

# The Port Tobacco Times

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## AN ADDRESS BY THE United States Centennial Commission.

To the People of the United States:

The Congress of the United States has enacted that the completion of the One Hundredth Year of American Independence shall be celebrated by an International Exhibition of the Arts, Manufactures, and Products of the soil and mine, to be held in Philadelphia, in 1876, and has appointed a Commission, consisting of representatives from each State and Territory, to conduct the celebration.

Originating under the auspices of the National Legislature, controlled by a National Commission, and designed as it is to "Commemorate the first Century of our existence, by an Exhibition of the National resources of the Country and their development, and of our progress in those Arts which benefit mankind, in comparison with those of older Nations," it is to the people at large that the Commission look for the aid which is necessary to make the Centennial Celebration the grandest anniversary the world has ever seen.

That the completion of the first century of our existence should be marked by some imposing demonstration is, we believe, the patriotic wish of the people of the whole country. The Congress of the United States has wisely decided that the Birth-day of the Great Republic can be most fittingly celebrated by the universal collection and display of all the trophies of its progress. It is designed to bring together, within a building covering fifty acres, not only the varied productions of our mines and of the soil, but types of all the intellectual triumphs of our citizens, specimens of everything that America can furnish, whether from the brains or the hands of her children, and thus make evident to the world the advancement of which a self-governed people is capable.

In this "Celebration" all nations will be invited to participate; its character being International. Europe will display her arts and manufactures, India her curious fabrics, while newly opened China and Japan will lay bare the treasures which for centuries their ingenious people have been perfecting. Each land will compete in generous rivalry for the palm of superior excellence.

To this grand gathering every zone will contribute its fruits and cereals. No mineral shall be wanting; for what the East lacks the West will supply. Under one roof will the South display in rich luxuriance her growing cotton, and the North in miniature, the ceaseless machinery of her mills converting that cotton into cloth. Each section of the globe will send its best offerings to this exhibition, and each State of the Union, as a member of one united body politic, will show to her sister States and to the world, how much she can add to the greatness of the nation of which she is a harmonious part.

To make the Centennial Celebration such a success as the patriotism and the pride of every American demands will require the co-operation of the people of the whole country. The United States Centennial Commission has received no Government aid, such as England extended to her World's Fair, and France to her Universal Exposition, yet the labor and responsibility imposed upon the Commission is as great as in either of those undertakings. It is estimated that ten millions of dollars will be required, and this sum Congress has provided shall be raised by stock subscription, and that the people shall have the opportunity of subscribing in proportion to the population of their respective States and Territories.

The Commission looks to the unfeigned patriotism of the people of every section, to see that each contributes its share to the expenses, and receives its share of the benefits of an enterprise in which all are so deeply interested. It would further earnestly urge the formation in each State and Territory of a centennial organization, which shall in time see that county associa-

tions are formed, so that when the nations are gathered together in 1876 each Commonwealth can view with pride the contributions she has made to the national glory.

Confidently relying on the zeal and patriotism ever displayed by our people in every national undertaking, we pledge and prophecy, that the Centennial Celebration will worthily show how greatness, wealth and intelligence, can be fostered by such institutions as those which have for one hundred years blessed the people of the United States.

JOSEPH R. HAWLEY,  
President.  
LEWIS WALN SMITH,  
Temporary Secretary.

## Poetry.

### TIRED MOTHERS.

BY MRS. ALBERT SMITH.  
A little elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear,  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a tangle of hair,  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight;  
You do not prize this blessing overmuch  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.  
But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day.  
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away,  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,  
That while I wore the badge of motherhood  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly  
The child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,  
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;  
This resting, curling head from off your breast,  
This lisp that chatters constantly,  
If from your own dimpled hands had slipped  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;  
If the white feet into your grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your heart aches then.  
I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown  
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or the dusty pillow next my own  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear its patter in my home once more;  
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,  
I never rumbled by a shining head,  
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,  
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

## Selected Miscellany.

### THE LATE GEN. MAGRUDER.

A Lover of the Magnificent—The Envied of Men—The Adored of Women.  
This old warrior sleeps the sleep of a soldier in a rude Texas grave, over which there is no monument. The grass was growing about it in the early summer, and there were some flowers there, withered and faded, scattered by a woman's hand. A votary at the shrine of nature, and finished diplomat at the court of Venus, it was fitting that there should be largesse of green growing grasses and love-flowers. If roses are the tear drops of angels, as the beautiful Arab belief puts forth in poetry, then is this lowly mound a hallowed spot, and needs not the sculptured stone, the fretted column, the ivy and the obelisk.

Magruder was a wonderful man.—He stood six feet four inches in height, and had a form men envied and women admired. His nerves were all iron. Foreign travel and comprehensive culture had given to his wit a zest that was always crisp and sparkling. He never lacerated. To the sting of repartee he added the honey of the clover. He could fight all day and dance all night. In the morning a glass of brandy and a strong cigar renewed his strength and caused the cup of his youth to run over with the precious wine of health and high spirits. He loved magnificent uniforms, magnificent horses, magnificent riders, and magnificent women.

Gifted and graced in conversation, he was a pet in the *boudoir* and a logician in the barracks. He had studied French in Paris, Italian in Rome, and Spanish in the Halls of the Montezuma. His horsemanship was of the English kind, that is to say, not graceful, but impossible to be surpassed for firm riding and endurance. He wrote little love songs that were set to music; one of them "Imogene," had in it the plaintive melody of a lover, and the sad rymth of burial bugles.

In the Crimea he astonished the French officers by sleeping at the front with the chasseurs under fire. In Mexico he sent back to the Archbishop a lady's perfumed glove he had found in his palace when the city was won, and with a note which read: "It is pretty enough to have belonged to a queen. Would she have pardoned me if I had appropriated it?" As the Archbishop sent him the next day a basket of delicious wine, it is supposed

that the fair owner of the glove must have looked leniently upon the handsome American soldier. At a latter time he was riding with General Scott down the long street of Iturbide; Gen. Garnett joined them, and Magruder drew a little back for his superiors to confer together; a white puff of smoke curled out from an open window, a sudden report speedily followed, and Garnett and horse fell hard and bloody. An ounce ball, intended for Scott, had broken Garnett's thigh and killed his charger. Fearing another fire Magruder galloped to the side of his chief and covered his body with his own.—The old man's eyes never dropped nor his voice changed an intonation.—"How long will it take you to batter down that house?" he spoke curtly to Lieutenant Magruder, pointing with a sweep of his finger to the one nearest, and from which the bullet came. "An hour by the watch, General."—"Then open fire at point-blank range, and leave not one stone upon another."

It was done, and well done, and those who saw Magruder soonest afterwards noticed that he had another bar on his epaulettes; he had been made a captain. War was his element, the bivouac his delight, and the battle his perfect happiness. Besides, prodigal, fashionable, foolishly brave sometimes, a spendthrift, generous, a true friend and staunch comrade, the surrender of Appomattox made him an aged man in his prime, and wrinkled his features, which had before resisted all the attacks of time.

One who wandered far and long with him in other lands, in sweet sunny weather, relates how, from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec, he went with Magruder all over the battlefields of the Mexican war. The light came back to his eyes and the fire to his face when telling of Contreras and Cherebusco, and Perote, and Molino del Rey, and the Belen Gate, and Chapultepec and the City of Mexico. His talk was never devoid of Scott and Twiggs, Wood and Worth, Smith and Pillow, Taylor and Quitman, and all the young subordinates who afterwards made such bloody parts in the greatest of American dramas. Of McClellan he told this incident among a thousand: "The fire from the hill of Chapultepec was terrible. Fifty pieces of heavy artillery were massed against my four-gun battery at point-blank range, and in the valley below a regiment of lancers were forming for a charge. Our fire had been slackened, and the men were lying down. A young man sat beside one of the guns, amusing himself with picking up pebbles and shooting them out from his hand. The lancers came nearer; I called to the young officer whom I had noticed, and he sprang up, saluting. "Your name?" "Lieutenant George B. McClellan." "Very well, Lieutenant; take command of one of these guns and disperse those lancers." The gunners rushed to their pieces. All the great cannons about Chapultepec went to roaring. The battle began anew. Worth was sweeping up the acclivity. The lancers were routed, and the next I saw of McClellan he was smoking a cigarette in the palace of Santa Anna, his face as black as a powder keg, and an ugly wound in his arm."

What a book his life would make in the hands of some men! He once intended to write an autobiography.—Whether it was begun or not we do not know—most certainly it was never finished.

The brave, fond heart is pulseless now. The form of the stalwart soldier is dust in its far away grave.—The laurels that he gathered and wore so well are faded and gone. Back from the unknown land no voice will come to tell of what rank he takes in the spectral columns, closed up and silent, waiting the resurrection day.—Yet God deals gently with a soldier. When he is brave, and noble, and courteous, and merciful, he has those attributes, which assimilate heaven, and therefore, he is fore-ordained to happiness after death. It may be late in coming; the bivouacs are right cold and dreary, we know, for some, but after the night of the morning, and after the judgment day the New Jerusalem.

**The Way Horace Solaces Himself.**  
The following characteristic editorial article appeared in the *Tribune* just after the late election:

"CRUMBS OF COMFORT.—There has been no time, until now, within the last twelve years, when the *Tribune* was not supposed to keep, for the benefit of the idle and incapable, a sort of Federal employment agency, established to get places under Government for those who were indisposed to work for their living. Any man who had ever voted the Republican ticket believed that it was the duty and the privilege of the editor of this paper to get him a place in the custom-house. Every red-nosed politician who had cheated at the caucus and fought at the polls looked to the editor of the *Tribune* to secure his appointment as ganger, or as army

chaplain, or as Minister to France.—Every campaign orator came upon us after the battle was over for a recommendation as Secretary of the Treasury or the loan of half a dollar. If one of our party had an interest pending at Washington, the orator of the *Tribune* was telegraphed in frantic haste to come to the capital, to save this bill, crush that one project or stop another. He was to be "Everybody's Friend," with nothing to do but to take care of other folks' business, sign papers, write letters and ask favors for them, and to get no thanks for it either.—Four-fifths of these people were sent away without what they wanted, only to become straightway abusive enemies. It was the worry of life to try to gratify one demand in a dozen for the other fifth.

"The man with two wooden legs congratulated himself that he could never be troubled with cold feet. It is a source of profound satisfaction to that office-seeker who keeps aloof from a defeated candidate who has not influence enough at Washington or Albany to get a sweeper appointed under the sergeant-at-arms, or a deputy sub-assistant-temporary-clerk into a paste-board section of the folding room. At last we shall be let alone to mind our own affairs and manage our own newspaper, without being called aside every hour to help lazy people whom we don't know and to spend our strength in efforts that only benefit people who don't deserve assistance. At last we shall keep our office clear of blather-skaytes and political beggars, and go about our daily work with the satisfaction of knowing that not the most credulous of place-hunters will suspect us of having any credit with the appointing powers. That is one of the results of Tuesday's election for which we own ourselves profoundly grateful."

### CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

His Judicial and Personal Character.  
[From the Nation's Review of Tyler's Life of Roger B. Taney.]

Taney alone of the public men living at the outbreak of the late war saw all the phases of that long quarrel which planted discord at the very birth of union. From the Massachusetts declaration of the right to secede, upon the purchase of Louisiana Territory, and the assertion by Josiah Quincy of the duty to do so, at the admission of that State eight years later, through the times of the Hartford convention, accused by Adams of conspiring to dissolve the Union, through nullification and the compromises of 1820 and 1850, through the suspension of the right to petition and the Kansas and Nebraska Acts, down to John Brown's raid and the fall of Sumter, he knew all the elements in that widening strife, and the chief political actors on both sides who fomented it. The story of his progress is told by his biographer in the language of the South, with blame only for the North. It is not within the purpose or limits of this paper to point out his inaccuracies of statement, especially with regard to the fairness and general acceptance of the compromise of 1850. At last, after Taney had presided in the Supreme Court for twenty years, growing in the respect and confidence of the nation, the duel of the sections took the shape of a constitutional question before that tribunal, and the issue whether Congress could exclude slavery from the Territories was presented in the famous Dred Scott case. The decision that it could not, given by six judges out of eight was delivered by the Chief Justice in an elaborate opinion. It is out of place here to consider the merits of that controversy. But two points in the subsequent history of the decision, on which the biographer dwells at length, cannot be passed over if justice is to be done to the memory of Taney. In the necessary review of the condition of the African race, at the time our Government was formed, Taney stated, as a historical fact, that through-out the civilized world negroes "were regarded as so inferior, that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." These are the very words of his decision, and some judgment may be formed as to the temper of the times, when it is remembered that they were seized upon by partisans, falsified into an utterance of his own present views upon the rights of the blacks, and published through the world and believed by thousands as such. A graver charge against Taney, and as false a one, was uttered on the occasion of that decision by no less a person than Mr. Seward, on the floor of the Senate—the charge of a covert arrangement between President Buchanan and the judges of the Supreme Court to get up a mock trial on the Dred Scott case, for a political purpose. The biographer shows conclusively, by correspondence with the judges and by comparison of dates, that there neither existed nor could have been supposed to exist a shadow of truth in the story.

Such accusations, indeed, though

posterity will be sure to clear him of them. Taney could not, at such a crisis, hope to escape. Not he, but the Constitution was on trial—the Constitution, declared by Marshall to be a superior, paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means. The time had come when it was to be changed, because its provisions, framed in an earlier day of narrower thought and experience, had ceased to express the convictions and purposes of the people.—Neither ordinary means, nor the extraordinary methods of amendment provided by the instrument itself, were available. The supreme remedy of civil war was close at hand.

It is a relief to turn from this public prosecution to the private life and character of the Chief Justice, as sketched in this volume. His simplicity and high honor impressed every one who came into relations with him. The great men who had been his political enemies in early life sought reconciliation and asked counsel of him in his later years. The few charming letters that are given bear witness to the tenderness of his affections and the gentle authority of his social influence. His religion was that quiet and constant force in life of the Roman Catholic faith often offers such beautiful examples, and his charity in act and speech the ready expression of an honest, generous nature. As a strong, calm and pure man, filling blamelessly the highest station in the most troubled period of the national life, Chief Justice Taney will always remain one of the most venerable and interesting figures in the history of the country.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

### THE HORSE DISEASE.

When a special and unusual disease occurs among men, it is called an Epidemic, from two Greek words, *Epi*, upon, and *demis*, the people; and when a special and unusual disease makes its appearance among inferior animals, it is called Epizootic, also from two Greek words, *Epi*, upon, and *zoon*, animal.—Hence the present malady is called Epizootic, just as small-pox is called Epidemic. The distemper now prevalent among horses, is Influenza or Epizootic Catarrh; and it is typified by the peculiar nature, form and degree of the violence of the disease. Unfrequent diseases are decided to be mild or malignant, according to the number of deaths resulting from them; and when a prevailing disease readily yields to proper treatment, and not many die from it, it is said to be mild, but if it is not very submissive to treatment and many cases terminate fatally, it is considered malignant. As comparatively few horses have died, and a great many recovered, the Epizootic under consideration, may be safely termed mild, and possesses none of that virulence which marked the visitation of the same disease during the years of 1836 and 1840. Correspondents of newspapers have investigated this malady with mystery by giving to it a variety of meaningless names, and thereby distracted public attention from an intelligent understanding of its true character and importance.

The disease is undoubtedly contagious or catching, and is easily communicated from one horse to another, though not from the horse to the man. It is very much influenced by the weather, and by far the greater number of cases occur during a cold wet spell.—The disease commences in the horse just as what is called a severe cold begins in man, and like a severe cold, may be more or less severe, and soon get better, or go on from bad to worse, having the constitution or soundness of each horse that it attacks, to give it a respective character. Horses whose lungs and air passages are sound, usually bear the disease best, while those which have suffered previously with inflammation of the organs of respiration suffer most when attacked by it. In mild cases the horse is feverish, indolent, and has a cough which is distinct but not very loud. The attack may be so slight that the groom scarcely notices anything wrong with the horse until a prevalent discharge from the nose reveals the nature of the attack. But unfortunately the disease is not always so mild, and too frequently assumes a bold and terrible appearance from the very beginning. When it thus sets in, it comes on with a chill or severe shivering, which is immediately followed by quickness of the circulation of the blood and general fever. The mucus membrane of the nose becomes hot and dry, and the eyes are red and weeping, and cough soon announces the irritation of the windpipe and lungs. Soreness of the throat is evidenced by the horse gulping and quivering his body or food when he attempts to drink or eat. His breathing is quick and audible, and his flanks heave in consequence of the distress and pain which he feels in respiration. His appetite is diminished, or entirely lost, accompanied by early and remarkably well marked debility, arising from both oppression and depression of the

nervous energy, and before the expiration of the second day, if the horse is moved from his position, he staggers as he walks. If he gets down, he is unable to stand upon his feet when he is forced to make the effort to do so. There is heat and some swelling about the glands of the jaws, but no enlargement of any consequence. It is entirely a disease of the organs of breathing, and the mucus membrane of the nose, mouth, throat, windpipe, bronchial tubes, and the substance of the lungs are all more or less implicated in the general inflammation; and when this disease takes on its most fearful form, and so great is the prostration that it is impossible to tell whether or not the animal will live from one day to another. About the second day after the beginning of the cough, a puslike discharge begins to flow from the nostrils.

This is sometimes fetid, and very profuse and tenacious, and adds to the difficulty of breathing through the nostrils; and as the air passes through it into and out of the lungs, gives rise to a loud and continuous rattling. The limbs become cold, painful and stiff, and often greatly swollen; and the feet are tender and not unlike their condition in founder. The duration of the disease is about two weeks; and in this time, the horse either gets rapidly better or sinks and dies before the expiration of a week, and if the disease does not terminate either in resolution or death within these periods, the disease is apt to proceed for an uncertain period, until the irritation becomes so general or extensive that it is almost a matter of impracticability to tell which part of him is most diseased.

The treatment of both the mild and severe form of the disease, is a matter of great importance; and, upon its correctness, will depend a favorable or unfavorable termination of the case. The owner of a horse suffering with the disease, must do for the animal that which he would do for himself, or advise his friend to do, were either laboring under a severe influenza, viz: Stop his business, and place himself in the best possible condition to avoid those influences or causes which would likely lead to an increase of the disease, and augment its danger. The disease is always sudden in its attack; and in mild cases, nothing more is necessary than to put the horse in a comfortable stable, protect his body by a blanket, and do not allow his stable door to open in a manner that will expose him to a northeast wind. Give him, once or twice a day a mash made by pouring hot water upon bran, a little cut hay, and plenty of gruel, with but little or no water. All his drinks should be as warm as he will take them, and a bucket of gruel should be kept constantly by his side in order to allow him to drink at pleasure. About the second day, the cold breaks, as it is called, and the discharge makes its appearance at the nostrils. The heat and tightness about the nose is very much relieved by rubbing the face, from the eyes to the nostrils with lard or common oil, and allowing the horse to inhale, from a horse-bag steamed produced by pouring boiling water upon bran. Sneezing to clear the nose, may be excited by blowing a little red pepper into the nostrils. This treatment may be continued once or twice a day until the horse begins to convalesce; and a gradual return to the horse's accustomed diet and exercise may be commenced, but great care must be taken of him until every symptom has disappeared, and if the owner values his horse, he must be as careful of him as reason would teach him to be of himself upon getting well of a similar disease.

A severe case is nothing more than an aggravation or excess of the violence of the symptoms of a mild case, and as remarked before, typified by the peculiar constitution of the horse. In almost all cases of inflammation of the different parts of the animal body, the abstraction of blood is a valuable remedy; but in this disease, it must be resorted to with such caution that bleeding cannot safely be trusted to ignorant hands, or to those who do not know enough to tell its effect upon the pulse; but in cases which show severe internal inflammation, three or four pounds of blood may be taken with good effect. The blood must be withdrawn from a large opening in the vein, and closed immediately after the requisite quantity has been obtained. Next to bleeding, and frequently superior to it, comes tartar emetic. Of all medicines this is most valuable in the treatment of diseases of the air passages. It should be given twice a day, in combination with the following medicines: Powdered salt petre, 120 grains; tartar emetic, 30 grains; powdered foxglove leaves, 30 grains; powdered chlorate of potash, 60 grains. These articles are to be mixed into one powder. Each article readily dissolves in water. The most convenient way to give the powder is to put it into a pint bottle filled with water, and shake the bottle well before giving the contents. A dozen of these

powders, given two each day, will be all that the horse may need, and after he begins to get better, one day will be all sufficient for him. They should be continued until his cough is cured. This powder is as appropriate for the complications as for the disease itself, and this treatment, or one similar to it, is all that human science can do for the suffering animal.

Most respectfully,  
J. B. JOHNSON, M. D.  
Alexandria, Va., Nov. 11, 1872.

### Economy in Good Roads.

There is no economy in "saving at the spigot and losing at the bung." There is economy in parsimony in road making and paying treble or quadruple to wagon makers, blacksmiths and harness makers. Uneven road beds, gullies and boulders tax a man more heavily in purse and are more vexatious to spirit than his part of the cost of constructing and maintaining a road as "level and smooth as a barn floor." Men don't get rich or are a long time getting rich just because they don't begin right. What is the use of toiling to save crops if a share of the profits is lost in getting them to market? A man starts from his nearest town with a ton of hay from which he expects to realize ten to fifteen dollars. He runs into a gully, tips over, and a half day is lost to himself and team in getting straightened up; or he loses a tire, breaks some part of his wagon, or casts a shoe, because of a boulder or something else that shouldn't be there—out comes his purse for repairs, and away goes an hour or more of his time.—But the cost and loss of time is not all—he gets fretted, worried in spirit, and becomes exceedingly unamiable, boorish and bearish. And this last is no first rate evidence of his civilization—traced back to his imperfect road bed. A poor road in a populous community costs enough, incidentally (and accidentally) in the course of twelve months—shall we say it?—to macadamize its whole length, and to give something almost as durable as the "everlasting hills."

Our old system of road working needs alteration. It does not meet the wants of the people to-day. It is too antiquated and too imperfect to be recognized as in harmony with the spirit of the age. It needs thorough revision. What scholar and philanthropist can devise a system that will combine thoroughness of structure, completeness of detail and no waste of the people's money? Such a man will be the benefactor of the rural districts, and as justly entitled to a memorial trophy as any inventor of the age.—*Chautauquy Farmer.*

### Cure for Corns—Pro Bono Publico.

A correspondent sends us the following: Corned brines and corned feet are offensive to the community as well hurtful to the individuals. Many have trotter along our streets without grogshop and, or high heeled shoes. Modes of cure are numerous, and feet doctors make a living by their inventions.—Cutting with a knife is dangerous, as it cannot be so carefully guided, and often provokes the evil it would destroy. Outward applications often fail, because the hard flesh is only softened and not removed. It is only hindered in its pressure for a time.

Here is a *tried* remedy: Go to your hardware merchant and purchase a rat-tail file—a fine one, as long as such animal's tail. He will understand and hand you the article. Wherever there may be callosities on your body rub them down, only stopping when the under flesh becomes sensitive. If necessary continue this frequently until a healthy state of the place affected commences. If you see fit to promote more rapidly the growth of flesh, rub with oil. But remove the latter before filing, as the drier the surface the more operative the file. No other application is necessary, except when the callosity is removed and the cuticle is sound underneath, reduce what may remain of the corn with the finger nail. What are called "Japanese files" are sold for the same purpose, but they are rough and injurious, at least inferior to the common rat-tail file.

Certificate.—The writer has used the file more than one year, and removed every bit of hard flesh on face, foot and hand. He has now no pain in walking.

The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability; it is social, kind and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy, illiberal superstition and bigotry which cloud the brow, sour the temper, deject the spirit and impress moroseness on the manners.

A Man has no more right to say an unclean thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—*John 8:07*

It has been shrewdly remarked that advertising is the oil which wise merchants put into their lamps and foolish ones neglect to use.