Paddy's Version of Excelsior.

I was growing dark so terrible fasht,
When through a town of the mountain
  pashed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the
  shnow,
As he walked, his shillelah he swug to
  and fro,
Saying, it's up to the top I'm bound for
  to go,
    Be jabers !

He looked mortial sad, and his eyes were
  as bright
As a bit of turf on a cowld winther
  night,
And divil a word that he said could ye
  tell,
As he opened his mouth and let out a
  yell,
It's up till the top of the mountain I'll
  go
Unless covered up with this bothersome
  shnow,
    Be jabers !

Through the windows he saw, as he
  travelled along,
Tue light of t e candles and fires so
  warm ;
But a big chunck of ice hung over his
  head,
Wid a shiver and groan, by St Patrick,
  he said,
It's up to the very tip top I'll rush,
And then if it falls it's not meself it'll
  crush,
    Be jabers !

Whist a bit ! said an owld man, whose
  head was as white
As the shnow that fell down on that
  miserable night ;
Shure ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of
  a lad,
For the night is so dark and the walkin'
  is bad.
Bedad ! he'd not lisht to a word that
  was said,
But he'd go till the top, if he went on
  his head,
    Be jabers !

A bright, buxom young girl, such as
  like to be kissed,
Axed him wadn't he shtop, how could
  he resist ?
So, snapping his fingers and winking
  his eye,
While shmiling upon her, he made this
  reply—
Faith, I meant to have ran on till I got to
  the top,
But as yer shwate self has axed me, I
  may as well shtop
    Be jabers !

He shtopped all night, and he shtopped
  all day,
And ye mustn't be axing when he did go
  away ;
But w uldn't he be a bastely goossoon
To be lavin' his darlint in the swate
  honeymoon ?
Whin the owld man has praties enough
  and to spare,
Shure he might as well shtay if he's
  comf rtable there.
    Be jabers !
        E. T. C.
Halifax, Dec. 28, 1878.

Vance a Man of Men.

Tarboro Southerner.

We earnestly think Vance's influence in our National councils would be beneficial to the whole country and most especially the South. He is too great a man to be kept at home. The country demands his service and should have them. He is a good democrat, has ever been true to the principles of his party, has labored for it harder than any other man in it. We defy any man to show us a man who has ever fitted the Gubernatorial chair of the State, whose State papers are superior to Gov. Vance's. Judge Merrimon, we understand, accused him of stumping the State in the interest of his own election to the U. S. Senate in 1872. Admitting this to be true, has not Judge Merrimon been doing the same thing in 1878? 'Tis said that he spoke in Davis' District during the late Congressional contests, seemingly for, the election of Davis, but unfortunately forgot to mention Davis's name in a speech of nearly three hours length. One of his friends asked him why he didn't say something about Mr. Davis. His reply was, "I forgot it." We don't want such forgetful men. Though much maligned by his enemies, Gov. Vance has ever kept silent on all subjects pertaining to the senatorship. We invite an impartial criticism of every one of his public acts and defy any one to find where he has proven recreant to any confidence or trust confided to him by his people. With Vance and Hampton in the Senate, the two Carolinas can congratulate themselves upon having two of the best representatives of any States in the Union.

He Bore a Charmed Life.

A correspondent of the New York Herald telling a queer story about the notorious murderer and parricide, Allen C. Laros, who killed, among others, both his father and mother. But, although he did not hesitate to take the lives of others, Laros seems to have been afraid to take his own. Escaping from the officers of the law in Pennsylvania, where his crime was committed, he fled South, seeking death, yet fearing to commit suicide. He told the officer to whom he surrendered the other day, that he had repeatedly stood on the brink of the river, determined to end his life, but that his courage always failed him in the end. The narrow fever broke out where Laros was. He saw his chance here, and did all in his power to contract the disease, which he hoped would end his life. He nursed the sick in Memphis, was constantly in rooms poisoned by the fever, yet, by some strange providence, escaped. His strange escape seems to have completely unnerved him, and in despair, he voluntarily surrendered himself to the officers, asking to be hanged. He is tired of his life, but without the courage to take it.

Measles, Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria.

The most approved modern theory is that the poison of measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria and other allied diseases makes a lodgement in the mucous membrane of the throat, from whence some of it is swallowed, and thus infects the stomach and general system; while another portion makes its way directly through the mucous membrane into the vessels lying in and behind it, and is thus conveyed into the blood. If the mucous membrane be delicate, as in children, or already inflamed or abraded in adults, absorption of the poison will take place more readily and sooner, and may counteract diphtheria as long as it is a purely local affection of the throat, but if it be incurable to follow the poison rapidly when it is made its entrance into the blood. Chlorate of potash, gallic acid, alum, borax and tannin are valuable as preventives to toughen strength of the mucous membranes of the throat.