THE HOME JOURNAL.

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The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way.'

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS TO THE CHURCHES IN WINCHESTER.

A PROPOSITION.

The Cumberland Presbyterians have just finished their new Church--that is, the building, but the upper story needs inside work. The Methodists have been repairing their church, so have the Baptists. They all, we suspect, need money. Our heart is *willing*, but unable to assist, unless they choose to accept a proposition we will make, and which we offer from the purest impulse. Whenever we have been able we've given to whatever worthy object we thought needed assistance, and will now give $50 to each Church on the following condition:

Whenever the Presbyterians obtain 25 subscribers for us at $2 in advance, we will allow them to retain the money, every cent. So with the Methodists. So with the Baptists. We will furnish the paper for nothing, though the *actual cost* to us will be over $50: besides our trouble of printing off the papers, enveloping and backing them. Now, this is a fair—a kind proposal, and we will keep this offer standing three weeks. If not accepted, we will feel that it is kindness spurned.--Only 25 subscribers for each Church to get. The Journal is a good paper, and if some energetic person would take the matter in hand the number will soon be procured. Of course the subribers must be those who have never taken the paper before and are not subscribers now.

December 9th.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

ISABEL.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

My Isabel is beautiful,
Her eyes are lit with splendor,
Her waist is like the young gazelle's
So fairy like and slender.
The chains of love that bind us now
Nothing can here sever,
I shall adore and idolize
My Isabel forever.

Oft have I heard of angels, who
Were to us mortals given,
And Isabel is one who strayed
Away from bliss and heaven.
She is so pure and beautiful
The angels can but choose her,
And day by day I fear that we
May chance perhaps to lose her.

My love is not that moon-lit love
Which romance lights and kindles,
Which burns to day with brilliant flame
And then to-morrow dwindles.
Oh! no, the love which in me dwells,
Nothing can here sever,
I shall adore and idolize
My Isabel forever.

BALTIMORE, MD.

ALICE MURRY

A LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

CAPTER I.

It is evening. The sun is sinking in the crimson and purple west, while its last lingering rays kindle sylvan scenery, to every imaginable tint, yet, still to one fair being the beauties of sky and and foliage pass unheeded. A youg girl is pacing up and down the path before the cottage door. Her heart is throbbing with joyful anticipations, and every thought and every hope has for its object the loved form of the absent. At last a well known step is heard, a manly voice breaks upon her ear, and throwing herself in her lover's arms, she cries,

"Dear, dear Charles, you are come at last."

"My own sweet, Alice," he replies —and then their lips meet in a holy kiss.

She is now happy, from every sound her soul drinks in peace, and from one source it quaffs exceeding joy. *He* is walking by her side, is speaking soft in her ear, and his hand is clasping her. There are long pauses in the conversation, but sweet kisses fill up the gap, and thus the hours seem but minutes to the lovers. The sun had sunk entirely behind the distant hills, and a dim greyness is spreading on the face of nature. The silence is becoming more intense—the birds have ceased their songs, even the very leaves are still, nothing breaks the silence but the voice of the lovers.

"Alice, say again you love me."

"Why need I tell you—do you not know it?"

"Yes, but it is so sweet to hear the words."

"Well then, Charles, I love you—yea, more than life."

"My own, my beloved," says the young man," then there is a sweet long silence—but again he whispers,

"My love, I connot bear to leave you, not even for a day; you are the sun of my existence, but my father will not hear of my marriage to you, he has chosen another."

"Your father!" exclaims the girl.—"Does he not know all, how we met, how we--we loved!"

"No, it would have been madness to have told him. He would have torn me away from you, and that I could not bear."

"Oh, what is to be done, I never thought of that; what shall we do! My mother———"

"Well, does she know our secret?" is the quick interruption.

"I have no secrets from my mother. But Charles, my life, my love, what makes you look so? You surely would not have me deceive my mother."

"No—no—certainly not, but———"

"You are not yourself, do tell me all."

"I will," and as he speaks, he twines his arm around her slender form, "dearest, I love you as man never loved woman, but I am so situated that I dare not breathe it to any but you, but for you I will risk every prospect, every hope. Come, dear Alice, let us fly, everthing is prepared, and once in New York we are safe."

She is bewildered, stunned, stupefied. She can hardly believe the evidence of her own senses.

He continues, "once there, we shall be united. Speak, why this silence!—Can it be that you doubt me!"

"No, not doubt, not doubt."

"Then why delay? Often have you swore that you loved me, now prove it, let us fly at once."

"But my mother, my poor old mother, she who lives but in me, it would kill her, I cannot, indeed I cannot."

"Then you love her more than me!"

"No, no, but she adores me."

"Well then, it seems Alice, that you refuse my love, that I am but second in your affections, is this the way you show———"

"For heaven's sake, Charles, don't talk so cruelly, you know that I would suffer death for you; oh, how shall I act!"

'Fly at once with me. Let not misscalled duty hinder you, your love must be all *mine*."

"You are cruel, very cruel."

"Not so, my own sweet love, it is for our happiness. Come with me, prove your devotion, come, I see you yield."

"Love has conquered duty, Charles. God knows the struggle is terrible, but I cannot resist you. I feel that I am doing wrong, but I trust you. I will go with you to the end of the world, yea, to poverty or death," and as she ended, she fell upon her lover's breast and wept.

"My own noble Alice, we shall yet be happy," and he clasped the yielding maiden to his bosom.

Oh, the trustfulness of woman—father, mother, friends and home are as naught, when compared with the love of the one she adores, *then curst be who would betray her*.

CHAPTER II.

One year has fled, and want; misery degradation and despair, has followed in its train. Depending upon the protestations of her lover, believing his promises, she had eloped with him, but he had proven false to his vows, and now she is despairing.

In the city of New York, situated near Broadway, there is a row of two story houses inhabited but by the unfortunate, and in a squalid room a woman is sitting engaged in sewing.—Her eyes are red with crying, and so swollen that she can scarcely see.—She is very pale and thin, and her hands play mechanically with her long disarranged locks, and every action tells of deep and bitter misery. Memory is busy, and the thoughts that crowd around her almost break her heart; but hark! a step is sounding upon the stair, she clasps her hands and starts to her feet, the door opens, a man enters. She approaches him timidly.

"My love."

"Well, what is out now?" he replies in harsh tones, "you always are complaining lately."

"Oh, Charles, why so cruel?"

"Here, girl, that is enough of your acting. I want to make some arrangements with you."

She gazes up in his face, and says;

"Oh, do, my dear, but do not speak so harsh. I will forget the past, will never upbraid you, if you will but be kind to me."

"Hush your whining and hear me."

"Mercy, Charles, but do, oh, do marry me."

"Marry you?" he repeats.

"Yes, marry me. You told me when we came here you would. I trusted you. May I not trust you still?"

He is silent, not a word escapes him.

"I left my poor old mother to die among strangers, I left all for you.—God knows how I loved you, how I trusted you, I but lived in your presence. My God have you deceived me?"

She falls on her knees before him, clasps his hand and says.

"Speak, speak, or else I shall go mad. For the love of God fulfill your promise, keep your oath, marry me."

"And be imprisioned for bigamy."

Like a dead thing she falls upon the floor, while he, the betrayer, takes his departure.

"What is the matter?" says a gruff voice.

No answer, but a rumbling sound comes from her lips.

"She is drunk," says another, "let her sleep it out."

Slowly she recovers, but what is life now to her? Deserted, betrayed, life is to her but a blank, and pressing her hands to her forehead, she rushes madly out into the streets. It is a fearful night, the soaking rain is driven by the wind in the face of the luckless pedestrian, but she heeds it not; on, on, she takes her her course towards the North river.

The city hall clock is striking the hour of midnight. Along the wharfs the poor betrayed woman wanders, and passion, the passion of madness and despair, is running riot in her face.—She gazes in the black and hissing waters, and tries to think, but naught but images of gaunt wo, and lean despair, rise up before her.

"Horrible, horrible," she murmurs. "but I shall soon go down where there are no dreams."

She looks down into the abyss, tosses her arms, and a prayer arises to her lips.

"Hopeless, defiled, an outcast, God forgive me," and then again she gazes upon vacancy.

"Mother, mother, I see you, I come, Charles, my God, I come, I———"

There is a bound, a rush through the air, a flutter of a dress, a heavy splash, a groan, and all is over. She has gone to her Maker. Judge ye not harshly.

BALTIMORE, MD.

COME, COLD WINTER, COME.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

Come, cold, blighting Winter, come,
Thou choicest season of all;
Come, and be thou sad and drear
Beneath your icy pall.
Come, clad in your mantle of white,
And scatter the flowers sweet,
And earth's green covering blight
Beneath your chilling feet.

Let darkest clouds above
Shut out the sun's bright rays,
Let naught my mem'ry rack
Of brighter, happier days.
Let Northern winds in sadness moan,
Let rain in torrents pour,
And be thou, season, far more dreary
Than e'er thou hast before.

Oh come with your frost and sleet
And kindly charm my soul,
Since by the hand of foul deceit
I've quaffed from misery's bowl;
Since youthful hopes, that once so bright
Made all the future seem,
Have met too soon a chilling blight—
Have lost too soon their gleam.

Winchester, October, 1858.

BEING IN LOVE.—The epoch of being in love, notwithstanding all, is the most agreeable in the whole course of life. The soul has then no craving to gratify. Existence is at its highest premium, for it is then the farthest from indifference. He who is in love cherishes life, and but enjoys it the better for little draw-backs in other affairs, which only lighten love's relish when we return to it. It is a better and pleasanter thing than money-getting, or courtship, or sullen study, or madning ambition, or a thousand grasping desires that engross us wholly without our feeling satisfaction in their pursuit. These are solitary objects; being in love is participated with another, and therefore it is a more social pleasure. The romantic tinge which often colors our conduct, is an agreeable characteristic; it increases the attraction, and confers a hallowed charm upon the passion. Being in love is a restraint upon evil feelings—a situation favorable to virtue. The love of woman is a corrective of our perverse natures, and while its season lasts, always menes the heart. Let an unbiased and discriminating octogenarian answer what part of life he could look back upon with the most kindly feelings--what portion of his departed years he most cherished in his remembrance, and he would doubtless answer, the time when he was in love. The memory of that delicious season, its little adventures, its hopes, fears and enjoyments always come over us with a rush of pleasing warmth a sunbeam piercing the clouds of departed time, and irradiating for a moment our tottering steps and gray hairs.

Being in love mingles us with the better things of life, keeps beautiful forms perpetually before the eye, gives us pleasing dreams, elevates the spirits, and exalts our views. It tempers our harsher dispositions with gentleness of beauty, and subdues our proudest pretensions to the government of tears and caresses of mildness and persuasion. He who has never been in love is a miserable blockhead who is ignorant of the highest joy this tempered life possesses for mortals. Being in love is, in fact, a sort of millenium far above all life's other good.

GAMES OF SKILL.

A correspondent asks:--"What do you think of Games of skill, as Chess, Draughts, or Chequers?" Not understanding such games, our opinion may be of little worth; but we think that human life is too short, its true work too large, and its real object too momentous, to be frittered away with such tomfooleries So much for the moral of the subject. As to the mental effect of such employments, they certainly promote habits of deliberation and thoughtfulness, and very important characteristics are they in this hurry-skeiter, neck-or-nothing age.—But a far higher purpose would be attached by an equal time spent in the demonstration of some of the problems of Euclid, because they compel the mind to attention, to thoughtfulness, and to habits of legitimate deductions, the want of which is one of the most radical defects of modern education, and one of the most constant causes of making life a failure.

As to the physical tendency of spending hours together, bending over the table, with that insufficient and imperfect breathing which attends an interested mind, and one's common sense will give the answer, that such pastimes are full of mischief, are worse than useless. To all we say, and to invalids and sedentary people especially, when not engaged in the actual and serious business of life, be out and about; sing, whistle, laugh, romp, run, jump, swim, row, ride, do any thing rather than sit still within any four walls, or lounge on a sofa, or doze in a chair, or sleep over a dull book. Moderate and continuous exercise in the open air is without a second as a means of health, both to the well and to the sick.--*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CHRISTMAS AND ITS CUSTOMS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Christmas is the festival of the year. With modern Christian nations it takes precedence of all and every religious celebration. Its blessings are for the old as well as for the young.—The magnificent shows which welcomed it, in the old baronial times, have, indeed, long been disused. We no longer see the boar's-head borne in to the sound of violin and harp, to grace the overloaded table. We no longer behold the page, with the wassail bowl, preceded by the mimic trumpeter. We no longer hear the shouting, the music, and the mirth of the jester, as crowds of servitors drag the yule log into the great hall, where the baron and his lady stand, in state, to welcome it. The mimes, the games, the buffoonery, the noisy revels have passed away. But not the less hearty is our modern observance of Christmas. On the contrary, the festival is the more appropriately kept, in whatever it is more sedate than formerly. In thousands of happy homes, the Christmas tree is raised, in thousands of churches prayer and thanks-giving go up. All over the land, the hospitable board, at the old homestead, is spread for children and grandchildren. Once more the parental roof-tree overshadows the reunited family, and sheds down upon them its calm and peaceful blessing. Alienations are forgotten, jealousies disappear, heart-burnings cease to be. The genial atmosphere of Christmas thaws out even selfishness itself. And the angels, who sang "peace and good-will to men," on that still calm, morning, eighteen centuries ago, seem even yet to reverent minds, to usher in this sacred dawn. The last star is paling before the morning. Hark! do you not hear seraphic voices?

In England many of the old customs still survive. On Christmas Eve, groups of singers rove about from house to house, singing "Christmas Waits;" and are usually rewarded, after the ancient fashion, with a dole.—The church bells are set merrily ringing. Many of the wealthy landed proprietors still keep up the habit of dispensing coals and blankets to the poor, at the door of the castle or the mansion. Children go out into the woods, to cut holly, or look for misletoe; and their mirthful laughter makes many a silent dell vocal with gladness. The churches are all decked out with evergreen. As in the United States, gifts are exchanged between husband and wife, parents and children, betrothed lovers, friends, sisters, and old acquaintances. Hampers of game are sent, from country relatives, to cousins in the city. The poorest indulge, on Christmas day, in a good dinner. Hilarity everywhere prevails.

On this side of the Atlantic, Christmas is less universally observed; indeed, until within a few years, it was hardly kept at all in New England, except by the members of the Episcopal church; and even yet, over large portions of that intelligent section, it is regarded as of secondary importance to Thanksgiving Day. But in the middle states it has always been the chief festival of the year. In Virginia, where so much of the old cavalier spirit survives, Christmas has been kept, from the era of the first settlement at Jamestown, with more unanimity, perhaps, than any where else in the United States. As we go further south, we find it the national holiday, if we may use such a phrase, for the Anglo-African races. In Charleston, it is welcomed, by the negroes, with the discharge of Chinese crackers, and all the uproar which distinguishes the Fourth of July at the North. At Havana it becomes almost a Saturnalia, or, to speak more strictly, an uproarious negro carnival.

Oh! blessings on Christmas! How the little hearts of children throb with delight, as it draws near; and how, week after week, the dear ones ask, "Isn't Christmas 'most here?" Visions of plum-puddings, turkeys, and other delicacies, float before their imagination; they linger about the kitchen doors, all Christmas morning, if not at church; and when the pudding is triumphantly taken up, they follow it, shouting and dancing, wild with glee. Ah! our mouth fairly waters at the thought; we are a child again; we taste, in fancy the delicious dish, than which nectar could not be more exquisite. Will we ever again enjoy anything as we enjoy the Christmas pudding?

But the Christmas tree is the crowning joy for children. With what rapt wonder they gaze on it, when it is revealed to them for the first time in their lives, with its golden fruit, its twinkling tapers, and its loads of tempting toys! As they grow older, they begin to doubt the fable, which they have been told, perhaps, of a certain Kriss Kringle, who brings gifts for good children and is the omnipresent architect of all Christmas trees.—They understand, now, why their parents, on Christmas Eve, are so pertinacious is shutting them out of the room where the Christmas tree is to appear, all glorious, to-morrow. They peep under doors and listen on the staircase: they even, sometimes, steal in on the busy parents, till, at last, there is nothing left for it, but to put the inquisitive, excited little rebels to bed. So to bed they go, where they lie awake, talking of what they had on last Christmas, and of what they would like to get, on this; and so gradually fall asleep, to dream of Kriss Kringle, to wake at daylight, and to be filling the house, with glad uproar, an hour before their parents usually rise. But who would have a house, at Christmas, with out children, even though the little mad-caps deafen the ears with their noisy gladness? Alas! alas! for the homes, where, this year, no little feet patter about overhead, on Christmas morning, as they did a twelve-month ago.

A LAWYER'S STORY.—Tom strikes Dick over the shoulders with a rattan as big as your little finger. A lawyer in his indictment, would tell you the story as follows: "And that whereas the said Thomas, at the said place, on the year and day aforesaid, in and upon the body of the said Richard, against the people of the State of Ohio, and *their dignity*, did make a most violent assault, and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, humps, contusions, gashes, hurts, wounds, damages and injures, in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, hips, knees, shins, and heels of said Richard, with divers sticks canes, poles, clubs, logs of wood, stones, daggers, dirks, swords, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses and boarding pikes, then and there held in the hands, fists, claws, and clutches of him, the said Thomas."

The past and the future are alike shrouded from us, the one wears the widow's veil, the other the virgin's.

MARRIAGE.

Mothers who force their Daughters into interested Marriage, are worse than the Ammonites who sacrificed their children to Moloch—the latter undergoing a speedy death, the former suffering years of torture, but too frequently leading to the same result.—*Lord Rochester.*

Remember, that if you marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that perchance will ndither last nor please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all; for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

If you wish to marry suitably, marry your Equal.—*Ovid.*

Be sure you like the parents of the girl you are about to wed; it is almost as essential to your future happiness as to truly love the object of your wishes.

That alliance may be said to have a double tie, where the minds are united as well as the body, and the union will have all its strength, when both the links are in perfection together. --*Colton.*

It does not appear essential that, in forming matrimonial alliances, there should be on each side a party of wealth; but that, in disposition and manners, they should be alike. Chastity and modesty form the best dowry a parent can bestow.—*Terence.*

I'VE LOST MY HEART.

"I've lost my heart; alas! alas!
Truth always will be out;
I'm so perplexed I scarcely know
How first it came about;
'Twas not his handsome form and face,
Nor darkly beaming eye;
He's handsome as Apollo, but
That's not the reason why.

"He led me down the garden lane,
Where flowers were bright in June
The happy birds and happy brook
Seemed singing all one tune;
He pressed my hand and told his love,
With many and many a sigh;
My heart was almost gone, but still
That's not the reason why.

"A lovely cot, with roses round,
Stands on the green hillside;
He said that cot should be our home
If I would be his bride;
I whispered 'no,' though meaning 'yes,'
For I felt a little shy;
But he bought the ring and named the day,
And that's the reason why."

There is a world where storms never intrude, a heaven of safety against the tempests of life, a little world of enjoyment and love, of innocence and tranquility. Suspicions are not there, nor the venom of slander. When a man enters it he forgets his sorrows, and cares and disappointments; he opens his heart to confidence and pleasures, not mingled with remorse. This world is the home of a virtuous and amiable Mother.

Brown's Observations.—Brown informs the Boston Post that of twenty-three men whom he helped to a cigar light, or loaned a newspaper, twenty said, "thank you, sir." Of nineteen women to whom he paid a courtesy—such as giving up his seat, picking up a dropped veil, shawl, or the like, only seven said, "Thank you," and two of them were "furriners."

Snooks says that there is a marked difference between birds and women. As an illustration of this, he sites the fact that a bit of looking glass on a fruit tree will frighten away every bird that approaches it, while the same article would attract more fair ones than a load of cherries.

The Slaughter Which Daily Sustains Us.—When we ride, we sit upon the skin of the pig; when we walk, we tread upon the skin of the bullock; we generally wear the skin of the kid upon our hands, and the fleece of the sheep upon our backs. More than half the world are human beings in sheep's clothing. We eat the flesh of some creatures, of some we drink the milk, upon others we are dependant for the cultivation of the soil; and if it is a pain for us to suffer hunger and cold, we should scrupulously avoid inflicting wanton misery upon the animals by which we are warmed and fed.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning, and let the mind be constantly intent upon the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the exercise of benevolent feelings.

A TOUCHING DITTY.—When Seth got home from mackerling, he sought his Sarah Ann, and found that she the heartless one, had found another man. And then most tight he got, and so he went away, and bound himself to go and cut live oak in Florida. He pined upon the live oak lands; he murmured in the glades; his axe grew heavy in his hands, all in the wild wood shades. Musquitos bit him everywhere, no comfort did he get, ah! how terribly he'd swear whenever he'd get bit. At last, despairnig of relief, and wishing himself dead, he went into the woods apiece, and chopped off his own head. Thus died poor Seth.

MORE PENSION FRAUDS.—The Chattanooga *Advertiser* says:

We hear that Col. Lucien Peyton, priacipal clerk in the Land and Pension Department at Washington, and a gentleman who has become quite generally known in these parts recently, has got on the track of some heavy rascalities and frauds perpetrated on the Pension Department by some one or ones of Washington county, in this State. We hear the thing has been going on for a series of years, and the execution in the way of spoils is immense. The monies given upon pension claims originating from Washington and one other county in that section of the State, have exceeded that given upon claims from all the rest of the State besides. Col. Peyton is close upon the heels of the 'old sinner" and report says he has nailed him; but as it is only a report, we give no names. One thing is certain, that, yearly pensions have been given for the benefit of an old lady in Washington county, and been supposed living by the Department, but who died in that county ten years ago, and whose funeral was attended by a gentleman now residing in Knoxville.

A Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, Wayne county, Kentucky, have twenty-two children. Their's is, perhaps, the most extensive Brewery in the west.

It is said that a drunkard, in staggering around, met with a large globe lamp with letters upon it. Mistaking it for the moon, he said, "well, I'm stumped if somebody haint stuck up an advertisement on the moon."

A gentleman in the habit of entertaining, very often, a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked; and determining to cure him upon a repetition of the offence, he said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful." The effect may be imagined.

'It looks well' to see that fair devoted daughter using all her energies to aid her broken-down parents as the sun of their earthly life is about to set forever. She has shared with them golden days of prosperity, but now they have fled, and the stern realities of life must be met. She meets them with a stout heart, and thanks heaven for the assurance, 'as thy day so shall thy strength be.'

Old bachelors are wont to console their loneliness by such growls at womankind as,

Lazy, if tall—cross grained, if small
Handsome, vain—slow-king, if plaid

A lady who has been reading law, is in the most fearful and agonising doubts regarding the legality of her marital condition. Just hear what she says.—

"Lotteries are illegal, and marriage is the greatest lottery in life!"

Should think the lady is about right in more ways than one.

A majority of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts have declared the jury law of that State, which makes juries judges of the law, in issue involved against the instructions of the Court, to be unconstutional.

A resolution that no member shall be entitled to his *per diem* who shall be absent from his seat during the session, without providential cause, or leave of the Senate, was adoted in the Georgia Legislature, so as to apply solely to the mover.

The London Times says that the average duration of a ship of-war, in a seaworthy state, built of British oak, is only thirteen years of active service. It takes seventy acres of ground eighty years to produce the timber.

A Boy's ongue Fastened to a Lamp Post.

is Father Cuts it Away.—On Saturday morning, a little fellow, about eight years old, a son of Mr. Gillear, bookseller, while playing with some other boys on North street, approached a lamp post and carelessly applied his tongue to a gray frosted surface when in an instant, to the boy's own horror and utter astonishment of his playmates he was held fast by his tongue to the post, suffering very severe pain, and totally unable to help or extricate himself. Of course the boy could not speak, and could only manifest his feelings by signs with his hands. Various applications of warm tea, steam, &c., were made by the neighbors, who heard the unusual noise made by the other boys, and came to learn what was the matter, but of no avail—such was the action of the cold iron that the hold was even getting tighter. When after about ten minutes had elapsed the boy's father heard of the affair, and hastening to his relief he took a knife and was obliged to cut the tongue loose, leaving its skin still fast to the post, and causing the blood to flow profusely. Immediately on his release the poor little fellow became insensible, and was taken home.—*London (C. W) Press, 22d.*