

"Oh, no, no, I beg you won't trouble yourself," cried Augustus. "I am not very much soiled. Dear me! how this glass makes me look! My face looks like putty, positively."

"Natal! it should!" muttered the landlord, departing for the lower regions.

Augustus began to unpack his valise. His three trunks had not yet been brought up stairs. He scented his flowing, abundant locks with musk, and poured some Jocky Club on his handkerchief.

"If there should happen to be any ladies would the house," he said to himself, "I should die of mortification to have them meet me smelling of that dreadful stage-coach."

The door opened, and the landlord entered, bearing a bottle of hot water, and followed by a large, fleshy woman, in a green sun bonnet. She looked sanguinary, and our hero fairly shivered, when he saw that she had a huge pair of shears in one hand, and a gleaming razor in the other.

"Here is Charlotte," said the landlord; "she'll attend to your case right off. And I must say it's none too soon. You look more like a Nanny goat than anything I can think of."

"I—that is—woman, keep off!" cried Augustus, as the female approached him brandishing the shears.

She paid no regard to his frantic efforts at evading her, but dexterously whipped a ragged apron round his neck, and fastened it tight, and then, before the terrified Augustus could lift a finger to prevent, she raised the fatal shears, and served his pet locks close to the roots.

"There is a limit to all endurance—Augustus was mad. He seized a boot-jack, and it is uncertain what he might have done, had not Charlotte with one brawny hand seated him on the floor and knocked the wits out of his head against the ceiling.

His senses returned to him at last, but alas! far better that he had died!

His hair was cut as closely as a prison convict's, and his "killing" moustache, which it had cost him three years to nurse and care for, had been ruthlessly sacrificed.

"Landlord, what means it? I'll have justice! I'll win this hotel for life! I'm mad enough to break every bone in your body!"

"The meaning's plain—sartin," said the landlord. "You asked for Charlotte to be sent up, and Lord, sir, she's made you look like a new man! We've allis employed her at this establishment. Men generally like her better than they do the nigger barber down to the corner. Didn't cut ye, did she?"

"Cut me?" cried Augustus, in such a tone of reproach that the landlord withered and withdrew, taking Charlotte along with him.

Augustus bolted the door, and threw himself, dressed as he was, on the bed, to mourn over his irreparable loss.

Morning found him somewhat calmer. His hair and beard would grow again, and if, by chance, any of his creditors should come to Northford, he'd defy them to recognize him.

So he comforted himself, and smoked his cigar on the portico.

While thus employed, a lady in black passed by. Augustus was on the lookout for ladies in black, having made up his mind to marry a rich widow, before his return to town.

His heart beat high. Mrs. Selwin was a widow, worth a cool ten thousand, and, without encumbrances, and resided in the brick house across the way. The very chance!

Augustus retired to his room, and spent the day in planning the best method of getting into the widow's good graces.

He was a fine singer, and he would serenade her that very night.

As day drew to a close, our hero was excited fearfully, but he never faltered. He was bound to win.

At nine o'clock precisely, with his guitar, he knelt beneath the lighted window of the widow Selwin, and sounded the first faint premonitory note of a fashionable air.

"Good gracious!" cried a feminine voice from within—"if there ain't Timpin this old Tom cat again!—I'll fix him this time! I've a rod in pickle for him this long spell!"

And simultaneously the boiling hot contents of a tea kettle descended from the window on to the freshly-shorn head of our hero.

"Murder! Thieves! Oh, scissors!" cried Augustus, and blinded by pain, he set up an unearthly howl, and fled down the street, closely followed by a dozen boys, as many dogs, the widow Selwin, the landlord, and everybody else who had not retired.

Augustus spied a woman coming up the road. He flung himself into her arms without ceremony, crying:

"Oh, save me! save me! Don't let them touch me!"

The woman did not cast him off.—She held him close, and when his pursuers came up, a few words from her sent them back again.

She introduced herself as Miss Pinkham. She took Augustus home with her. She had never been married.—She wanted to be.

A week afterwards, she had a husband, and Augustus had a protector.

And at last accounts they were happy and prosperous.

Selected Miscellany.

De Witt Clinton's Duel with Jno. Swartwout.

If you wish to know what manner of young man De Witt Clinton was, you have only to read the official report of the duel which he fought in 1802 with John Swartwout, at Westhewen.

Clinton was then opposing Aaron Burr, and Swartwout accused him of being actuated in his opposition only by personal and selfish motives.

"He is a liar, a scoundrel, and a villain!" exclaimed the hot-headed Clinton.

A challenge followed and a duel was fought. I suppose that was the most remarkable affair of the kind that ever occurred out of Ireland. The first fire doing no harm to either antagonist, one of the seconds asked Swartwout:

"Are you satisfied, sir?"

"I am not," said he, with more bluntness than courtesy.

They fired a second time without effect.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" asked the second.

"No!" thundered Swartwout.

The men fired the third time without effect, when the same gentleman again politely asked Mr. Swartwout if he was satisfied.

"I am not," was the reply; "neither shall I be until that apology is made which I demanded. Until then we must proceed."

Swartwout's second then presented a paper containing the apology de-

manded, for Clinton's signature, saying:

"We cannot spend our time in conversation. This paper must be signed or proceed."

"I will not sign any paper on the subject," said Clinton, with firmness and dignity. "I have no animosity against Mr. Swartwout. I will willingly shake hands, and agree to meet on the score of former friendship."

The fourth fire took place, when Clinton's ball struck his obstinate antagonist in the left leg below the knee.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" the wounded man was again asked.

Standing firmly at his post, he answered:

"It is useless to repeat the question. My determination is fixed, and I beg we may proceed."

While the surgeon was extracting the ball from the opposite side of Swartwout's leg Clinton again declared that he had no animosity against Swartwout; that he was very sorry for what had passed, and was willing to go forward, shake hands, and bury the circumstances in oblivion. Swartwout, however, standing erect at his place, insisted upon the written apology.

A fifth time they fired, and Clinton's ball struck his antagonist in the same leg, a little below the former wound.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" asked the second.

"I am not, sir!" replied Swartwout; "proceed."

Clinton then left his station, threw down his pistol, and declared that he would fight no more.

Whereupon Swartwout, turning to his second, asked what he should do, to which the second replied:

"There is nothing further left for you now but have your wounds dressed."

So the combat ended, and the two parties returned in their barges to the city.

Such was Clinton at thirty-three, when he had already been a member of the legislature, and was about to enter the Senate of the United States.—He was brave to rashness, and ambitious beyond measure; but he lived up to the standard of his day, and acquitted himself of every trust with honor and distinction.

A Kentucky Anecdote.

It was customary in former days for all the ladies of the best families to attend the prominent barbecues, and this was especially the case in the contest between Mr. Breckenridge and Gen. Combs, in 1840. Out of one of these affairs grew the authentic story of the nicest widow in the blue-grass region.

Not far from the Forks of Elkhorn lived the pretty little widow Fauntleroy, and one of her nearest neighbors was Gen. Peyton. The General had looked upon the little widow very much as he looked upon his blooded horse Powhatan. "The finest horse in the blue-grass region."

The pretty Mrs. Fauntleroy had been a widow more than a year; while the General having a great regard for etiquette, had waited patiently for that time to elapse, in order to declare himself. But the widow with her woman's art, kept her lover at bay, and yet kept him in her train.

He had escorted her to this barbecue, and when returning had expressed his satisfaction at the prospects of Gen. Combs, and the success of the Whig party.

The widow took sides with the Democracy, and offered to wager her blooded saddle-horse Gipsy, or anything else on her place, against Powhatan, or anything else she might fancy on the General's place.

The General's gallantry would not allow him to refuse the wager, which he promptly accepted. By this time they had reached the north Fork of the Elkhorn, and were about to ford it (bridges were not plenty in those days) when John Peyton the General's only son and heir, came up at a sharp gallop behind them.

The widow turned and bowed to John, and rode into the stream, but a little behind her companion. The east bank was very steep, and required the horses to put forth all their strength to reach the top with their loads.

As luck would have it, good or ill, the widow's girth broke just at the commencement of the steep part. The lady, still seated on her saddle, slid swiftly back into the water, while her horse went up the bank like an arrow.

John Peyton leaped from his horse, and in an instant caught the floating lady and saddle, and before the General had recovered from his astonishment was at the top of the bank with his burden. The little widow was equal to the occasion, for she begged the General to ride on and stop her horse which had now begun to understand his part in the mishap, and was beginning to increase his gait toward home.

The General did as he was bid, and soon returned with the horse. In the meantime John Peyton had secured

his own horse, and when the General came back with the widow's horse she and John were laughing merrily over the ridiculous accident, but what further passed between them is only known to themselves.

John Peyton repaired the broken girth, fastened the saddle again on the horse, placed the lady in her seat, bade her good evening, mounted his horse, and taking another road down the Elkhorn, rode rapidly home, leaving the General to escort the widow home.

It is not necessary to relate how he entertained his fair companion with his ponderous anecdotes of Mr. Clay and other famous public men; but when he reached the Fauntleroy place he accepted the lady's invitation to dismount and take tea with her.

After having changed her wet clothing the pretty widow entertained her guest with her brightest smiles, and some new songs. The General was delighted, and expressed his delight at Kentucky gentlemen of that day would do.

"You are the finest songstress, madam, in the blue-grass region."

When he bade her good-night, and shook hands with her on the porch, the wicked little widow gave his hand a little squeeze, only a little, but it thrilled like an electric shock through his great, ponderous frame, while it laughingly reminded him of his wager.

That night in his dreams, the little widow Fauntleroy was repeated so often, and in so many bewitching forms, that he resolved to propose to her at their first meeting, nor did he dream that he could be refused.

The next morning a letter from his tobacco factor, called General Peyton to Louisville, and before his return the political contest in the Ashland district was over, and, wonderful to relate, John C. Breckenridge, the young Democrat was elected to Congress.

General Peyton was both astonished and indignant. "Mr. Clay's district, sir, the finest Congressional district in the blue-grass region, has disgraced itself, sir," was almost the first remark to his neighbor, Col. Beaufort.

To his son, John, he communicated his intention of bringing Mrs. Fauntleroy to adorn the head of his table.

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the blue-grass region, and I hope, sir, you will always respect your future mother."

John, with a quiet smile, assured him that he was pleased with his choice.—This pleased the General highly, for he had been little afraid John would object to a step-mother younger than himself.

The next morning the General ordered Powhatan brought out, and led over to Mrs. Fauntleroy's. Calling John, he requested him to call upon Mrs. Fauntleroy.

"The Whig party has disgraced itself in Mr. Clay's district, sir, and I am compelled to part with the finest blooded horse in the State to pay a wager with that lady, sir."

The black boy had led Powhatan to the hitching rail in front of Mrs. Fauntleroy's yard, and having tied his horse, had gone into the quarters to tell his colored brothers and sisters of their mistress' good luck in having won the famous horse Powhatan.

When General Peyton and John arrived they found the pretty widow and two young lady friends in the yard admiring Powhatan.

"Madam," said the General, to Mrs. Fauntleroy, "I have come like a true Kentucky gentleman, to pay the wager I have lost. Powhatan, madam, is rightfully yours."

"But, General, I believe the wager was conditional. It was the horse or anything else on the place, was it not?"

"Madam, you are correct, but I cannot permit you to select an inferior animal."

"You have another and superior animal here," replied the widow, blushing. "Your son John, if he would but use his tongue, I think I shall choose him."

The General rose, and in his bland manner bade the ladies good morning. To John he said:

"Sir, you will remain."

General Peyton never forgave his daughter-in-law her practical joke.—In after years he used to say:

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the blue-grass region, but she lacks taste, sir."

EXCERPTS.—Men spend their lives in trying to understand each other, and, at the close, are compelled to acknowledge that they cannot even understand themselves.

The humble man requests a favor as though he were unworthy to receive it; but the proud man asks for a favor in the same tone as he were granting one.

Weigh others as you would be weighed yourself, and the scales would have a sinecure.

Often do we think when we ought to act, and act when it behooves us to reflect; hence, caution is frequently as fatal as rashness.

The Constitution of Matter.

Matter, as we conceive it, is inert, that is to say, is unable to change of its own accord its condition of motion or of rest. That which is capable of communicating a movement is known as force.

There are several forces of which we have knowledge—heat, light, electricity, magnetism, attraction of gravitation, life. For many centuries these various forces were considered as so many distinct entities, but in our age it is understood that they are merely different manifestations of a single force. In fact, these forms are converted one into another with the greatest facility. When we heat an iron bar, its lengthens, mechanical action is produced, heat is absorbed. If we could reduce the bar to its original size by compression, the mechanical work produced by the heat would be destroyed, but the heat absorbed would be set free. When we pass an electric current of certain intensity through a fine copper wire, the wire becomes hot; and at the time that the intensity of the current diminishes, electricity is converted into heat. The identity of light and radiating heat has, moreover, been distinctly demonstrated, as well as that of electricity and magnetism. It may be considered certain, then, that but a single force exists, manifesting itself to us under different aspects according to circumstances.

At the time when the different manifestations of force were thought to be so many distinct entities, the disappearance of heat, of light, and of electricity could only be accounted for by assuming a total annihilation of these agencies. On the other hand, since heat, light, and electricity are always everywhere found in Nature, besides their possible annihilation, some were led to conjecture the possibility of their creation and to seek for perpetual motion. We have passed this period of errors; mathematical calculation as well as experiment demonstrates that force can neither be created nor destroyed. A constant ever-living force exists in the universe, manifesting itself sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, but the sum of which is absolutely invariable.

Should we then preserve these entities, force and matter, as having a distinct existence? I think not. Force and matter: these are abstract ideas serving to assist our comprehension of that which exists under a two-fold aspect. Actually, then, we should admit but one thing, matter endowed with motion.

All these forces with which we are acquainted are but the resultant of the motions of matter, and differ from one another only in the nature of this motion.

Finally, then, minute indivisible particles or ultimates grouped in atoms, molecules, and tangible bodies, each endowed with motion capable of being communicated from one to another without the possibility of the quantity of matter or motion being increased or diminished—such we hold to be the grandest conception of the universe.—Naguel, in the Amer. Chemist.

The Philosopher's Stone.

The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly in the House of Representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice, "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—pay as you go!" John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that. "Pay as you go," and you need not doge sheriffs and constables. "Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and a manly front, and have no fear of those you meet.—You won't have to cross the street to avoid a dun, or looointently in a shop window, in order not to see a creditor. "Pay as you go," and you can snap your finger at the world; and when you laugh, it will be a hearty one, and not like the laugh of the poor debtor, who looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and not included in articles "exempted from attachment." "Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-cheeked, smiling children—a contented wife—a cheerful hearthstone. John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

ROGUES AND VAGBONDS.—A remarkable instance of the dislike entertained by roving vagrants to any kind of labor is afforded by the experience of the guardians of the Bath, England, Union for the Poor, during the past year with regard to tramps. During the year ending August 3, 1869, 7,533 tramps were relieved. In the year ending August 3, last, 2,040 only were relieved—being a decrease of 73 per cent. The reason of this falling off in the numbers is to be found in the fact that vagrant wards have been built at the work-house, and every able-bodied male applicant sent thither is now required to do a certain amount of stone-breaking in return for a night's board and lodging. The effect of the new system has also been to reduce the number relieved at a "refuge" under the control of the assistant relieving officers from 5,320 to 517 per annum. A very different class of persons, it is stated, now occupy the tramp-ward to those who came at first. The male beggars and common tramps have now been nearly all warned off, and those who apply for a night's lodging are chiefly bona fide wayfarers, who do not object to perform the small amount of work demanded of them. It was at first thought that when stringent regulations against vagrants in England were put in force in some places and not in others, it would have the effect of making the professional tramps change their lines of operation rather than of really reducing their numbers; but the results seem to show that the measures in force are effecting a more general good.

There is a good story of the man who had to ride in a carriage with his mother-in-law at his wife's funeral. "Must I," said the broken hearted mourner, "must I ride with that awful woman?" "I think you will have to," answered the undertaker. "Well, if I must, I must," said the stricken man, "but to ride with her destroys all my pleasure on this occasion."

An old toper, who lately attended the Polytechnic, where the learned professor caused several explosions to take place from gases produced under water, said: "You don't catch me putting much water into my liquor after this. I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never used much of it."

The best method of checking the frown of a bully is to become afflicted with "near-sightedness," and not see.

It is just as possible to get along without advertising as it is for a cross-eyed man to borrow a gun.

The Cobbler's Secret.

A waggish cobbler once, in Rome, Put forth a proclamation That he'd be willing to disclose, For due consideration, A secret which the cobbling world Could ill afford to lose: The way to make in one short day, A hundred pairs of shoes.

From every quarter to the sight There ran a thousand fellows— Tanners, cobblers, bootmen, shoemen, Jolly leather sellers— All redolent of beef and smoke, And cobbler's wax and hides; Each fellow pays his thirty pence, And calls it cheap besides.

Silence! The cobbler enters And casts around his eyes, Then curls his lips—the rogue!—then frowns, And then looks wondrous wise; "My friends," he says, "it's simple quite, The plan that I propose; And every man of you, I think, Might learn it if you chose.

A good sharp knife is all you need In carrying out my plan; So easy is it, none can fail, Let him be a child or man. To make a hundred pairs of shoes, Just go back to your shops, And take a hundred pairs of boots And cut off all the tops!"

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