## AL CARD IN CHARLES OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME II.

POLKTON

"Be Good to Yourself."

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" the driver said, As the coach went off in a whirl (And the concliman bowed his

Ah ! many a fond good-bye ? From many an aching heart; and many a friendly farewell we When strangers came to part; And I've heard a thousand merry quipe, And many a senseless joke, And many a fervent prayer from lips

That all a-tremble spoke; And many a bit of good advice, In smooth, proverbial phrase; And many a wish—of little price— For health and happy days.

But musing how the happy soul (Whate'er the fates may will) Still measures by its self-control Its greatest good or ill-Of benedictions I protort,

Mid many a shining pearl, I like the merry coschman's best, " Be good to yourself, my girl !" I -John G. Saze.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

old Jones Discipline in the Olden Time "That's a bad habit you've got," said old sailor, as he took, his mug of ale from the attendant boy, "of frothin' our beer. I wouldn't like to go so far as to say that sich a practice will eventually lead you to the gallows, but I do say if ever you're a goin' to be hanged, when you're a-squarin' up your accounts aforehand, and a rulin' off the sins you've committed, this here frothin' will sit heavy on your conscience. I know'd a mate, sir," he continued, turning to me, "as ended his days a marryin' a widder as kep a pablic house along the

onto this point arter he become fust officer of that establishment, and many's the time I've heered him say to his wife her as were a widder afore she got spliced to him- Whatever you does, Maria, my dear, don't froth the beer; a honest glass of beer for a honest man's money, that's my motio. He's seen and gone now, and ner third weren't a seafarin' man at all; but that's somethin' that'll be counted in his favor when he's bein' reckoned up for a full due-he never cothed the beer. He were one of the harde

crack when he were goin' in them Liverpool ships as ever I seen. I made one or two voyages with him, but were not wer fond, because, although as a rule he treated me very well, there was times when he'd whale all hands, jist for amusement like, and then I come in for my share with all the rest.

I mind the time he tumbled down the Marmion's hold, as would a killed any other white man, however much a nigger might have stood it; and it hardly fazed old Jones, which were his name, The Marmion were a ship with about twenty-four feet depth of hold, and then she had a house eight feet high a-runnin' from the for'ard part of the main-hatch chock for ard to the foremast, with a scuttle through the deck of t right over this hatch; and it were down through this scuttle that old Jones went a trippin' over one of the guys to the cook's funnel, which were jist abaft it, and a goin' down head fustwards, There were a coverin' board of white oak over the keelson to protect it in the wake the hatch when ballast or sich were Jones sp. trom end to end when he lit on it, cause he a man of over two bundred in weight, and arally come heavy when he did col

wo or three of us jumped down arter m, and the second mate passed down o for to bind on to old Jones and im up; but Lord love you, sir, he fetch the fust one a wipe alongside of the head, which were me, as knocked me away, over sister keelson and into the port bilgs, I says he: 'Can't I come down here with at all you chaps the port in a say of the port bilgs, I says he: 'Can't I come down here with at all you chaps the port bilgs, I says he: 'Can't I come down here with at all you chaps the port bilgs, I says he: 'and out he d happened. It shook him up a deal, and I heerd him tell the secate arter he got on deck that he felt so funny in his life as he did n he fust picked hisself up. 'The ons,' says he, 'seemed all goin' md and round, as if they was a-dancin "When he jined that ship, it was the

age afore, and I wasn't into her then, e just begin by noundin' all hands, in-

You see mi the way of it were, he had been mate of the Sea with Captain whaled everybody but you.' 'And very Edwards for a long time, and the Marmion belonged to the same employ, and ors jist did what they pleased in the there were a change of captains jist last ship, very proper to teach 'em disafore the ship were ready for sea, the cipline; I had both coppers full of hot captain of the Marmion bein' transferred water, sar, if they had been a gittin' the uttered it in the silence of his chamber to a new ship, and another captain what the best of you, sar, I would have been without feeling a fresh and a stern imhad jist arrived in the Maria, bein' ap there with the hot water.' 'Doctor,'

and steward, carpenter and third mate, and most of his crew. The second mate

were a man of the name of Williams

which know'd old Jones, and had been

with him afore. Well, sir, old Jones

jined her in the mornin' as it might be and took her off in the East Ever jist

clow Fulton ferry, and well over to

the Brooklyn side. The crew was all aboard accept two of three, and were all chaps from the last ship!

"Well, as it seems, the mate of that

there other ship had been one of your

kind of soft and gasy chaps, and every-body had done pretty much as he had a mind to, which is the worst thing for a

crew as snythin' I knows on, cause the

willin' men has for to do all the works

"Still, as soon as the anchor we

down, old Jones he took the time of the

stevedore's men what had brung the ship out into the river, and he sends 'em

all ashore. Then, as it were nigh hand

onto eight bells, he telle the condi-

At two bells, when the second mate sends the third mate for ard for to turn

em to, he comes aft and tells the second mate as how the men said they

weren't agoin' to turn to till all hands had come aboard. Well, the second

mate he tells old Jones, and old Jones he says to him: Go for ard, sir, and

mention of his name in Water street.

So the second mate he tells em, and

they sends word that they had heard of

old Jones, and that they had long been

waitin' for to sail with him. " 'Are they drunk?' says old Jones.

for he was a very conscientious man, and never would whate a drumen man if he

ald help it, 'cause you see he used for

to bowse up his own jib pretty taut sometimes. 'Are they drunk, Mr. Wil-

liams, or crazy?' says old Jones, when

he got the message. 'Well, not very,'

says the second mate. Will it do to

whip 'em? Are they sober enough for think they jist was,' says the second

on chafin' gear, slushin' down the masts

"Now, the third mate and the car-

some time afore all hands was satisfac-

torily whaled, and so old Jones now

and whaled them two pretty bad.

"The steward were a awful swell

chap, as had been with this here old

man for a many years, and were more of

vally de sham than anythin else, and

he'd been in the habit of ratin' hisself

higher than any mate aboard of the

other ship, and old Jones seen somethin'

in his looks which he didn't jist like.

and so he says to him, very perlitely, for

nothin' made old Jones so good-natured

as to have a good row: 'You don't seem

to approve of all these proceedin's, Mr.

Crockery Smasher; was you ever more

astonished in your life?' This here were

jist agein' to be,' and then knock 'em

"This here steward, howsever, never

dreamed that any mere mate would dare

for to hit him, and he says: 'I'll trouble

you, Mister Jones, when you address

your conversation to me; to call me by

my right name, and I may as well tell

you that Captain Conklin does not ap-

prove of sich proceedin's as yours, and

will very soon put a stop to em when

he comes on board. I've been with him

now five years, and I know that he will

not permit anythin' of this kind?

"Have you quite done?' says old Jones,

very sweetly, 'or is there anythin' else

you'd like to say afore you're licked !

Cause arterwards you won't be in a con-

best minute the steward were a sprawl-

in' on deck. Well, arter lickin' the steward, old Jones went for ard to the

cook, and he says to him : 'Doctor, I've

dition for to make speeches'; and the

down.

turscite question with old Jones jist

ANSON CO. WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1875.

were transferred from his ship to this Jones, 'that's enough, don't never menhere Marmion. Well, the skipper took most of his people with him, his cook tion that ship's name agin while you are on board of this vessel; forgit that there ever was such a ship; all the rest have forgotten it already, and you must never remember it agin. Now what ship was you in last, Doctor?' 'Fore God, Mas-

ser Jones, I hain't got no recollection what she was. I forgit her entirely. Doctor, says old Jones, 'you've jist

weathered a liekin'." "Well, sir, the next day, when the skipper came aboard, 'it was funny,' old Jones said, I've often heerd him spin this yarn, 'for to see the steward and third mate and carpenter, every time they passed him, turn the blackest of their black eyes up to the old man. I reckon, too,' old Jones used for to say, goin' on with the yarn, 'as how the steward must have told him somethin' about it, 'cause he looked as black as a thundercloud when he come up on deck. Well, I didn't say nothin', and by-andbye, when the men was knocked off for dinner, I seen 'em all mimint aft indine, with the third mate and carpenter at their heads, and L wanted till they got as far aft as the break of the poon, and then I sangout Go for ard, every one

of you!' and away they went like a flock of sheep.' "'What's the matter with the men, Mr. Jonesi' says the old man. 'Nothin', sir,' says I, dabby was in pretty bad order, sir, but I think I've got em pretty

tell 'em that one Jones is mate of this ship, and ask 'em if ever they've heard well straightened on M " 'I don't want my crew ill-treated, Mr. Jones, says the old man again, and says I, 'Captain Conklin, your crew was MERCHANICAL STREET to shirk their work and insult their officers, but since I've had 'em in hand, I've been kind enough to give them a few lessons in seamanship and duty and discipline. They are there in that forecastle now, a-eatin' their dinner, and if your last mate had a-asked 'em to come on deck, they'd a-sent him word they'd see him blamed first. Now see how much better I've treated 'em: "For'ard there!" I sings out. "Layaft here every war dismy. ownnow indigestible food runnin' aft, the third mate and carpenter of throwing it back comes as a relief. used for to be pretty hard, I do believe," old Jones would go on to say, arter he were in the public house business, "but penter had stood off and hadn't took ne I always had a crew so feared of me that, hand into this row, which had lasted in the event of any accident, if I'd a said: "We're goin' to loave the ship, you stay and git drowned, they would s

goes to them, and says he: 'I didn't see thought they had got to do it." you chaps a-takin' no hand in this here "And I guess he were right, sir, and little amusement we've been a-havin'. I didn't object much to goin' with old and its probably because you don't un- Jones, except as I say, he would some derstand my regulations, which is that times whale all hands for amusement verybody as don't fight for me has got and jist to keep his hand in. Still he to fight with me, so, Mr. Williams, you had his good pints, and arter he got into take the carpenter and I'll take the public line he played fair and never third mate,' and they done so accordin', frothed the beer."-N. Y. World.

Spontaneous Combustion.

An alleged case of the spontaneou combustion of a living human being comes to us from California, The Tuolumne Independent says: Judge Mackey, of Merced, discharged one of his hired men, who was a confirmed drunkard. The man staid in Merced until the following Monday, when he departed for La Grange, taking the precantion to take a gallon of gin along. Nothing was seen of him after this until Wednesday, when two small boys, living instroutside of La Grangeo an into afore he said 'No, he say: 'Then you're ing there was a man on the road who was burning up. Such proved to be the case. The unfortunate man, by his excess in drinking, had destroyed his vital energies, and chemical agents had obtained the ascendancy, so the hydrogen of alcoholic drinks had combined with the phosphorus of the body, forming phosphureted hydrogen, which ig nited spontaneously, and the wretched man died a most appalling death.

The Lord's Prayer. The following tribute to the Lord's prayer might have been written by Jeremy Taylor: You and I, gentlemen. were taught early to lisp at our mother's knee the Lord's prayer, which, then and now, appears to us the most solemn, comprehensive, and expressive invocation even invented, to our God, Christ taught it; Christ gave it to the world as the form of prayer belonging to fallen souls to be addressed to their Maker, their Protector, and their Judge, and it proper, too, Masser Jones. Them sail- has been reverenced and uttered by sincere and pious lips and by devoted hearts from the time it was dedicated to use of feetong. He wouldn't have believed it man to this hour. And no man ever pression of the majesty of God and of sate didn't mit the owners, old Jones last! 'The Mar'— 'There,' says old meft.

Health and Disease.

There is no one thing which causes so much pain, poverty and distress as bad living and bad doctoring. Learned philanthropists are now consenting that health reform is the basis of all other oforms. We must insist that physimans should begin to preserve health rather than drug to restore it. It is strange so many have an idea that they can do the latter, but not the former, They can make one well, but cannot keep one so, reversing the common sense maxim that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Strange that the skill which puts the body in order might not prevent the disorder. Is it not easier to keep the road than to find it after losing it? Is it wise to let our children centract vices, that we may use our skill to return them to their lost virtues? Is it not easier to keep ten men sober than to reform one drunkard? So must it be as to health. Far easier and far safer for doctors to study, to prictice and to teach hygiene—to have all their patrons live in accordance with the laws of health—than to dose them into health when sick. Why not do as one of the kings of China—give the physician a certain sum for every day the family were kept in good health, but nothing for the days this inestimable essing was lost? Under such an engagement, the physician should have control of the diet, and other sanitary egulations, which would be far easier, happier and less expensive than his too often vain effort to kill disease with poisonous drugs. Besides, let it be well understood and never forgotten, that disease is the remedial effort of nature to right a wrong; the noble defense against a vile attack; the courageous, loyal rally to dislodge a dangerous foe. For instance, put spuff in the nose, which will be the foe, and the sneeze which follows to expel it is the disease; put the same weed in the mouth, and the saliva flows to wash it out, and if held in the mouth for the first time, nausea and upon a weak stomach, and the disease mate. 'Very well, then,' says old arriving first. When they got as far aft Jones. 'You take the starboard side as the poop, I says: "Never mind; go and I'll take the port,' and the two went below and finish your dinners," and they against our injuries. The cause of the want and the captain never said no more the viscoscopy of the letter with the torn stamp. ease itself a friend never to be fought, but always favored. Hap sly, however, with ordinary caution, an becomes his own physician. He has but to keep

The American Liar.

and suffering.

careful watch over his desires, and re-

imposed by common sense; to keep the

system in a healthy condition and con-

form to the hygienic laws which mark

the boundaries of health and disease,

and he has a certain immunity from pain

You see them, meet them, every day Go where you will, on the cars, in a steamboat, in a saloon, to a circus, a town meeting, a public assemblage of any kind, or anywhere, and you will find Our Lar" the center of a little cotorie. He is an orator in his way, and very eloquent. He attracts men as sugar does flies. You may not believe in him; you may despise him; but you want to hear him, and when he is done you will prenounce him the greatest har you ever saw. There are many kinds of liars, There is the profound liar, who is generally an old man with white hair and sober men. He walks about with cane, and daily sits in the post-office or grocery. He tells the most marvelons stories of what he saw and did when a young man, and speaks with such ap-

parent candor and truthfulness that you are compelled to say to yourself: " I cannot believe his story, but there certainly must be some truth in it." Then ere is the shallow liar; he is the fellow with expressionless face and big mouth; he lives to lie; he never deceives anybody, however. He is as transparent as a clean window pane. He never told the truth in his life purposely, and you never expected him to; he lies about the commonest affairs of life. He has seen a grat many wonderful things that noboly else ever saw. It was his pecuhar god fortune to see a white squirrel with bree eyes that no other human being over saw. He once had in his flosspasin a hen named Betty, that raised six ophan pigs, and if he had that hen nowse wouldn't take a million diellara for ler; no, sir, he wouldn't! When that ien died there wasn't a dry eye in the sliage where he lived. Owing to a singuar streak of good luck years ago, circo swallow a boa constrictor eight but if burglars wish to take a pe coul have been done if he hadn't seen it wil his own eyes. The other people whe were at the circus are all dead now, andhe men who performed in it are all ded, too; if any of them were living he coul prove it by them.

BURGLARIES IN THE NIGHT.

that burglars are just now very numer ous and bold. In cities and their wieinity, says the New York Times, there are constant reports of engagements with these villains, and our readers need not be reminded that some of he collision between housebreakers and these who were defending life and property have been no child's play. Two or three re-cent affairs in Brooklyn illustrate the dangerous character of the marand and only recently burgiars broke open a store in East Broadway, New York, and when courageously attacked by the owner, who lived in the building, one of the thieves fired at him, with intent to kill. Fertunately, the shop-keeper es-caped with his life, while the would-be assassin was captured. One of these fellows, who was caught in a house in Natick, Mass., lately did not get off so easily as most of his kidney. The plucky householder fired at the villain as he attempted to spring, and mortally wounded him. The burglar in this case is supposed to he one of the tribe of "tramps" now so numerous throughout New England and some parts of this State. The East Broadway effender is identified as an old hand, and the police can have no difficulty in classing him with a postage stamp, the only one he properly with the particular branch of operators to which he belongs. He narrowly escaped being a murderer as well as a thief, and his condign punishment will be fitted to the aggravated circumstances of the case.

As these midnight prowlers always go prepared to take life, the citizen has no ternative but a similar preparation to receive them. Under our system of law, the forcible or illegal entry of a dwelling or other building is defined as burglary. Burglary in the nighttime is a more seri-ous crime than a felonious act of that abaracterus anulesces anov this very well, and, while they do not usually go into a house of store with the intention without detection, Ohe householder, therefore, is right to fire on the intruder, just as the Van Brunts did at Bay Ridge, strain the promptings of passions always or as Mr. Phipps, of Natick, did when struggling to be free from the fetters he saw the burglar crawling out from under the furniture in his house at two o'clock in the morning. The man is there on no lawful errand; he is presumed to be ready to slay as well as steal; the law holds him harmless who fires at him in self-defense. If this may seem a stern application of the law of self-preservation, it should be remembered that any softer method of treatment is only offering a premium to erime. So long as housebreakers may be sure that their risk in entering houses is slight, their bad business is a thriving one. If the rescals oftener met with the reception which the plucky citizen of Natick gave his nocturnal visitor, we ahould not so frequently hear of houses rifled, and the lives of their occupants

put in deadly peril. It is a hardship, however, that men should be obliged to guard their lives and property by establishing a sort of private arsenal. Peaceful citizens do not like to feel that they must lie down at night with burglar alarms about them, and deadly weapons within easy reach. It should be true of an advanced civilization like ours, that the citizen should be so completely protected by the gov-ernment, that he may sleep as secure from invasion by night as though he were in a fortress. As it is, the law makes each man's house his castle ; he must defend it for himself when the State fails to secure him. Human life is precious, oven sacred, and it is a trying emergency for a man when he is compelled to defend himself by aiming a leadly weapon at another. But the householder, under the burglar's pistol, has his life to save; when he is attacked or put in jeopardy, the enemy within his doors forfeits all claim to mercy. The sooner the midnight prowler is taught this, the better it will be for society.

A gentleman of White Plains, N. Y., has placed a notice to burglars, printed in gold letters on a card board, in a conspicuous position on his safe, to singular streak of good luck years ago, the effect that it contains papers only, he saw at Bucks county, Pa., a man at a of no value to any one but the owner; side for themselves, not to burst the safe, but use the combinstion according Murfreesboro', Tenn. (a son of that disto the instructions which he gives,

An oyster measuring twenty two by

A MUTILATED STAMP.

Hew a Young Man Lost a Fertune Through the Economy of his Intended Benefactor.

During the latter days of the session of Congress an old gentleman of Wil-mington, Delaware, visited Washington to arrange some matters in relation to a patent. One day, while visiting the capipatent. One day, while visiting the capi-tol, he made the acquaintance of one of the employees, who showed him much atten-tion, and devoted several hours to con-ducting him through that stupendous edifice and directing his attention to all its various beauties and attractions. The old gentleman was completely cap-tivated by the young man, and formed for him the highest attachment. Con-gress adjourned, and the young man re-turned to his home in Ohio; but the old gentleman remained in the city a few lays, and then visited Baltimore, While there he was taken ill, and immediately hastened back to Washington. Growing worse, he resolved to make his will, and having none but very distant rela-fives, he determined to bestow his wealth upon the young man for whom he had formed so great an attachm Desiring his presence, and having his address he wrote a few lines, giving information of his health, and requesting a visit from him without delay, as he had a gratifying surprise in store for

him.

The letter was inclosed and stamped with a postage stamp, the only one he had, which was slightly torn in separating it from the pocketbook, to which it unfortunately adhered. An acquaint ance and daily visitor was employed to mail the letter, who called the attention of the old gentleman to the rigid adherence of the postal department to its herence of the postal department to its own rules in relation to multihed stamps; but he would not fisten to the suggestion, saying the stamp was gen-uine, had not been used, and was good as ever, and he would not waster its value. The stamp was accordingly used, and the letter duly maded was detained for postage, solely on account of the trifling mutilation referred to, and the party to whom it was . addressed was, in about four days, noti-Ridge case last autumn, they will The following day the young man left fight when commanded to stand, and fire his home, and deeming the withheld away indiscriminately in order to get off letter of no particular consequences, without even carrying the post-office notice or paying any attention to it. Ten days subsequently he arrived at. Washington, and then recurred to his memory the detained letter, and he wrote home ; for the post-office notification. On its arrival he procured the letter, and in much excitement of mind hastened to the hotel of the old gentleman. Alas! when he arrived he learned that his intended benefactor had been dead four days, and that the old gentleman, not hearing or receiving the wished for visit, had first felt hurt, then slighted, and finally indignant, and in that frame of mind had made a will in favor of a poor old lady in his native State, who had once done him an act of kindness. This was told him by the lawyer who prepared the will, and who was the party that mailed the letter. The old gentle man's wealth amounted to \$53,000.

The Death of Gen, McPherson,

An ex-Confederate soldier, residing in Shelbyville, Tenn., communicates the following to the Nashville Banner: The general public, as well as Gen. Sherman, know nothing of the circumstances under which Gen. McPherson met his death in that hard-fought battle before Atlanta, of July 22. It has been reported that he was "murdered" by the Confederates. The facts are as follows: He had gone in front of his line of batthe expecting the protection of his skir-mishers, but they had been captured," and while passing along a crooked road through dense woods, he was suddenly and unexpectedly in close proximity to the Confederates; so near was it that Capt, Richard Beard, whose compar was at this road, "presented" his ready drawn sword, and the general, mechanically, as it were, took off his mically, as it were, took off his hat. He turned his horse immediately, without a word having been spoken, and was making to the rear rapidly, when a corporal of Capt. Beard's company fired, and the gallant McPherson fell to the ground on his face and knees, shot through the heart. This comma moved immediately to the front (and was very soon captured), leaving the body untouched; but in this instance, as was customary, men in the rear rifled the pockets and took the boots off his feet. For further and more minute particulars, I refer to Capt. Beard, now of . tinguished theologian, Rev. Richard Beard, of Lebanon), who, gallant in war or time of peace, will cheerfully give any further information of which he may be