ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

# Port Tobacco Times

## AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

VOL. XV. PORT TOBACCO, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1859. NO. 46.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY E. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—For one year, if paid in advance or within six months, $1.50; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—$1.00 per square for the first two insertions, and 25 cts. for every subsequent insertion; twelve lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly A liberal deduction made to those who advertise their business by the year. The privilege of annual advertisers extends *only* to their immediate business.

Announcements of candidates for office, $1.00 per month, to be paid in advance.

Communications, the effect of which is to promote private or individual interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of 50 cts. per square.

[COMMUNICATED.]

### REPLY OF JUVENIS TO SENEX AND TWEDLEDUM.

MR. EDITOR: I have just read the article by Senex, copied into your paper of the 3d inst., in reply to Juvenis. Juvenis is not Achilles nor is Senex Hector. There is no historical analogy here. Both these renowned warriors, in their way and according to the genius of the age, were brave, patriotic and pregnant with youth's hope and energy; and both were fighting, in obedience to what they believed to be the decrees of fate, for not only country, and kindred, and friends, but that renown which is ever the rich result of virtuous and patriotic achievements. Hector was young, vigorous and active;—Senex is old, inactive, and feels the effects of corroding old age. He perhaps might have found a more appropriate similitude in the case of Priam and Pyrrhus. Achilles, like Moses, was only permitted to see at a distance the glories of his victory over the Trojan hero; and it was left for others to finish the destruction of the Trojan State. Priam was an old man, the father of a hundred sons;—I am young, in the vigor of life and childless; and here is presented a more suitable historical example for his case. The Poet beautifully and graphically describes the pursuit and death of old Priam, by the youthful Pyrrhus, thus:

"Hic Priamus, quanquam in media jam morte tenetur,
Non tamen abstinuit, nec voci, iræque pepercit:
At, tibi pro scelere, exclamat, pro talibus ausis,
Di (si qua est cœlo pietas, quæ talia curet)
Persolvant grates dignas, et præmia reddant
Debita, qui nati coram me cernere letum
Fecisti, et patrios fœdasti funere vultus.
At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles
Talis in hoste fuit Priamo; sed jura fidemque
Supplicis erubuit; corpusque exsangue sepulchro
Reddidit Hectoreum, meque in mea regna remisit.
Sic fatus senior, telumque imbelle sine ictu
Conjecit: ranco quod protinus ære repulsum,
Et summo clypei nequiquam umbone pependit.
Cui Pyrrhus: Referes ergo hæc, et nuntius ibis
Pelidæ genitori: illi mea tristia facta,
Degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.
Nunc morere. Hæc dicens, altaria adipsa trementem
Traxit, et in multo lapsentem sanguine nati:
Implicuitque comamlæva; dextraque coruscum
Extulit, ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit, ensem.
Hæc finis Priami fatorum: hic exitus illum
Sorte tulit, Trojam incensam et prolapsa videntem
Pergama, tot quandam populis terrisque superbum
Regnatorem Asiæ: jacet ingens litore truncus,
Avulsumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus."

*Hæc finis Priami fatorum*—this was the fated end of the venerable Priam, once the proud ruler of many nations and many countries of Asia. I am not Pyrrhus and I trust I shall not be so unfortunate, or indeed ungenerous, as to slay the venerable Senex. But in this case I think the historical analogy is not complete or well suited. There is another distinguished and venerable character unfolded by this classical war to which our learned and eloquent friend bears a more striking resemblance than to the aged and unfortunate Priam. Such was the inventive genius of the poetical historian of this war, that he furnishes character suited to the emergency of any and every occasion. In the aged, wise, eloquent and discreet Nestor we shall find an analogous character, full, perfect and complete. An angry contest has been raised over pigeons, oysters and herrings among the members of the family, and it will require the exercise of much skill, eloquence and wisdom to compose the unfortunate domestic strife—a domestic strife, unfortunate it may be to not only the peace, happiness and property of the common brotherhood, but to its genius and coming glories of the future. The Grecian chiefs quarreled not about either pigeons, oysters or herrings, but about something of less consequence—a beautiful woman; and woman, you are aware, venerable sir, has been the cause of all the quarrels and bloodshed of the world. As in this case, the quarrel had advanced to that point when it was likely to prove fatal to the Grecian cause; and there as here it became necessary that an aged, wise and eloquent man should interpose his influence to heal the fatal division. Under the similarity of circumstances, the learned and venerable Senex may well represent the eloquent and illustrious Nestor. The rival and angry chiefs of the Greeks had well nigh come to blows (about a woman) when all received with awe the venerable man, who thus, with mild benevolence, began:

"All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began:
What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy
That adverse gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight?
With these of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led;
Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain boar,
Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth e'en these esteem'd me wise,
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise."

Such would seem to be the appropriate position, at this time, of our venerable and benevolent correspondent. They had here, as in the present instance, just entered upon the threshold of this renowned war—a war of renown, not only in poetry, but in the noble purpose of avenging another's wrongs and of extinguishing national guilt with national destruction. The members of the maternal family are here confederated to overthrow, by persuasion if we can or by force if we must, universal despotism, to establish a virtuous and universal freedom, and avenge the universal and flagrant wrongs of God's downtrodden and degraded children. The great ocean of passion, by the unbridled winds, has been broken into a fury, the waves are rolling more than mountain high, until indeed their summits lick the skies and there is now imminent danger that our destiny and our genius are to be lost to the world, and will be known hereafter only in history and in song. Under these circumstances a master mind, benevolent by nature, wise from age and experience, must interpose, as did the immortal Nestor of old, to allay the strife, to still the commotion and call back the wandering and excited passions to their wonted tranquility and to an obedience to the law of their Creator. *Est Tuum lites componere*—it is your province, venerable sir, to achieve this great and good work and suffer not the hopes of our common brotherhood to be wrecked amidst the turbulent and delusive throes of blind passion.

But, venerable, sir, this ancient war furnishes an analogy for another mission for your age, wisdom, eloquence and influence. Two of the most eloquent and influential of the Grecian chiefs assumed the task of reconciling and bringing to terms of peace the hostile and contending nations. These chiefs were the wise and matured Menelaus and the comparatively youthful, vigorous, eloquent and astute Ulysses. One of them was honest, sincere, virtuous, benevolent and wise—this was the mature Menelaus; the other was crafty, subtle, tortuous, eloquent, persuasive and a sophist—this was youthful Ulysses. The calm and matured judgment of the one tempered the vehement, persuasive and unscrupulous subtilty of the other. But let our great Poet again graphically delineate these two famous characters in the following beautiful, brilliant and glowing language:

"Then Helen thus: whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise:
A barren island boasts his glorious birth:
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.
Antenor took the word, and thus began:
Myself, O king! have seen that wondrous man,
When trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause,
(Great Menelaus urged the same request;)
My house was honour'd with each royal guest:
I knew their persons, and admired their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approved in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engaged our view:
Ulysses, seated, greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' son harrangued the listening train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain;
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fixed upon the ground,
As one unskill'd, or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor raised his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hand:
But when he speaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
The copious accents fall, with easy art;
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
Wondering we hear, and, fix'd in deep surprise;
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes."

Such is the glowing description of these gifted men, by this inimitable Poet. There was a nobleness of purpose in this mission which they, by the exercise of their joint powers and joint influence, strove to execute. The purpose was to save the further effusion of blood, to heal the hostile divisions of a common race allotted to a common destiny; to arrest the further progress of disastrous and bloody war, which could alone terminate in injury, serious injury to one or extermination to the other. The purpose of their joint counsel and joint action failed—failed, according to the language of this poetical historian, by the decrees of the gods, but in truth and reality on account of the wilful perverseness of a frail though beautiful woman; and although this wilful perverseness produced the destruction of a nation, yet it has furnished a theme for the exercise of the powers of the most gifted poet that has lived; and stamped an immortality upon, and given a name to, a nation that otherwise would hardly have found a place in history. We are not to anticipate, venerable sir, so disastrous a result in the present contest—under the bright and glowing light of this nineteenth century; yet the distraction and divisions which have arisen in this case are likely to produce a permanent estrangement between the two branches of our family and may be attended by consequences the most pernicious. It then becomes you, sir, in the exercise of your succinct and faultless eloquence and your mature age, in conjunction with some other chief whose eloquence is as soft as the fleeces of descending snows, to interpose your aid and kind offices to heal the breach which has begun, and to perfect the great object of worth and glory which lies at the bottom of this controversy, and then future generations will indeed rise up and truly call you blessed.

You detected a fatal error in my manœuvering, where I so far exposed one branch of my army as to assert that you had written a history of the Mexican war. There is a figure which allows us to put a part for the whole; but I am not disposed to avail myself of this defence, and do from necessity admit, what is but too palpable to all, that owing to my false movements you have by a single fire shot away one of my entire regiments; and in this you have far surpassed the most skilful practice of the French at Waterloo; I will endeavor to manœuvre more cautiously and skilfully for the future. The selection of a ruler for the popular sovereignty of Persia, through the neighing of a horse (produced by fraud) is made to occupy a conspicuous place in the communication of our venerable correspondent; and he thinks this important event exerted no little influence in directing the destinies of man. I have no doubt it exerted a fatal influence upon the destinies of the Persians, and the event itself, though contemptible and degrading in its character, would furnish a most appropriate caption to a learned, eloquent and instructive treatise on popular sovereignty. It gave the ascendency to the genius of the horse, so far, at least, as the Persian empire was concerned, until this genius was arrested and rolled back by the glorious victory at Marathon. In the maintenance of despotism there and elsewhere, the horse has always been a most efficient instrument; and in the larger portion of the world's progress has exercised the grand prerogative of popular sovereignty; and Marathon first taught him his appropriate place and prerogatives.

Among the decisive events of the world, the disemboweling combat of Colonel Crocket with the "grizzly" holds a conspicuous place in this communication. Some persons strangely blend the sublime and the ridiculous, of which this is a signal example—like that of Darius and his popular sovereignty stallion. A favorite remark of the great Napoleon was, that there was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The former is the offspring of genius and the latter of the opposite of genius; and when a mind promiscuously jumbles the two together I am unable to determine either its location or quality. I must confess, that my genius is inadequate to the task of comprehending how a combat between a man and a "grizzly," attended with the sole result of the killing and eating of one or other, could be classed with those sublime, momentous and decisive battles which are brought out by the decrees of Divine Providence, and which have so far directed the destinies of the human race as to give to us our peculiar, humanizing and christian civilization of this nineteenth century.

You are pleased, venerable sir, to use the following language in reference to the oxen of "Pharaoh's lean kine:" "The solution is this. It not unfrequently happens, owing to the run of herrings, that carts from a distance have to wait several days at the landings, before they can be supplied, and our wide-awake, experienced citizens are too shrewd to drive their fine sleek cattle up to Charles county for fear they might be driven off in the darkness of the night and unscrupulously manufactured into beef, or else of losing their fat and finely-rounded proportions for want of proper and sufficient nourishment during the sojourn." And again, in reference to the oyster meat-house, you are pleased to use this grave and most weighty language: "Now, sir, I have known citizens of your county, when asking shelter in the beautiful harbors of the mother county, to leave their vessels, even during the raging of the elements and the predominence of high tides, driven, I suppose, by the condition of the larder on ship board, to go in quest of oysters. When the tides were low they picked up ravenously, and when they were high, they seemed to be pretty well provided with great bunches of keys resembling very much the shape and general formation of our oyster tongs. Friend Juvenis, what kind of people are those you live amongst, who scruple not to enter the meat-house of a neighbor unsolicited and against the peace, quiet and good government of the State. I would warn my friend to be very particular hereafter how he and his friends behave, should they ever revisit our waters, lest they might be apprehended, tried and convicted of a very naughty offence." Apart from the fact, that for these oxen of the "lean kine" provisions were brought from home in the shape of a few bunches of fodder, and that the mother impoverished them against the dictates of reason and common sense before she could trust them among her children, and that the oyster meat-house was public property, common alike to all the members of the family, these passages contain a most foul and slanderous imputation, which, if untrue, might subject the author to heavy damages in a suit for slander, and if true, by commission and conviction, would subject the younger brethren to the severest penalties, bringing disgrace upon all, old and young. Charles is the daughter and is but the colonial offspring of our beloved and venerable mother St. Mary's; and nothing is more fully settled by all experience, historical and natural, than that traits of character, individually and nationally, are the offspring of training and particularly of *maternal* training. Those decisive battles which gave the supremacy to a particular and superior race, enabled that race to send out colonies to distant and different lands, carrying with them the noble traits of the mother country—the traits of patriotism, energy, integrity and love of learning, and not of indolence, poverty and *crime*. The glorious and decisive battle of Marathon gave the ascendency to freedom and enabled the mother country Greece to send out learned, talented, manly and progressive colonies, not only all along the shores of the Mediterranean, but to extend their influence to the remotest part of the world. The Metaurus again enabled the Romans to achieve the conquest of the world and to scatter broadcast and with a profuse and liberal hand over every country, the seeds of manliness, indomitable energy, learning, general literature, and, above all, the excellence of a superior jurisprudence. A proposition and its converse are equally true alike in morals and mathematics; and if in the first great struggle for freedom between the Grecians and the Persians the latter had conquered, the world at this day might have been subject to the sway of despotism, sloth, poverty, degradation and crime. The character of all colonies has been that of the mother country, of the truth of which our own glorious and free country furnishes a signal and triumphant illustration. Is it true then that the character of our venerable, and, as made out by you, infamous mother, has, by the force of training, been able to present to the contemptuous gaze of the world a colonial offspring infamous for poverty and crime?

Yes; this *law* of maternal influence by training operates, not only nationally, but individually—and in the individual sphere with a most imperative force. I have sincerely believed ever since I was capable of investigating the subject, historically and naturally, that woman is the most perfect machinery of all God's animate creation.—Inspiration wisely and correctly informs us, she was the last animate being created; and truly the Divine Architect exerted the utmost of his architectural skill for her perfect formation—perfect formation in beauty of stature, in aptness to teach, in quickness of intuitive perception, in clearness and intensity of spiritual discernment, and in that ready and apt capability of moulding and fashioning the intellectual, spiritual and moral character of her offspring, for which she has been, experimentally, so peculiarly fitted and distinguished in all ages, and all countries, and in every sphere. It is not the bold, pert, impudent woman that has acquired the renown of this earth, or wrought such consequences in the destiny of man as to recreate, energize his nature and elevate his position. All the great and useful revolutions of the earth have been due primarily to the influence of the mother as unfolded in the career and character of the sons; and this has been achieved by the mother who has ever maintained her appropriate place of elegant and virtues retreat, where quietly and unobtrusively she has effected an infusion of those noble principles which have wrought such glorious consequences in the world's career. There is more of truth than poetry in the following simple but beautiful sentiment of the Poet:

"Seek to be good but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light."

It is universally conceded and taught, historically, biographically and naturally, that all the great men of the earth have owed their character and career to the peculiar training of the mother—to that training which has fixed indelibly her own impress upon her son, and in his achievement of great deeds he only exhibited to the world what she was. Alexander the Great throughout his successful and violent, though useless, career, gave clear illustration of the impressions, which he had received from the unscrupulous and strong minded character of his mother; and one of the simplest though noblest epitaphs ever inscribed on a tomb stone is to be found inscribed on that of the great and good Calhoun—simply, "Here lies John Caldwell Calhoun, the son of Patrick Calhoun and Martha Caldwell." He is said, by all who knew them, to have been peculiarly the son of his mother—in strength of mind, energy and firmness of purpose, and in intense love of truth. Through him her character must go down to the last generation of men as a finished model of woman's worth and excellence. The renowned Jewish lawgiver was undoubtedly indebted mainly to woman for those noble traits of character which have rendered him the admiration of the world, and enabled him to work a greater revolution in society than any man that has lived. What a great and noble woman must have been that Pharaoh's daughter, who, not from her royal descent, but through her adopted son, has won for herself an immortality. Historians have delighted to dwell upon the beautiful and eloquent traits of the noble mother of our own great Alfred of England. The great, the divine Newton, when an infant was left solely to the kind love and watchful providence of a strong-minded and pure-hearted mother; and our own beloved and glorious country furnishes illustrious example of the force and efficiency of this *law* of maternal training. Even the Supreme Being affords us his evidence to the existence and force of this *law*, in selecting the mother as the sole agency of sending a Redeemer into the world; and, in conclusion upon this point, you will find this *law*, by Divine arrangement, to prevail with beast, bird, fish and insect. Woman, in her virtuous and domestic retreat, is the spiritual ruler of this world. Now, venerable sir, what must have been the character of our venerable mother, if she could have sent out from her retreat such sons and daughters as you have imputed—capable of, and addicted to, the grossest crimes and requiring to be vigilantly watched to prevent their commission of criminal offences against the older members of the family. Every evil and degraded mother sends out evil and degraded sons and daughters, and is the first and the most vehement in imputing to them those infamous traits she herself has indelibly infixed on them. Your language in reference to what you are pleased to call the "foul" challenge is only in keeping with that criminal character which you have imputed to the younger members of the family. You partially accepted this "foul" challenge and then fled; and the sentiment, slightly altered, of a humorous Poet may not be inappropriate here—

"He that bristles and runs away
May bristle and fight another day."

Time and space demand I should proceed no further with this; and I will, in conclusion, suggest, that if by your persuasive eloquence and influence you can restore a fraternal feeling, and duc concord and a generous and manly execution of the challenge, you may be able to both instruct and interest us by some neat and eloquent articles on field sports, and for this purpose you will find abundant material in the splendid work of Henry W. Herbert on field sports. Here, venerable sir, we part as we met—friends.

JUVENIS.

P. S.—It is well perhaps to notice the little effusion of Twedledum lest he may think himself slighted. There is no disputing about tastes. What is often agreeable to one is offensive to another; and we should therefore not measure and adjust the pleasures of others by our own. When I first read partily this article, I thought it originated from some reverened, staid gentleman, but upon a more careful reading, it strikes me its authorship is rather more purile. This author has his sympathies peculiarly enlisted in favor of pigeons, but is willing you should lacerate oysters at your will and pleasure. Who informed him the oyster is not endowed with as intense sensitiveness as the pigeon; and does he not devour the oyster most ravenously—raw, stewed, roasted, fried, boiled; and does not this little non-locomotive confer on him a greater benefit than the pigeon. He bumps and thumps his ox from youth to hoary age, until by a long life of painful labors, he is unfit for service and he then kills and eats him. He strips the clothes off the body of his sheep and then kills and eats him. Are all his sympathies ærial and none terrestial, careth he alone for the bird and not for the beast? If the pigeons are shot, they will be eaten, and the experienced tell us death by gunshot wounds is the easiest of all deaths. Some refined, squealing ladies would scream or faint at seeing the throat of a lamb or a hog cut, and yet when the beast is cooked and on the table she can eat of it most voraciously. Let us away with this mawkish sentimentality which can thus strain at a gnat and gulp down a camel; or is this author one of those who think in door sports are harmless while the out door are a great sin? Perhaps he is one of that class, who, while cursing field sports, can play cards, swear lustily, drink copiously and then, mounting his horse, can, by the use of a natural spur, with which God has gifted some, thump and bump the poor beast until he is legless; or perhaps he is one of that class, which, shutting their eyes to the solid realities around them, travel, with moping long faces through life, and swear by all the powers of infinity the career is sinless.—This author thinks, ornithologically, that columba means either a pigeon or a dove, and by thus shooting at pigeons we might be guilty of the sacrilege of shooting at the divine bird which was first sent out from his thumping and bumping ark to find land.—The scriptures were written originally in Hebrew and they say the Noachian messenger was a dove. A discoverer is a genius, and our author discovers it was a pigeon or a dove that tokened to Columbus his approach to land; history says it was something of a marine bird. The sophist Pythagoras is made to play a conspicuous part: is the author of the doctrine of transmigration. He borrowed the doctrine from Egypt; and it is older than history and had a lodgment in all the Pagan mythologies. There is no danger, dear Twedledum, that we shall hit the spirit of our grand daddies in the pigeons, as the devout enquirer has settled that our inner man goes somewhere else—the location not exactly ascertained. The sports to which our author would consign us are those of children, and what a race of senseless, sloathful beings we should become by shooting at oysters *et omne id genus*.—The greatest men of our own and of other countries delighted in field sports—such as Washington, Marshall and their compeers, and these were men worthy of imitation, and who did nothing cruel or wrong, or unjustified by the laws of God or man. And now, my little Twedledum, as I have no taste for crabbing along shore, I will here dismiss this question and with your permission sign myself TWEDLEDEE.

*February* 17, 1859.

### An Editorial Dream on Wedding Cakes.

A bachelor editor out West, who had received from the fair hand of a bride a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience:

"We put it under the head of our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant blessed with an easy conscience, and soon snored prodigiously. The god of dream gently touched us, and presently in fancy we were married. Never was a little editor so happy. "It was my love," "dearest," "sweetest," ringing in our ears every moment.—Oh, that the dream had broken off here!—But no! some evil genius put it into the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord.

"In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice obscured from sight the plate before us.

"'My dear,' said we, fondly, 'did you make this?'

"'Yes, love; ain't it nice?'

"'Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life.'

"'Plum pudding, ducky,' suggested my wife.

"'Oh, no, dearest, bread pudding. I was always fond of 'em.'

"'Call that bread pudding?' said my wife while her lips slightly curled with contempt.

"'Certainly my dear—reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding, my love by all means.'

"'Husband! this is really too bad—plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir" and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.

"'My love, my sweet, my dear love,' exclaimed we, soothingly, 'do not get angry, I am sure it's very good, but it is bread pudding.'

"'You mean, low wretch,' fiercely replied my wife, in a higher tone, 'you know it's plum pudding.'

"'Then ma'am, it is so meanly put together and so badly burned that the devil himself wouldn't know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that it is bread pudding—and the very meanest kind, at that.'

"'It is plum pudding!' shrieked my wife, as she hurled a glass of claret in my face, the glass itself tapping the claret from my nose.

"'Bread pudding!" grasped we, pluck to the last, and grasped a roasted chicken by the left leg.

"'Plum pudding!" rose above the din, as we had a distinct perception of two plates smashed across our head.

"'Bread pudding we groaned in a rage, as the chicken left our hand, and flying with swift wings across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

"'Plum pudding!" resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gravy dish took me where we had been depositing the first part of our dinner and a plate of beets landed upon our white vest.

"'Bread pudding forever," shouted we in defiance dodging the soup tureen, and falling beneath its contents.

"'Plum pudding!" yelled the amiable spouse, as noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling on our head the dishes with no gentle hand. Then in rapid succession, followed the war cries. "'Plum pudding!" she shrieked with every dish.

"'Bread pudding!" in smothering tones, came up from the pile. Then it was "'plum pudding," in rapid succession, the last cries growing feebler and feebler—till, just as I can recollect, it had grown to a whisper.—"'Plum pudding," resounded like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash, as our wife leaped upon the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced jumping up and down—when, thank Heaven, we awoke—and thus saved our life. We shall never dream on wedding cake again."

☞ The result of all travelling—"Well, I am glad to get home again."