

FARMER BROWN.

A Story of the Times, with a Moral.

Old Farmer Brown came into the house, And wrathfully slammed the door, And dopped his hat on the chair, And dopped his head on the floor.

For Farmer Brown was dreadfully wrath, And his dander it was up; And he looked around with an angry scowl, And wrathfully kicked the pup.

"I'm tired from head to foot," he said, "And hungry as a kin! I'd like to have a mouthful to eat— Is dinner most ready?" said he.

The farmer's wife, she was pale and thin; And hungry and was she; And her eye was dim and her step was slow, And her dress was a sight to see.

"Your dinner is ready," she meekly said, "And the dog's gone to smoking hot. But I've slipped the meal all out of the hob, And the last bit's just from the pot."

"The mischief you've done," said Farmer Brown, Heaving a doleful sigh; "There's plenty of bacon and corn in town, And I've no money to buy."

Then spoke the farmer's daughter, Marie; And she had spoke before— "There's cotton out under the shed," said she, "Some dozen bales or more."

"Cotton, the devil!" said Farmer Brown, "It is dreadfully wrong to sell it— My cotton is all mortgaged for last year's work, With never a bale to spare."

"Well, then," his daughter up spoke again, "If that won't do for feed, You've got two or three wagon loads or more Of Dickson's Prolific Seed."

"Do you think me a beast?" said Farmer Brown; "I'm neither cow nor steer; And that if I was I've hardly enough Of seed to plant this year."

"Then," said his daughter, Marie, again, "That's your guano, lots, she said; 'That's twenty sacks full into the barn, And barrels under the shed.'"

"Guano? Oh, Lnd!" said Farmer Brown, "I need all the precious stuff To put on my cotton land this year, And then not half enough."

But when the farmer had eaten his fill, He fell into thought profound, And smoked his tobacco with a cost at least Some ninety cents per pound.

And then he muttered: "That's something wrong About my farm I swear! We don't have even enough to eat, Nor half enough to wear!"

"My mules are almost starving to death, My cows are dreadfully thin; That's barely a ear of corn in the crib, And any oat in the bin!"

"The times ain't like they once have been, When I was young and spry; We had fat horses and mules in the lot, And fat hogs in the sty."

"My cribs were always chock full of corn; My smoke house groaned with meat; We then had plenty of clothes to wear, And always enough to eat."

"By jingo, I'll change my habits at once, From woolf enclosures here; This year my cotton I'll plant in a patch, And plant my fields in corn."

All you whose farms are going to wreck— Who've neither corn nor meat, Just make the resolve of Farmer Brown, And go for something to eat.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

It is a fair tradition, one of old, That, at the gate of heaven called beautiful, There of this world we ministered On earth, shall greet us, as we enter in, With graceful records of those lowly deeds Of Christian charity, which with man's hands and feet were wrought on earth.

Oh, think, if this be true, how many eyes, Who weeping thus had stilled, shall glisten with gladness, when they see, How many hearts, whose burden thou hast shared, And heavy feet, whose steps were turned by thee, Back to their homes elastic through the joy Of new-found hope, and sympathy, and love, Shall welcome thee within the gates of bliss, The golden city of Jerusalem.

The Leaven of Dishonesty.

Among the characteristics of the times we are living in, there is one not much mentioned by the many popular speakers, who seem to think that the people speak to be benefited chiefly by being assured "progressive" they are than any of their fathers were, who suppose the age is to be instructed by being flattered, and that the country needs to be glorified rather than purified; which was certainly not the way of the old prophets.

The characteristic I mean is dishonesty. I am not discrediting any of the actual modern mercantile-intelligence, enterprise, invention, philanthropy. Grant all these, in large degree. Nevertheless, they do not bring with them honesty in proportion. Falsehood and fraud flourish along with them, and in some cases by the help of them. From the vulgar sediment of society up to the highest summit, there is a tremendous force of selfish materialism—call it sharpness or call it crime—which men reach after and snatch and call their own, for use or for show or for hoarding, which is not theirs. It is stolen property, only stolen ingeniously and indirectly, and by means of the law, which undertook to punish outright robbery, fail to overtake them. If there is the least doubt about it, turn to the files of your public journals, and find one day if you can when there was not an allusion to some conspicuous corruption of the public conscience. Not in a few rare spots, but in hundreds of places, where three hundred people live together, a part of these people consume, or lay up, or waste, what belongs to other people, and what they have managed to get by some species of deception.

What natural production of the earth is there, meant for the sustenance or comfort of man, that is not adulterated by some two or three hundred people live together, a part of these people consume, or lay up, or waste, what belongs to other people, and what they have managed to get by some species of deception.

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A Light Spread of Wisdom for the Seriously Inclined.

If we seize too hastily, we may have to drop as hastily. The wife makes the home, and the home makes the man. A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.

Good words and good deeds are the reward we owe for our breathe. Curiosity is as much the parent of attention as attention is of memory.

People shouldn't talk about having the second sober thought who never had the first. Many a fool who has sense enough to get a good wife, lacks the wit to know it.

The man who is honest from policy is the most dangerous customer we have to deal with. What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever.

We do not believe in immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it. He who has once done you a kindness will more readily do you another than will one whom you have benefited.

A cockle-shell may as soon grow from the ocean into its mother's milk, as a man ever comprehend the decrees of God. Violent observations or affected blunders look not more suspicious than the quietude of a man who has never been in a state of sin.

The rest of heaven will be sweeter for the sake of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. God has no need of falsehood; but falsehood very often has need of God; and it is never so potent as when it is set forth in his name.

The reflection of what we might have done compared with what we have done in a given time, must always be mortifying to earnest natures. Theodore Cuyler well says that the world's worst man to-day is more Christ-like than women; and the preaching of needs to be more necessary.

There are some minds like either concave or convex mirrors. They represent objects such as they receive them, but they never receive them as they are. It is vain hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily be found behind the colored brethren and mix up quite happily. He wept for joy. Then pressing through the crowd he found Brother R., and, sitting down beside him, he threw his arms about his neck, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said: "Brother R., I almost wish I had been born a nigger. These folks have more religion than we have."

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"Well, well," said Brother R., "you came so near that you needn't cry about it." A HEALTHY TIME.—One of our exchanges has made the discovery, in an almanac, that January, February and March are the healthiest months of the year to pay subscriptions in. We do not understand why this is so, unless it be from the fact that good deeds and good intentions carried out in the first quarter of the year are more likely to be beneficial to the persons than otherwise. We feel sure that farmers would be able to carry on their business with a clearer conscience, if they did not owe the printer, and be more likely to have good crops. We, of course would like to have a healthy list, and trust all our subscribers will take the hint.

All Sorts of Paragraphs. What keeps Lent the longest and best? Money. An author says that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That is true, particularly at the knees and elbows. —John Linger and Joseph Halt are to walk a match at Savannah. We don't see how such men can make good time. —If a young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers should she mention to her Spectator, or Observer, but as many times as you please. —When a certain woman in town speaks of her "late husband" you must not conclude she is a widow. Her husband is living, but he never comes home until midnight. —The New York Tribune plays with the feelings of its readers in this way: "A large number of the yesterday in a house in Twelfth street, which had been locked for ninety-three days without food or water. His iron constitution enabled him to feel no evil effects. He was an andirion dog."

An Irishman was brought before a justice of the peace on a charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned: "What trade do you follow?" "I'm a sailor." "You a seafaring man? I question whether you have ever been to sea in your life." "Shure, no, an' does your honor think I come over from Ireland in a wagin'?" —A Frenchman roasts coffee, grinds it to flour, moistens it slightly, mixes it in twice its weight of powdered white sugar, and then puffs it in a paper bag. The coffee, when the bag is dissolved away in the very hot or cold water, making at once the perfect coffee; and it is claimed that a pound of the berry will go much further by this than by any other preparation of the beverage. —A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham and making an excellent dish for breakfast is: Take a pound and a half of ham, salt and lean together; put into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage-machine; boil a large quantity of bread in a half pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add an egg well beaten up. Pour the whole into a mould, and bake a rich brown. —A few years ago, there was exhibited in England a beautiful model of a ship, pronounced the greatest in the world. It was a specimen of naval architecture—every detail being proportioned and finished with nicest exactness. It was made by the imbecile son of a gardener, in an interior country. Up to that time, it is claimed, he had never seen the sea or a ship, his pattern being a printed ship on an old pocket handkerchief. —A very distinguished lawyer of Richmond, Va., who has passed the meridian of life, and has won renown as an orator and jurist, was addressing a court recently, and was in the midst of a brilliant argument when he saw his wife—the idol of his heart—enter the room. He at once became confused, and concluded with some abruptness. It was the first time his wife had heard him speak. Fearful that he would not make a decidedly favorable impression upon her, he who had triumphantly faced judges, juries, legislative assemblages, mass meetings, political conventions, and before one of the *livest*, and before one of the best in his love for him would have seen only the gems of his speech, and whose criticism would have been fullest praise.

THE PENDELTON TRANSACTION.—Hon. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, a leading Democratic statesman, candidate for Vice President on the ticket with General McClellan, and an aspirant for the Presidency, has been before the Committee on War Expenditures to explain his connection with the claim of the Atlantic Central Railroad Company against the government. Mr. Pendleton says that the claim for was nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He was president of the company and the administrator of the Bowler estate. As president he made a contract with himself as agent, by which he was to receive fifty per cent. of the claim, should the government through the aid of Mr. Belknap, paid him the claim, eighty thousand dollars of which he retained as "fee"—sixty-eight thousand dollars going to the company. He swears that none of this money was paid to Mr. Belknap or to any of his family, or to any one representing the Secretary. It is difficult to characterize this transaction. If Mr. Pendleton received the eighty thousand dollars for his "influence" then comes the uncomfortable reflection that "influence" is much too valuable, especially when possessed by a Democratic statesman over a Republican, to be sold for the mere price of a few dollars. It is not pleasant to see George H. Pendleton in the same business. Altogether the transaction reflects no credit upon Mr. Pendleton, however we may view it. He may have been legally entitled to the money which he earned under his contract. But morally the whole business is a job. Its revelation closes the career of Mr. Pendleton as a useful and trusted leader of his party. It will be regarded with sorrow by the country.—New York Herald.

NEW HAMPSHIRE POLITICS.—It is a good thing to be a voter in New Hampshire. A correspondent of the New York Tribune thus criticizes the way in which the vote is swelled without either illegal ballots or false returns: The organization of both parties is so perfect, and the excitement of a campaign goes to such extreme lengths, that there is absolutely no stay-at-home vote in a heated contest like that of last year. Being in the State of New Hampshire, who is living in other States, and who has the slightest pretext for asserting that his home is still here, is brought back at the expense of the State Committee of his party. About four thousand men came back in this way last year. One journeyed all the way from Colorado. If a young man goes to Boston to buy a trunk or to live he has only to leave an old trunk or an old hat where he stayed in New Hampshire to enjoy a free trip back every spring for ten years to come. There is a landlord in one of the close towns who has a dozen empty trunks stored in his barn, and the best and every trunk represents a vote. As regularly as March comes around the owners turn up from all parts of the country to vote on the strength of the personal property they left as evidences of their continued residence. The sick, the halt, the lame and the blind are all brought to New Hampshire, not by the actual presence of death except a man from party service. When a funeral procession goes by just before election, people ask what ticket the dead man would have voted had he lived, and the members of the party that has thus lost a vote appear to feel an ill-will toward the deceased for choosing such an inopportune time to die. The other day a coffin was put on board a train at a station on the railroad between Manchester and Portsmouth, and among the group of men looking on, one said to another: "Too bad! There's one Democratic vote lost, and it's gone to the Republicans, too!" These seemed to be nothing grotesque to the minds of the listeners in this style of funeral lamentation. —When can a lamp be said to be in a bad temper? When it is put out.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PRESIDENTS.—The Syracuse University Herald has made up the following table of presidents and their places of education, which is of interest: Washington, Good English education but never studied the ancient languages; Adams, Harvard; Jefferson, William and Mary; Madison, Princeton; Monroe, William and Mary; Adams, J. Q. Hart; Van Buren, academic education; Harrison, Hampden Sidney College; Tyler, William and Mary; Polk, University of North Carolina; Taylor, slightly rudiments; Fillmore, not liberally educated; Pierce, Bowdoin; Buchanan, Dickinson; Lincoln, educated very limited; Johnson, self educated; Grant, West Point; Monroe and Harrison did not graduate. Monroe left College to join the revolutionary army. Financial reverses deprived Harrison of a full course. Polk was the oldest when graduating being 29; Tyler the youngest, 17. The majority graduated at 20, this being also the average age. Jefferson probably had the most liberal education and broadest culture. It is said that his range of knowledge would compare favorably with that of Burke. The drill at West Point may be considered equal to a college course, and in many respects superior. In discipline and moral training he was not surpassed by any American college.—Quoting General Grant, two thirds of our presidents have been college men.

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