...IE AMERICAN UNION.

Weekly Newspaper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

L. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1870. NO. 25.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

Md.

Select Poetry.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

BY MISS M. N. DEARBORN.

Whate'er we are—where'er we be—
A mighty mystery still we see;
A strange unfathomed life we live,
And yet a lasting influence give.

O tell me what the spirit is—
From whence it comes, and where it lives?
Who, who shall solve the hidden mind,
Those secret whispers, who shall find?

No matter where our bodies stay,
Our spirits through creation play,
Fore'er unfettered—roaming still,
Beyond the bounds of human will.

...ow soaring to the farthest star—
...nd wondering who its children are;
...amining deep the treasured lore,
...y sages sought, and known of yore.

Then how we traverse in our dreams,
O'er long-forgotten, vanished scenes;
Or, passed from present hopes away,
E...now enjoy the coming day.

The restless spirits, on the rise,
Would pierce the boundaries of the skies;
And upward to their Maker soar,
Where mysteries shall be felt no more.

Then let us strive to train them right,
And bid them seek eternal light;
They shall "see as we are seen,"
And know all mysteries—what they mean.

MY FRIEND, MY WIFE AND I.

BY J. ALFORD.

Come a friend with whom to spend
A social hour or two;
Her I love in virtue prove,
Constant, sincere and true.
...ld trouble come, 'twould find no home,
...ut from the house would fly;
...atch we'd be for misery,
...y friend, my wife and I.

...wife shall dare the threats of care,
My friend all sorrows drown;
...y lot must be industry,
To let no want be known.
While free from care, enough to spare,
Our lives we'll thus enjoy;
O'er merry tale, if health prevail,
My friend, my wife and I.

Written for The American Union.

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN;

—OR,—

THE VILLAIN'S DOOM.

A Tale of the Close of the Last Century.

BY KRIMPUS KRIMP.

Chapter II.—Continued.

"Your father had two brothers—Theodore and Aldred. About the time of your birth, a slight difference in politics caused an open disagreement between the three brothers, which resulted in a total estrangement. Aldred was the youngest, and single, and generally resided with your father; but after this occurrence, he went to live with Theodore; and from that time, henceforth, your father never spoke to either of his two brothers. Theodore had also a son born to him about the time of your birth, which caused the death of his wife. Time passed, and Theodore's son—Albert—became of a wild, reckless nature, caring nothing for the commands of his father; and, indeed, he had once grossly insulted his paternal parent, for which his father threatened to disinherit him, which threat he carried into effect, and commanded him to leave his house and home.

"That is not so," interrupted Edward.—"Albert is at this moment enjoying the fortune he fell heir to at his father's death.—Uncle left no will."

"Be that as it may; whether Albert is enjoying the fortune or not, *I* know that Theodore Langrave *did* leave a will, and that that will disinherited his son. I was there at the time of his death, and was a witness to the will which he made, leaving his entire property to the son of his brother Edward, your father."

"Leaving his property to me?"

"Yes, to you. I had never seen you then, and never have until I saw you on board the Grantford. I was mad at the way in which he had left his property, and resolved that you should never enter into its possession.—So, when it came time for the reading of the will, no will could be found, for I had secured it and concealed it about my person; and his son, returning home about that time, and being the only child, came into possession of a large estate, for my brother was very wealthy."

"*Your brother!* did you say?" exclaimed Edward.

"I did."

"What! you are not *Aldred Landgrave?*"

"The same, and consequently your uncle. After seeing your cousin comfortably settled, and being naturally of a roving disposition, I purchased the brig which brought you here, and collecting a number of trusty followers came here, and here I have been ever since."

"I never expected to see a Landgrave a pirate. Though you are my uncle, in your present vocation I respect you not. I have often heard my father wonder where his brother Aldred was. After uncle Theodore's death, father went to see his nephew, taking the entire family with him. We were heartily welcomed, and, upon inquiry, were told that you had left shortly after uncle's death. Little does my father imagine the much-dreaded pirate, who cruises in the Iron Clad Monster, to be his brother."

"Leave off, sir, and hear me out. Of late years, I have been affected with a deep yearning to return to my friends and relatives. When I saw you, I knew you instantly, and resolved to save you, and not only save you, but place you where you belong—at the head of the estate of your late uncle."

"But," said Edward, "I do not wish to deprive Albert of his rights, for they certainly are his rights, though they may have been left to me. And, as he is in possession of them, let him remain in possession."

"But he will soon run through it all, and you would not only be doing right but justly to claim your own; and then, if you should see proper, give him a home and a living.—I have the will in my keeping, and your claim can soon be established. The reason I do this is because I intend leading a different life, and wish to commence the reformation by doing some good act."

"Uncle, for I suppose I must so designate you now, I trust you may hold out in your new determination."

"Edward, I have walked through blood on the deck of many a vessel. Many a poor wretch ...as cried out to me for mercy, and I, ha... ...rted man as I was, cut him down ... words were yet upon his tongue. ...howed quarter, and my name has ... and is now, a terror to the seas. But ...ve not brought dis... to the name of L...ndgrave; for I went ... ther. I am naturally protected her... but the most skilful pilots of my b... ...fely guide a vessel through th... ...hich leads to this bay. My to... ...ers will never leave here, and when I g... which I intend doing soon, ...ame of the Demon of the sea,' that ... will have ... descend to another."

"... indu... leave this place an... ...uffere... inquired Edward.

"... ...ney ... to it for an instant. But I shall ... ...u for a while, to attend ... ...the late spoil.—Mea... ...e time in looking o... ...

"... ...ve must now know ... ...t to a desk, open... ...its many recesses ... ...ght and put into ... ...ee what you have ... ...for though your ... ...society, I know ... ...need of money."

... ...pirate chieftain passed from the apa... Edward opened the package, which w... ...his uncle's will, and commenced to read. Eagerly he glanced over it, and then, commencing again at the beginning, read it carefully through. Let us look over his shoulder and see if we cannot read it, too.

Chapter III.

The dearest spot of earth to me
Is home, sweet home!
The fairy land I've longed to see
Is home, sweet home!
There how charmed the sense of hearing,
There where hearts are so endearing,
All the world is not so cheering,
As home, sweet home!

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Theodore Landgrave, of Edinburgh, Scotland, being in good, bodily health, and of sound and disposing mind and memory, calling to mind the frailty and uncertainty of human life, being desirous of settling my worldly affairs, and directing how the estate, with which it has pleased God to bless me, shall be disposed of after my decease, while I have strength and capacity so to do, do make and publish this, my last will and testament, hereby revoking, and making null and void, all other last wills and testaments by me heretofore made. And, first, I commend my immortal being to Him who gave it, and my body to the earth, to be buried with little expense or ostentation, by my executors hereinafter named.

And as to my worldly estate, and all the property real, personal, or mixed, of which I shall die seized and possessed, or to which I shall be entitled at the time of my decease, I devise, bequeath, and dispose thereof in the manner following, to wit:

Imprimis. My will is, that all my just debts and funeral charges shall, by my executors hereinafter named, be paid out of my estate, as soon after my decease as shall by them be found convenient.

Item. I give, devise, and bequeath to Edward Landgrave, the son of my brother Edward Landgrave, my mansion, land, and its appurtenances, situated in the city of Edinburgh, all my household furniture, and my library in my mansion, my pair of horses, coach and chaise, and their harness; also, all the money that may be left after paying the several other items mentioned in this will, which will be about one hundred thousand pounds sterling; to have and to hold the same to him, the said Edward Landgrave, son of Edward Landgrave, my brother, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns.

"*Item.* I give, devise, and bequeath to my son, Albert Landgrave, whom I have discarded, twenty-five pounds in money, to purchase a mourning suit, to be paid to him by my executors hereinafter named, as soon as practicable.

"*Item.* I give, devise, and bequeath to Simon Betteridge, my butler, one hundred pounds in money, to be paid him by my executors hereinafter named, within six months after my decease.

"*Item.* I give, devise, and bequeath to Sarah Demford, my housekeeper, the sum of one hundred pounds, in money, to be paid to her by my executors hereinafter named, within six months after my decease.

"I also wish Edward Landgrave, my nephew, to keep the two persons above named—Simon Betteridge and Sarah Demford in his employ, and to dismiss them not upon pain of my displeasure.

"*Lastly.* I do nominate and appoint my two brothers, Edward and Aldred Landgrave, to be the executors of this, my last will and testament.

"In testimony whereof, I, the said Edward La... ...ve to this my last will and testa... ...ned on three sheets of paper, an... ...heet thereof, subscribed my name, ...xed my seal, this twentieth day of ...ovember, in the year of our Lord one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-nine.

(*Testator,*) THEODORE LANDGRAVE.

"WITNESSES:—Aldred Landgrave, Sarah his
Demford, Simon x Betteridge.
mark.

At that instant the door opened and Aldred Landgrave entered.

"Well, Edward, have you read the document?"

"I have, sir, and am much surprised at its contents. How uncle Theodore came to leave his property to me, I can't well imagine; but, I suppose, after discarding his son, he having no near relatives, except his brothers, concluded to leave it to one of his brothers' children."

"That was exactly his idea about it. I tried to induce him to leave at least a portion to his son, but he remained set in his purpose and then turned around and appointed me one of his executors. So you see, I am in honor bound to see his will carried into effect. To do this, I shall be compelled to return to England. I long to see my native home. Ah, Edward, you know not how sweet home is until you have been separated from it as long as I have. In the whirl of excitement, incident to a pirate's life, I have tried to banish the thoughts of kindred and friends from me; but when I sought my couch at night, bitter, burning memories of the things I had wilfully left would come rushing through my mind. Then I would try to solace myself with the thought that I was against every man, and every man was against me—that mine was a Cain's fate, and, shall I confess, I have shed tears, bitter, scalding tears, and thought of myself—the career I was launched into. But I want to go home. No one knows that the Demon of the Sea is Aldred Landgrave. I can go home and telling them I have been leading a roving life, which will be true, rest in security; and there, under the kind influence of friends, alter my course in life. You only will know my secret. How to account for the will, I know not, unless, indeed, I confess the truth, which, upon the whole, I think will be the best plan. I trust you will not, Edward, make known where I have been.—You can say that you escaped death at the hands of pirates, and that on your way home you fell in with me which will all be true, for you are on your way home; we leave here together to-morrow. The monster will convey us to the coast of Florida. From there we can make our way to one of the seaports, and having the good fortune to fall in with some homeward bound boat, return to 'merry England.' Does the plan suit you?"

"Admirably! You could not have fixed upon a better. I am glad you return with me."

"When I again set foot on Great Britain's shore, never more shall I leave it. I feel as joyous as a school-boy when about to return to his paternal roof. The thought of it almost overcomes me. Here, I am 'monarch of all I survey,' but I would gladly return to my native shore to be an obedient subject."

"Uncle, you spoke of going to the coast of Florida. Will not the present difficulties between the Colonies and the mother country prevent us from getting a passage home from there?"

"Well thought of, my nephew. My joyous thoughts prevented me from thinking of it. We will go to Cuba. But it is time I meet my followers to see to the election of another captain and leader. Come with me."

Together they left the apartment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROPRIETY.—Merriment at a funeral, or in the house of worship, is not only disgusting, but painfully abhorrent to all our kind and respectful feelings. There is a simple and beautiful propriety, pleasing to all, which gives grace to the manners, beauty to the person, sweetness to the disposition, and loveliness to the whole being, which all should strive to possess. It is to be neither too gay nor too grave—too gleesome nor too sad; nor either of these at improper places. It is to be mirthful, without being silly; joyous, without being foolish; sober, without being despondent; to speak plainly without giving offense; to be grave, without casting a shadow over others. In fine, it is to be what everybody loves and nobody dislikes, and just what makes us and others happy. This is propriety; and those who possess this richest flowering virtue of the soul, which breathes ambrosial sweetness along every walk of life, get the credit of possessing its counterpart, that rare quality of character honored everywhere, humbly christened "common sense," universally acknowledged to be the best of all sense.

SLANDER.—Yes, you pass it along whether you believe it or not. And that one sided whisper against the character of a virtuous female or an honorable man, "you don't believe it," but you will use your influence to bear up a false report and pass it on the current. Strange creatures are men and women. How many reputations have been lost by surmise. How many hearts have been blest by whispers. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder. How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint. How many chaste bosoms have been wrung with grief by a single nod. How many graves have been dug by false report. Yet you will pass the slander along. You will keep it above water by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Destroy the passion for tale-telling. Lisp not a word that will injure the character of another, and, as far as you are concerned, the slander will die.

THE LESSON OF CHILDREN.—Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by judicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasure; he can carve felicity from a bit of twig, or fish for it successfully in a mud puddle.

A COUNTRY girl coming from the field, was told by her cousin that she "looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew." "Well, it wasn't any feller by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me; I told him that every one in town would find it out."

How Fever and Ague May Be Prevented.

Although the season for which this article was suggested is past, it loses none of its interest or importance. The fever and ague season will return again, and then it will be well enough to try the subjoined remedy:

At this season of the year, when malarial diseases are most frequent, especially fever and ague, it becomes a matter of much importance to those compelled to live in districts where the causes of these fevers exist to use preventive measures. It has long been a question in the medical profession whether the same remedies which break up the fever and act as antiperiodics would not, judiciously administered, also prevent the fever. It is now satisfactorily proved that these agents do act as preventives as well as curatives. So well established is this fact, that the British army and navy are under orders to employ these remedies when located in malarial districts. Whenever, in tropical climates, men are sent on shore from vessels to procure wood and water, the surgeon is directed to recommend for each man, before leaving the ship in the morning, a half-gill of wine containing a teaspoonful of Peruvian bark, and the same preparation is to be given to the men on their return in the evening.—The beneficial effect of this treatment is constantly witnessed. The following are examples: Twenty men and one officer went on shore at Sierra Leone; the former took the remedy, but the latter refused, and he was the only person in the group who had fever. Two boats' crews were sent to explore a river, and were absent a fortnight; one took the preventive agent regularly, the other refused it altogether; the former crew entirely escaped the fever, while the latter all suffered from fever except the commander. Dr. Chiallu, the African explorer, states that he found quinine an excellent preventive of malarial fever.

In the Southern States, the value of preventive measures is well understood. A physician in that section, in an article on this subject, relates the following illustrative case: "An overseer agreed to take charge of several rice plantations in one of the sickliest regions of rice culture, undertaking to spend the summer months on one of the plantations. He made no inquiry as to the health of the one chosen as his residence; it was selected from its convenient locality. When warned of the danger of residing there in summer, he said he would never have the fever; his confidence in his capacity to resist malarious disease seemed unlimited. The result fully justified this confidence. He lived ten years or more in that neighborhood, spending every summer on the plantation. He visited his rice-fields without hesitation at any hour, day or night. He never had an attack of fever during that time. I saw him after he had been there several years, and a finer specimen of robust health it would be difficult to find. It was ascertained, on inquiry, that it was his habit to take quinine daily, during the summer, before leaving his house."

Many other examples might be quoted, illustrating the same fact, but my own experience is most conclusive. I have, for many years, been accustomed to prescribe a bitter wine for families living in malarious localities, to be taken occasionally during the winter and fall months, and with great benefit. Though it does not prevent all attacks of fever, it very largely diminishes the number, and renders the fever very mild in those attacked. The real benefit from these agents lies in their power to tone up the system, enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and stimulate the digestion. They thus antagonize the malarial poison which weakens the system by impoverishing the blood, enfeebling the nerves, and destroying the appetite and digestion.

A great variety of bitter infusions and tinctures may be used for this purpose, but the best is, undoubtedly, Peruvian bark, or its active principle, quinine. The bark of dog-wood (*Cornus Florida,*) or of the wild cherry, or of the willow, made into tea, or put in wine or brandy, answers the same purpose, though it is not as reliable. A tea made of boneset, (*Eupatorium*) is also very useful when taken in small quantities daily. Many other common bitter vegetables have the same tonic effect.—*Hearth and Home.*

IT'S DARK.—The following beautiful sentiments are from Meister Karl's Sketch Book entitled the "Night of Heaven." It is full of touching tenderness. It is dark when the honest and honorable man sees the result of years swept cruelly away by the knavish, heartless adversary. It is dark when he feels the clouds of sorrow gather round and knows the hopes and happiness of others are fading with his own. But in that hour the memory of past integrity will be a true consolation and assure him even here on earth of gleams of light in Heaven. It is dark when the dear voice of that sweet child once fondly loved is no more heard around in murmurs. Dark when the pattering feet no more resound without the threshhold, or ascend step by step up stairs. Dark when some well known air recalls the strains once oft attuned of childish voice now hushed in death! Darkness; but only the gloom which now heralds the day spring of immortality, and the infinite light of Heaven.

A WISE JUDGE.—A man brought complaint before the village justice that one of his sheep, which had been missed for some time had been found in the flock of another villager, who refused to give it up. The defendent swore that the sheep was his. There were no more witnesses summoned, and the judge had to decide between the two parties who, each stoutly maintained their rights. The wise magistrate left the decision to the sagacity of the animal itself: he ordered the sheep to be brought into the court, and after forbidding any interference of the contending parties turned it loose. The sheep walked straightway to the plaintiff's sheepfold; and the court entered judgement with cost against the defendant.

VERY NEAR—

Stranger, do you wish to know
Why we've no blue in English skies?
'Twas stole from heaven long ago,
And given to our maidens' eyes.

"I'll Never Drink, Dear Ones, Again."

BY D. S. HOUGHTON,

In response to 'Dear father, don't drink any more.'

Come here, little daughter, and place your dear head
Close, close to your poor father's breast;
And you, my dear wife, let me feel your pure lips
'Gainst mine in sweet charity press'd.
For many a day I've been wicked I know,
When tempted by bad, thoughtless men;
But I promise sincerely, (and aid me, O God!)
I'll never drink, dear ones, again.

'Tis raining without, dears; but here in my soul
Is a tempest that rages more wild;
It's a storm of remorse for the sorrows I've caused
To the hearts of my dear wife and child.
If God gives me the strength, from this time for aye
Will temptation assail me in vain;
For I swear by my boy that's in heaven to-night,
I'll never drink, dear ones, again.

So cheer up, dear wife, for your sufferings are o'er,
And you, little daughter, be glad;
For I am alive to my errors at last—
To all has the lesson been sad.
Yes, sad has it been; but our Father knew best;
To save *me*, He took little Ben;
He chasteneth those whom He loveth you know;
I'll never drink, dear ones, again.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

To the Editor of The American Union:

In compliance with your request, I will endeavor to place upon paper the little knowledge I possess in regard to Cranberry Bogs and their formation, as practiced in Burlington county, N. J., and in doing so I indulge in no theory, but give the practice, whether right or wrong, which I have seen carried out by extensive growers of that fruit.

There is no plant growing in our cultivation which is more choice in the selection of its ground than the cranberry. I have seen one acre in a bog thrive luxuriantly, while upon the next the growth was small, and no difference in soil could be detected by the eye.

In the "Jersey Pines," cranberries grow, in many localities, in a wild state. I have seen large meadows yielding a fair crop every year, with no improvement from nature but better drainage. These wild bogs, or meadows, are mostly pond places, which, in winter, are covered with water, and in summer partially dry, being covered with a springy moss, among which the cranberry vines run; and it is a noticeable fact that they bear best upon the sides just between the upland and bottom, showing that they require a certain amount of moisture; but too much in the growing season is ruinous—hence the necessity of perfect drainage. This natural savanna ground is the most easily and cheaply converted into cultivated bogs; and a low bush, which is called the "Gander Bush," grows best upon the same kind as the cranberry, and its presence is regarded as indicative of the right kind of soil. These pond places have a deposit of about six or eight inches of rich mud, washed by the rains from the surrounding hills, and upon digging through this, a pure white beach sand is reached, which can be turned upon the top two or three inches deep by a large plow.

Having selected the right kind of soil, the first operation is to dig a main ditch running through the pond, having an outlet so that the whole place can be made entirely dry.—Then the turf must be carefully taken off, and is generally used to make a turf or sod fence around the bog. This turfing is a heavy operation, and about the most costly in the preparation of the bog. It is generally from three to eight inches thick, and comprises all the vegetable matter which is in the soil; is peeled off in blocks about two feet square, the operation costing from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre, according to the thickness of the turf. Next, the stumps must be all taken out; and one will be surprised to find so many when the turf is taken off: what before looked like a level, unbroken bottom, upon being peeled of its turf, looks much higher, more uneven and full of stumps and roots. After these are carefully dug out, the roots all raked up and burnt or carted off, a large four-horse plow is put in, whirling about three or four inches of the white sand on top of the mud. However, previous to this, most ponds require levelling—the knolls smoothed off and the hollows filled up—so that it shall be as near on a level as possible, in order that it may be easily flooded. Having the ground plowed and carefully harrowed, furrows are drawn about two and a-half feet apart, in which the plants are dropped one foot apart, and covered to about two inches of their top; then a light roller is passed over the whole, which settles the sand well about them. A dam is built across the outlet, so that it may be stopped about the commencement of frost. This protects the plants from freezing and thawing. The water is generally let off at the close of winter, and the drains so managed, if possible, as to keep water within a foot of the surface of the ground; but in these savanna bogs this is a difficult matter. These bogs cost about two hundred dollars per acre to set them out, and one hundred bushels every other year is considered a good crop, although I have seen seven hundred bushels grow upon four acres.

But the cranberry bog *par excellence* is made upon what we call cedar swamp bottom. White cedar grows, to a great extent, upon many of the branches running through the New Jersey pine region. The timber, when fit to cut, is worth two hundred dollars per acre, and upon this swamp, after the wood has been removed, are made the best and most permanent cranberry bogs. These swamps are deeper in mud, and require sand to be spread upon them to the depth of four inches. The stumps have all to be removed, the ground turfed, while the stream of running water is invaluable in the command which it gives in flooding and keeping the ground moist. It costs from four to six hundred dollars an acre to prepare and plant a bog of this kind; but I have known them to be sold, after coming into bearing, for one thousand dollars per acre. They will yield a heavier crop than the savanna bogs, and are more permanent in their nature. At one year old, the vines will have run across from row to row, forming, if luxuriant, quite a net work; at two years old, the ground will be nearly covered, while at three years old they will send up uprights, which grow about six or eight inches high, and bear a slight crop of fruit. The next year the bog is considered in full bearing order.

Spring—generally in April—is considered the best time to plant the vines, but some do it in the fall. The vines are gathered from the wild beds, and generally sold by the barrel, a fair chance to cheat the inexperienced being afforded by the way the barrels are packed; if tied in bundles and slightly pressed, three times the quantity can be got into a barrel than when they are put in loose. The first two years, the grass and weeds must be pulled out by hand, but after that the vines have such a hold of the ground that nothing but them can grow.

Whether cranberries can be grown successfully in the South is a question which experiment alone can determine. But most growers believe that the hot suns of the Southern States would scald the fruit before it could ripen. I have been told that there are lands in North Carolina well suited to their growth, as also in the Dismal Swamp, of Virginia. If proper land could be found, I see no reason why they could not be grown in Maryland. Around Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, they are largely cultivated, but I understand their bogs are put out at a much greater expense than ours. Also, they are trying the business on a small scale in some parts of Michigan.

But I have already trespassed too long on your patience. So, hoping that I have thrown some light upon the subject, I remain

Respectfully your friend,

JOSIAH WHITE.

DENTON, Jan. 5, 1870.

ARTEMUS WARD AND THE CARDIFF GIANT. It is now suggested that the Cardiff Giant is one of Artemus Ward's lost wax figures. One of the papers quotes the following acount of the great showman's visit to Utica as corroborative evidence:

"In the fall of 1856 I showed my show in Utiky, a truly great sitty in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her praises.

"I day as I was giving a descripshun of Beests and Snaiks in my usual floowry stile, what was my scorn and disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscariot by the feet, and drag him out on the gronnd. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

"'What under the son are you about?' cried I.

"Sez he, 'what did you bring this pussylanermous cuss here fur?' and he hit the wax, figger a tremenjus blow on the hed.

"Sez I, 'you egrejus ass, that air's wax figger, a representashun of the false 'Postle.'

"Sez he, 'That's very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscariot can't show hisself in Utiky with impunity by a'darn site.' With which observashun he caved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the fust families of Utiky. I sood him, and the joory brawt in a verdick of arson in the 3d degree."

DON'T WHIP A FRIGHTENED HORSE.—Never whip your horse for becoming frightened at any object by the road-side; for if he sees a stump, a log, or a heap of tan bark in the road, and while he is eyeing carefully, and about to pass it, you strike him with the whip, it is the log, or the stump, or the tan bark that is hurting him, in his way of reasoning, and the next time he will act more frightened. Give him time to examine and smell of all these objects, and use the warbridle to assist you in bringing him carefully to these objects of fear. Bring all objects, if possible, to his nose, and let him smell of them, and then you can commence to gentle him with them.

CONSTRUCTIVE PROFANITY.—"Mother," said a sharp little boy, "is it wicked to say dam?"

"Certainly, my son—that would be swearing."

"But would it be wicked to say coffer dam?"

"Oh no, my son—that is the name of an inanimate object, like house or table."

"Well, mother,' responded young hopeful, 'the old cow has got a potato in her throat, and if she don't look out *she'll coffer dam head off*.'

FRENCHMAN: "Madame, you charge ver mooch too big price for zat room."

LANDLADY: "Oh, you know, we at the watering places must make hay while the sun shines."

FRENCHMAN: (*indignant*): "Madame, you shall nevare make ze hay of me. You must not zink because all flesh is grass zat you can make hay of me."

ALL IS VANITY.—*Scene: a church porch.* FREDERICK: "There now, how very provoking! I've left the prayer-books at home!"

MARIA: "Well, dear, never mind; but do tell me, *is my bonnet straight?*"

SAYS a Western paper of its rival: "The editor of the *Times* has been presented with a cabbage-head." Retorts the *Times*: "Certainly; our friends are as liberal with us as the Lord with you."

A GIDDY student, having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible; on which he remarked, "Do write to tell father, for he always said I had none."

"MOTHER, I'm afraid a fever would go hard with me." "Why, my son?" "'Cause you see, mother, I'm so small that there wouldn't be room for it to turn."

THE HOG may not be thoroughly posted in arithmetic, but when you come to a "square root," he is there.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3529-0008.jpg