

# The Lancaster Ledger.

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Big with the wonders of each passing day.

IN ADVANCE

A Family and Political Newspaper—Devoted to the Arts, Sciences, Literature, Education, Agriculture, National Improvements, Foreign and Domestic News, and the Markets.

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## Select Poetry.

### The Girls and the Wives.

Somewhat as when the following about the girls and their wives:

God bless our girls,  
Whose golden curls  
Blend with our golden dreams;  
They have our lives  
Like spider-wives,  
Or—as maidens to the streams.  
They scold our pains,  
They scold our brains,  
With their summer hours,  
God bless the girls,  
God bless their curis,  
God bless our human flowers.  
The wives, we think, are quite as deserving of a blessing as the girls; therefore, we submit the following:

Go bless the wives,  
They fill our lives  
With little bees and honey;  
They ease life's shocks,  
They mend our socks,  
But—don't they spend the money?  
When we are sick,  
They heal us quick—  
That if they should love us:  
If not, we die,  
And yet they cry,  
And place tombstones above us.  
Of rosy girls,  
With sunny curls,  
We may in fancy dream;  
But wives—true wives—  
Throughout our lives,  
Are everything they seem.

## Selected Story.

### A Short Fireside Story.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took out a loaf of bread which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave half to his boy. "Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me; and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are done."

"You speak kindly, my love," replied the pleased father, "your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, who told you to love me as you loved her, and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn to eat."

"Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more, for you see the loaf is not large, and you require more than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat I shall not; I have an abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven to nourish our immortal souls, should He not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies?"

The father and the son thanked God, and then began to eat the loaf in pieces to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one piece of the loaf, there fell out several pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.

"My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

"I know not, as yet, to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker, through some mistake."

"We must inquire. Run—"

"But, father, interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf and the baker may tell a lie, and—"

"I will not listen to you, my boy. I bought this loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker said to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him; remember him who has told us to do to others as we would have others to do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us. I am poor, indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, oh! let us share, also, his goodness, and his trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, trust in God and walk in His ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now run to the baker, and bring him here, and I shall watch the gold until he comes."

So the boy ran for the baker. "Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money; and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. 'Is it mine?' asked the father; 'if it is, take it away.'"

"My father, baker, is very poor, and—"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man his money."—The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf. "Thou art indeed an honest fellow," said the baker; "and

my neighbor, David, the flax dresser, spoke but the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in town."

"Now I shall tell thee about the gold: A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away, to the honestest poor man whom I know in the city. I told David thee to send me as a customer, this morning; as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last penny in thy purse; and then, that with all its treasure—and, certes, it is not small; it is thine, and God grant thee a blessing with it!" The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hand about his neck, and said, "I shall always like you, my father, trust in God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."—*Edinburgh Christian Magazine.*

From the Richmond Dispatch.

### The Jackson-Dickinson Duel.

The famous duel between Jackson and Dickinson is generally known, but Parson's recent life of the former gives an excellent account of the affair, with some circumstances that are new:—

Dickinson's second won the choice of position, and Jackson's the office of giving the word. Mr. Overton considered the giving of the word a matter of great importance, and he had already determined how he would give it to the tell to him. The eight paces were measured off, and the men placed; both were perfectly collected. All the politeness of such occasions was strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a house frock, buttoned carefully over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the youngest and handsomest man of the two. But Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanor, it is said, gave him a most commanding air as he stood under the tall poplars in this bright May morn'g, silently awaiting the moment of doom.

"Are you ready?" said Overton.

"I am ready," said Dickinson.

"I am ready," said Jackson.

The words were no sooner pronounced than Overton, with a sudden shout, cried, using his old country pronunciation, "Fare ye!"

Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his arm and place it tightly across his chest. "He is surely hit," thought Overton, "and in a bad place, too; but he does not fall. Erect and grim as fate he stood, his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his arm, and appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had unconsciously recoiled a step or two.

"Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him?"

"Back to the mark, sir!" thundered Overton, with his hand upon his pistol.

Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the pig, and stood with eyes averted from his antagonist.—All this was but the work of a moment, though it requires many words to tell it.

General Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger and discovered that it had snapped at halfcock. He drew it back to its place and took aim a second time. He fired—and his friends rushed forward, caught him in their arms, and gently laid him on the grass, leaning against a bush. His trousers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was goring from his side in a torrent.—

"And alas! here is the ball, not near the wound, but above the opposite hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body, below the ribs. Such a wound could not be fatal."

Overton went forward and learned the condition of the wounded man. Rejoicing his principal, he said: "He won't want any more of you, General," and conducted him from the ground. They had gone a hundred yards, Overton walking on one side of Jackson and his surgeon on the other, and neither speaking a word, when the surgeon observed that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood.

"Oh, I believe," replied Jackson, "that he has poked me a little." Let us look at it. But say nothing about it there, pointing to the house.

He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating. But the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat combined to deceive Dickinson, the ball had only broken a rib or two, and raked the breast bone. It was a somewhat painful, bad looking wound, but neither severe or dangerous, and he was able to ride to the tavern without much inconvenience.

Upon approaching the house he went up to one of the negro women who was churning, and asked if the butter had come. She said it was just coming. He asked for some butter milk. While she was getting it for him, she saw him fur-tively open his coat and look within it.—She saw that his shirt was saturated with blood, and stood gazing with black horror at the sight dizzied in hand. He caught her eye, and hastily buttoned up his coat again. She dipped out a quart measure full of buttermilk, and gave it to him. He drank it off at a draught, then he went to, took off his coat and had his wound carefully examined and dressed.

That done, he dispatched one of his retainers to Dr. Callet, to inquire respecting the condition of Dickinson, and to say that the surgeon attending himself would be glad to contribute his aid towards Mr. Dickinson's relief. Polite reply was returned that Mr. Dickinson's case was not serious, and that he was being taken to the house of Dr. Callet, for the use of his patient.

But there was one gratification which Jackson could not, even under such circumstances, grant him. A very old friend of Gen. Jackson's writes me thus: "Al- though the Gen. had been wounded, he did not wish it to be known until he left the neighborhood, and therefore had concealed it at first from his best friends.— His reason for this was, as he once stated to me, that as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world, and was certain of killing him the first fire, he did not want him to have the gratification even of knowing that he had touched him."

From the Scientific American.

### The Instinct of Appetite.

Chemical analysis and physiological research have established, beyond dispute, that every article of food and drink is composed of elements differing in quantity or quality. It is equally true that the various parts of the human frame are different in their composition, as the bone, the flesh, the nerve, the tendon, &c. But there is no element in the human body which is not found in some article of food or drink. A certain normal proportion of these elements, properly distributed, constitutes vigorous health, and forms a perfect body. If one of these elements be in excess, certain forms of disease manifest themselves; if there is not enough, some other unduly affects the frame. When the blood contains less than its healthy amount of iron, it is poor, watery and comparatively colorless; the muscles are flabby, the face pale, the eyes sunken, the whole body weak, the mind listless and sad. If the bones have not enough lime, they have no strength, are easily bent, and the patient is rickety; if there is too much lime, then the bones are brittle, and are broken by the slightest fall or unusual strain. The highest skill of the physician in these cases consists in determining the excess or deficit of any element, and in supplying such food or drug as will meet the case, when the medical attendant cannot determine what is wanting, nor furnish the supply, nature is often loud enough in her calls, through the tastes or appetites, to indicate very clearly what item of food or drink contains the needed element; this is the "Instinct of Appetite." Chemistry is unable to say of but one article of human food, that it contains all the constituents necessary to supply the human body with every element requisite for its welfare, and that is pure milk, as supplied by the mother of the new being; but after the first years of life, the body demands new elements, in order to enable it to meet the duties which increasing age imposes; hence, nature draws up this spring, as being no longer adequate, and compels the search for other kinds of sustenance, showing that milk is a proper sole food for the young ones; and healthy grown persons who live upon it mainly will always become invalids.

All kinds of life, whether vegetable or animal, have within them a principle of preservation, as well as of perpetuity; were not the case, all that breathes or grows would die; this principle or quality is common to man and beast, and all that springs from root or seed; its name is "Instinct." It is instinct which calls, by thirst, for water, when there is not fluid enough in the system. It is instinct which calls for food, by hunger, when a man is weak and needs renovation. It is curious and practically valuable as a means for the removal of disease, to notice the working of this instinct, for it seems to be almost possessed with a discriminating intelligence; certain it is, that standard medical publications give well-authenticated facts, showing, that following the cravings of the appetite, the animal instinct, has accomplished for more than the physician's skill was able to do; has saved life in multitudes of cases, when science had done its best, but in vain.

About three years ago, the little daughter of a farmer on the Hudson river, had a fall, which induced a long, painful and dangerous illness, ending in blindness; medication availed nothing. By accident, a switch containing maple buds was placed in her hands, when she began to eat them, and called earnestly for more, and continued to eat them with avidity, improving, meanwhile in her general health for some fifteen days or more, when the particular ailment left her, and she called for candy, and, as in the case of the buds, ate nothing else for two weeks, when this also was dropped, a more natural taste returning with returning eyesight and usual health. This was instinct calling for those articles of food which contained the elements, the want of which laid the disease and recovery.

A gentleman aged thirty-six, seemed to be in the last stages of consumptive disease, when he was seized with an uncontrollable desire for common table salt; he spread it in thick layers over his meat, and over his bread and butter; he carried it in his vest pocket, which was daily emptied by sucking a pinch at a time. He regained his health, and remained well for years afterwards.

More recently, a case occurred in England of a child gradually declining in health, in spite of all that could be done by a remarkably shrewd and observant

physician. On one of his visits, he found the father sipping a glass of toddy. The thought occurred to the doctor to offer some of it to the child, who took it with great satisfaction. The hint was improved; more was given, and more; and for two months this child of two years old lived almost wholly on whisky toddy, when the desire declined, a more natural appetite returned, the health improving every hour, and was eventually entirely restored; but ever thereafter the child loathed the very smell or even sight of whisky toddy.

A similar case is reported where a sick child took a pint of ale daily, and nothing else for many days, ultimately recovering, when the sight of an ale bottle could not be endured. The child of a New Yorker was supposed to be dying of the "summer complaint." As a last and desperate resort, it was hurried off to Rockaway in August, having the (usually considered fatal) leucophaea started. Immediately on its arrival, on a cold raw, chilly evening, about an hour after sundown, some fresh milk from the cow was instantly boiled and offered to it.—It was with difficulty that the bowl could be withdrawn from its poor emaciated fingers. After an hour's interval more milk was given, and nothing else for a number of days. That child is now one of the healthiest, healthiest girls in New York!

In the cases above given, the children could not name their cravings; but accident threw in their way what the instincts required. Grown persons can express their cravings. There are many persons who can record, from their own personal experience, the beginning of a return to health, from gratifying a neglected desire. The celebrated Professor Charles Caldwell was fond of relating in his lectures, that a young lady, abandoned to the world, called for some pound cake, which "science" would have pronounced a deadly dose; but as her case was considered hopeless, she was gratified and recovered, living in good health after wards. But in some forms of dyspepsia, to follow the cravings is to aggravate the disease, life is made intolerable, and suicide closes the scene. In low fevers, typhoid, yielding to the cravings is certain death.

To know when and how to follow the instinct of appetite, to gratify the cravings of nature, is of inestimable value. There is a rule which is always safe, and will save life in multitudes of cases, where the most skillfully "exhibited" drugs have been entirely unavailing. Parake at first of what nature seems to crave, in very small quantities; if no uncomfortable feeling follows, gradually increase the amount, until no more is called for.—These suggestions and facts find confirmation in the large experience of Florence Nightingale, whose memory will go down with blessing and honor side by side with that of the immortal John Howard to remotest time. She says:—"I have seen not by ones or tens, but by hundreds, cases where the stomach not only craves, but digests things which have never been laid down in any diet for the sick, especially for the sick whose diseases were produced by bad food. Fruit, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of lard, of bacon, sweet cheese, butter-milk, &c. were administered freely, with happy results, simply because the sick craved them."

### Ancient Ruins in the United States.

A new stimulus is likely to be given to American archeology by a discovery recently made some 90 miles north east of Fort Stanton, a long account of which has just appeared in the Fort Smith (Arkansas) Times.—

The plan upon which lie the massive relics of gorgeous temples and magnificent halls, slopes gradually eastward to the river Pecos, and is very fertile, crossed by a gurgling stream of the purest water, that not only sustains a rich vegetation, but perhaps furnished with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited this present wilderness.—

The city was probably built by a warlike race, as it is quadrangular, and arranged with skill to afford the highest protection against an exterior foe, many of the buildings on the outer line being pierced with loopholes, as though calculated for the use of weapons.

Several of the buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of dark granite rock, which could only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor. There are the ruins of two noble edifices, each presenting a front of 300 feet, made of ponderous blocks of stone; and disipated walls are even now 35 feet high. There are no partitions in the apex of the middle (supposed) temple, so that the room must have been vast; and there are also carvings in his relief and fresco work.—

Appearances justify the conclusion that these silent ruins could once boast of halls as gorgeously decorated by the artists hand as those of Thebes and Smyra.

The buildings all have loopholes on each side, much resembling those found in the old feudal castles of Europe designed for the use of archers. The blocks of which these edifices are composed are cemented together by a species of mortar of a bituminous character, with has stich tenacity, that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocs being detached by the shock. We hope ere long to be favored with full and descriptive particulars, as it is probable that visits and examinations will be made among such interesting relics of the unknown past, by some of the United States officers attached to the new fort.

Scientific American.

## Sunday Reading.

### The Family Altar.

One day, a gentleman was riding on a Western prairie, and lost his way. Clouds arose in the sky, and not seeing the sun, he quitted his reckoning. Night came on, and as he knew not which way to guide his horse, he let him take his own way. It was a Western horse, and was therefore likely to understand prairie life better than his rider, who was not a Western man. By and by a light glimmered in the distance, and it was not long before the faithful animal stopped before a log cabin.

"Who's there?" somebody, shouted from within.

"A benighted traveller," answered the gentleman. "Can you give me a night's lodging?"

"You're welcome," said the man, appearing at the door.

The gentleman was thankful enough to give up his saddle and bridle to the master of the log cabin. He found the family at supper,—man, wife, and child dressed—and a place was soon made for the stranger.

"Some time in the evening the man asked, 'Are you a minister of the gospel?'"

"No," answered the gentleman; and seeing the man look disappointed, he asked why he wished to know.

"Oh! sir," answered the man, "I hoped a minister had come to help me to build a family altar. I had one once, but I lost it coming over the Alleghanies. It is a great loss!"

"Perhaps I can help you to build one, though I'm not a minister," said the gentleman, who always had one himself; and after a little more talk, the man handed him an old family Bible. He read and they sang a Psalm, and all knelt. The gentleman prayed first; then the man, and the wife and child said, "Amen," for it seemed as if each wanted to have a little part in building up the family altar.

"Sir," said the man, when they arose, "there's many an emigrant that loses his family altar before he gets here, and after to."

"Sir, it's a great loss!"

Yes, many family altars are lost. Some are lost in politics, some in traveling, some in moving, in the hurry of harvest, some at stores and shops. It is an unexpected loss. Abraham never lost his, yet never family traveled farther, and moved oftener than his. But who ever pitched his tent, he set up his family altar, and called upon the Lord; and the Lord blessed him wherever he went. Children, as well as parents, have an interest in keeping the family altar. Don't let it be lost. If father forgets, let the children gently and respectfully remind him. "Father, we haven't yet thanked God for his goodness, or prayed to him for his forgiveness." No father I am sure, but will thank a child for thus helping him in his duties. It is good to sing, and praise, and pray around the family altar. "Blest be the tie that binds" a family around its altar. They are dearer to each other for being near to God.—*Pravie Herald.*

### Death Bed Scenes.

The rich Cardinal Beaufort said: "And must I die? Will not all my riches save me? I could purchase the kingdom, if that would prolong my life! Alas! there is no bribing death."

An English nobleman said: "I have a splendid passage to the grave. I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy. I am lying on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians. My dependents sigh; my sisters weep; my father beads beneath a load of grief and years; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inmost anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me, to hide his secret grief. But, oh! which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who can descend in the ark of Levi, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay which may be reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge?"

The celebrated Talleyrand, on his death bed, was visited by Louis Philippe, King of the French. "How do you feel?" said the King. The answer was: "Sure, I am suffering the pangs of the damned!"

Sir Thomas Scott said: "Until this moment, I believed that there was neither a God nor a hell. Now I know and feel that there are both; and I am doomed to perdition by the just judgment of the Almighty!"

A rich man, when dying, was informed by his physician that he should prepare for the worst. "Cannot I live for a week?"

"No," said the doctor, "you will probably continue but a little while." "Say not so," said the dying man. "I will give you a hundred thousand dollars, if you will prolong my life three days." But in less than an hour he was dead.

"AS THY DAY IS SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."—What we are to look for is not grace for imaginary purposes, but for real; not grace for future difficulties, but present; or, as the apostle has it, grace to "help in time of need." It does not, therefore, follow, that what is formidable in the prospect, may be so in the event. You may fear death while living, and rejoice in it at last. "Is this," said Dr. Goodwin, "is this dying?" Is this the enemy that dismayed me so long—now appearing so harmless—and even pleasant?"

## Agricultural.

### Raising Turkeys.

Richardson, in his work on the Domestic Fowl, has these remarks: "Many writers recommend a vast deal of quackery in the treatment of the young chicks.—One goes the length of ordering them wine, pepper, bathing in cold water, etc. It is far better to let them alone. For a few hours after hatching, chicks require no food at all; and then instead of cramming them—a process in which you are likely to break the tender back of the little chick—chop up a few hard eggs with boiled nettle, parsley and a little bread or curd; make this into paste, and present it to the birds in the palm of your hand, or place it before them on a stone, taking care that the hen does not rob them."

In supplying them water, be careful to put it into very shallow vessels that they cannot wet themselves; for the least moisture appears fatal to them. As the turkey chick does not seek its food immediately on leaving the egg, and the hen seems incapable of instructing her little offspring how to do so, it is a common practice with some to put a few common eggs among the turkey's (which must be some nine or ten days after setting,) that these coming out with the little turkeys may, by force of example, teach them to provide for themselves.

Unless in very warm weather, the hen and chicks should be housed for a month. If they appear drooping, put powdered caraway seed, and a little Cayenne pepper into the food. If you mix the food with milk let it be previously boiled. Unboiled milk will purge the chicks; but for my own part I prefer pure water.

At the age of about two months occurs the most critical period in the life of a turkey, called "shooting the red," or the time when head and neck acquire the red color of adults. This crisis once past, the birds may be regarded as past danger, and exchange the name of chicks for that of turkey poult. The only treatment necessary when a bird is shooting the red, is to furnish nutritive food, with a small pinch of Cayenne pepper. Brussels hemp seeds is also found serviceable.

Take care that young turkeys never go out on any account, (except in dry weather,) until the dew is off the ground; and this should be adhered to till they get to be the size of an old partridge, and have their backs well covered with feathers; and in wet weather they should be kept under cover all day long. As to the feeding of them when young, many nice things are recommended—hard eggs, chopped fine, with crumbs of bread, and a great many other things, but that which I have seen used, and always with success and for all sorts of young poultry, is milk turned into curds. This is the food for young poultry of all sorts. Some should be made fresh every day, and if this be done, and the turkey kept warm, not one of a score will die. When they get to be strong they may have meal and grain; but still they always love the curds.—

When they get their head feathers they are hardy enough; and what they want is room to prou about. It is best to breed them under a common hen, because she does not rattle like a hen turkey; and it is a very curious thing the turkeys breed up by a hen of the common fowl, do not themselves ramble when they get old.

**THE USE OF FRUITS IN SUMMER.**—Physiological research has fully established the fact that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system thus preventing fevers, the prevailing diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious," that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic of fever is "cooling," and also herms of every description; it is because the acids they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood. Hence the great wearing for greens and lettuce, and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemonade on an attack of fever.

But this being the case, it is easy to see that we nullify the good effects of fruit and berries, in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even with sweet milk or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence also is better milk, or even common sour milk, promotes health in summer time. Sweet milk tends to biliousness in sedentary people—sour milk is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of sour milk. The shepherds use rennet, and the milk dealers alum to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like water-melon on the system.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

**QUICK BISCUIT.**—Put a small table spoonful of lard in one quart of flour, and add two teaspoonful of salt; put a teasp-oonful of super-carbonate of soda in a pint of warm milk, and add it to the other ingredients. Make the paste of ordinary consistence for biscuit, add flour or milk, it either are needed; roll it half an inch thick; cut it in shapes, and bake the cakes twenty minutes.

**COCOA-NUT POUND CAKE.**—Ingredients: Three quarters of a pound of butter, three quarters of a pound of sifted flour, nine eggs, well beaten, a little brandy, a small quantity of essence of lemon, one grated nutmeg, half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of grated cocoanut. Mix together the ingredients, one after another, as written above.

## Humorous.

### A Bright Boy.

We never read the scene in Henry IV., where Hotspur and Prince Henry exchanged characters, without thinking of a similar one said to have occurred in an ancient paragonage a great while ago. The Rev Mr. Regulus was an excellent man, rather eccentric and somewhat economical. Jonas, a farmer's boy, used sometimes to go with presents to the paragonage, a sharp-eyed little fellow, but rather uncouth in his manners. One day he brought in a leg of mutton, laid it down without ceremony, and was making off.

"I'll teach that boy a lesson in good manners," said Mr. Regulus to his wife.—"He needs to have the clow rubbed off a little."

"Jonas! come back here a moment.—Don't you know, my fine fellow that you shouldn't come into a house in this way, without knocking, and with your hat on. Sit down in my arm chair. Imagine yourself the minister, and I'll come in with the mutton and show you how a boy ought to behave!"

Jonas sits up gravely in the arm chair, and Mr. Regulus goes out with the leg of mutton.

Enters Mr. Regulus, in the character of Jonas. He takes off his hat, with a low bow.

"My father sends his compliments to Mr. Regulus, and asks his pastor to accept a token of his regard."—

Jonas, from the arm chair.

"I thank you, Mrs. Regulus, just give that boy a nipper!"

The lesson was mutual.—Monthly Religious Magazine.

### The Danger of Masquerading.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer says that recently a leading citizen having been invited to a parlor masquerade, resolved to go, and to make his disguise impregnable, sent to Columbus for a convict's full suit. It arrived in due time, and about nine o'clock on the evening of the masquerade the Judge put it on, covered himself with a light cloak, and sallied forth. A violent wind prevailed, and one of the guests took the Judge's cloak off and sent it whirling into the air. He sprang to recover it, and at the same time a watchman sprang for him. The Judge got his cloak, however, before the watchman got him, and started on a fast run, hotly pursued by the watchman. The Judge saw it all. The watchman mistook him for a regular escaped convict. If caught it would be unpleasant. The watchman saw it all, too. Here was a chance to distinguish himself, and perhaps to make something by it. The race became exciting. Fortunately for the Judge it happened on a back street. The Judge continued. The watchman was reinforced by another watchman, and both pursued the Judge at a furious pace.—The Judge finally yielded, and made the watchman after considerably trouble, understood who he was, and what he was about. He told his wife, who said she would never say anything about it, and that is the way it got out.

**FANCY DANCING.**—An Ohio editor gives his views of the several dances which he lately witnessed at a ball in Washington. He says: "The want of variety in this metropolitan dancing was, however, fully made up for by the fancy things, such as the waltz and polka. These were absolutely barbarous. The old-fashioned waltz, the morality of which even Byron called in question, is here ignored as altogether too cold and distant. The lady lays her head on the gentleman's bosom, puts one hand on his, and the other in his coat tail pocket, and resigns herself to his embraces, and goes to sleep, all but her feet, which when not carried by him clear off the floor, go potting around on the toes. The gentleman thus entwined, throws his head back, and his eyes up like a dying cat; his body bent in the shape of a figure 4, he whirles, backs up, swings a round, swoons, to all appearance, dashes forward, and leaves the ring, to the delight of all decent people."

**ABOUT HATING.**—Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts toward any one. What if there has man chastened you, or that woman has played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one, having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country"? All who ill-treat you now will be more sorry for it then, than you, even in your deepest disappointment can be.

A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying through the world some hasty greetings, and abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," and the injurer and the injured will be led away, and ere long forgotten. Is it worth while to hate each other?

Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and shy. If we strive to grasp it, it still eludes us, and still glitters. We perhaps seize it at last, and find it rank poison.

There is a man in Cincinnati in possession of a powerful memory. He is employed by the Humane Society to remember the poor.