Denton Journal.

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BY

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Poetry.

SMILE AND BE CONTENTED.

The world grows old, and men grow old
To each while seeking treasure;
And what with want, and care and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure;
But never mind, that is a loss
Not much to be lamented;
Life rolls on gaily if we will
But smile and be contented.

If we be poor, and would be rich,
It will not be by pining,
To steady hearts and hopeful hands,
Are lifes bright silver lining.
There's ne'er a man that dared to hope,
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth are those
Who smile and are contented.

When grief doth come to rack the heart,
And fortune bids us sorrow,
From hope we may a blessing reap
And consolation borrow.
If thorns will rise where roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented;
So make the best of life you can,
And smile and be contented.

For the Journal.

Scraps from the Note Book of a Stranger.

There is a gradual rise to amidships, which leaves space enough to crawl under and sufficient channel to allow free circulation to the cool breeze that creeps along the deck. This is where we—W. and I retreat during the heat of the day; with our cigars, books and letters. One must be isolated for weeks and weeks upon the sea to learn the real value of a letter, how they are hoarded and cared for then, and read until warn thine! For have not these same pages been looked upon by other eyes—eyes into whose liquid depths we love to gaze, and were not the lines traced by soft white hands that have trembled in ours? Or strong ones that have returned our hearty grip! Dear old letters, sweet lines of the past!

We were stretched out at full length one afternoon, under the boat like a couple of hottentots, or coffers in their primitive hut. We didn't have much on in the way of clothing—not even a paper collar, so we were comfortable. It was the dog watch which happens in the middle of the day and as it was extremely hot, it was the custom to wash down the deck at that time to cool things a little. Now old man Lawson, the mate, altogether a jolly old sea dog, rather envied us the luxury of the yawl boat, and the temptation we offered him for a chance to get square on us for the many tricks we had played him, could not be resisted, so when the crew were all ready with full buckets of water; he gave the order to fire away, and pointed to the smooth deck where the boat was lying upside down. They saw the joke and threw the water with a will. It came rushing beneath the boat like a young freshet, and woke us from pleasant dreams with startling suddenness, so sudden that I nearly broke my nose on the boat seat just above my head, in going through an unconscious nervous spasm, for it is not a pleasant sensation to have cold sea water suddenly come in contact with the whole surface of the body on a hot afternoon.

Our only idea was, that by some unaccountable means, the vessel was going down and we ought to get out from under there.—But that wasn't so easy, as we had to lay on our stomachs and squeeze under the edge of the boat; and as the water still came in torrents, we were nearly drowned when we succeeded, minus the skin in sundry places, from our hasty movements; And when we stood in our natural condition, panting and sputtering upon the deck, did we see the vessel trembling upon the waves before her final doom—not much. We only saw a lot of shoeless sailors busily engaged in drawing more water up the side, and old Lawson with an angelic expression of innocence on his weather beaten face, calmly coiling the mizzen topsail halliards on a belaying pin. W's violent temper got the best of him, and he laid the old man out in all kinds of language. I did not say anything for I knew a chance would soon offer when it would be my turn to laugh. We went below and had a good rub down and something for the inner man, after which we felt all the better for our unexpected bath—but we swore vengence all the same, and the chance came sooner than we expected.

About five o'clock we were out in the Gulf stream, and everything died away calm as it suddenly does at all hours of the day, at this season of the year in these waters.

Bill, who was going through the motions of steering at the wheel, called me up from the cabin to see some fun; and there was fun ahead, far off to starboard about fifty yards, were some half dozen immense sea turtles floating upon the water; they did not seem frightened at the vessel as it drifted down on them, although a few lifted their great wrinkled heads out of the water and looked a little surprised at us.

Old Lawson never got excited under the most trying or dangerous times at sea, but he had a weakness as all men have, and his was fishing, he was always doing it whenever a chance offered, even when there was no ghost of a chance to catch anything; but now with such splendid game in sight, the old fellow was worked up to the highest pitch of excitement. The captain was snoring below, and could not interfere with him, so he quickly made his preparations. Keeping up a continual exposition of the delicacy of turtle meat, and the various modes of preparing it for the table, and promising us our fill of the good things that very night for supper. He had a coil of new rope, one end of which he made fast with a belaying pin to the rail, while on the other end was a slip loop. "Now, boy's," said the old man beseechingly, as we ranged ourselves along the rail to see the fun; keep quiet and all stand by to haul him in with the baby tackle, when I take a turn of this line around his head; and then the old coon let himself over the side with the bits of the peak billiards.

By this time we were pretty close on the first one of the turtles, a massive fellow, at least six feet long along the top of the shell. The old man hung over the side as motionless as the figure head of a ship, slowly he got nearer this strange monster of the deep. A moment more and the side of the vessel came in contact with one of the fore flippers of the great turtle, at that moment, as if just conscious of danger, it lifted its head from the water with a splash, and in an instant, with the practiced skill of an old sailor, Lawson slipped the noose over its neck and yelled to us to haul away. In his excitement he let go of the bit of the halliard and fell right down on the turtles back, where he struggled on his knees and began tugging at the line around its neck, to keep it from diving, which sea turtles cannot do unless they can first put their heads beneath the water.

In the meanwhile the whole gang of us were trying to get a turn of the tackle so as to haul away, and in the confusion W. pulled out the belaying pin that fastened the line to the rail and the next instant it was jerked over board.

I thought it was done accidentally but a glance at my friends face told me it was his revenge on Lawson for our ducking in the early part of the afternoon.

We all rushed to the rail, expecting to see the turtle gone and the old fellow floundering in the water, but a stranger light met our view; Lawson was still on his knees on the turtles back, holding for dear life to the line around its neck; while the turtle frightened out of its wits, was making its fins go with long sweeps, which caused it to plow through the water with great rapidity, directly away from the vessel. The old mans hair stood on end, and he looked back at us with a face in which despair, amazement, fear and agony seemed equally blended.

Say, old man, yelled W. what port are you bound for? But he was speechless.

Mr. Johnsing, the colored Steward. who was a witness of this remarkable ride upon an untamed ocean steed: called from the fo'castle that if we didn't do something for the old man, he dew b'leve he was b'oun for Davy Jones.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Found at His Duty.

It was a winter's night, many years ago; the ground was covered with frozen snow, and black snow clouds hung over head, while an intense cold was made still keener by the driving wind which scudded along over the country side, carrying in its teeth a storm of icy snow flakes.

The clock in the Parish tower of Gray's chimed the hour of nine, as Talbot, the post-boy, prepared himself and his horse "Beauty," to carry the mail bags, filled with their valuable letters, on to Cheetham, nine miles away, over a rugged road, up hill and down dale; for in those days there were no iron railroads traversed by snorting engines, puffing and shrieking on at the rate of forty or fifty miles in the hour, and distances had to be reached by fast trotting and high mettled horses.

It was a dangerous deed to ride over a country like this, on such a stormy night; but no misgiving clouded the lads brave spirit. He was soon standing before the office door, patting the sleek coat of his favorite, when the door opened and the Postmaster appeared with the bags.

"You'll have a hard time of it tonight, Talbot, my boy," said he. "I am thinking whether you ought to go through all this."

"Go through it!" was the reply. "What would they do at Cheetham in the morning without their letters? We're not afraid of it, are we, Beauty?"

"But this is the worst night I have ever known; you'll be losing your way. Who can tell the difference between road, ditch and field in this snow?"

But Talbot took the bags from the speaker's hand, and slung them on his back.

"Lose our way, indeed! Why, she knows every inch of the road, and he laughed lightly, springing to the saddle with a bound; but he added quietly, "It will be a rough ride, to-night though, and I shall not be sorry to see the lights of Cheetham. If I get there all right, it will be one to my score, or they'll know I am not afraid of a bit of weather, and they won't have to say to me that I shirked. Good night, sir."

He buttoned his coat tightly around him, turned the collar up over his ears, pulled his cap down close, gave Beauty the signal and galloped away into the dark.

"Ah, well, you are a brave fellow, and I'll see you don't lose anything by it," said the postmaster, as he closed the door, and sat down by his own fire side.

As Talbot, on his trusty steed, rode deeper in to the lonely country, the cold became more terrible.

He was covered with snow that froze into a coating of ice over him, and everything tended to send his courage down as low as the temperature itself; but he fought manfully to keep up his spirits, although it was hard work, for such a night as this had not been known for years.

One mile—two miles—three miles of the road got over, and Cheetham still six miles away! Straight onward he urged his way, where all was dark before and on either side, save now and then when, as he rode quickly by, he could through a cottage window, see a cheerful firelight gleam, when he fancied there a group of happy children around the hearth, with their father and mother, and all else making home bright and happy.

Then, perhaps, he thought of his own home in Grays, of the brothers and sisters there, of his mother, watching and looking anxiously through the lattice, wondering how he could be faring in all this, and praying fervently for her boy, who would be home again on the morrow if all went well.

But enough of this; he must keep all thought for himself now, and fight against this drowsiness creeping slowly over him. There was work to be done; there were mail bags to be preserved and delivered.

That was his work, and he would do it. Six miles of the journey over and still three more to Cheetham. He had lost all sense of feeling by this time, and scarcely knew if the reins were in his hand, while the tears that would come froze upon his cheek. This was a fight with terrible foes, but Cheetham was only two miles away now, and courage must live a little longer. Away and away! Soho, Beauty! Forward! That was the word.

Two men stood out in High street, Cheetham. One was the Postmaster of that town, and the other an hostler waiting to feed Beauty and bed her down for the night. The clouds were dispersing, the stars shone out here and there, and there was a prospect of moonshine by and by.

'I reckon he won't be here to-night,' said one of them, stamping his numbed feet upon the ground.

"Very likely not. How goes his time is it up yet?"

"Well, he ought to be in very soon, if he's coming at all," was the reply.

As they were speaking, a horse with its rider came galloping in; it was Beauty covered with foam, who, with her burden, now halted before them. She knew the place too well to need any reigning in.

"Welcome, Talbot!" said the Postmaster. "That's the way to do it! Nine miles against wind and weather, and true to your time within a minute or two! Unstrap the bags, boy, and then come in and have a warm." But there was no move.

"Come, off with you, my man! you seem over fond of this, more than I am at any rate."

Still no answer—silent and erect he sat in the saddle.

The hostler raised his lantern to the lad's face; the features were rigid, the eyes open wide.

"Why, he is ill!" he exclaimed. He is very bad! What shall we do? I believe he is dying, sir."

Not dying but dead, for Death had met him on the way. Found—found at his duty.

The Postmaster lifted him off in his strong arms, but with difficulty, for the boy was frozen fast to the saddle and his knees were pressed tightly to the horses sides. Just as he was taken down his face came near Beauty's head, when the panting steed sniffed at it, expecting the master's kindly word and touch. Ah Beauty! You will never see your master any more! If you were able to think at all you never thought you were carrying his lifeless body the last mile of the journey.

The intense cold had pierced his brave heart and death had stolen upon him in the guise of sleep, rapidly sinking into a slumber to know no waking in this world.

RE-GRAFTING WORTHLESS PEAR TREES.—The old butter pear often cracks its fruit so badly, and other kinds are found desirable, that it is worth remembering that they may all be regrafted with other kinds in the spring. Some fancy that budding in summer preferable to spring grafting. It might be of interest says a correspondent in the Gardener's Monthly, to some of your readers for me to describe a method of over-working some Flemish Beauty pear trees, upon which the fruit cracked so badly as to render them worthless. Last summer in the budding season, I budded all over the tree into all the limbs which I thought would form a perfect head. The buds all "took," and the present season have grown remakably, to be sure this is no way to work over a large tree except the old fashioned mode of cleft grafting, and which often produces unseemingly gashes upon the tree, and which it often takes a number of years for the tree to over-come. Hence I speak of this method of budding into the limb, and think it may be of service to some, who like me are troubled with several worthless varieties of the pear that are rendered so by cracking.

WE suppose a man "clothes" himself with curses as with a garment," when he keeps himself warm by swearing.

For the Journal.

DEAR JOURNAL:—By general request I submit you my editorial written for the "Potter's Landing *Chronicle*."

EDUCATION.

Standing before this assemblage tonight, and looking around at the many faces upturned to meet my own, so many of them young and fair, I pause unvoluntarily, and before my mind's eye the scene changes a score of years have passed, and the young and fair of this April evening have drifted on to middle age. Their places are filled by another company of fair women and noble manly young men; this is but a true picture of the changes that must be, but with this coming change—there is a fearful responsibility on our parts. We must educate these young people to take up the burden of the future when our weary hands shall have laid it down. Our training must be such that the duties we have performed to the best of our ability according to the advantages we have enjoyed shall in the new generation with its vastly superior advantages yield a power in the future beyond our most sanguine expectations. Knowledge is power, and on the correct education of our youth the good or evil of futility largely depends.

"Education" in the language of another, "is the most excellent attainment as it enlarges the capacities of the mind, promotes their improvements, and renders a man respectable in the eyes of society."

Glancing hastily over the world's history, from the beginning of the Christian era, to the invention of printing in the 16th century, we find that bigotry, superstition, and in many cases unchecked sin prevailed. Kings and nobles could hardly sign their names, the clergy were the only ones to whom a knowledge of letters was thought in the least necessary. Occasionally a bright star arose on the clouded horizon as, for example, Sir John Mandeville, John Wickliff, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," John BarBourn, Scottish historian and poet, Serffroy Cahancer, the Father of English Poetry, James I. of Scotland. With the era of priating, came the spread of the gospel the great lever for elevating the moral world. After this period troops multiplied. The people were becoming educated. It was the little learning put into the masses that has elevated the tone of society, and to-day in this 19th century we can thank God for having permitted us to live in this age of perfect freedom of thought and speech. With this freedom comes the reponsibility on our parts, of guiding our young that they become noble intelligent Christian men and women not infidels and atheists using this blessed liberty to spread their pernicious doctrines. The unlettered guage many of the wrongs of life by the standard of their educated brethern.

Since we have proven the education of our youth to be so great a responsibility the all important question is, what is the best mode of regulating it? Very enumerous are the ideas that a child's head is a vast store-house into which must be crammed a certain amount of knowledge without regard to quality. It is better to teach one fact and impress it thoroughly upon the child's mind than to make him learn whole pages to be forgotten almost as soon as learned. Endeavor to explain if possible every statement made and understand the subject thoroughly yourself before you attempt to teach. Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, of whom it has been said "teaching was the great business of his life and in teaching his greatness was made most conspicious" made it a point to thoroughly review every lesson his classes were to recite. He was distinguished for his deep and varied learning, his extensive and accurate classical attainments. A friend happening to see him reviewing the studies of his class expressed surprise whereupon Dr. Arnold replied "I would not have them drink from a stagnant pool."

I could unwearyingly discourse for pages upon this important theme but I have already written far beyond the space alloted for my editorial. In conclusion I would say that in the beginning of this year you committed to my charge the education of your children. I did not enter upon my duties carelessly or indifferently but conscious of the importance of the trust you reposed in me. I have been encouraged by the kindly reception you have given me. If I have fallen short of your expectations, judge me leniently allowing for the great difference between this and my other fields of labor. I have spent many happy hours among you and it is with sorrow I bid you, "Farewell." Time will drift us farther apart I may never again see your faces but in leisure moments, when my mind reverts to days gone by, foremost among the pleasant memories, will be that of the three months I spent in Potter's Landing. S. H. BRYDGE.

A married lady out West nearly broke her neck, a few days since, while learning to skate. Since that period there has been an extraordinary demand for skates, by married men, and the supply is not equal to the demand.

To cure a pain in the breast, procure a well-made calico or delaine dress, with an equally well constructed woman inside of it, and press closely to the part affected. Said to be a kill or cure receipt.

Green Cloth Romance.

The Asiatic gambler is the most reckless; it seems to be his second nature; and he will not scruple to stake his wife, children, or, as at a last venture, one of his own limbs, his life or liberty becoming thus the slave of his antagonist. And here I am reminded of a fine point of law once extant among the ancient Hindoos, and touching upon this very question. A warrior staking his last farthing on chance, finally put up his liberty, upon losing which he bethought him of his beautiful wife. Luck being still against him, she was summoned as a slave before her husband's antagonist, and escaped the life of serfdom by the adroitness of her first query. "Did my husband lose me or himself first? For if he played away himself first he could not stake me.". There is a story of a similar case as having occured in an English-speaking country. It was during the plague in England that a young captain of the king's body-guard pledged the key of his house against all the winnings of his adversary and lost. The wife's honor was saved through the medium of a terrible avenger, the plague, one spot of which having appeared upon her throat frightened away the winner of the key. The story is a long one; there was a duel; the husband was killed; the wife died of the plague, and the cause of all this woe, the luck gamester, was only cursed by the wierd plague-prophet "to perish in everlasting fire."

How to Treat Nervousness'.

First, remove the cause; restore the tone of the heart, improve the blood. All injurious habits must be given up; late hours and intemperance in eating abandoned; smoking, if practised, stopped. This done, the patient is on the road to cure; for nature is very kind when she has a chance, though she is dreadfully cruel when abused. The food is most important. It must be abundant and wholesome—neither too much nor too little. It should not be sloppy, and soup had better be avoided so long as solid food can be taken.—Rise from the table feeling you have had enough, but not oppressed with what you have eaten. Many a man has lived to old age by following this rule. The bread should be stale, and no very heating food taken. Eight hours' sleep should be taken every night if possible. This alone will nearly cure, "Early to bed and early to rise" should be the motto. Sleep is the salvation of the nervous system. When there is strength, a cool bath short and quickly over, with much friction under a sheet, should be taken every morning, a reaction secured. Without a reaction much harm results. The exercise should be moderate and pleasant. Riding, driving rowing, light physical labor, are all good. Those who live in cities and cannot enjoy out-of-door labor and riding, should adopt systematic habits of exercise. Some form of gymnastics will be very servicable. The lifting cure, if rightly used, has great value in the cure of nervousness. It seems to be able to restore the lost equilibrium of the system, and bring the weak parts of the body up in strength to a par with the strong parts. The passive exercises of the movement cure are also excellent, and any one may learn from books how to apply it to himself, if he will. Breakfast early; dine at one or two, and sup two hours before going to bed; drink no tea. Take no narcotics to make you sleep. A few raw oysters bed; drink no tea. Take no narcotics to make you sleep. A few raw oysters before bed-time are easily digested, and furnish material for restoring nervous tissue and blood. If you wake up in the middle of the night and cannot go to sleep, eat slowly a crust of bread; his will often help a nervous person to go sleep again. Avoid physic—it exhausts the tone of the system, which you ought to restore. Above all, keep up a good heart.

Some Natural History.

The *Editor*:—"What ferocious looking animal is this?"

"That is an editor."

"Indeed! Are they very dagerous?"

"Sometimes. When cornered up they have known to be very combative, and again they have been known to go through a convenient back window. Generally they are mild and passive."

"When are they the most dangerous?"

"When intruded upon by a book agent who wants a forty line local for a seventy-five cent book, or by a poet with verses about gentle spring."

"Are editors cross at each other?"

"Only when seperated by several blocks of buildings."

"Do they often have fearful combats with each other?"

"Occasionally when they go out in opposite directions, and come upon each other by accident."

"Are editors ever cowhided?"

"Sometimes the small ones are, but the big ones are very rarely molested."

"Do editors ever eat?"

"They do. It was formerly supposed that they ate only at long intervals, and upon rare occasions, but it is now a well authenticated fact that they eat a great deal—when they can get it."

"What kind of food do they like most?"

They are not very particular.—While they won't refuse quail on toast fried crabs, or roast turkey about Christmas time, they have been known to make a hearty repast off a dish of consumptive herring."

"Can they eat concert tickets?"

"We believe not. Some people have gained this erroneous impression, from false teaching in early life, but no authentic instance of such a thing is on record."

"Do editors go free into shows?"

"They do when they give dollar and a half locals for twenty-five cent tickets."

"Are all editors bold, like this one?"

"No; only the married ones are bold. But let us pass on; the editor does not like to be stared at."

ABOUT EGGS.—We have seen dyspeptics who suffered untold torments with almost every kind of food; no liquid could be taken without suffering; bread became a burning acid; meat and milk were solid liquid fires, and we have seen their torments pass away and their hunger relieved by living on the whites of eggs which had been boiled in bubbling water for thirty minutes. At the end of a week we have given the half yolk of the egg with the white, and upon this diet alone, without fluid of any kind, we have seen them begin to gain flesh and strength and quiet refreshing sleep. After weeks of this treatment they have been able, with care, to begin other food. And all this without taking medicine. Hard boiled eggs are not half so bad as half-boiled ones, and ten times as easy to digest as raw eggs, even in egg-nog.—*Indiana Farmer.*

A love-sick swain, in order more fully to ascertain the mind of his "lady-love" closed a letter with the following verses:—

"If you were a dog and I was a hog
A rootin' away in the yard;
If the old man should say, "drive that hog away,"
Would you worry or bite very hard?"

An exchange says a sentiment so sublime deserves an answer, and ventures to suppose the lady's reply:

"When I am a dog and you are a hog,
A wandering from the sty,
I'd not breathe a bark but merely remark,
"Go it, porkie, root, hog, or die."

A country editor received a remittance, with a request to "send the paper as long as the money lasted." He indulged in a bit of a "spree" the next week, got broke and respectfully announced to his subscriber that according to his own terms his subscription was out.

"MY BOY" said a wag to a sharp-featured little fellow; "can you inform me who it was that struck Mr. William Patterson?"

"Yes sir," said the urchin with a saucy twinkling of the muscles of the lip. "It was the man in the green spectacles, yot owns the black dog."

The wag was fairly bagged by his own game.

A juryman was asked (out West, of course) whether he had been charged by the presiding judge. "Well Squire," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit, and kinder bosses it over the crowd, gin us a talk. I don't know whether he charges anything or not."

A lady in Rhode Island put a quart of dried apples to soak without thinking oft heir swelling properties, and for an hour it was thought that the entire State would be submerged.

"Please take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "Oh, I will take it, then, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other."

A fellow found guilty of burglary, before Justice Day, in Ireland, observed that his fate was singular, that he lost by Day what he got by night.

A writer in one of our exchanges speaks of a friend of his that has always been accustomed to the pen.—Is the friend an author or a pig?

A gentleman at a party said: "I really wonder if you believe in the man in the moon?" "Yes, in the honed-moon," was quickly responded by one of the ladies.

A London chemist has named his five daughters, respectively, Glycerine, Pepsine, Ethyle, Methyl and Morphia. He calls their mother Dynamite.

A justice in Troy has actually sentenced a man to twenty-five days, imprisonment for stealing an umbrella. The rain of justice has at last commenced.

Children's games seem to be growing popular with adults now-a-days, as it is not an uncommon thing to see men of all ages chaesing hoops in the steet.

Sydney Smith once rebuked a swearing visitor by saying, "Let us assume that everything and everybody are damned and then proceed with our subject."

A patriotic Italian in characterizing the King of Naples, says, "he is such a vile wretch that an earthquake even refused to swallow him."

"O! she was a jewel of a wife," said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half "she always stuck me with the end of the mop."

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