The Lincoln County Herald
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BY
THEO. D. FISHER.

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TO TEACHERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Superintendent of public schools of Lincoln county, Mo., will, in accordance with the school law of the State, hold public examination of teachers, on the 1st Saturday of every month, at the court house in Troy, and on those days only. Teachers will please bear this in mind.
W. S. PENNINGTON, Sup't Public Schools,
jn15n26] Lincoln county, Mo.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested, that the copartner-ship heretofore existing between the undersigned is this day mutually dissolved, and William Frazier is authorized to collect all debts due the firm.
A. V. McKEE.
Troy, Mo., April 1, 1871] WILLIAM FRAZIER.

LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

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BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

[The following touching lines were written by Maj. —— Sigourney, one of the reputed authors of "Beautiful Snow."]

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,
In mystic future what wilt thou be?
A demon of sin or an angel sublime—
A poison Upas or innocent thyme—
A spirit of evil flashing down
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—
Or gliding up with a shining track,
Like the morning star that never looks back?
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child, in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds and flowers;
Pure as the sparkling crystaline stream,
Jewels of truth thy fairy eyes beam.
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshipped by love in mortal shrine?
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet years
With rainbows of hope through mists of tears—
Mists beyond which the sunny smile,
With its halo of glory, came all the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given
A gleam serene, not of earth but heaven;
With thy tell tale eyes and prattling tongue,
Would thou couldst ever thus be young.
Like the liquid strains of the mocking bird,
From stair to hall thy voice is heard;
How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found,
With flowers thy curly head around;
And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,
Oh! who would not doat on my infant saint!

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be
Perchance is wisely hidden from me;
A fallen star shou d 't leave my side
And sorrow and shame become the bride—
Shivering, quivering through the cold street,
With a curse behind and before thy feet;
Ashamed to live and afraid to die;
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky—
Merciful Father—my brain grows wild—
Oh! keep from evil my beautiful child!

The Early Life of Dickens.

The first volume of Mr. Foster's Life of Charles Dickens has just been given to the public by J. B Lippincott & Co, and it contains some things that will be new to the readers and admirers of the great novelist. Among these is a touching description of a portion of his early life hitherto entirely unknown. At the age of ten years he was placed in a blacking house at six shillings a week. Years afterwards, he thus writes of his sad youthful experience.

"It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me that, even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally—to suggest that something might have been spared, as it certainly might have been, to place me at any common school. Our friends, I take it, were tired out. No one made any sign. My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar school and going to Cambridge.

"The blacking warehouse was the last house on the left hand side of the way, at old Hungerford Stairs. It was a crazy, tumble-down old house, abutting of course on the river, and litterally overrun with rats. Its wainscoted rooms, and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old gray rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of thier squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up visibly before me, as if I were there again. The counting-house was on the first floor looking over the coal-barges and the river. There was a recess in it, in which I was to sit and work. My work was to cover pots of paste blacking; first with a piece of oil-paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string; and then clip the paper close and neat, all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots. Two or three other boys were kept at similar duty down-stairs on similar wages. One of them came up, in a ragged apron and a paper cap, on the first Monday morning, to show me the trick of using the string and tying the knot. His name was Bob Fagin; and I took the liberty of using his name, long afterwards, in Oliver Twist.

"Our relative had kindly agreed to teach me something in the dinning hour; from twelve to one, I think it was, every day. But an arrangement so incompatible with counting house business soon died away, from no fault of his or mine; and, for the same reason, my small work-table, and my grosses of pots, my papers, string, scissors, paste-pot, and labels, by little and little, vanished out of the recess in the counting house, and kept company with other small work-tables, grosses of pots, papers, strings, scissors and paste pots, down stairs. It was not long before Bob Fagin and I, and another boy whose name was Paul Green, but who was currently believed to have been christened Poll (a belief which I transferred, long afterwards again to Mr Sweedlepipe, in Martin Chuzzlewit), worked generally, side by side. Bob Fagin was an orphan, and lived with his brother-in law, a waterman. Poll Green's father had the additional distinction of being a fireman, and was employed at Drury Lane theatre; where another relation of Poll's, his little sister, did imps in the pantomimes.

"No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship; compared these every day associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing to be a learned and distinguished man, crushed in my breast. The deep rememberance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more, cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life.

"I was so young and childish, and so little qualified—how could I be otherwise? to undertake the whole charge of my whole existence, that, in going to Hungerford Stairs of a morning, I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half price on trays at the confectioners' doors in Tottenham Court Road; and I often spent in that the money I should have kept for dinner. Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll, or a slice of pudding. There were two pudding-shops between which I was divided, according to my finances. One was in a court close to St Martin's Church (at the back of the church) which is now removed altogether. The pudding at that shop was made with currants, and was made rather a special pudding, but was dear; two pennyworth not being larger than a pennyworth of more ordinary pudding. A good shop for the latter was in the Strand, somewhere near the Lowther Arcade is now. It was a stout hale pudding, heavy and flabby; with great raisins in it, stuck in whole, at great distances apart. It came up hot, at about noon every day; and many and many a day did I dine off it.

"We had half an hour, I think, for tea. When I had money enough, I used to go to a coffee shop, and have half a pint of coffee, and a slice of bread and butter. When I had no money, I took a turn in the Convent Garden market, and stared at the pineapples.

I know I do not exaggerate, unconsciously and unintentionally, the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling or so were given me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or a tea. I know that I worked from morning till night, with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through, by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting-house, wrapped in six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount and labelled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know, that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.

"But I held some station at the blacking warehouse too. Besides that, my relative at the counting-house did what a man so occupied, and dealing with a thing so anomalous, could, to treat me as one upon a different footing from the rest. I never said, to man or boy, how it was that I came to be there. That I suffered exquisitely, no one ever knew but I. How much I suffered, it is, as I have said already, utterly beyond my power to tell. No man's imagination can overstep the reality. But I kept my own counsel, and I did my work. I knew from the first, that, if I could not do my work as well as any of the rest, I could not hold myself above slight and contempt. I soon became, at least, as expeditious and as skillful with my hands as either of the other boys.

"My rescue from this kind of existence I considered quite hopeless, and abandoned as such, altogether; though I am solemnly convined that I never, for one hour was reconciled to it, or was other wise than miserably unhappy.

"At last, one day, my father, and the relative so often mentioned, quarreled; quarrelled by letter, for I took the letter from my father to him which caused the explosion, but quarrelled fiercely. It was about me.

"My mother set herself to accommodate the quarrel, and did so next day. She brought home a request for me to return next morning, and a high character of me, which I am very sure I deserved. My father said I should go back no more, and should go to school. I do not write resentfully or angrily; for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am; but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back.

"From that hour until this at which I write, no word of that part of my childhood which I now gladly brought to a close has passed my lips to any human being. I have no idea how long it lasted; whether for a year, or much more, or less. From that hour until this my father and my mother have been stricken dumb upon it. I have never heard the least allusion to it, however, far off and remote, from either of them. I have never, until now imparted it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with any one, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain I then dropped, thank God.

"Until old Hungerford market was pulled down, until old Hungerford Stairs were destroyed, and the very nature of the ground changed, I never had the courage to go back to the place where my servitude began. I never saw it. I could not endure to go near it. For many years, when I came near to Robert Warren's in the Strand, I crossed over to the opposite side of the way, to avoid a certain smell of cement they put upon the blacking corks. It was a very long time before I liked to go up Chandos street My old way home by the borough made me cry, after my eldest child could speak.

"In my walks at night I have walked there often, since then, and by degrees I have come to write this. It does not seem a tithe of what I might have written, or of what I meant to write."

My First Earthquake.

[From the "Innocents at Home."

A month after I landed in Sacramento I enjoyed my first earthquake. It was one which was long called the great earthquake, and it is doubtless so distinguished till this day. It was just after noon on a bright October day. I was coming down Third street. The only object in motion anywhere in sight in that thickly-built and populous quarter were a man in a buggy behind me and a street car winding slowly up the cross street. Otherwise, all was solitude and a Sabbath stillness. As I turned the corner, around a frame house, there was a great rattle, jar, and it occurred to me that here was an item!—no doubt a fight in that house. Before I could turn, and see the door, there came a really terrific shock; the ground seemed to roll under me in waves, interrupted by a violent juggling up and down, and there was a heavy grinding noise as of brick houses rubbing together. I fell up against the frame house and hurt my elbow. I knew what it was now, and from mere reportorial instinct, nothing else, took out my watch and noted the time of the day; at that moment a third and still severer shock came, and as I reeled about on the pavement, trying to keep my footing, I saw a sight. The entire front of a tall, four story brick building in Third street, sprang out like a door and fell sprawling across the street, raising a dust like a great volume of smoke. And here came the buggy—overboard went the man, and in less time than I can tell it the vehicle was distributed in small fragments along 300 yards of street. One could have fancied that somebody had fired a charge of chair rounds and rags down the thoroughfare. The street car had stopped, the horses were rearing and plunging, and passengers were pouring out at both ends, and one man had crushed half way through a glass window on one side of the car, got wedged fast, and was squirming and screaming like an impaled madman. Every door of every house, as far as the eye could reach, was vomiting a stream of human beings; and almost before one could execute a wink and begin another there was a massed multitude of people stretching in endless procession down every street my position commanded. Never was solemn solitude turned into teeming life quicker. Of the wonders wrought by "the great earthquake," these were all that came under my eye; but the tricks it did elswhere, and wide over the town, made toothsome gossip for nine days. The destruction of property was trifling—the injury to it was widespread and somewhat serious. The "curiosities" of the earthquake were simply endless. Gentlemen and ladies who were sick, or were taking a siesta, or dissipated till a late hour and were making up lost sleep, thronged into the public streets in all sorts of queer apparel, and some without any at all. One woman who had been washing a naked child, ran down the street holding it by the ankles as if it were a dressed turkey. Prominent citizens, who were supposed to keep the Sabbath strictly, rushed out of saloons in their shirt sleeves, with billiard cues in their hands. Dozens of men, with necks swathed in napkins, rushed from barbers' shops lathered to the eyes, or with one cheek clean shaved and the other still bearing a hairy stubble. Horses broke from stables and a frightened dog rushed up a short attic ladder and out on to a roof, and when his scare was over had not the nerve to go down again the same way he had gone up. A prominent editor flew down stairs, in the principal hotel, with nothing on but one brief uder-garment—met a chambermaid and exclaimed "Oh, what shall I do! Where shall I go?" She responded with naive serenity. "If you have a choice, you might try a clothing store!"

A new story is going the rounds touching an experience of M. Taine at Oxford, England, while visiting the colleges there. Max Muller went into the dining room of a hotel in Oxford, and there saw Taine sitting with a dish of roast beef and vast quantities of buttered toast. "Is that a French dish?" he asked. "No," said Taine, but they keep on bringing it to me in spite of all that I can say to the contrary." "What do you ask for?" observed his friend. "Why," replied Tanie, "I keep telling them to bring *pottar tos*, and each time they bring me a fresh dish of toast!" Mr. Tanie's pronunciation of "potatoes" was so much like "buttered toast" that the astonished waiter could not be blamed.

It is positively asserted that the clove crop of the island of Java has been completely destroyed by a storm. We can manage to worry along without cloves, but what are those poor men to do who are obliged to be at the "lodge" nearly every night till 2 A. M., and then go home suffering from the tooth-ache or something, and have no cloves to chew to conceal the fact from their loving wives? Here is where the destruction of the clove crop is going to strike the hardest.

[For the Lincoln County Herald]

The Effects of Alcoholic Drinks.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, and well, on this subject, there are some persons who deny that alcohol and strong drinks are poisons; and I feel disposed, therefore, to present what I regard as the pith of the evidence on this point Is alcohol in all the forms of its beverage use a poison? In attempting to decide this matter, let it be borne in mind that if I can show, on good authority, that alcoholic drinks do produce results similar to those which mark the *modus operandi* of acknowledged poisons, my end is gained. If, in addition, its deleterious influence can be shown to be greater than that of common poisons, the cause I advocate will be found to have acquired strength.

Christison Orfila, Beck, and all authors of note on toxicology, class alcohol with *narcotico-acrid* poisons; not only pure alcohol, but its varied forms of mixture in common use, are all shown to be decidedly deleterious to the human system. It may be reasonably asked, however, of what benefit is even the temperate use of ardent spirits to a healthful individual, who requires no additional excitement, either of his mental or corporeal energies? To this question no satisfactory reply can be offered, and notwithstanding the universal desire of the human species for intoxication and the ingenuity exercised in obtaining means to effect it, yet ardent spirits can be justly regarded in no other point of view than as either a medicine or a poison. Recently I had intelligence of a lad ten years of age, who secretly drank from a whiskey bottle, in imitation of his father, who was at work in the field. The sudden silence of the boy attracted the notice of the parent, when a wild, fixed gaze was discovered that denoted something wrong. The father called the boy by name, but in vain; and in less than an hour he was dead. Just think for a moment of what a sad issue that father so unthoughtedly brought in his family circle! Yet how many fathers are following the same example!

We can look back through the past and call many sad results to mind in which the fatal results were more slowly developed, being preceded by delirium, insensibility, spasms, convulsions, apoplexy, etc. These diversified operations of the poison—all, however, tending to the same sad issue—are very similar to what is often noticed in the poisonous effects of opium, arsenic and the like. These latter given in large doses kill speedily; if the dose be smaller, the effect is procrastinated to hours, or days, or even months. So if arsenic fails to spend the whole of its energy on the *primae viae*, and should happen to impress morbidly the nervous system, we discover paralysis of the extremities, which extending its spheres at length pervades the whole system, and the victim perishes miserably after days or even months of severe suffering. The same reasoning is equally applicable to all the forms of alcoholic drinks.

But the deleterious influence of alcohol goes even further. It reaches the very deepest recesses of the moral as well as the physical nature; poisons not only the fountain of life, but the springs of intelligence, and transforms the man into a nondescript, to compare which with the harmless beast would be an unmerited degradation of the latter.

JUAN ORLANDO.

Who can reflect without sadness on the closing moments of General Neil? His life-long dream had been to obtain the little baton and ribbon of marshal of France. He could not sleep after seeing it conferred on McMahon as a reward of valor in the battle of Magenta. Before the next engagement he told his friends that he would win the prize he so much coveted. The conflict was over, and they sought him anxiously upon the gory field. They found him almost crushed beneath his war horse, and the practiced eye of the surgeon told him that life would soon be over. Word was sent to the emperor, who quickly arrived, and taking from his breast the badge of the marshal of France, he placed it above the heart of his faithful follower. The life-long dream was realized, and with a single throb of exultant joy and gratitude, he threw his arms about the neck of his sovereign; the next instant he fell back in the embrace of King Death

A fancy farmer of Scott county, Ky., says the Georgetown Times, is said to have built a $2,000 hog pen, which is painted and grained, furnished with hot and cold water, warmed with steam and lighted with gas. There is a fine library, where can be found Cobb's Elementary Works of Bacon,' 'Inquiry Regarding the Descendants of Ham,' 'Cobden on the Corn Laws,' and the popular little poem, "Root Hog or Die." The troughs are mahogony, inlaid with ivory, and furnished with Phelan cushions. When ever a hog is led out to execution, chloroform is administered.

The Dolly Varden Dress.

As the fashionable world is running wild over a new style of dress, called the Dolly Varden, we publish the following for our lady readers:

"Dolly Varden is simply a bunched up overdress, cut in antique style, and made of any flowered material which most resembles old fashioned chintz bed room furniture. In making them care must be taken not only in the purchase of material, but in cutting them so as to preserve the integrity of the idea. The sleeves must be antique; that is, close at the top with deep ruffles. The high boddice cut is one with the skirt to open in front, but closes so as to form a long waist, cut with a spring which deepens almost into points back and front. The skirt is looped up in five different places, three at the back, one upon each side, with velvet ribbon.

"The materials for Dolly Vardens are numerous and varied. There are cotton chintzes with black, white or tinted grounds. *The latter are considered the most distingue.* There are also chintz-figured *foulards*, which are more stylish than chintz, in black and tinted grounds, and richer striped silks, brocaded with flowers, employed for the 'Dolly Vardens' that are used to complete dinner costumes."

The New York Mail, in reply to an inquiry as to who Dolly Varden is, or was, says: Dolly Varden was the charming daughter of a London locksmith, Gabriel Varden by name, and lived in the reign of George III. She afterwards became Mrs. Joe Willett. For further information we would refer our inquirer to a certain book of reference called "Barnaby Rudge," written by one Charles Dickens, an author of some local reputation. Whether the lady in question was given to wearing materials of a startling loud character in color and pattern, this deponent has no knowledge, nor information sufficient to form a belief. About a year ago, however, some inspired *modiste* rechristened what was then known as "cretonnes," and called them "Dolly Vardens." The name was at first confined to chintzes, but it spread to other materials. At a late dry goods exposition "Dolly Varden" silks were exhibted, and now whole costumes, whose like was never seen on sea or shore, are named after the charming and coquettish little daughter of a London locksmith.

SONS OF SUCCESSFUL MEN.—Next to the inquiry, what becomes of the pins? an interesting question would be what becomes of the sons of successful men? A few firms are in the hands of the sons of the founders; but these are exceptions. The old names and the old trade generally pass into the hands of others. "Do you see that man shovelling coal? Well, his children, and children like his, will jostle your pampered sons and rule this land," said an old New Yorker the other day.

The old names have ceased in the pulpit. The famed man of the bar seldom has a successor. The eminent jurists carry their honors with them to the grave. Merchant princes are obliterated.

The reason is clear. The father laid the basis of business one way and the sons build another. Men who earned their fortunes by hard work, by attention, that were their own book-keepers, salesmen, cashiers, and often porters, are followed by sons who do as little as possible, who delegate to others all the work they can, and who know more of the road than of the Ledger.

Young men who fling the examples of their sires to the winds, find it easy to squander a valuable name, run through a fortune quicker than it was earned, and find themselves, while young, at the point from which their fathers started.

Piggy got into a large yard where he did not belong, and trying to get out again he stuck fast under a high board fence, and there began to kick and squeal in the good old way. His master, a big, fat Irishman, hearing the hubbub, ran out of his house near by, and caught his pig by the ears, endeavoring to pull him through the hole before his trespass was detected. But this treatment had no effect but to make the pig yell the more. An old ram in the yard hearing the noise, and seeing piggy's hind legs and tail flourishing away in a menacing manner, accepted what he thought was a challenge, and lowering his head charged with all his might. He struck his mark squarely and fairly, and the pig shot through the hole like a pork cannon ball, and striking his master full in the breast, knocked him flat on his back. The only person who witnessed this closing scene was just entering the yard, and not being aware how many actors were engaged in it, was very much surprised to hear what he supposed to be the pig swearing in Irish on the other side of the fence.

The origin of the title, "The Thunderer," by which the London Times is known, was from a writer beginning a leading article with the phrase: "We thundered forth the other day," &c. Some of the Times' contemporaries in referring to this expression, called the Times "The Thunderer," and though nearly fifty years have elapsed the title still clings to it.

A seedy and unhappy looking man, entering a revival meeting in Mississippi, took a seat near the pulpit. The clergyman, noticing his forlorn appearance, stepped up to him and asked if he was a Christian. "No," said he, "I am the editor of the village paper."

To cure a balky horse, tie his tail to a whiffletree, just so that when his mate pulls a little, a strain will come on his tail. Instead of beating and whipping a balky horse, try this simple remedy.