

THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

DALLAS, SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1882.

EMPTY IS THE BANK, THE CASHIER'S GONE.

Men with checks and greenbacks, boys and women too,
Haste to where the teller winks his eye,
Gleaming in the future, when the times are blue,
They will have a nest of eggs laid by,
Little do they fancy that it won't be long
Ere their hopes will all be overthrown,
And in pain and sorrow they will sing this song:
Empty is the bank, the cashier's gone!
Close the door and shutters, put away the key;
Let the swindled people growl and groan,
All the funds are scattered, far as they can be;
Empty is the bank, the cashier's gone!
Round a lengthy table, in a quiet room,
Sit the bank directors in a row,
All their solemn faces dark with care and gloom,
Hearing what it breaks their hearts to know—
Fearing of the millions none shall see again,
Sighing that for years was going on;
And their voices faintly sound the sad refrain:
Empty is the bank, the cashier's gone!
Guardians and widows, orphans with their all,
Wonder why directors are so blind,
They alone are free from bitter weep and pain,
Whose accounts are always overdrawn;
All the others wail how the sad refrain:
Empty is the bank, the cashier's gone!
Close the door and shutters, put away the key;
Let the swindled people growl and groan,
All the funds are scattered, far as they can be,
Empty is the bank, the cashier's gone!

IRELAND.

Having published some articles from the Toledo Blade on the situation in Ireland, which were not very complimentary to the British Government, we have been requested to give place to the following from the American "Puck":
The Irish have talked more and done less than any other people on the face of the earth. For centuries they have bragged to the whole world of their courage, their wit, their cleverness, their good nature. At the present day, what do we find them? A discontented, idle, debt-ridden, and dissipated lot. Discontented with the government which protects them, that makes them every concession within its power, that treats them with a forbearance unexampled in the records of politics. Idle—for with thousands of hands strong for the work of the anvil, the plough and the loom, their broad land has neither commercial nor agricultural importance save for a few cities where English capital and English custom have built up trade. Dishonest, because, when a famine comes upon them, they make it an excuse for not paying the money they owe.
When we say dishonest, we mean to use the word in its fullest and fairest meaning. Ireland lives only through England's pride and courage and military skill. If England had not fought for herself and for her own on a hundred battle-fields, Ireland would be the helpless dependency of some continental power. Irishmen to-day talk of tyranny. What is the equitable, even indulgent government of England to the despotism which Austria or Russia have exercised over the nations they have conquered? Let the disaffected Irishman ask this question in Lombardy or in Poland. Ireland belongs to England. The Irish have no more right to ask for recognition as an independent nation than our Indians have to set up a government for themselves on the lands that are our property. The memory of history runs not to the time when Ireland had a government sufficiently strong or sufficiently stable to make her respected among the nations of the earth. When the Irishman talks of his lost freedom he recalls only the system of slavery under the reign of barbarian kings. The country was conquered, and finally conquered, centuries ago, as Scotland and Wales were conquered. It could not be otherwise. This island hand's breadth of sea-girt land could not hold three kingdoms. Scotland and Wales long ago accepted the situation, made the best of it, and joined their forces with the greater force to make as strong a country as the world has ever known.
Only Ireland, in its unproductive wilderness, stood apart and waged a ceaseless and unending warfare against the great nation that, in conquering a wild land, made its people partners in its own greatness and glory. Ireland would not work with the rest, she would only beg (for to beg she was not ashamed), and bite the hand that gave. Since the time she found a master, she has sat apart from other peoples, wrapping herself in the mantle of her poverty, accepting every gift and cursing the giver. She has contributed nothing to the national prosperity. If she has not benefited by it, it has been because she would not stretch out her hand. She has posed before the world as a picturesque martyr. She has done nothing, and she has asked everything. And, to it is noted, the ill-fated Ireland is in question of disaffection or discouragement. Irishmen have rarely done any work, even in this free country, to improve their social condition. We have found them useful in building railroads, in digging canals, and laying sewer-pipes. Whenever they have risen above this level, it has been only to maladministrate the government of some hapless town or city that had fallen into their clutches. They are too lazy, too lacking in pluck, even to fight. A handful of friendless, helpless, hopeless Cubans waged for years a war against Spain which should have enlisted all the nations of the earth in their cause. But the Irishman hides behind a fence and shoots his landlord in the back. This is his idea of courageous warfare.
But, the Irishman tells us he is a fighter—he fights fairly on the open battle-field. Well, suppose he were to fight? Where is he?

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

There is no more sweeter repast than that which is purchased by labor.

Those are the Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to be continually censuring others.

Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in—here.

Neither a man nor a woman is entirely safe until he or she can endure blame and receive praise without excitement.

The chief properties of wisdom are: to be unafraid of things past, a refusal of things present, provision of things to come.

The universal heart of men blossoms down. He has wreathed them around the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of quietude.

Simplicity of manner is the last attainment. Men are very long afraid of being natural, for the dread of being taken for ordinary.

Dreams may serve as monitors, by indicating our present moral state, but must not be relied upon as forecasting future events.

Those are mock gentilefolks who make their faults to others and to themselves; the true know them perfectly and acknowledge them.

Wounds and hardships prove our courage, and when our fortunes are at the lowest, our wits and minds are commonly at the best.

The man whose thoughts, motives, aspirations and feelings are all devoted to himself is the poorest of judges as to the effect of his own action on other men.

Regarded simply as a gratification and a source of pleasure, good books are more valuable than all the luxuries that wealth can procure to gratify the most fastidious physical taste.

Adhere rigidly and unflinchingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage.

Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which, being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other.

EATING BEFORE SLEEPING.

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep on an empty stomach. The brute creation resents all efforts to coax them into a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he sleeps over until he needs another. The horse will pay all night in the stable, and the pig will squeal in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed.

The animals which chew the cud have their own provisions for a late meal just before dropping off to their nightly slumbers.

Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only by long years of practice. As he comes into the world with a full stomach, he must first learn to sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber.

Purgative or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of minstrelsy in a celestial choir can sing a baby to sleep on an empty stomach.

We use the oft-quoted illustration, "sleep as sweetly as an infant," because this slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. The sleep which comes to adults long after partaking of food and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, is not after the type of infantile repose. There is all the difference in the world between the sleep of refreshment and the sleep of exhaustion.

To keep well the blood that swells the veins in the head during our busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume behind the body that lately throbbled with such violence. To digest well, this blood is needed at the stomach, and nearer the fountains of life. It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of this mutual relation. The drowsiness which always follows the well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this interdependence.—New York Journal of Commerce.

A curious case of spontaneous combustion occurred at the residence of Joshua Barker, the other day. He was sitting near the couch upon which his little girl, who had been lately burned, was lying, when she suddenly cried out in accents of alarm, that she was burning. Without the slightest idea of the truth, but merely to pacify her, she was carefully raised, in order to change her position, when to the alarm and amazement of the family, the bedding underneath her, was found to be on fire. Investigation proved that the feathers of the pillow on which she had been lying had become matted and saturated with the oil used in dressing her burns, and the heat of her fever-billed body had caused them to ignite. Fortunately discovery in time prevented any injury to the child; but it is a lesson to all who may chance to have the care of invalids similarly situated.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Riggs & Miller.

A MISSING POET.

The Reception of a Lady Met at the Hands of the Wrong Editor.

"Do you ever print poetry in the Tribune?" asked a young lady as she came into the editorial-room yesterday afternoon.

"I suppose," continued the young lady, "that the literary editor for the Tribune should apply for information, but I thought perhaps some of the other gentlemen in his might tell me."

The horse reporter, who had been compiling some exciting statistics regarding the number of animals that had trotted in 230 during the past season, abandoned his fascinating pursuit, and after indicating to the poet by the wave of his hand that she might follow to occupy a chair, spoke as follows:

"In answer to your question, Miss, I may say that not only does poetry sometimes appear in this paper, but that we now have on our staff of contributors some of the most gifted songsters that the Golden West has produced, and that they are allowed to trill their melodies for the benefit of our readers every Saturday evening. We aim to afford all persons who feel within their minds the stirring of a flood of metrical melody an opportunity of depicting in vivid word-pictures the beautiful images that fancy has limned with delicate touch upon the rose-tinted chambers of the imagination. It matters not whether the horny fist of the sweat-crowned son of toil or the dainty fingers of a patrician maiden guides the pen which gives expression to these thoughts—all are alike welcome. From out this stately chimney that fancy has limned with delicate touch upon the rose-tinted chambers of the imagination. 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