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PORT TOBACCO TIMES,
AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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CHARLES COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE following PREMIUMS will be offered by the Charles County Agricultural Society at its *Third Annual Exhibition*, to be held at PORT TOBACCO on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, *the 29th, 30th and 31st of October*, 1850.

HORSES AND MULES.

For best Stallion $5
Brood Mare, thorough bred, 5
" " common breed, 3
Colt, thoroughbred, 1 to 3 years, 3
Filly, " " " 3
Colt, common breed, " " 2
Filly, " " " 2

First Committee.—George Brent, Col. F. Thompson, James F. Neale.

For best pair of Draft Horses, 5
" Carriage Horses, 5

Second Committee.—Henry Brawner, J. D. Freeman, John W. Guy.

For best Saddle Horse, 3

Third Committee.—T. Lawson Speake, Dr. John F. Price, John R. Robertson.

For best Jack, 5
pair of Mules, 5
second best pair of Mules, 3
best Mule Colt, 1 to 3 years, 2

Fourth Committee.—Wm. B. Stone, P. Chapman, Uzzial Nalley.

CATTLE.

For best Bull, improved breed, $5
second best improved Bull, 3
best Bull, common breed, 3
second best Bull, common breed, 2
best young Bull of any breed, 1 to 3 y'rs, 3
best Milch Cow, improved breed, 5
second best Milch Cow, improved breed, 3
best Milch Cow, common breed, 3
second best Milch Cow, common breed, 2
best Heifer, improved breed, 1 to 3 years, 3
best Heifer, common breed, " " 2

First Committee.—John F. Gardiner, J. R. Brent, James E. Keech.

For best yoke of Oxen, 5
second best yoke of Oxen, 3
best yoke of young Oxen, 1 to 3 y'rs, 3

Second Committee.—George P. Jenkins, Luke W. B. Hawkins, John Ware.

SHEEP.

For best Buck, improved breed, $3
pair of Ewes, improved breed, 3
Buck, common breed, 2
pair of Ewes, common breed, 2
Slaughtered Mutton, 3
lot of Lambs, 2

Committee.—John W. Jenkins, Washington Posey, Wm. F. Bowling.

HOGS.

For best Boar, $3
Sow, 3
Sow and Pigs, not less than six, 3

Committee.—Richard Barnes, Chas. Jenkins, Robert W. Hanson.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTIONS.

For best hhd. Tobacco, not less than 600 lbs. $5
second best do " " 3

First Committee.—Wm. G. Robey, Henry A. Neale, James F. Stone.

For best field of Wheat, not less than 10 acres, 7
acre of Wheat, 3
acre of Oats, 3

Second Committee.—Henry S. Mitchell, Absalom Tennison, Richard Price.

For best field of Corn, not less than 10 acres, 7
acre of Corn, 3
⅛ acre of Irish Potatoes, 3
⅛ acre of Turnips, 2

Third Committee.—Jos. Young, Nicholas V. Miles, Dr. Edward Miles.

[Premiums for agricultural productions not to be awarded unless the measurement of the land and product is certified to by two respectable witnesses, or the affidavit of the producer under oath.]

PRODUCTS OF THE GARDEN.

For best bushel of Irish Potatoes, $1
bushel of Sweet Potatoes, 1
specimen of Cabbage, not less than 6, 1
specimen of Beets, not less than 10, 1
½ bushel of Parsnips, 1
½ bushel of Carrots, 1
lot of Pumpkins, not less than 6, 1

Committee.—Leonard Marbury, Nathaniel Halley, Sylvester F. Gardiner.

[The statement of the field and garden products to be accompanied by a report of the manner of cultivation, the kind of manure, and the time of planting or seeding, and of gathering, quality of soil, &c.]

HOME MANUFACTURES.

For best Twilled Cloth, not less than 5 yards, $2
second best do, " 1
best striped or plaid Twilling, " 2
second best do do " 1
best plaid Cotton, " 1
Cassinet, " 2
domestic Flannel, " 2
second best do, " 1

First Committee.—William Fergusson, William Boswell, Dr. Francis Matthews.

For best home-made yarn Counterpane, 2
second best do do, 1
best cotton do, 1
best home-made Quilt, 2
second best do, 1
best lot home-made yarn Stockings, 4 pr's, 1
" " yarn Socks, 4 pr's, 50c.
" " cotton or mixed do, 50c.

Second Committee.—Francis H. Digges, H. H. Robertson, Brooks Simmes.

For best Tapestry, $2
best Needlework other than tapestry, 2

Third Committee.—Wm. Matthews, William Gox, John B. Fergusson.

BUTTER.

For best potted Butter, not less than 5 lbs. to be potted before the 1st of October, $2
best Butter, not less than 2 lbs. 2
second best Butter, " 1
best home-made Wheat Bread, 2
" " Corn Bread, 1
" " Soap, 2
second best do, 1

Committee.—George Dent, Dr. S. W. Dent, George H. Gardiner.

POULTRY.

For best pair of Turkeys, male and female, $1
pair of Geese, " " 1
pair of Puddle Ducks, " " 50c.
pair of Barn Yard Fowls, " " 50c.

Committee.—F. B. F. Burgess, Basil D. Spalding, William Nevitt.

FRUITS.

For best assorted lot of Fruits, $3
sample of Apples, not less than 1 doz. 1

Committee.—James L. Brawner, Dr. Bennett Neale, Richard P. Wall.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

For best Horse-power and Threshing Machine, $7

First Committee.—Richard Barnes, Robert W. Hanson, Joseph Hutton.

For best 3-horse Plough, 2
2-horse Plough, 1
1-horse Plough, 1
Sub-soil Plough, 1
Hill-side Plough, 1
Tobacco Harrow or Cultivator 1

Second Committee.—Col. D. Jenifer, Joseph Wills, T. C. Brawner.

For best Wheat Fan, 3
Corn Sheller, 1
Horse Mill, 3

Third Committee.—Roderick G. Watson, Charles Wills, Samuel Swann.

Committee of Reception.

Francis W. Weems, Nicholas Stonestreet,
Gerard Crain, Edward N. Stonestreet.

Committee of Arrangements.

Richard Mitchell, James McCormick,
Henry Fergusson, William B. Matthews.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. That no person who is not a member, except females and mechanics, shall be entitled to a premium.
2. That no premium shall be awarded for any thing, except to the real *bona fide* owner thereof.
3. That no premium of the highest grade shall be awarded more than once for the same thing, except agricultural implements and machinery.
4. That no premium shall be awarded for any article of domestic manufacture, except to the person who wrought or directed the manufacture thereof, within two years prior to its exhibition.
5. That no premium shall be awarded for any article of agricultural product completed more than one year prior to its exhibition.
6. That no premium for draft horses shall be awarded for horses generally used as carriage horses.
7. That no premium for carriage or saddle horses shall be awarded except for those raised and owned in the county.
8. That the Executive Committee shall appoint the person and procure the annual address.
9. That all rules and regulations relative to premiums shall be published by the Executive Committee, together with the publication of premiums offered.
10. That the Treasurer report quarterly to this Society, the state of its finances.
11. That in all cases, the decisions of the several Commitees, touching the award of premiums, shall be final and conclusive.

PORT TOBACCO JOCKEY CLUB.
FALL RACES.

THE Races will come off at FARRALL'S RACE COURSE, near Port Tobacco, on the *first Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 5th 6th and 7th of November.*

The following purses will be run for:

First day, a purse of $300—3 mile heats.

Second day, a purse of $200—2 mile heats.

Third day, Proprietor's purse of a saddle, bridle, martingale, whip and spurs—1 mile heats.

No person will be allowed to enter a horse for any of the above named races, without first becoming a member of this club, and being the *bona fide* owner of said horse at the time of entry.

The Rules and Regulations of the "Charles County Jockey Club," have been adopted by this Club.

☞A Ball will be given on the first evening of the Races, at Mr. Shackelford's Hotel, and a Party on the second evening at the same place.

oct 2.

[The Leonard Town Beacon and Marlboro' Gazette will insert the above 3 times.]

WISE'S HAIR TONIC.

I HAVE on hand a few bottles of WISE'S CELEBRATED HAIR TONIC, for sale.

CHARLES W. BARNES.

Sept. 18, 1850.

LAMP OIL.—Just received a prime article of Lamp Oil—also, Train Oil. For sale by

may 15. E. W. DAY & CO.

SELECTED POETRY.

From Graham's Magazine for October we extract a beautiful poem, which is subscribed with the initials of GEORGE D. PRENTICE. Whether in penning a stanza or pointing a political paragraph, the accomplished editor of the Louisville Journal has but few rivals in the country.—*Balt. American.*

THE GIFT OF A ROSE.

I send thee, Mary, a sweet young rose,
That bright with the hues of the sunset glows;
Its beauty, alas! is frail and brief,
It will come to thee with a withered leaf,
But the fervent kiss that my earnest lips
Have left for thee on its crimson tips
Will not from the fading flower depart,
But come all fresh to thy lip and heart;
For oh, 'tis a breath of the love and trust
That will live when our lips and our hearts are dust.

Mary, dear Mary, pray love this flower,
Let it have for thy heart a spell of power;
For I plucked it fresh from its lovely stalk,
On the blooming edge of that garden walk
Where we strayed together so deeply blest
When the sun was low in the golden west,
And murmured our loves in burning words,
With none to hear but the flowers and birds,
And lingered long on the dear sweet spot,
While our warm hearts kissed, though our lips did not.

Mary, dear Mary, my thoughts still cleave
To each memory sweet of that blessed eve,
To each tone more dear than the sweetest lute,
To each vow we breathed when our lips were mute,
To the wild, deep thrill through each trembling frame
From fingers warm with a pulse of flame,
To each gentle tear, to each gentle sob,
To each sigh that told of the heart's deep throb;
Ay, these memories dwell in this soul of mine—
Oh, Mary dear, do they live in thine?

Mary, dear Mary, I pray thee say,
Do the roses bloom where thy steps now stray?
Do they look at morn on the sky's soft blue
Through the trembling tears of the early dew?
When I come to thee will they smile to greet
Thy lover's steps with their perfume sweet?
Will they list at eve to our tender vows?
Will they weave their wreaths for our gentle brows?
And when at last we are doomed to part,
Will they breathe a sigh for each breaking heart?

Mary, dear Mary, I fain would know,
Do thy heart's sweet flowers keep their fresh young glow?
Are their eyes yet turned on the skies above?
Do they glitter still with the dews of love?
Has no blighting frost, has no bitter blast,
Cold, cold o'er their buds and their blossoms past?
If my name is said, are their leaves yet stirred
To the olden thrill at the cherished word?
And say, oh say, will those dear heart-flowers
Still bloom for me in the Eden bowers?

SELECT MISCELLANY.

HAPPINESS, OUR BEING'S END AND AIM.

"I don't know that," said my father; "I have never yet found in life one man who made happiness his end and aim. One wants to gain a fortune, another to spend it—one to get a place, another to build a name; but they all know very well that it is not happiness they search for. No utilitarian was ever actuated by self-interest, poor man, when he sat down to scribble his unpopular crotchets to prove self-interest universal. And as to that notable distinction—between self-interest vulgar and self-interest enlightened—the more self-interest is enlightened, the less we are influenced by it. If you tell the young man who has written a fine book, or made a fine speech, that he will not be happier if he attain to the fame of Milton, or the power of Pitt, and that, for the sake of his own happiness, he had much better cultivate a farm, live in the country, and postpone to the last the days of dypepsia and gout, he will answer you fairly—'I am quite as sensible of that as you are. But I am not thinking whether or not I shall be happy. I have made up my mind to be, if I can, a great author or a prime minister.' So it is with all the active sons of the church. To push on is the law of nature. And you can no more say to men and nations than to children—'Sit still, and don't wear out your shoes.'" "Then," said Trevanion, "if I tell you I am not happy, your only answer is, that I obey an inevitable law." "No! I don't say that it is an inevitable law that man should not be happy; but it is an inevitable law that a man, in spite of himself, should live for something higher than his own happiness. He cannot live in himself or for himself, however egotistical he may try to be. Every device he has links him with others. Man is not a machine—he is a part of one."—"True, brother, he is a soldier, not an army," said Captain Roland. "Life is a drama, not a monologue," pursued my father. "Drama is a Greek verb, signifying *to do*. Every actor in the drama has something to do, which helps on the progress of the whole; that is the object for which the Author created him. Do your part, and let the great play go on.' "Ah!" said Trevanion, briskly, "but to do that part is the difficulty.—Every actor helps to the catastrophe, and yet must do his part without knowing how all is to end. Shall he help the curtain to fall on a tragedy or a comedy? Come, I will tell you one secret of my public life, that which explains all its failures (for in spite of my position, I have failed) and its regrets—*I want conviction!*" "Exactly," said my father, "because to every question there are two sides, and you look at them both." "You have said it," answered Trevanion, smiling also. "For public life a man should be one-sided; he must act with a party; and the party insists that the shield is silver, when, if it will take the trouble to turn the corner, it will see that the reverse of the shield is gold. Woe to the man that makes that discovery alone, while the party is still swearing that the shield is silver, and that not once in his life, but every night!" "You have said quite enough to convince me that you ought not to belong to a party, but not enough to convince me why you should not be happy," said my father. "Do you remember," said Sir Sedley Beaudesert, "an anecdote of the first Duke of Portland? He had a gallery in the great stable of his villa in Holland, where a concert was given once a week, to *cheer and amuse* his horses. I have no doubt the horses thrived all the better for it. What Trevanion wants is a concert once a week. With him it is always saddle and spur. Yet, after all, who would not envy him? If life be a drama, his name stands high in the play-bill, and is printed in capitals on the walls.—*The Caxtons, by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer.*

PLEASURES OF RURAL LIFE.

No one can imagine the interest that is felt in watching the progress of vegetation, unless he has had experience in this department of rural science. The agriculturist with nothing more than common mental endowments, may here become a philosopher, an enthusiast, a profound scholar in natural history. With the best of all possible laboratories before him, he becomes his own teacher—a most skilful lecturer; that is, if so disposed. A farmer may here, in this branch of knowledge, become as learned as the professor in university halls. He may become so engrossed with the subject as to watch the growth of some particular seed, the daily growth of its first germs, and all ulterior developments, with a solicitude intense and constant, like that of the astronomer, who spends his midnight hours for years, to ascertain the laws of the cemetary system, or to discover some new astellite to those distant and gigantic globes which constitute the outposts of our system. We almost envy the astronomer his joy, when comprehending some new fact in the science to which he devotes himself; if the fact is an important one, the plaudits of the civilized world are heaped upon him, and his name descends in triumph to the latest posterity. The discovery of the laws which govern the circulation of the blood in the animal system has made the name of Harvey immortal. How analogous this to the fluids which circulate and give life in the vegetable kingdom! Here, too, persons have acquired imperishable fame. Others may still do it. The mysteries of this kingdom are by no means all unfolded. The earth is full of them. It may be presumed that the career of discovery therein is now in its infancy; that there will be the same opportunities, even with unborn generations, to become renowned, that there was for Linnæus!

We know, too, with what assiduity the inventor of machinery anticipates all results flowing from his labors. And we know with what unceasing apprehension the merchant broods over his departing ships, when ploughing distant oceans, and till their return assures him of profitable adventure.—Not unlike this, in character, are the tho'ts of the man who tills the ground. Hence the agriculturist may be interested in the progress of vegetable life, in a two-fold measure: as a philosopher, in searching out the laws which control it; and as a political economist in reaching its pecuniary advantages. In the former he is governed like any man of science, for the intellectual satisfaction to be received; in the latter he is governed like the man of business, for the prospect of means on which to subsist. He may therefore rationally watch the growth of his melons, and cabbage, and strawberries, and peaches, to say nothing of the more important branches of his labor, with as much earnestness as the merchant contemplates the profits on a cargo of teas or silks. Perhaps the merchant may sneer at the comparison. Be it so; but it may be said to him, there is more of philosophy, of mental culture, connected with the labors of agriculture, than in speculating on the profits of merchandise. If an agriculturist, owing to his greater skill, obtains a better crop of wheat, or corn, or potatoes, than any one else has obtained under similar circumstances, thereby teaching all others to do the same, is it no cause of self-complacency? Is it no occasion for the plaudits of the community? Which is the greater benefactor to society,—the merchant, who, by accident, as it were, clears ten thousand dollars from a single voyage of his ship, or the man that, in all coming time, and throughout our broad land, makes two spires of grass or two ears of corn grow, where only one grew before? Besides, if the merchant occasionally obtains a better profit on his investment than the farmer, he may, ten times to one, make no profit at all, and perhaps he may experience loss, while the other is constantly receiving a living profit.

However, the profits of agriculture make no part of our present inquiry. Dollars and cents are not the elements of pleasure of which we now speak. It has other food on which to mature itself. Think you that the astronomer is induced to his midnight vigils by the expectation of lucre? Was it to get wealth that Franklin was induced to tame the lightning's flash? No, he had a higher aspiration! The divinity within yielded him an ethereal sustenance! Wealth is to certain degrees truly convenient. We cannot live on air alone. Yet, at times, the immortal nature of man seems to look with contempt on all material objects; to soar, with unsubdued energy, among the creations of infinite wisdom; bringing light out of darkness, demonstrating to an admiring world truths immutable and eternal, where mystery had hitherto enshrouded it in a mantle of impenetrable gloom. In rural life such a spirit may have ample scope; and, till demonstration is reached, he need not fail of the most exquisite delight in contemplating the goodness of God, wherever he turns his eye—even in the dew-drop, the swelling bud, the opening flower, and in the rising fragrant odour.—*Blake' Every-Day Book for Farmers.*

SIMILITUDES.—The fragrant white clover thrives, though trampled under foot; it furnishes the bees with stores of pure honey without asking or receiving the credit of it. Meekness and disinterestedness.

The vine clinging to the elm acknowledges its weakness, and at the same time makes itself strong. Faith.

The morning glory makes a fair show at sunrise, but withers as soon as it becomes hot. Excitement without principle.

To cut off the top of a dock does no good; its roots must be eradicated. Sin is the dock root.

The thistle has a beautiful blossom, but it is so armed with spines that every body abhors it. Beauty and bad temper.

The elder bush produces delicate and fragrant blossoms, but the farmer abhors it, because if he gives it a foot it will take a rod. Obtrusiveness.

If the grasshoppers eat the silk of the corn there will be no harvest. Irreligious principles in childhood.

If you go into a field of beggar-ticks in autumn, when you come home, your clothes will reveal the fact. Vulgar companions.

Cranberries hide themselves among the moss; he who would find them must look for them. Modest worth.

You see how such of the trees as bow their branches to the winter torrents escape unhurt, but such as resist, perish root and branch. Yielding to the opinions of others.

The blossoms of the bayberry blast grain in their vicinity. Bad temper.

Thistle seeds have wings. Bad principles.—*Oxford Star.*

CHEAP PLEASURES.—Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children; send them a peck of sweet apples and they will all be happy. A child has lost its arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood: assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the rest too large, or slightly injures a piece of work; say, "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness.

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families and everywhere.—We can make the wretched, happy; the discontented, cheerful; the afflicted, resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?—*Mass. Spy.*

It belongs only to little minds, and such as move in a narrow sphere, to be decided and opinionated. The farther we extend our progress in life, and the more we observe upon society at large, the more cautious do we become of pronouncing judgment on others.

Farewell is a wish, a generous hope, that the friend from whom you are parting, may be blessed with success and happiness.

Adieu meaneth, I commend thee to God, or to the protection of Heaven.

Good bye, God be with you, all these are pious and humane expressions.

BENEFITS OF AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.—Why is it that farmers will not, as a body, lend their aid to advance their craft? Nothing is more difficult than to get up a good Agricultural exhibition, and no set of men are more benefitted by fairs than farmers. No such difficulty occurs with mechanics; every manufacturer is anxious to exhibit his wares, and to see those of others; the farmer alone shows apathy on this subject, and still it is impossible for any farmer to visit a fair without being able to profit by seeing the results of the labor of others. If no other inducement could be offered, the usual trial of plows alone should be sufficient. At every such trial the plow-makers send their specimens, and by the aid of an instrument called a *dynanometer*, the judges are enabled to acertain what plow requires the least power to perform best, and the difference in the amount of power required by different plows, intended to perform the same class of work, is often twenty per cent. Now let us suppose that a farmer has fifty acres to plow at an average cost of three dollars per acre, and this is a low estimate, the whole cost would be $150, and if the best plow were used he would save $30 the first year, being many times the cost of a new plow, and still we find farmers using plows of kind which have been condemned for many years, rather than spend a small sum to visit a fair and buy a new plow. The same facts exist as to cultivators, and many other improved tools.—*Working Farmer.*

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINE.—Horace Greeley writes thus in a letter from Watertown, N. Y., to the Tribune:

"The best thing I saw in Watertown was the turn-out of two thousand people of a wild, stormy night to hear a dry talk on temperance; the next best was a new Portable Steam Engine, invented and manufactured by Hoard & Bradford, and sold (including boilers and all fictures,) at these rates: half a horse power, $75; one horse, $100, two horse power, $160; three horse, $225, four horse, $300. The two horse engine I examined was running a Napier power press briskly, while burning about as much fuel as a common kitchen range. Certainly, a ton of sea coal would amply suffice to run it a fortnight, night and day, or a month ten hours per day. The time must be at hand when every thrifty farmer, with nearly every mechanic, will have such an engine of his own, and chopping straw, turning grind-stone, churning, chopping wood, threshing, &c., will have ceased to become a mechanical operation. Printing (press work) must rapidly disappear before the approach of this engine, which will be running on wheels and driving a scythe before it, or drawing a plow behind it, within five years. We have hardly begun to use steam as yet."

A distinguished Connecticut Clergyman who was famed for his witticism, dined one Thanks-giving day with the senior deacon of his church. The deacon, being an old-fashioned man, was in the habit of asking blessings of a most wearisome length. On this occasion he was particularly prosy, and finally he was forced to pause to gain a new supply of words. The instant he stopped, the pastor sat down and commenced rattling the knife and fork. The worthy deacon, very much disconcerted by the conduct of his reverend guest, opened one eye, and looking down to him, exclaimed, "Doctor! Doctor! I am not through yet, I only hesitated." "Hesitate!" replied the Doctor, "it is no time to hesitate when the turkey is cooling."

AN ATTENTIVE LOVER.—Laughed some deal to-day at the pretty inn of the healthful "Messina Springs," (the "Burnham's" or "Woodlawn" of Syracuse,) at an account of a young country girl who had been taken to a 4th-of-July ball by a swain of the neighborhood. Her beau found "metal" more attractive in the "long-room," and left his girl a "wallflower" until the night was well nigh spent. Just as the ball was about to close, however, he came to the neglected fair one, and said, "Don't you want to dance?" "Dance!" she replied; "guess I *do*! Where you *ben*? I ben sittin' here till I thought I should ha' *took roots*!" And they stepped into line for a "country-dance," as they termed it.

WORTH TELLING AGAIN.—When Nicholas Biddle—familiarly known as Nick Biddle—was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro named Harry who used to be loafing around the premises. One day, in a social mood, Biddle said to the darky—

"Well, what is your name, my old friend?"

"Harry, sir; ole Harry, sir," said the other touching his sleepy hat.

"Old Harry!" said Biddle, "why that is name they give to the devil is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "sometimes ole Harry and sometimes ole Nick."

Books give the same tone to our thoughts and way of reasoning that good and ill company do to our behaviour and conversation, without our even being sensible of the change.