

# Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

"PLEGGED BUT TO TRUTH, TO LIBERTY AND LAW."

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XIV.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. MAY 27, 1858.

NUMBER 20.

## Select Poetry.

### WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old—and, O how soon  
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,  
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light  
Be shaded in the solemn night!  
Till, like a story well told,  
Will seem my life—when I am old.

When I am old, this breezy earth  
Will lose for me its voice of mirth—  
The streams will have an under one  
Of sadness not by right; their own  
And spring's sweet power in vain unfold  
In rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old, I shall not care  
To deck with flowers my faded hair;  
'Twill be no vain desire of mine  
In rich and costly dress to shine;  
Bright jewels and the brightest gold  
Will charm me not—when I am old.

When I am old, my friends will be  
Old, and infirm, and bowed, like me;  
Or else, their bodies 'neath the sod,  
Their spirits dwelling safe with God.  
The old church bell will long have tolled  
Above the rest—when I am old.

When I am old I rather bend  
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,  
Than see them lose the earnest truth,  
That marks the friendship of our youth;  
'Twill be so sad to have them cold  
Or strange to me—when I am old!

When I am old—O how it seems  
Like the wild lunacy of dreams,  
To picture in prophetic rhyme  
That dim, far distant, shadowy time;  
So distant that it seems o'er-bold  
Even to say—When I am old!

When I am old—perhaps ere then  
I shall be missed from haunts of men;  
Perhaps my dwelling will be found  
Beneath the green and quiet mound.  
My name by stranger hands enquired  
Among the dead—ere I am old!

Ere I am old—tho' this time is now,  
For youth sits lightly on my brow;  
My limbs are firm, and strong, and free,  
Life has a thousand charms for me;  
Charms that will long their influence hold  
Within my heart—ere I am old.

Ere I am old—O let me give  
My life to learning how to live!  
Then shall I meet the earnest truth,  
That marks the friendship of our youth;  
Or find my lengthened days consoled  
By God's sweet peace—when I am old.

### THE FRATRIGIDE.

BY AUGUSTUS CONMSTOCK.

FORWARD! Yes we were  
longward bound, and no mistake.  
The long-winded wind sprang up at last  
on our quarter, as the blue waves went  
curling and lounding over the seas,  
before its increasing strength, the hearts  
of our gallant crew beat lightly in their  
bosoms. The younger portion of the  
watch commenced to skylark about  
decks in high spirits, while the old and  
experienced tars rolled their quids furiously  
in either cheek, now and then  
glancing aft at the captain and muttering,  
"Why the—! I don't see the square  
yards?" Their impatience, however,  
was soon checked by the order to square  
the yards, and "loose on the fore and main  
royals." A dozen nimble forms in-  
stantly sprang forth to man the weather  
brace, while two others leaped aloft to  
loosen the royals.

The yards were hauled in merrily,  
and the royals "sheeted home," and then or-  
ders came to set the studding sails. All  
these orders were executed with alacrity,  
and now beheld the good old ship,  
and sail set, careering through the boiling  
waters, leaving a race horse, with the  
spray dancing around her bow like a  
shower of rainbow tinted stars. The  
sea went down, and the wind increased,  
while the spars of our good old ship  
beat and cracked under their crowd of  
canvas; but not a stitch of sail would  
the captain allow to be taken in. Away  
we flew, the old craft rolling and pitching,  
and tearing up the waters like a mad  
man. "Let her rip!" shouted the old  
sea dog as a sea came over the bulwarks,  
and drenched him to the skin. "Steady  
there," shouted the second mate to old  
"mooshipine," our cook, as the foot of  
the latter slipped under him, and went  
rolling with "dough ki!" into the lee  
scuppers, and roars of merrier than that  
of the Sea Horse on this eventful night.  
For three weeks we had been beating  
about with a head wind and made but  
little progress, and now we had a fine  
breeze, which, if it lasted, would take us  
home in a few days. The moon rolled  
up to the heavens, and as her silvery  
radiance fell on the deck of the Sea  
Horse, it illuminated many a happy face,  
and awoke pleasant thoughts of home in  
the minds of the crew. There were  
many, however, who possessed none of  
these endearing ties to bind them to  
the shore men who had been tossing  
about for years on the ocean, and who  
merely rejoiced in the idea of having a  
well as their cash had expired, would be  
ready to try their fortune again with  
old Neptune. This class of men I have  
always noticed to be more jovial and  
merry on approaching port than those  
who really have homes and acquaintances

there—and so it was with the crew  
of the Sea Horse. Among a merry  
group of young scamen seated on the  
fore hatch, who were laughing and jok-  
ing, sat a tall, dark youth, of some 20  
summers. This young man joined in  
the noisy gaiety of the rest, but it could  
easily be perceived, by a keen observer,  
that this levity was not natural—that he  
was striving to banish some trouble  
which continually preyed on his mind.  
This suspicion would have been height-  
ened by observing the fits of abstraction  
he occasionally indulged in during  
the conversation. It was while in one of  
these moods that a young seaman, after  
spinning a lively yarn, turned to our he-  
ro, and asked him some questions in re-  
lation to the matter, to which he gave  
an indirect answer, and was only aroused  
from his abstraction by the general  
laughter that was raised against him.

"Why, Harry, what in the devil's got  
into you—you are not the same man at  
all you used to be; here we are, so near  
home but the nearer we approach the  
sadder you grow."

"I was not aware of anything of the  
kind," said the man; laughing in his  
turn and growing pale.

"Now, if you were in my place," con-  
tinued he who had first spoken, "I  
wouldn't be at all surprised; going  
ashore where I don't know anybody,  
and haven't got no home nor friends,  
but you, who've got a home—mother,  
sisters and brothers—it looks strange to  
see you down-hearted."

Harry turned pale, started, and then  
arose and abruptly left his associates.—  
He walked forward as far as the wind-  
lass where he seated himself, and buried  
his face in his hands, with a low groan.

"Oh! would to God that I could ban-  
ish these dark thoughts from my brain!  
He muttered, "but no, the curse of God  
is upon me, and it will follow me to my  
grave; to my grave, did I say? ha! ha  
yes, and still farther." He paused a  
few moments, and then continued: "My  
native shores are near; every cursed knot  
brings me nearer and nearer to them.—  
But, oh God! how can I meet the warm  
greetings of my mother and sister, and  
Mary, too? By heavens! I shall go  
mad!"

He arose from the windlass, and  
walking up to the weather rail, bared  
his heated brow to the sea breeze.

Two hours more passed away, when  
it struck eight bells. The watch was  
called and came on deck, and Harry  
turned and went to seek forget-  
fulness in sleep. When all the other oc-  
cupants of the forecastle had sunk into  
a refreshing slumber, he lay tossing in  
his bunk, a victim to the most distress-  
ing thoughts.

Two days after the above related in-  
cidents the Sea Horse came to anchor in  
New Bedford. Harry Sanford went  
ashore, and as soon as he was paid off,  
he started with a heavy heart for a little  
village in the central part of the State  
of Massachusetts. He arrived in West-  
chester and set out to perform the rest of  
the journey on foot. Towards dusk he ar-  
rived in sight of the village, with its  
white cottages and church spires, nest-  
ling amidst the green foliage of its  
trees. But his eyes brightened not at  
the sight of his native village and as he  
felt his heart fail him, and he gaze  
down beneath the shade of a large willow  
tree, the better to prepare himself  
for the expected meeting with his friends.  
He buried his face in his hands and  
gave way to the most gloomy thoughts.

Suddenly he heard the sounds of steps  
approaching, and looking up perceived  
two men in the trees two maidens  
thrust an arm in arm towards the spot  
where he was seated. Gliding behind  
the tree in order to escape observation,  
he waited their approach. The two  
girls continued their walk, and Sanford  
soon had an opportunity to examine  
their countenances. He started and an  
exclamation broke from his lips. He  
sprang from his hiding place and re-  
vealed himself to them. "Sister, Mary,  
do you not know me; it is I, Harry San-  
ford. The young girls recoiled with  
surprise, but one soon recognized her  
long absent brother and sprang into his  
arms. As soon as the first warm greet-  
ings were over, Ellen said, looking up  
in her brother's face and glancing at  
Mary with an arch smile.

"Have you seen or heard anything of  
William on the deep? for if you have,  
it would please Mary very much, to  
hear something of her sailor knight."

Mary blushed deeply, but Harry  
turned deadly pale, and answered in a  
lucy voice:

"Indeed, I—I—I mean that I  
was not aware that my brother had gone  
to sea."

"Really, that quite surprises me,"  
said his sister, "mother wrote to you  
after she had gone; he sailed two months  
ago but had left, and we were all quite  
sure that you would meet with him, as  
his ship was to go the same route as  
your own. It seems then, that you did  
not get mother's letter?"

"No, I received but one letter from  
home since I have been gone," said  
Harry, turning away his head to conceal  
the agitation of his countenance; and  
then, to change the subject, he  
turned to his sister, and pointing out  
an old fashioned wooden building, said:

"The old homestead looks quite na-  
tural; I hope we still live there."

"O yes," said his sister, with a bright  
smile, "and we have planted the garden

full of flowers; you could not have come  
home in a better time."

"And mother; how is she? Has she  
altered much since I was gone?"  
"Yes, but all for the better; and then  
she will be so glad to see you; Oh!  
how I wish that William was at home  
too. But Mary, what is the matter?  
how pale you look—do you feel unwell?  
Come we had better go. I don't think  
the air agrees with you."

"Oh, it was nothing but a little faint-  
ness—I am gone now," said Mary,  
and taking her cousin's arm, the two  
girls started for the house, accompanied  
by Harry Sanford. There was a strange  
misgiving at Mary's heart, for which  
she could not account, whenever Wil-  
liam's name was mentioned. He had  
been absent for nearly four years, and  
no tidings had been heard of him during  
that time, although he had promised  
Mary, before leaving that he would  
write to her as often as he could.

Reached the low, old fashioned house,  
which the former previously had pointed  
out to his sister, and pushing open the  
little gate that led to it, they crossed  
the garden and entered.

Seated in a chair, reading an old vol-  
ume, was a matron of some fifty years,  
who instantly arose on perceiving the  
young sailor, and looked inquiringly at  
the two girls.

"I see that you do not recognize him,  
mother—it is our brother Harry, just re-  
turned from the sea," said Ellen laugh-  
ingly.

"My son!—my long absent son!" ex-  
claimed Mrs. Sanford, folding him in  
her arms.

Harry strove to speak, but a terrible  
vision passed before his eyes, and, sink-  
ing upon a chair, he buried his face in  
his hands.

His mother anxiously inquired if he  
felt unwell, and Ellen stoile gently up  
to her brother's side and offered him a  
glass of water. He drank it off, and  
then, turning to his mother, said:

"It is nothing, I am better now; it  
was merely a little faintness caused by  
my long absence, and then turning to his  
sister, he made a few remarks, in a tone  
of assumed gaiety, and strove to appear  
cheerful.

But there was a dark light in his eye  
occasionally, and a shadow upon his brow,  
which could not escape his mother, and  
now and then he would relapse into a  
more melancholy fit of abstraction, and  
sometimes glance uneasily at Mary, as  
though his thoughts had reference to her.

Suddenly a slow, heavy step was  
heard approaching, and a moment after  
there came a knock at the door. Ellen  
arose and opened it. A tall, dark look-  
ing man, who Harry recognized as the  
stranger, whom Harry in the Sandwich  
Islands, entered the room, and standing  
in the center of it fixed his cool black  
eyes on the face of the young sailor,  
who started and turned deadly pale.

"What do you want here?" said Harry,  
in a hollow voice.

"What was I? pretty thing for white  
man ask me; you tink you get clear, ha!  
ha! Me see you kill do man; me hide  
behind bread fruit tree, me see white  
man come; long you seem glad to  
see him, and call him brother; den you  
fight and you stick knife in white man's  
breast and—"

"Villain!" exclaimed Sanford, "leave  
this house instantly, don't you see you're  
frightening these ladies; then turning to  
his mother, who had stood like one  
horror-stricken during his (the Kanaka's)  
recital.

"This man is a crazy Kanaka, whom  
we shipped for the passage home in the  
Sandwich Islands, and—"

"Me no crazy, white man no make  
him believe me crazy. Me see dis man  
kill de adder."

"Leave the house," cried Sanford, in  
a husky voice, and seeing that the Kanaka  
stood immovable, he arose from his  
seat, and was going over towards him to  
eject him from the house by force, when  
some thing dropped from his bosom.—  
The quick eye of the Kanaka perceived  
it, and he snatched it up from the floor;  
it was a small miniature, and was stained  
with several dark spots resembling blood.  
The Kanaka held it up before all pres-  
ent, and Harry sunk down on a chair  
with a deep groan. As soon as Mary  
perceived the miniature, she shrieked,  
and bounding up to the Kanaka, snatched  
it from his hand.

"My God! where did you get this  
miniature. See, Ellen, it is my own—  
the one I gave to William on his depar-  
ture—and these dark spots of blood I  
oh, heaven what does it mean?" she  
cried, clasping her hands and looking  
up imploringly into the face of the tall  
Sandwich Islander.

"Well, me tell you," said the Kanaka,  
"dat man dere kiled the white man, and  
den he told dis from his bosom, and den  
run away—me follow him—he ship in  
ship and me ship too—"

Harry could stand it no longer. He  
sprang from his seat, and with one blow  
he fell the Kanaka to the floor. Mary  
fell fainting into a chair, and Mrs. San-  
ford was so bewildered and horror-struck  
as to be nearly deprived of her senses.

Harry seized his hat, and turning to  
his mother, exclaimed:

"I fly from hence forever! The words  
of the Kanaka are true! William and I  
met at San'w'i Islands, we quarrelled,  
and I killed him! Yes, mother, I mur-  
dered my own brother!"

"Oh, Harry, you do not, cannot mean

what you say!" cried Mrs. Sanford,  
seizing him by the hand, while his sister  
stole up to his side, and looked implor-  
ingly in his face.

"Let me go!" cried Sanford, releas-  
ing himself from his mother and sister,  
and rushing from the house.

"Come back; oh, come back!" ex-  
claimed Mrs. Sanford, calling after him,  
and then tottering forward a few steps,  
she fell senseless to the floor.

Harry and Mary soon followed her to the  
tomb. Ellen, sister to the fratricide,  
lived; but she was never again the light-  
hearted being of earlier years. Harry,  
it is supposed committed suicide, as the  
body of a young sailor, answering his  
description, was found, soon after, in a  
dark forest, in the interior of the  
States.

What is your Vocation.

Some writer affirms that every man  
has "a call"—a mission—his own voca-  
tion. He has something to do which  
no other one can perform as well as  
himself. In this vocation he has no  
rival. There is some peculiar opening  
which he alone can occupy. In this one  
direction all space is free to him; there  
are obstructions on every side but one.  
His peculiar talent and fitness is his  
call. It depends on his own organiza-  
tion; he naturally inclines to do some-  
thing which is easy to him, and when  
done, it is done well. The more clear-  
ly he consults his own powers, the more  
clearly will he discern that his work,  
in some respects, will be different from  
that of any other man. His ambition  
should be exactly proportioned to his  
power.

If in supposing that because in some  
respects he differs from all other men,  
and because he has power to do what no  
other man can perform equally well, he  
fancies that he is "not in the way of  
co-munion," and must of necessity  
be an extra ordinary person, he will be  
a fanatic, an enthusiast, and will  
spend his mental strength as one "who  
batheth the air."

Young men—there is one thing for  
which you have a call, a vocation; that  
you can perform better than anything  
else. Look to it in seasons of leisure,  
not in seasons of business. Many an  
excellent blacksmith has been lost to the  
world by certain individuals mistaking  
their mission upon earth, and becoming  
very indifferent lawyers, doctors, or  
clergymen; many a shoemaker no doubt  
would have astonished the world by  
their brilliant eloquence and power in  
the pulpit and at the bar, had they been  
placed in a more favorable situation, and  
under different circumstances early in  
life. This is a matter in which parents  
have, or should have a deep interest.—  
Let them carefully study the mental  
capacity of their children, their peculiar  
bias, and choose their calling or voca-  
tion in life accordingly. Make the se-  
lection with all proper precaution, and  
after mature deliberation, and then stick  
to it.—Philadelphia Argus.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON MORAL TEN-  
DENCY.—"Where is your little boy ten-  
ding?" asked the good man, as he was  
inquiring of Mrs. Partington with regard  
to the proclivities of Ike, who had a  
hard name in the neighborhood.—He  
went the direction for good or ill that  
the boy was taking.

"Well," said the old lady, "he isn't  
tending anywhere yet. I thought some  
of putting him into a wholesale store,  
but some says the 'ringtail' is the most  
beneficial, though he isn't old enough  
yet to go into a store."

"I meant morally tending," said the  
visitor solemnly, straightening himself  
up like an axe handle.

"Yes," said a little confusedly,  
as though she didn't fully understand,  
but didn't wish to insult him by saying  
she didn't; yes, I should hope he'd tend  
morally, though there's a great differ-  
ence in shopkeepers, and the moral ten-  
derness in some seems a good deal less  
than in others, and in others a good  
deal more. A shopkeeper is one that  
always noticed sometimes that the smil-  
ing of them is the most deceivingest.  
One told me the other day that a calico  
would wash like a piece of white, and it  
did just like it, for all the color washed  
out of it."

"Good morning, ma'am," said her  
visitor, and stalked out with a long string  
attached to his heel by a piece of gauze  
that had somehow got upon the floor be-  
neath his feet.—Boston Evening Gazette.

It is strange how "toddy" pro-  
motes independence. A Philadelphia  
old "brick," who was lying a day or two  
since, in a very spiritual manner, was  
advised in a friendly way to economise as  
"four was going up."

"Let it go up," said old bottle-nose,  
"I kin git as 'high' as flour kin—any  
day."

"Nonchalant" means that peculi-  
ar indifferent look which is put on by  
men "who never pay" when dunned for  
money. It should be written "non-  
shell-out."

Class in the middle of geography  
stand up. "What is a pyramid?"  
"A pile of men in a circus, one on  
top of the other."  
"Where is Egypt?"  
"Where it allers was."

The anxiety that a man feels for  
the want of funds, is called capital pun-  
ishment.

Mrs. Partington asks, "What is  
the use of killing hogs, if you go and  
cure them afterwards?"

There is a class of persons who are  
forever murmuring against destiny, and  
wondering why they fail while those  
around them succeed. To us, the secret  
of their failure is no mystery. They are  
vagrants—dreamers, who believe life  
is a chance or accidental affair, the results  
of which happen, and are not the pro-  
duct of fixed and universal laws. No  
man except by chance, can succeed in  
anything, who does not see and accept  
life as a great problem, to be solved by  
steady, earnest and consistent effort.  
Life is not vague, shadowy, or undefined;  
it is actual, straightforward, and plain;  
all its forms and colors are palpable,  
and by method and action alone its pos-  
sessions and triumphs are achieved.  
But a bare exception of those who re-  
gard life thus, and go forth with a resolu-  
te purpose, ever fail. As slow steps  
when long enough continued bring one  
to the mountain's top, so perseverance  
after a definite possible object, will ac-  
complish it.

Thousands of young men are ruined  
by this skepticism toward the actuality  
of life. They stand midway between  
expectancy by chance and resolute action,  
and life passes before them like a golden  
mist, or a dark, forbidding cloud. They  
accomplish nothing because they have  
no belief in purpose. They cannot  
identify their lives, and therefore imagine  
they have nothing to do. How can  
they but fail? Providence abides with  
faith and effort. The wheat springs not  
up until it is sown; the house must be  
built before one can dwell in it; fortune,  
in the general rule, must be molded from  
the infinite material at hand. He who  
sits on the fence surely will not plow  
his field there, nor need he wonder,  
that his harvest in autumn is, therefore,  
less than his neighbor's who plowed  
sowed. The masses of failures among  
men are either deliberate idlers or per-  
sons who look above the labor adopted  
to their talents nor disposition to do  
fail because they have no definite pur-  
pose in life.

What Hope Did.

It stole on his pinions of snow to the  
bed of disease; and the sufferer's brow  
became as smite—the emblem of peace and  
endurance.

It went to the house of mourning—  
and from the lips of sorrow there came  
sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its hand upon the arm of  
the poor man which stretched forth at the  
command of holy impulses, and saved  
him from disgrace and ruin.

It dwelt like a living thing in the  
bosom of the mother, whose son tarried  
long after the promised time of his com-  
ing, and had saved from desolation, and  
gave that killeth.

It hovered about the head of the  
youth who had become the Ishmael of  
society, and led him on to the work that  
even his enemies praised him.

It snatched a maiden from the jaws of  
death, and went with an old man to hea-  
ven.

No hope! my good brother. Have  
it. Beckon it to your side. Wrestle  
with it that it may not depart. It may  
repay your pains. Life is hard enough  
at best—but hope shall lead you over  
its mountains and sustain thee amid bil-  
lows. Part with all besides but keep  
Hope.

Marriage.

Marriage is to woman at once the  
happiest and saddest event of her life; it  
is the promise of future bliss, raised on  
the death of present enjoyment. She  
quits her home—her parents—her com-  
panions—her amusements—everything  
on which she has hitherto depended for  
comfort, for affection, for kindness and  
for pleasure.

Her parents, by whose advice she had  
dared to impart the very embryo  
thought and feeling—the brother who  
has played with her, by turns counsel-  
or and the confidant, the younger  
children to whom she has hitherto been  
a mother and playmate, all are to be  
forsaken at one stroke—every former tie  
is loosened—the spring of every action  
is changed, and she flies with joy into  
the untrodden paths before her. Buoyed  
up by the confidence of requited love,  
she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the  
life that is past, and turns with excited  
hopes and joyous anticipation to the  
happiness to come. Then woe to the  
man who can blight such fair hopes!—  
who can treacherously lure such a heart  
from its peaceful enjoyment and the  
watchful protection of home—who can,  
secretly like, break the illusions which  
have won her, and destroy the confi-  
dence which love had inspired.

An Irish gentleman, the other day,  
in the excess of convivial affection,  
exclaimed: "Heaven forbid my dear-  
that I should ever live to see you a wid-  
ow!"

Never deceive one who has been  
friendship you, never impair confidence  
that is cherished; never, if possible, vio-  
late an engagement.

The value of things is not in their  
size, but quality; and of reason, which,  
wrapped in few words, has the greater  
weight.

Some of the Canada editors are  
indulging in merry jests upon what they  
consider the probability of the dissolu-  
tion of our Union. Their climate is  
cool, but their impudence is cooler.

Mary Maloney's Idea of a Lover.

"What are you singing for?" said I to  
Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am without it's  
because my heart feels happy."

"Happy, are you, Maloney? Let me  
see; you don't own a foot of land in the  
world."

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried with a  
harty Irish laugh. "Oh what a hand  
ye be after joking; why I hasn't a  
penny left alone the land."

"Your mother is dead."

"God rest her soul, yes," replied  
Mary Maloney with a touch of genuine  
pathos, "many the angels make her bed  
in heaven."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I  
suppose."

"Oh you may well say that. It's nothing  
but drink, drink, and beating his  
poor wife, that she is—the creature."

"You have to pay your little sister's  
board."

"Sure the bit crater, an' she's a good  
little girl, is Hinny, willing to do what-  
ever I axes her. I don't grudge the  
money that goes for that."

"You hav'n't many fashion dresses, ei-  
ther, Mary Maloney."

"Fashionable is it? O yes, I put a  
piece of whalebone in my skirt, and me  
calico gown looked as big as the great  
ladies. But then ye says true; I hasn't  
but two gowns to me back; two shoes to  
me feet, and one bonnet to me head,  
barring the odd hood ye gave me."

"You hav'n't any lover, Mary Maloney."

"O, be off wid ye—ketch Mary MALO-  
NEY getting a lover these days when the  
hard times is come."

No, no, thank heaven, I ain't got that  
to trouble me yet—nor I don't want it.  
There was me sister that married in  
ould Ireland; she took up with a lover  
at the time I took down with the meas-  
les—an' sure I got well fast. She used  
to go about pinin, and sighin, till me  
very heart was achin to see her so dole-  
fully by and by she got married, and  
her husband drank and ate her, and  
that's all she got for her sorrow—  
Ketch this Mary Maloney taking any  
such distress over her as that."

"What on earth, then, have you got  
to make you happy? a drunken brother  
a poor helpless sister, no mother and no  
father, no lover, why where do you get  
all your happiness from?"

"The Lord be praised, Miss, it growed  
up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine  
clean fur, plenty of work and a sup  
at the right time and I'm made. That  
makes me laugh and sing; and then if  
dear trouble comes. Why—God help me,  
I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure  
it would be a sad thing if Patrick Mc-  
Grue should take it into his head to  
come and ax me, but the Lord willin',  
I'd try to bear up under it."

The last speech used my gravity—  
The idea of looking upon a lover as an  
affliction was so droll! But she was evi-  
dently sincere, having before her the  
example of her sister's husband, and  
her drunken brother.—Boston Olive  
Branch.

John, what are you swearing for?  
Daddy, I'm not swearing.  
What were you saying about the old  
cow which broke its neck butting with  
the cow?  
Why, I only said she was a foolish  
dam, or a damned old fool, and I forget  
which.

Suspicious tailor to a suspected  
customer:  
"Make me a coat sir?"  
"Oh yes, sir, with the greatest of pleas-  
ure. There, just stand in that position,  
please, and look right up at that sign  
while I take your measure."  
Sign reads "Terms Cash."

A HYMNICAL SONNET.—A Virginia  
paper not long since recorded the  
marriage of Miss Jane Lemon to Mr.  
Ebenzer Sweet, where upon the poet  
moralized:  
How happy in extremes do meet  
Miss Jane and Ebenzer;  
She's a longer sour, but sweet  
And he's a Lemons-queezer!  
An empty sound—that of a rail  
way whistle when you are too late for  
the train.  
The man who couldn't stand it  
any longer, has taken a seat, and now  
feels quite comfortable.  
The best "fire annihilator" we  
oversaw, was an armful of green, hemlock  
wood.  
To prevent your hair from coming  
out, never let your wife catch you  
kissing the servant girl.  
It is perhaps, after all, much bet-  
ter for a lady to receive her own checks  
than to blacken other people's charac-  
ters.  
A young man who has gamed away  
his fortune is not without his use; he  
stands as a guide post that with an ex-  
tended finger directs the road to ruin.  
Nothing can be so kind as a wo-  
man's heart, and less likely to inflict a  
blow, and yet, strange to say, it is never  
so happy as when it is betting.  
The present is a bright speck be-  
tween the darkness of the future, and  
the twilight of the past.