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THE CECIL WHIG.

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ANNOUNCEMENT!
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FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

We beg to inform our friends and customers, and the public, that we will open on MONDAY, and every day during the week till Christmas, a large assortment of all kinds of

GOODS SUITABLE FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

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LLLLLL EEEEEE V II SSSSS

Dec 14, 1872.

YOU CAN DO YOUR OWN PAINTING

BY USING

Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint,

Made from Pure White Lead, Linseed Oil and Zinc.

We especially call attention to the following testimonials of the Paint. The Baltimore Catholic *Mirror* says:

A REVOLUTION IN HOUSE PAINTING.—The advertisement of the New Jersey Enamel Paint Company has been some time in our columns, and it may seem strange that it is only to-day we call special attention to it. Our reason for this is that we do not like to recommend a new thing unless we know it is good. We were pleased to find that the Agent, Mr. C. P. Knight, was of our way of thinking, and wished, above all, that the paint should be tested, so that the editor could give his conscientious opinion of its merits. Having had this test made in our household, we have no hesitancy in saying that the Enamel Paint comes up fully to all that is claimed for it. In the country, especially, where it is difficult to procure the necessary ingredients for mixing paint, and skillful workmen to apply it, the Enamel Paint will prove invaluable, as it is already prepared, and can be applied by any one possessing ordinary judgment. For plain work in private dwellings, churches and school-houses it will prove very economical as well as beautiful. One gallon of this paint will cover twenty square yards, giving two coats. Our friends may safely give it a trial without fear of disappointment.

TO THE PUBLIC.—It affords me much pleasure to state that in July, 1871, Front Street Theatre was painted inside and out with "Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint," for which C. P. Knight, No. 93 West Lombard street, is agent, and to testify to its superiority over any and all other paints for similar use. In no private dwelling can paint possibly be subjected to the very severe test it undergoes at this establishment, where, during our daily cleaning, soap and soda are constantly applied to it, and yet it appears as sound and as fresh as when first put on. Of the numerous advantages it possesses over other paints I will only mention its being mixed and ready for use, in quantities to suit purchasers; its quickly drying properties, which saves much time in the execution of work where paint is needed, and its very perceptible tenacity, which imparts beauty and durability to the objects on which it is used. As such I most earnestly recommend it to the merchants and tradesmen in our city, believing it will give them greater satisfaction than they can possibly anticipate.

BALTIMORE, April 25, 1872. WM. E. SINN, Front Street Theatre.

FROM HON. JOHN WETHERED.

MR. C. P. KNIGHT: At the recommendation of a friend I was induced to apply your patent "Bradley's" paint to my house. I have pleasure in stating that it has proved highly satisfactory, covering more surface than you promised, is more economical, carries better gloss than ordinary paint, and is freer from disagreeable color.

Yours respectfully, JOHN WETHERED.

The following letter is equally strong and valuable:

BALTIMORE, Dec 27, 1871.

C. P. KNIGHT, Esq., Agent for Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint—Dear Sir: The paint we purchased from you we will cheerfully endorse as the best of any kind we have ever used, its covering qualities is everything desired, drying promptly and with a hard gloss, which must, we think, resist the action of all kinds of weather. This is our experience and we can recommend it with certainty, and intend to use it on all occasions where we desire a good job of work. Very respectfully, EMMART & QUARTLEY, 272 W. Baltimore St., House, Sign and Fresco Painters.

Sold by the Gallon, Keg and Barrel. Specimens and Price List furnished gratis.

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MARYLAND

SUPER-PHOSPHATE.

[WE COURT THE CHEMIST'S INQUIRY.]

After 23 years' experience in the Fertilizing business, and after establishing a wide reputation for the purity and excellence of his Bone Dust, the subscriber has been induced to prepare a Phosphate suitable to the requirements and every way worthy the attention of the Maryland farmer.

The "**Maryland**" is a rejuvenator and permanent improver of the soil. It stimulates equal to Peruvian Guano, and sustains equal to Bone, being composed almost entirely of those ingredients, with a very liberal percentage of Potash in the residum. There is no adulterator nor inferior article used—every particle of the Phosphate being of essential benefit to the land. Neither pains nor expense have been spared in its preparation, and we claim for it the greatest benefit to the farmer from the smallest outlay.

For Cotton, WHEAT and CORN, and as a general stimulant and ailment for worn and impoverished land there can be nothing superior. It is warranted to run as high in Ammonia and higher in Bone Phosphate than any other fertilizer in the market.

PRICE, $50 PER TON, IN NEW BAGS. No charge for delivery.

BONE DUST, $45. BONE MEAL, $50. DISSOLVED BONE, $42, our own manufacture, in new bags; Eastern and Western BONE DUST, $35. PERUVIAN GUANO delivered from Peruvian Government Warehouse, at lowest rates. No charge for delivery.

JOSHUA HORNER, Jr.,

MANUFACTURER AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Office and Warehouse, 54 S. Gay St. General Warehouse, corner *Chew and Sterling streets.*

april 6, 1872—tf BALTIMORE, MD.

A WINTER BALLAD.

The fruits of the farm are gathered in
From the orchard bough and the fallowed field,
Till cask and crib and granary bin
Are full to the beam with a bounteous yield;
And vapory clouds have now begun
To dapple the shield of December's sun.

'Tis a time for rest for the husbandman;
His heart is big with a ripe content
As he takes his wages for the sweat and tan
And strength in a Summer's labor spent;
No coin of a mint nor crown of a king,
Could ever so sweet an enjoyment bring.

And now; if ever his toilsome lot
Has found him weary, and worn, and faint:
If ever a desponding, trustless thought
Has almost framed a murmuring plaint,
December's plenty and peace bestows
Abundant reward and a calm repose.

His happy companion, counseller, wife—
His queen in the realm of worth and grace,—
Finds pleasure enough to sweeten her life
In watching the smile on her husband's face.
Ah, who can fathom the wells of joy
That so deep and still in her bosom lie?

When Winter's fierce volley of sleet and wind
Is raking and shaking tree-top and spire,
The wanderer, homeless and hungry, may find
Shelter and food by a farmer's fire;
For kindness will open his generous hand
To warm and feed the poor of the land.

MR. MAYNARD'S HIRED MAN.

"'Dickery, dickery, dock;
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down he run:
Dickery—'

Oh, my good gracious! how dare you?" Fanny laid the pink bundle down in a rocking-chair full of pillows. The bundle protested with a vigorous movement, and in another moment the rocking-chair and the baby came down together. "Now, you awful man, the child is killed!" cried Fanny, with a scared face, as she lifted the tiny morsel from the floor; but the pillows had protected it, and the startled baby, after one effort at curling her lips, broke into a charming smile.

"No harm done; and I trust I'm forgiven," said Mathew Donn.

"No you are *not* forgiven. I shall *never* forgive you Mr. Mathew Donn; so please leave baby and me. I have nothing more to say."

"Well, I—I'm going."

"You *can* go, sir."

The young man went softly, slowly out; but he looked neither grieved nor angry on the other side of the door; he smiled

The circumstances were these:

Fanny had been amusing her sister's child, and the little cherub seemed never to tire of musical sounds; so Fanny, who had "Mother goose" by heart, liked nothing better than to sit in the cozy sitting-room, which was really the nursery, and sing those old, old melodies.

Mathew Donn was the hired man, and on this particular morning had stolen in quietly behind Miss Fanny, and tempted of—what? surely not the Evil One—had bent over and kissed her on the forehead.

And this he had dared to do, knowing that Fanny was a city young lady, living in a fashionable quarter, and used to be best society.

Fanny's sister had married a rich farmer not quite two years before. People talked about these Brysons burying themselves alive; but both Olive and Fanny loved the country better than the town. Every summer Fanny was glad to leave the "stuffy old house," as she called it, and almost by one leap on the express train find herself in paradise, breathing air redolent of white clover and sweet-brier. During the winter the sisters corresponded regularly; and Olive had sung the praises of Mathew Donn, their hired man, so often that Fanny found herself thinking of his acquaintance as one of the pleasant psobabilities of her next visit.

"We don't pretend to treat him as help," wrote Olive, holding her baby on one knee and steadying the paper with a bronze weight; "for he is not in the least like the men who hire out in these parts. I should be ashamed not to ask him to the table; and just for the novelty of it, I want you to take a peep in his room. Harry calls him his *rara avis;* and the two really enjoy themselves together almost like brothers. Besides, he's nearly as handsome as my Harry: he, you know, is the handsomest man in the world!"

And the pleasant pen ran on and told about planting, the prospective sweet-corn, and pea blossoms, and how the grape-vines were full of the tiniest bunches, and the young peach-trees were going to do splendidly; and Adela had two of the "cunningest, milk-white teeth," and I know not how much more loving nonsense.

Now Fanny had a rich lover, and, like most rich lovers, he was not prepossessing in his personal appearance. In her own written language to Olive, "he pestered her to death." To be sure it was pleasant to see his splendid equipage in front of their door, with the two superb grays, for on rare occasions Fanny yielded to his solicitations to take a ride; and he always contrived to drive her by his castle of a brown stone-front, perhaps to tempt her; for Fanny was as fond of beautiful things as women ought to be, and was well aware of the advantages which money can give.

Both her father and mother were anxious that she should marry the Hon. Ebenezer Wolcott, but Fanny was high-spirited, and they seldom advised her. The girl knew that they were living beyond their means for her sake, and this knowledge had been bitterly earned. She and Olive had many conferences over it.

"I think if you were married," said Olive, "papa would come here and take a small house; then business need not press him so in his old age."

Ebenezer had done the proper thing—had offered Fanny his heart, his house, his carriage, and his horses; and although he was known for a pugnacious old gentleman, terribly set in his way, he was honorable, and he loved beautiful Fanny Bryson with all his heart. And Fanny had told him that she could not then decide—that she was going for the summer months to sister Olive's, and at the close of her visit she would give him his answer.

"And may I come out there sometimes?" asked Eben.

Fanny gave a reluctant consent, and wished with all her heart that she had refused him; so, with the understanding that he was to call as a friend, the two parted.

At the depot Fanny found her sister's carriage in waiting, and was accosted by the handsomest as well as the tallest man she had ever seen. Six foot four and proportionately majestic, he seemed like Apollo and Hercules in one.

"*Can* this be the hired man?" thought Fanny; and then she looked at his dress. Not a trace of servitude about him; but he treated her with extreme deference, said but little, drove with the precision of a man accustomed to horses, and drew up before the cottage in grand style.

Fanny was in her sister's arms, and after her, the baby came in for a fair share of kisses.

"Well, is that your hired man?" queried Fanny, after her comfortable installment in one of the luxurious easy-chairs.

"Yes, dear; that is Mathew Donn. How did you like him?"

"He looks like a gentleman," said Fanny, after a little pause.

"He is a gentleman, dear, in the best sense of the word; I told you that."

"And does he speak English well?"

"Why, child, he isn't a foreigner," laughed Olive.

"I mean grammatically," said Fanny.

"Oh yes; I presume he has had a good common school education," replied Olive, "and something better. I know there are certain classical books in his room: whether he ever reads them or not I can't say."

"Why in the world does he hire out?" cried Fanny, dismay in her voice.

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Olive laughing heartily again. "He likes the country, is used to horses, and—and I suppose he can't get any thing better to do."

"But a man like him might—be somebody!" ejaculated Fanny, with vehemence. "My patience! has he no ambition? I'm afraid I shall despise him."

"Perhaps, dear, he wouldn't mind if you did," said Olive, hiding her face in the white neck of her baby. "He is so *very* independent,"

Surely, why should he care what she thought of him? soliloquized Fanny, her cheeks flushing.

The next day she met him at the table. It seemed strange enough to sit down with hired help, but she was forced to confess that in nothing did he give the impression of being a menial.

"Shall we take hold of that five-acre lot this morning?" he asked, respectfully, of Mr. Maynard, Olive's husband.

"No; I prefer you should look to the drainage of that strip east of the hill," was the answer. "There'll be no rain yet a while, and I want to prepare that land for potatoes."

Fanny watched Mathew Donn out on the sly, and Olive caught her at it.

"I wanted to see what kind of a dress he works in," said Fanny, with tell-tale cheeks.

"Don't you think him a little handsomer in his blouse, and heavy field boots?" asked Olive.

"He certainly is very handsome," said Fanny, frankly; "but why in the world—However," she added, stopping short, "it's none of my business; but such a man as that should surely work his own land."

"That's true," said Olive quietly.

Time passed on. Fanny became accustomed to eat, sit, and even talk with the hired man. One day Olive took her up into his room. Fanny stood aghast. It was as exquisite in its way as a lady's boudoir.

"He furnished it himself," said Olive in reply to Fanny's look of surprise.

"A Wilton carpet," murmured Fanny; "marble-top set; that Psyche! those flowers!—and what is this?" She lifted a lovely little miniature from the table, one of the most beautiful and refined faces she had ever seen.

"Oh, one of his friends," said Olive, in her undemonstrative way. "And see how perfectly neat every thing is kept; always in this beautiful order. Do you wonder Harry calls him a *rara avis?*"

"Indeed I can not," said Fanny, slowly; "but he must spend every cent he ears to furnish himself in this extraordinary manner.

"He has nothing else to do with his money, dear," said Olive; "he don't even buy cigars. For my part, I think he is perfectly *elegant.*"

Fanny said nothing, but she found herself wishing that she knew who was the original of that lovely miniature, and trying to reconcile the tastes and surroundings of the man himself with his servile occupation. Not but what the work was good enough, and honorable for any man; but why was he not laboring for himself instead of another?

For days she thought of the miniature.—Every time she met him, heard him talk or sing—he had a fine voice, and was not averse to using it—up popped that mysterious face with the Spanish eyes and the clustering curls.

Mr. Eben Wolcott, meantime, had taken advantage of her reluctant permission and brought his dashing team to Winnicut.—Poor Fanny, at sight of his respectable aldermanic person, his gold-bowed spectacles, and thick gray whiskers, felt a strange sinking at the heart. Why would that six-footer rise up in her imagination and cause by mere force of contrast a repulsion so terrible?

"It's positively wicked for me to seem to encourage that man," she said, almost passionately, one morning, the day after a drive.

"Which man?" asked Oliver, innocently, and their eyes met.

The red blood flew all over poor Fanny's face; she felt hot to the crown of her head—and yet why should she?

"That's a pretty question to ask?" she exclaimed, nearly angry.

"Well, dear, but how am I to know who 'that man' is?" queried Oliver with a conscious look.

"You know it is Mr. Wolcott," said Fanny, nearly crying.

"Well, he is a good man, and a rich one," was the answer. "I know girls who would jump at the chance, as the saying is. I *would* either marry him or send him off."

"Pshaw!" said Fanny, biting her red lips and a few moments after she left the room, conscious of a new, a painful, and at the same time strangely delightful experience. No use to try to conceal it or cloak it to herself—not the slightest: she loved Mathew Donn, her sister's hired man.

How she paced her room, half distracted, sobbing without tears, forming wild resolves, and then throwing herself down with a sense of her utter helplessness, I shall not describe. How could she ever meet him again? Could she keep her almost painful secret, and did Olive guess at it? What would Olive think—what counsel her if she knew?

Only the next time that Mr. Eben Wolcott came out she quietly dismissed him, and then made up her mind that she must go home. If she could only fly to the ends of the earth!

But Fanny did not go, for Olive would not hear of it. A slight cold confined Olive to her room, but one evening she sent Fanny out and bade her peremptorily to take Harry and go for a walk. Then she summoned her husband to give him his orders, but when he came down stairs Alice was gone, and Mathew, with a wicked little smile, was taking down his hat.

"That's right, Don," said Harry, breaking into a laugh; "she ought to know better than to go alone. By-the-way, I happen to know that she had dismissed old alderman."

Donn smiled again and went out, closing the door behind him. There was a bright moon, displaying flower, leaf, and bud. Supposing that Fanny would only make the round of the place, he ran swiftly down to the back gate, and met her just as she had reached the great elm that stood guarding the lane.

She started at sight of him.

"You will allow me to walk with you?" he said. "There is a squad of gypsies in the neighborhood, and some one might molest you."

Fanny could not say no; could not talk, even, for with ready tact he took all the conversation on himself. What did he not touch upon? Opera, arts, nature, city, country—all derived new beauty from the glamour of his tongue. Was it strange that Fanny found herself leaning on his arm and listening with rapt attention to the eloquence of his speech? From that time there was a certain tacit understanding between them, and all went smoothly till the morning he kissed her. For that Fanny was angry at herself that she was not angrier with him. All day long she full of moods, changing from grave to gay, from fits of reflection to the wildest merriment.

"Fanny," said Harry, coming up to his wife's room after tea, "Mr. Donn wishes to speak with you down stairs."

All the lovely color faded out of her face at this announcement. She longed to assert herself; but might they not read the truth in her eyes if she refused?

Slowly she went down stairs.

Donn was in the parlor, walking back and forth. He came to meet her with outstretched hand.

"I want you to forgive my rudeness of the morning," he said. "In my assumed character I had no right to take such a liberty, or, indeed, in my own."

"Your *assumed* character!" she exclaimed trembling, as she seated herself.

"Yes. My friend Harry met me a year ago, when we were both traveling. I was a good deal rundown in health, and the doctors said that were I a laboring man I might overcome the disease that was wasting me. So I contracted with Harry to work for him, like any common farmer and he was to keep my real name and position a secret."

He saw the change in her beautiful eyes.

"My real name is Don Mathews," he added, smiling, "and there is no need of my working for a living; but I really think I shall go in partnership with my friend Harry, and turn farmer. But you have not told me whether you forgive me."

"I—I don't know," rotorted Fanny, half laughing, half crying.

"Fanny, Fanny! if you knew how I love you," he cried, suddenly stopping in front of her, "I *do* think you would."

"I—am so, so glad!"

It was not politic, perhaps, this confession, but it was very natural.

"And I think I can match your alderman's house," he added, taking her hand in his "dear, dear Fanny!"

"And his horses?" laughed Fanny, looking up with beaming eyes.

"Yes, dearest, and perhaps—himself;" and the ringing laugh, united, sounded through the house. Of course Harry—who had an inkling—and Olive came down stairs, and of course every body was very happy over it.

"Harry," said Don, after a moment, "I think I am quite cured."

Sport as Is Sport in Oregon.

The *Portland Oregonian*, of the 6th inst., contains the following account of a lively encounter between a hunter and a panther:

A professional hunter, named Repzs, was out hunting this week, on Martin's Island, down the Columbia. The hunter was accompanied by a young hound only, which started some animal a little distance away in the dense brush. Repzs ran from the thick timber in which he was standing toward the edge of the water. A clear space of several rods divided the brush and the river margin. On reaching the bank, Repzs halted and placed himself in an attitude of defense. In a few minutes the hound emerged from the timber and came running towards its master. Immediately following the dog, and in hot pursuit, a large and ferocious panther bounded in sight.—Repzs raised his gun to his shoulder and fired. The ball took effect in the jaws of the animal, but did not inflict any serious injury nor retard its advance toward the hunter. On firing, Repzs retreated into the water up to his arm-pits. The wounded and infuriated animal sprang after and "tackled" the hunter. The dog came to the rescue of his master, and made it so warm for the panther that it abandoned Repzs and turned on the hound. Repzs waded out toward the bank, turned around and fired the second barrel of his gun at the panther. The load was buckshot, and took effect in the panther's side. The wound was very severe, but did not entirely disable the animal, which was getting the best of the dog. Seeing that the hound would soon be drowned, Repzs resolved to rescue it if possible. He had discharged both barrels of his gun, and cast aside his large bowie-knife in the edge of the timber when he started to retreat to the water. No time, however, was to be lost, and Repzs sprang into the river to save his dog. By this time the panther had lost much blood and was growing weak from exhaustion. The hunter, who was a powerful man, seized hold of the panther's head, and, after a fierce "tussel," broke its hold on the hound. The panther now turned on Repzs. A long and despert encounter encused between the hunter, panther, and dog. At last Repzs succeeded in keeping the animal's nose under water until it was quite dead, after which he drew the body to the shore and fainted from his wounds and exhaustion. The hunter was severely lacerated in the conflict, and has scarcely been able to leave his bed since. The hound is also badly torn.

THE FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE Co. of York, Pa., has been in successful operation nearly 19 years; has paid twelve hundred and ten claims amounting to $712,697.56, without a single assessment. Prompt and ready, it has always been able to meet its engagements; never permitting debts to accumulate. Prudent and careful, it has established a business far superior in quality to that of any Mutual Company, doing a general business in Pennsylvania, hence the small percentage of losses and freedom from assessments.—Insures against loss or damage by fire and lightning, on all safe class property at reasonable rates. Losses liberally adjusted and promptly paid.

E. E. EWING, Agent,
Elkton.

FROM REV. S. L. BOWERMAN'S LETTERS

"THROUGH IRELAND,"

IN THE METHODIST.

CORK.

Arriving at Cork, we gave ourselves repose for the night. The first thing to be looked up in the morning is a suitable conveyance with which to see the city and its suburban places. Street-cars and omnibuses are here called "Tramways," which afford a deck-passage for gentlemen, and are driven with three horses abreast.—But the jaunting-car is an inimitable institution, and must have been of Irish origin. Imagine an odd, two-wheeled vehicle, designed for one horse and five persons—driver perched above the horse, passengers seated back to back—speed swift, you may be sure, for we go in on a gallop, and all hold on. Add to this the accompaniments—great bronze-looking women, barefooted and strong, coming in beside us on the run, where we come to a brisk trot; women carrying great baskets full of bog-wood momentoes, which they throw one by one into the lap of "the lady," for inspection and sale; boys, round-chested and healthy, awaiting our approach on a hill-top, or at a hovel-door, starting on a race quite in advance of us, vying with each other and with us, for most of a mile, all begging at once at the top of the voice, Ha'penny! Ha'penny!—and you have something of a picture of many an experience we had in the Irish jaunting-car. American carriages are very little in use here.

Cork is an abbreviation of the Irish name Corrock, meaning a swamp, from the fact of its early situation on two marshy islands. It was probably founded by the Danes, who invaded Ireland in the eighth, but over-ran the country during the ninth century. It seems that under the auspice of St. Fionn Bar, the city assumed considerable importance, since a seminary of learning is reported as having 700 students "flowing in from all parts." The McCarthys and O'Mahoneys were the original proprietors of the soil. Cork now boasts of about 80,000 inhabitants. To our stranger eyes, the city looks like a nondescript that had taken a second growth. Broad and beautiful avenues have sprung up amidst the dirtiest, dingiest alleys, while the bridges named Parliament and St. Patrick's, spanning the branches of the river Lee, are certainly structures worthy of consideration. A fine statue of Father Mathew in bronze, in posture and expression most benignant, adorns St. Patrick's street near the bridge bearing the same name.—Touching its relative importance as a city, an old saw says:

"Limerick *was*, Dublin *is*, but Cork *shall be*
The largest city of the three."

BLARNEY CASTLE.

It is five miles away to Blarney, whose castle, groves, and stone have given such distinction to the name. The village itself is an old tumbled-down affair, of no note. The royal McCarthys, whose power was so felt once in Southern Ireland, owned all these estates. The castle is a firm, massive old ruin, built about 1449, having its square tower and battlement, and donjon-keep or prison, a hundred feet in the air, with a supplementary cave below of huge dimensions, where condemned prisoners are said to have been committed.—This fortified home of the chief is represented as having been built by the Earl of Desmond, 500 years before Oliver Cromwell invaded Ireland, in 1649. Cromwell completely dismantled the castle. Its walls still stand, and seem remarkably strong.—We clambered to the very top, up through its tower and winding stone stairway. A beautiful English ivy, of immense stock, and a wealth of green, covers all the remaining walls. Here, too, is the original Blarney-stone—the genuine article—known throughout Ireland for seventy-five years as imparting to any one kissing it a remarkable "eloquence, so flattering and persuasive that nothing could resist its power." This stone is placed in the wall, to which it is grappled with irons at the end, and a hundred feet in the air, while another, at the foot of the castle, imparting the same virtues, may be kissed for a sixpence a piece.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Next we directed our course to the Killarney Lakes in Southwestern Ireland.—Here are some of the finest scenes of nature in all Great Britian. The lakes are three in number, a chain exquisitely beautiful, contrasting so strikingly with the very bold, barren mountains which flank the lakes on the seaward side. To reach these waters most appreciatively, the tourist should go first to Dunloe Gap, a wild pass through a gorge along the base of the Purple Mountain. A beautiful streamlet named Loe runs through the whole length of the pass. Reaching the gorge by carriage, we resort to the horse and saddle; and in our approach, our guides fire cannon to afford us a hearing of the wonderful echoes that reverberate from height to height, through several minutes' continuance, as if mountain were calling out to mountain, and each responding with increased rapidity, until, in strange confusion the echoes die away. Passing through five miles of this deep defile, with immense craggy cliffs suspended fearfully over us, we arrive at the first of this chain of beautiful lakes, and are fifteen miles by water from our starting-point—the Royal Victoria Hotel. Here four-ored boats await us. The scenery is magnificent.—Wild, barren grandeur is succeeded by the loveliest landscapes, which put on all their beautiful green. Numerous islands stud the upper lake, and these are crowned with a foliage of richest gloss, interspersed with flowers that seem waxen and flash-like and beautiful beyond description. Taking to the boats, we began to descend the lake rapidly. Every mountain and island, every point and rock has its legend and song. It is a rich pastime to listen to the guide and oarsmen as with characteristic wit and peculiarity they relate the story of these scenes. The upper lake, which is nearly three miles in length, surpasses the others in the wild beauty of its views.—The old Wier Bridge—an antiquatee structure of two arches, said to be the oldest in Ireland, and built by the Druids—is passed by a stream of uncontrollable force, and we are in the second lake of the chain.—Here the islands are exquisitely beautiful. Chief of these, and directly in front of the Royal Hotel, is Innisfallen.

—Castagno di Cento Cavalli is the name given to an immense chestnut-tree up on Mount Etna, whose circumference near the ground is variously stated by travelers to be from 180 to 204 feet. It is related of Joanne of Aragon that when visiting Mount Etna, attended by her principal nobility, a heavy shower came up, and she and a hundred cavaliers took refuge under the branches of this tree, which completely sheltered them.

OLD GAMES REPEATED.

BY REV. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

We never get over being boys and girls. The good, healthy man, sixty years of age, is only a boy with added experience. A woman is only an old girl. Summer is but an old spring. August is May in its teens. We shall be useful in proportion as we keep young in our feelings. There is no use for fossils, except in museums and on the shelf. I like young old folks.

Indeed, we all keep doing over what we did in childhood. You thought that long ago, you got through with "Blind-man's-buff," and "Hide-and-seek," and "Puss in the corner," and "Tick-tack-to," and "Leap-frog," but all our lives are passed in playing those old games over again.

You say, "What a racket those children make in the other room! When Squire Jones' boys come over to spend the evening with our children, it seems as if they would tear the house down!" "Father, be patient!" the wife says; "we once played 'Blind-man's-buff' ourselves." Sure enough, father is playing it now, if he only knew it. Much of our time in life we go about blind-folded, stumbling over mistakes, trying to catch things that we miss, while people stand around the ring, and titter, and break out with half-suppressed laughter, and push us ahead, and twitch the corner of our eye-bandage; after a while we vehemently clutch something with both hands, and announce to the world our capture; the blind-fold is taken from our eyes, and, amid the shouts of the surrounding spectators, we find we have, after all, caught the wrong thing. What is that but "Blind-man's-buff" over again?

You say, "Jenny and Harry, go to bed. It seems so easily for you to sit there making two parallel lines perpendicular, and two parallel lines horizontal, and filling up the blanks with crosses and o's, and then crying out, 'Tick-tack-to.'" My dear man, you are doing every day in business just what your children are doing in the nursery. You find it hard to get things into a line. You have started out for worldly success. You get one or two things fixed, but that is not what you want. After a while you have had two find successes. You say, "If I can have a third success, I will come out ahead." But somebody is busy on the same slate, trying to hinder you getting the game. You mark: he marks. I think you will win.—To the first and second success which you have already gained you add the third for which you have long been seeking. The game is yours, and you clap your hands, and hunch your opponent in the side, and shout:

"Tick-tack-to,
Three in a row."

The funniest play that I ever joined in at school, and one that sets me a laughing now as I think of it, so I can hardly write, is "Leap-frog." It is unartistic and homely. It is so humiliating to the boy who bends himself over and puts his hands down on his knees; and it is so perilous to the boy who, placing his hands on the stooped shoulders, attemps to fly over.—But I always preferred the risk of the one who attempted the leap rather than the humiliation of the one who consented to be vaulted over. It was often the case that we both failed in our part, and went down together. For this, Jack Snyder carried a grudge against me, and would not speak because he said I pushed him down a purpose. But I hope he has forgiven me by this time, for he has been out as a missionary. Indeed, if Jack will come this way, I will right the wrong of olden time by stooping down in my study, and letting him spring over me as my children do.

Almost every autumn, I see that old-time school-boy feat, repeated. Mr. So-and-so says, "You make me governor, and I will see that you get to be senator. Make me mayor, and I will see that you become assessor. Get me the office of street-sweeper, and you shall have one of the brooms. You stoop down and let me jump over you, and then I will stoop down and let you jumped over me. Elect me deacon, and you shall be trustee. You write a good thing about me, and I will write a good thing about you." The day of election in Church or State arrives. A man once very upright in his principles and policy begins to bend. You cannot understand it. He goes down lower and lower, until he gets his hands away down on his knees. Then a spry politician or ecclesiatic comes up behind him, puts his hand on the bowed strategist, and springs clear over into some great position. Good thing to have so good a man in a prominent place. But after a while he himself begins to bend.—Everybody says, "What is the matter now? It cannot be possible that he is going down too." Oh! yes! Turn-about is fair play. Jack Snyder holds it against me to this day, because, after he had stooped down to let me leap over him, I would not stoop down to let him leap over me. One-half the strange things in Church and State may be accounted for by the fact that, ever since Adam bowed down so low as to let the race, putting its hands on him, fly over into ruin, there has been a universal and perpetual tendency to political and ecclesiastical "Leap-frog."

In one sense, life is a great "game of ball." We all choose sides, and gather into denominational and political parties. We take our places on the ball-ground.—Some are to pitch: they are the radicals. Some are to catch: they are they conservatives. Some are to strike: they are those fond of polemics and battle. Some are to run: they are the candidates. There are four hunks: youth, manhood, old age, and death. Some one takes the bat, lifts it, and strikes for the prize, and misses it; while the man who was behind catches it and goes in. This man takes his turn at the bat, sees the flying ball of success, takes good aim, and strikes it high, amid the clapping of all the spectators. We all have a chance at the ball. Some of us run to all the four hunks, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, from old age to death. At the first hunk, we bound with uncontrollable mirth; coming to the second, we run with a slower but stronger tread; coming to the third, our step is feeble; coming to the fourth, our breath entirely gives out. We throw down the bat on the black hunk of death, and in the evening, catchers and pitchers go home to find the family gathered and the food prepared. So may we all find the candles lighted, and the table set, and the old folks at home!

—"Unless you give me aid," said a beggar to a benevolent lady, "I am afraid I shall have to resort to something which I should greatly dislike to do." The lady handed him a dollar, and compassionately asked, "What is it, poor man, that I have saved you from?" "Work," was the mournful answer.

THE BURIED CITIES.

In reference to the subterranean antiquities within the district of Vesuvius, every one will have observed how much more is said of the Pompeian than of the Herculaneum discoveries. The case is, that but small progress comparatively, has been made or attempted in the excavation of Herculaneum. The operation was found exceedingly difficult and toilsome, in consequence of the great depth at which that city is buried—from sixty to one hundred feet—and of the much harder quality of the superincumbent substances, consisting of vast strata of stony mud and lava.—Many objects of curiosity have indeed been discovered and brought up; but there is no such thing as laying the city open to light. Pompeii, on the contrary, was lost under but a thin covering of ashes and pumace, with a smaller proportion of mud and pebbles.

The disappearance of the city was not so entire, at the time of its destruction, as we have been accustomed to imagine. The deposition of volcanic matter was not of a depth to cover the higher portions of the greater structures, or even, in many cases, of the more ordinary ones. It appears that the upper stories of many of the houses must have been left prominent above the surface, to be demolished for the material, or to be reduced to rubbish, and ultimately covered with vegetation in the lapse of time. In many parts of the city, however, the upper stories were covered, and therefor have been preserved; but they seem to have been of very inferior consequence to the apartments on the ground floor. A small part of the top of the wall of one of the great public buildings, has always remained in sight; but till accident revealed the secret, it had been considered as only the relic of some structure founded on the surface.

Thus the ruins of Pompeii might have been observed by any traveler along the road. No one, however, would have suspected how rich a mine of antiquities existed here, until a laborer, in the middle of the last century found in plowing, a statue of brass, which circumstance being reported to the government, was one of the causes which led to the first excavations, and subsequently the accidental discovery of the temple of Isis, while some workman were employed in the construction of a subterranean acqueduct, contributed to confirm the expectations which had been excited. Since that period the operations have always been carried on with more or less activity, so that by degrees the whole will be cleared.

AN EXTRAORDINARY YOUNG WOMAN.

We have it upon the authority of *The Columbus* (O.) *Journal* that recently there was consigned to the county jail there a prisoner plenteously provided with names and surnames. It was the humor of this person some times to be called J. F. Goldsborough, occasionally Charles Smith, and then again Mr. Frank Belden. The prisoner was committed for larceny, as we shall presently see, and when received by the jailer wore pantaloons with the air of one accustomed to those garments. It turned out, however, that J. F. Charles-Frank was of the softer sort of sex; that her true baptismal name (alas! that we should be compelled to say so) was Mary, and that she has run such a career, during her 25 years of life, as to suggest entirely new views of female capacity, that which no more interesting topic can at present be discussed. Mary, at the age of twenty-three, being determined to live by her wits, had the wit, in the very behinning, to discard her long clothes and to employ a tailor. Making progress in her masculine career, she became barkeeper in a saloon, and dispensed drinks of various sorts to the thirsty of Columbus, who swallowed their beverages in stolid ignorance of the angle who ministered unto them. Pursuing the manly scheme of life which she had marked out for herself, she stole $100 of the spirit-seller's money and (still pantaloonied) launched upon a wider and more dangerous sea of enterprise.

In Cincinnati, Mons.