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THE SOUTHERNER.

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T. B. COLE & SONS, COTTON FACTORS AND Gen. Commission Merchants, **WILLS' WHARF,** Norfolk, Virginia. REFER TO W. G. Lamb, Jr., Esq., Messrs. Rhodes & Bro., Williamston; Messrs. Cooper & Bro., Jamestown; Col. W. P. Martin, Elizabeth City; Henry Butler, Esq., New York; Exchange Nat. Bank, Norfolk, Va. Sept 15 42-6m

KADER BIGGS & CO., GENERAL Commission Merchants, **BELL'S WHARF,** NORFOLK, VA. Special attention paid to the sale of Cotton, and all kinds of Country Produce. [June 2-27-1y

FREER & NEAL, Gen. Commission Merchants, NORFOLK, VA. LIBERAL ADVANCES ON CONSIGNMENTS. Gen. H. Freer, John B. Neal, of N. C. R. H. Smith, Jr., Scotland Neck, N. C. May 19, 1866. 25-1f

THOS. R. OWEN, Jr., of N. C. WITH **RICKS, HILL & CO.,** COTTON AND Gen. Commission Merchants, NORFOLK, VA. BAGGING AND ROPE furnished—ready made in Cotton. Liberal advances made. Sept 1 42-1f

BRANCH & HERBERT, Grocers and COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Store formerly occupied by Hill, Warren & Co. 123 Sycamore Street, 3 Doors below Martin & Fannhill's, Petersburg, Va. WILL give their personal attention to the sale of Produce of all kinds and prompt returns made. Have constantly on hand a good supply of Bagging and Rope. MILES B. BRANCH, Late of the firm of Branch, Rives & Co. J. H. HERBERT, Late of Halifax Co., N. C. Sept. 1, 1866. 40-6m

J. E. VENABLE, J. D. WILLIAMSON **J. E. VENABLE & CO.,** Commission Merchants, PETERSBURG, VA. SELL and buy on Commission, Cotton, Tobacco, Snuff, Wheat, Flour, Corn, Provisions and General Merchandise. Bagging and Rope on hand and for sale. M. T. SWEENEY, Traveling Agent. REFER TO Thomas Wallace, Pres. Exchange Bank, T. T. Broocks, President Virginia Bank, R. Ragland, President City Bank, John Keane, President Farmers Bank, Frick and Bell, Baltimore, Md. Sept 1 40-1f

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THE WEEKLY SOUTHERNER. THURSDAY, -- DECEMBER 13 1866 [From the Columbus (Ga.) Sun and Times. An Infamous Exposure. The following letter was found in the streets of Columbia immediately after the army of Gen. Sherman had left. The original is still preserved and can be shown and substantiated, if anybody desires. We are indebted to a distinguished lady of this city for a copy, sent with a request for publication. We can add nothing in the way of comment on such a document. It speaks for itself.]

"CAMP NEAR CANDLER S. C., February 26, 1865. "MY DEAR WIFE: I have no time for particulars. We have had a glorious time in this State. Unrested license to burn and plunder was the order of the day. The charity have been stripped of most of their valuables. Gold watches, silver pitchers, cups, spoons, forks, etc., etc., are as common in camp as blackberries. The terms of plunder are as follows: The valuables procured are estimated by companies. Each company is required to exhibit the results of its operations at a given place—one-fifth and the first choice falls to the share of the commander in chief and staff, one-fifth to the corps commander and staff, one-fifth to field officers of regiments, and two-fifths to the company. Officers are not allowed to join these expeditions without disguising themselves as privates. One of our corps commanders borrowed a suit of rough clothes from one of my men, and was successful in this place. He got a large quantity of silver (among other things) an old-time silver milk picher and a very fine gold watch, from a Mr. De Saussure at this place. De Saussure is one of the F. F. V's of S. C., and was made to fork over liberally. Officers over the rank of captain are not made to put their plunder in the estimate for general distribution. This is very unfair, and for that reason, in order to protect themselves, subordinate officers and privates keep back everything that they care to carry about their persons, such as rings, ear rings, breast pins, etc., which, if I ever live to get home, I have about a quart. I am not joking—I have at least a quart of jewelry for you and all the girls—and some No. 1 diamond rings and pins among them. Gen. Sherman has silver and gold enough to start a bank. His share in gold watches and chains alone at Columbia, was two hundred and seventy-five. (275)

"But I need I could not go in particulars. All the general officers, and many besides, had valuables of every description down to embroidered ladies' pocket handkerchiefs. (I have my share of them too) We took gold and silver enough from the dead to have reloaded the North and Middle States. The deadiggers, as a general rule, prefer to stay at home—particularly after they found out that we only wanted the able-bodied men, and best looking women. Sometimes we took whole families and plantations of biggists. But the useless part of these we soon managed to lose—sometimes in crossing rivers—sometimes by other ways. I shall write to you again from Wilmington, Goldsboro, or some place in N. Carolina. The order to march has arrived, and I must close hurriedly. Love to grandmother and aunt Charlotte. Take care of yourself and the children. Don't show this letter out of the family. Your affectionate husband, "THOMAS J. MYERS, Lieutenant, etc.

"P. S.—I will send this by the first flag of truce to be mailed, unless I have an opportunity of sending it to Hilton Head. Tell Sallie I am wearing a pearl bracelet and ear rings for her. But Lambert got the necklace and bracelet of the same set. I am trying to trade him and them. These were taken from the Misses Jamison's daughters of the President of the South Carolina Secession Convention. We found these on our trip through Georgia."

This letter was addressed to "Mrs. Thos. J. Myers, Boston, Massachusetts."

FUN AT HOME—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house, lest the sun should fade your carpets and hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come at night. When once a home is regarded as a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of young children; half an hour's merriment round the lamp and firelight of home bleats on the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them in the world, is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctuary.

[From the San Francisco (Cal.) Mercury.] **Feet of a Dead Dog.** The following will explain how a certain Frenchman is anxious to obtain from the Board of Supervisors a monopoly of all the dogs that may die in San Francisco for the next twenty years.

What use can be made of dead dogs? It can be used for a multitude of useful and luxurious purposes. Name one. A part of it may be put into a lady's smelling bottle. Under what form? Either as delicious perfume, or as smelling salts. How can it be converted into a perfume? Glycerine is largely used by perfumers for the choicest perfumes. How is glycerine obtained from a dead dog? By mixing soda with the boilings of the fat and bones. What does this produce? A sweet substance called glycerine; or the sugar of fat. How can the putrefying flesh of a dog be turned into smelling salts? Merely by adding to it a little hydrochloric acid. What further uses can be made of a dog? You can wash your hands and face with a part of it. How so? Part of the glycerine may be used for scenting soap, or made up into glycerine soap. What other use can a dead dog be put to? A lady going to court may put a little on her cheeks or lips to improve their hue.

How can this be managed? Part of the glycerine may be mixed with carmine, and sold for lip-salve or delicate tint for the cheeks. Name another use that can be made of a dead dog? It may be brought to the table as a delicacy and eaten with much relish. How can this be done? From the skin, tendons and bones, gelatine can be obtained; and this gelatine can be made into jelly. What other delicacy can be made of it? A part of it can be put into our tea and coffee, tarts or puddings. How can this be done?

Sugar can be refined by being strained through its burnt bones. What else can be done with a dead dog? A gentleman can appear in a part of it at a ball or promenade. How so? Part of the skin may be made into boots, and part into riding-gloves. What other use was made in Paris about dead dogs some few years ago? That all dogs without an owner should be immediately shot and thrown into the Seine. How many dogs were so destroyed? Several thousands. Who found out that these dead dogs could be turned into money? The refuse pickers (*chiffonniers*). What did they do with them? They got them out of the river, skinned them and boiled them down. What was done with the skins? They were made into kid gloves. What was done with the boilings? They were made into soap and candles.

FIRST LOVE—She put down her veil again immediately her lips moved involuntarily as she lowered it: I thought I could see, through the lace, that the slight movement rippled to a smile. Still there was enough left to look on—enough to charm. There was the little rim of delicate white lace, encircling the lovely, dusky throat; there was the figure visible, where the shawl had fallen open, slender, but already well developed in its slenderness, but exquisitely supple, there was the waist, naturally low, and left to its natural place and size, there were the little millinery and jewelry ornaments that she wore—simple and commonplace enough in themselves—yet each a beauty, each a treasure, on her. There was all this to behold, all this to dwell on, in spite of the veil. The veil! how little of the woman does it hide when the man really loves her!—*Collier's Basil.*

FACTS OF PROGRESS.—That well known statesman, Hon. Samuel B. Rugges, made remarkable statements in his speech at the Cyrus Field banquet the other night. Speaking of our railroads, he said they cost a larger sum than had ever been expended in any one century on the means of transportation. We have 36,000 miles of railway, which have cost \$1,350,000,000. In Europe there are 30,000, which cost the enormous sum of \$2,500,000,000. The construction of railroads in an old, civilized country is of course more expensive than in a new, while European roads are more solidly and permanently built. But the saving in the transportation of freight and passengers amounts in each hemisphere to \$5,000,000,000 annually. Mr. Rugges estimates the telegraph lines in this country at \$100,000,000 in length, and in Europe at \$3,000,000,000. So that the New World decidedly leads the old in its facilities of communication.

TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS. When the smoke and dust of this conflict shall clear away, and the record of the great strife of history be made up, and the sentence pronounced on this most stupendous struggle for nationality, there will stand forth no figures so sublime as that of this gallant soldier, brilliant orator, sagacious statesman, and christian gentleman. Let it of every earthly possession, shut out from all converse with the human family, guarded by mates, joined by a tyrant, accused by assassins, trembling with paralysis, blind, mangled, tortured with an ingenious cruelty, which denied him sleep, with a brutal mob of millions clamoring for his blood, yet calm, defiant and unshaken, asking no favor of the best, and no regard against the worst, save a public trial in courts of his foes.

Life has been allotted to him well nigh to the verge of his three score years. Honors have poured on him for more than half his life, filling him the measure of American fame. Yet were his life to reveal the ages of the patriarchs and his honors to double the glories of the illustrious son of David, the bright particular year of his history would be that in which a chained captive, the last victim of a lost cause, he raised his voice in perpetual claim for no favor of twenty millions of enemies, but justice.

A feeble tongue, it may be, that makes the appeal, but the cry pierces the triple iron of his dungeon, pierces the massive walls of his Bastille, drowns the multitudinous roar of the neighboring sea, rises above victorious nation's gasps, and will go sounding down the ages," to assure the world that the virtuous man call Roman, and the courage they call Spartan, died neither on the Tiber nor the Buphrates.

Old Males. Never be afraid of becoming an old man, fair reader. An old man is far more honorable than a heartless wife, and "single blessedness" is greatly superior in point of happiness, to wedded life without love. "I had not in love, dear girls, I have never seen a young man who was without a love. But we do not see the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love or get in love, if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; what could be a more gratifying prospect than a sight so pure, so approving in its devotion to the celestial? No fall in love as soon as you like, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love, and then marry; but never marry unless you do love. That's the great point. Never marry for a house, or a "dowry," or a large fortune, or for becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself body and soul, or even so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it enables all conditions. We love the marriage tie is truly a sacrament. Without it, the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a heinous desecration. Marry for love, or not at all. Be "an old maid," if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart, and though the witness may sneer and the jeerer may laugh, you still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life. For well-to-do old bachelors we have no sympathy. They ought to be taxed monthly of all they own, to support women and children.—*Theological Journal.*

WOMAN.—To the honor, the eternal of the fair sex, be it said, that in the path of duty no sacrifice is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded, but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage which knows not and fears no consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regrets; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious over death itself. *Judge Story.*

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.—The moonlight fell clearly upon his countenance of personal beauty, and revealed his powerful and erect form. Gallant, noble, pious son of the Old Dominion! Had Virginia no Washington, she would proudly rank thee as the noblest and greatest of her illustrious sons. Second only to George Washington, and second only because the cause for which you fought was unfortunate, every Southern heart applauds, reveres and loves you, and tens of thousands of Northern tongues speak of you only to praise, while the foreign world gives to you the palm of untarnished glory, unspotted greatness of all who were great and noble, and patriotic among that fearful struggle.—*Excerpt from Meritt's, a tale of Pope's Campaign.*

What sort of Staff Rebels are Made of. The New York Day Book talks to the Northern Radicals in the right strain; as will be perceived by its articles below. It does not mince matters, but flings hot shots into them as often as they present their rotten broadsides to him. "The heroic and excited dogs who call Jefferson Davis and others in the South, rebels, and fancy that they are going to render this term infamous by continuing iteration and reiteration will be regarded by the next generation as even greater fools than knaves, though it is difficult to suppose either in the latter respect." "Rebels, traitors!" It is the noblest word in the language—in our present as well as in our past history—and from the nature of things, always will be, however fools and knaves and the tools and lackeys of despotism may strive to dishonor it. "Who are the rebels in English history? Why, the Hampdens, Cromwells, Russells, and Sydneyes, many of whom died on the scaffold, and at this moment all intelligent men know that whatever there is of good in the English system is the result of the sacrifices and efforts of these illustrious rebels. So in Scotland and Ireland—the Bruce, and Wallace, and Fitzgeralds are the heroes of history—indeed, we only state a single historical truth, that no loyal man is remembered in history save for his crimes and for the purposes of glorification. Why even our most clamorous loyalists of this country, Ben Butler or Joe Holt, would never presume to place the Lord Arnold in the same category with the rebel Washington, or Butler and his loyal rangers above the rebel S. J. Taylor and his rebel followers—indeed, as observed from the nature of things, rebels are the very salt of the earth, and whatever may be the clamor of the loyal for a moment, rebels are illustrations for all ages. But it may be said that rebels to a republican government are altogether different from rebels to European despotism. Is this so? No—rebels are nothing if the things they represent are changing. When people don't rebel against what was and what purports to be their government, then the thing is changed of course. Thus if Abraham Lincoln had agreed to acknowledge the true government of the States, Jefferson Davis and others would not have been rebels, or would Washington and Adams if George III. had done so. This pregnant truth this generation may not receive, perhaps, but we believe they will, at all events, whatever may be the seeming nature of the thing. Jefferson Davis and his brother rebels are a certain prosperity as Washington and all the other rebels of history."

Job's Billings on the Mule.—The mule is half-hoss and half-jackass and then comes to a fall stop; nature discovered her mistake. The weigh more according to their left can any other creature, except a crowbar. The kant bear, get their ears ears are big enough for snow-shoes. You can trust them with any one whose life isn't any more than the mule's. The only way is to keep them into a milder fencing, and let them jump out. They are ready for use just as soon as the will do to abuse. The kant got every friend, and will live on huckle-berry brush, with an occasional chance at Kanada thistles. "Tha are a modern invention; I don't think the Bible includes to them at all. They sell for money than any other domestic animal. You kant tell their age by lookin into their mouth any more than you could a Mexican cannon. The never have no disease that a good kant won't heal. If tha ever die, tha must come right to life again, for I never heard nobody sa "ded mule." Tha are, like sun men, very korrupt at harte. I've known them to be good mules for six months jus to git a chance to kick somebody. I never owned one, and never mean to, unless there is a United States law passed requiring it. The only reason why tha are pashant is because they are ashamed of themselves. I have seen oikated mules in a sirkus. Tha would kick and bite trementis. I would not sa what I am forced to sa agin the mule if his birth want an outrage, and man want to blame for it. Enny man who is willing to drive a mule ought to be exempt by law from running for the Legislature. Tha are the strongest kreators on earth, and heaviest skordin to their size. I herd tell of one who fell oph from the tow-path on the Erie kanawl and sunk as soon as touched bottom, but he kept on towing the bote to the next station, breathin thru his ears, which stuck out of the water two feet six inches. I didn't see this did, but an ansluener told me uv it, and I never knew an ansluener to lie, unless it was absolutely convenient.

A literary announcement from Leipzig runs thus: "Our readers will be obliged to us for drawing their attention to some Sanscrit works which will shortly appear. We have not read the books ourselves, but if their contents are as interesting as their titles, their perusal must be the source of delight. The titles are, "Swapatschshikshavimhamantaratotra," "Tragnantmikahakastotra," "Upangalivartatodyapana," "Sudharatichaturthivartapana," and "Anantatichaturthivartapana."

THE EXTINCTION OF A RACE.—The Tasmanians, or inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, are now reduced to four individuals; an old man and three old women. The entire race, supposed to have been from 5,000 to 7,000 in number, at the time of the settlement of the island, has been destroyed, partly by the loss of their means of subsistence, but chiefly by violence. They managed very early in the history of the colony to excite a profound hatred and fear among the settlers, and were hunted down without mercy. About 1829 the last survivors were taken to Flinders Island, where they were kindly treated, but died off with astonishing rapidity. It seems probable that in half a century more there will not be one aborigine in Australia.

A good joke is told of Park Benjamin and Henry Ward Beecher. On one of their lecturing expeditions they happened to travel in the same railway car, and getting into conversation about preaching, Beecher invited Benjamin to come over to Brooklyn some Sunday morning and hear him. "I do not know where your meeting house is," said Benjamin; "how will I find it?" "Oh," replied Beecher, "all you have to do is to come over one of the ferries and follow the crowd." "I would come," continued Benjamin, "but for one reason." "Ah! what is that?" asked Beecher. "Because," said Benjamin, "with a merry look in his eyes, "I make an invariable rule never to go to any place of amusement on Sunday."

SCENE IN A HOTEL.—Guest—have you a good strong porter about the house? Clerk—Yes, we have the strongest one about the place. Guest—Is he intelligent? Clerk—Oh yes, sir, quite intelligent for a porter. Guest—One point more. Do you consider him fearless, that is bold and courageous? Clerk—As for that matter I know he is; he would not be afraid of the devil, himself. Guest—Now, Mr. Clerk, if your porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 117, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bed bugs, I would like to have him bring it down.

More than half of the obstacles in your path are like a rotten stump in the woods, which a timid man takes for a ghost, and runs away. A brave man walks up to it and finds it to be what it is. Never be assailed and unwavering by what is said about risks and difficulties and competitions. Never retreat into a narrow and obscure walk, with its only one chance of success and usefulness, as if it were the safer for that. Push forward if you have the common consciousness of ability, into the great thoroughfares, where though a hundred chances of success and usefulness should fail, a hundred chances are left—James Walker.

Old Dr. B.—was a quack, and a very ignorant one. On one occasion he was called by mistake to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. When it came Dr. B.—'s turn to speak—"Convalescent?" said he, "why, that's nothing serious, I have cured convalescent in twenty four hours!"