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The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIV. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, FEBRUARY 4, 1871: NO. 5.

HELMBOLD'S COLUMN.

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15th, 1868.

Allow me to call your attention to my

Preparation of Compound Extract Buchu.

The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu vacuo. Juniper berries, by distillation to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small portion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle,) leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœa, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exist. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

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With a feeling of confidence,
I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist, of
16 Years' Experience.

(From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World)

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In all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and order, "immediate" in action, and more strengthing than any of the preparations of Bark and Iron.

Those suffering from broken-down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

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SELECT POETRY.

ODE TO THE GOOSE.

The eagle, sov'reign of the skies,
Let others sing, with praise profuse,
More justly shall my lay arise,
In greatful homage to the goose.

Did flesh of eagle ever graze
A feast throughout the whole year's cycle?
While goose at Christmas holds proud place,
And favor finds with great St. Michael.

And was't the bird of Jove whose crie
Saved Jove's own temple from the foe?
No; 'twas the goose that made the noise,
And let Rome's guards the danger know.

So, thus, the goose high place may claim
In cause domestic or heroic
In this she holds a classic fame,
In that her claim might move a stoic.

In soaring contest for the sky
The eagle easily would beat her,
But goose, in question of "supply,"
Would win—majorities would eat her!

The eagle has a bolder heart
And wing, to scorn the hunter's quiver,
But, oh, upon the other part,
Just think upon the goose's liver.

Could Strasbourg hold her point of pride
Upon the apex of her steeple?
No! PATE FOIE GRAS has e'er supplied
Her source of glory to those people.

And then the dinners; "greatly daring,"
Who gorge on goose at mighty feast,
And prove (for decency uncaring)
A bird can make a man a beast.

And after the profuse repast,
Whose feathers make the needful bed?
And (on the pliant pillow cast)
Whose down supports the aching head?

Why, thine, brave goose, whose double dower
Of savory meat and ample feather
Supplies, in plentitude of power,
The ailment and the cure together

So let the goose be honor'd all
Throughout the future, past, and present
And ever grace my Christmas hall!
[Unless some friend shouldsend a pheasant]

SELECT READING.

THE OILED FEATHER.

"Come, bring the oil flask, there's a pet," said Samuel Parsons to his wife, as he finished screwing on a new lock to his front door. Sam, of course, needen't have said, "there's a pet," unless he liked; but he used to think that it was a grate shame that women were called all sorts of pretty names before they were married, but none afterwards. "I say," says Sam, "many of the poor creatures are cheated with them pretty names; poor folks! they think they'll always get them, but they become mighty scarce after the finger is in the ring." We don't mean to tell all the names Sam called his wife before they were married; but now he called her "pet," and as soon as she heard the word, she threw down her duster on the chair, and sped off to the kitchen after the flask. The flask had a feather in it, as such flasks generally have, and Sam taking the said feather between his forefinger and thumb, oiled the key of the street door right well, and then locked it a dozen times. At first it went stiff and required some strength of the wrist to turn it; but as it was worked to and fro, and as the oil began to make its way into the wards, it worked more and more easilly, until at last, Tommy, Sam's little son, who was standing by, was able to turn it almost with a touch; and then Sam pronounced that it would do.

The operation finished, Sam thought he'd just give his knife a touch of the end of the feather; less than a drop out of the flask would do, just a mere touch—that was all it wanted, and presently to young Tommy's great delight, his father made the blade go up and down, click, click. Tommy evidently approved of the result, for he began to click with his tongue and the roof of his mouth, in imitation; and how long he might have delayed his father, we can't tell, if it were not that Mrs. Parsons caught him up in her arms and made off with him; she called Tommy a "saucy rougue," and kissing him all the way, and he on his part click, clicking as though his mouth were a clatter shop, and you were opening and shutting every knife in the establishment.

Some persons might think that Sam Parsons had done enough in the oiling way for one day; but there was one thing more to do and then he would be quite ready to take his potatoes to market. One or two of the wheels of his wagon had been a trifle creaky, and so he took the grease and gave them a touch of its contents. You could have rolled all he put into them into the size of a couple of marbles, but it was quite enough; the wheels gave over their creaking. If the old proverb be true, "Silence gives consent," no doubt they approved of what Sam had done.

"Now, then, I'm off to market," said Sam. "Good-by, Jenny pet." Didn't the cunning fellow oil his wife's temper and even almost her very joints, for her day's work when he called her that little name?

"Good by, Tommy, my darling." Oh you cunning man, there you are with your oiled feather again; for, when Tommy was naughty, and his mother reminded him she must tell his father when he came home, and "father would be sorely grieved if his darling was naughty," wasn't Tommy good! for, a child though he was, he was able to reason thus much in his own mind. Tommy is father's darling, and he won't vex him; darlings ought not vex those who love them.—Never mind, good reader, if there's a flaw in the logic, nursery logic is sometimes very funny reasoning, but it answered the purpose; naughty Tommy became good, and click-clicked about the house as merry as a cricket, instead of sprawling and bawling on the ground; and all because his father happened to call him "darling" before he went out.

"I say, Polly," said Sam Parson to his one servant maid, as he left the house, "don't forget to clean up those irons, if you can manage it, there's a good lass; you'll find the oil flask hanging behind the kitchen door." And so, with a cheerful smile on his countenance, Sam Parson took his departure for market. Ah! cunning Sam; before he went he oiled his wife and child, and now he oiled his servant maid; and when he turned his back upon his own door, he left smiling faces, and glad hearts behind him, and I warrant he found them all smiling to receive him when he came home. * * * *

"I have great faith in oil," said Sam Parsons; "I oil almost everything; this very morning I oiled the lock of my street door, and my penknife, and greased my wagon wheels, and I oiled my wife and child; and gave the servant maid a touch too; and I tell you what it is, neighbor Joe, I slip along pleasantly, where I find many others sticking fast."

"Rusty Joe's" torn nail seemed to give him a fresh twinge when the penknife was spoken about; and so the wife; his conscience reminded at him how bearishly he behaved to her at breakfast.

"What do you mean by oiling your wife, man?" said "Rusty Joe," rather tartly, "you haven't been sneaking, have you, and knocking under to a woman?" and "Rusty Joe" edged away from "Polished Sam's side, as though he were near some slimy serpent.

"No, indeed," answered Sam, "I've not been knocking any way, neither over nor under; but I just gave her and the bantling a loving word before I started from home; and I said a kind word to the lass, to cheer her up through her work for the day, and for the matter of that, I gave the old apple woman a touch of my oiled feather too; few people say kind words to her, and so I did, and I dare say it helped her through the day too! I wouldn't cringe to any one living," continued "Polished Sam," "not to the Queen hersell; but to cringe is one thing to be civil, respectful and loving, according as the case requires, is another I never knew ill to come of it, and I've often known good. Yes neighbor, I've known the good of it in my own house, over and over again. There's my Jenny you don't know the work there's in that little creature; bless you, she'd work her sell to the finger bone if you give her a kind word; I knew her to sit up seven nights with me, without taking off a stitch of her clothes, that time I broke my leg; and when I said to her one morning as the day was braking, and I looked at her red eyelids, 'Jenny, my darling, I can never pay you for all this," she laughed and said, "Why, Sam" how can you tell such a story? you've paid me now.'

"Paid you, my wife what do you mean?"

"Did'nt you say 'my darling?'

"To be sure I did," said I.

"Well, wasn't that payment *to a woman's heart?*"

"And she looked so earnestly like at me that I felt the tears come in my eyes. Oh neighbor, I couldn't say it as she said it, for these women have a way of speaking that don't belong to the men. Sometimes I think there's a kind of pipe that makes music in their throats; but ever since that day I've been ten times as loving as I was before; and I try to say a kind word, not only to Jonny, but to every one I meet. I believe neighbor," continued Sam, "that women are of that nature, that they'll do anything for love no use of our driving them: or scolding and ordering and banging about; that only makes slaves of them, but give them a little love, and they'll do wonders."

As sam Parson's found that his neighbor was listening, he was engaged to go on, even though he received no answer. And I do the same, said Sam "by every girl that comes to service to me. Servants are made of the same stuff as their mistresses; they all have hearts, and the same kind of oil will reach them all."

Thus discoursing, Sam Parsons arrived at his own farm yard. There was Jenny, his wife ready to meet him with a kiss; and there was Tommy, who received his father with a click, click, leaving it as a matter of speculation as to whether it had not been clicking ever since the morning until now. And there was Polly, the servant maid, standing close to the irons, which shone as they were fresh from the shop; she hoped they'd catch her master's eye, as she knew she'd get a kind word. And when Sam went into his sitting room, there he saw a great heap of stockings that Jenny had been darning; and when Sam sat down to his tea, there was a pie that Jenny had made; and if he had been a little boy instead of a grown man, he certainly would have patted his chest and smacked his lips, and so expressed his opinion that you would think that Sam Parsons had oiled the pie, so smoothly did each piece slip down his throat, for he was at peace with Jenny, his wife, Tommy, his son, and Polly the servant-maid. Good humor promotes digestion, and our readers will be glad to hear that Sam slept well upon that good supper, and had pleasant dreams, and woke up refreshed, to be happy, and make others happy all day long.

☞ "Profunnissimus" is getting up a catechism for the benefit of the rising generation, from which we give a few extracts.

Whom did Adam marry, and when did he marry her? One *Eve.*

What was the bridal dress? *Barely* nothing.

Not even a ribbon? No, for she had no need of one, she was a *rib-bone* herself.

When Adam and eve was in the gardening business, at what time did they commence picking apples? In the *Fall.*

What was the first step they took in the sugar business? Raising *Cain.*

Why did not Cain make good sugar? Because he wasn't *Abel.*

Spirit, as well as sugar, comes from cane; what evil resulted from this Cain's spirit? Abel got *sleeved:*

What reason have we to suppose that Cain also sleeved? He went immediately to the land of *Nod.*

Who was the wisest man? *Knower.*

What did he know? He knew enough to go in out of the rain.

"Teddy, me boy, jist guess how many cheeses there is in this ere bag, an' faith I'll give you the whole five." "Five," said Teddy. "Array, by my soul, bad luck to the man that told ye!"

"I sat me down in thought profound;
This maxim wise I drew,
It's easier for to like a girl
Than to make a girl like you."

ORIGINAL MATTER.

Written for the Gazette.

ABOVE.

BY RAYAH.

Above—above! What magic in that word,—what thoughts fill the soul as we contemplate the glories of the world above us,—as we think of the blood washed and of Him who sitteth upon the throne forever! Above is the Celestial City, and from its pearly gates, smiling countenances of loved ones, gone before, beam continually upon us, urging us on in the weariesome journey of life; reminding us that although thorns beset our path-way, yet flowers of sweet perfume and unfading beauty are at the end of the journey;—reminding us of mansions above prepared by Hands Eternal, of the holy and happy who tread its streets of gold, and of the vast company who had gone up out of great tribulation.

In that heavenly place are those from whom we long since parted,—for whom we shed the bitter tear and heave the heart drawn sigh. Having passed from earth to glory, they unite with other thousand voices in singing praises to God and the Lamb forever. Above all is joy, peace and love; no sin can enter its sacred domains to disturb the rest or mar the enjoyment of the redeemed ones; no note of discord grates upon the ears of its blessed inhabitants, but sweet vespers are wafted throughout its heavenly courts, and triumphant praises resound from arch to arch.

Who is it that does not long to partake of pleasures above? Who that does not sigh for the happiness belonging to glorified saints in Paradise? and who that should not endeavor while life and health are free to prepare for that happy place where sorrow cannot come!

'Anticipate heaven, it will sweeten those hours
When sorrows all round you appear;
Will strew all the road to Mount Zion with flowers,
And gild the dark valley you fear.'

This truth beautifully expressed should teach us to look beyond the vanities of earth to the unchanging beauties of the world above where we may bask in the sunshine of God's eternal glory.

Sometimes in imagination I see the sweet face of a long-lost sister, among the redeemed above, and as I become wrapt in these fancies, it seems I hear her say,

This is a shore of better promise, sister dear!
O may it be your happy lot to meet me here,
When the long Sabbath of the tomb is past,
And Christ with all His Saints shall meet at last.

She was the darling of our household; when she left us the sunshine which her merry smiles occasioned faded out, and we knew that our lost treasure had gone to join the choir above; and now stands with harp in hand among the redeemed around the Great White Throne. She is now a child in Glory, and awaits the time when we shall all be reunited to part no more forever. Above, the Sun, Moon and Stars is the land which flourishes with fruits and flowers celestial, where

"Rivers of pleasure unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord, is the feast of the soul."

TAKE IT OUT IN TRADE.—A lathy looking fellow entered a down-east restaurant, and ordered a double stew of oysters. The man who kept the resturant was a small, red-headed individual, evidently very high tempered. He prepared the stew in quick time, and the lathy fellow sat down to his repast, and ate with enviable relish; after which he selected a first-class cigar, regaled himself with a mug of foaming ale, sitting with his feet elevated upon the top of the stove. He was very deliberate and self-possessed. After the cigar had almost disappeared in smoke, he called for his bill.

"Sixty-five cents," said the proprietor.

"How is this?" asked the lath.

"Fifty cents for the double stew, and fifteen cents for the cigar."

"You forgot the ale," remarked the lathy fellow, looking quite serious.

"Ah, yes, that is ten cents more—seventy-five cents."

"Well, I am ready to pay it."

The red headed man made no reply, and the fellow kept his seat.

"I tell you I am ready to pay the bill."

"Well, pay it then," said the proprietor.

"I ain't got any money."

"Hain't got any money!" repeated the man of refreshments;

"Not a darn'd cent."

The red headed man opened his eyes.

"Then how do you expect to pay the bill?"

"Well, I'll tell you—I'll stand about seventy-five cents worth of your jaw—so go ahead."

The red headed man was the maddest individual ever seen. He seized the nutcracker and let it fly at the offender with a will; but it only hit the chair back and broke its own handle.

The lathy fellow had gone. He vacated his seat at the nick of time, and the last seen of him he was walking very leisurely down the street finishing his cigar.

☞ Freddy, a fair-haired youngster of four summers, the other day after being for some time lost in thought, broke out thus, addressing his father—

'Pa, can God do anything?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Can He make a two years old colt in two minutes?'

'Why,' said the astonished parent, 'he would not like to do that, Freddy.'

'But if he did want to, could he?' insisted Freddy.

'Yes, certainly, if he wished to.'

'What, in two minutes?'

'Yes, in two minutes.'

'Well, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?'

The old gentleman collapsed.

"Pa," said a little fellow as he looked up in his father's face, "papa, does the logwood they put in the wine give it its red color?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, papa, is it the logwood in the wine that makes your nose so red?"

"Hush your nonsense, child; here, Betty, get a candle, and put this child to bed."

POLITICAL.

The Future of the Republican Party.

By Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Vice President of the United States.

To all "the prophets of evil," who assume or predict that the great party which won the three last Presidential campaigns, and has controlled the National House of Representatives during fourteen out of the last sixteen years, is destined to pass away before the next election, and to be succeeded by some new organization, I answer that it is impossible. Politicians did not create it, for it rose into power by a spontaneous movement of the people. It has fearlessly confronted issues before which all other parties have quailed. It has gone forward, from one issue to another, with the buoyant, healthy, elastic step of patriotic progress. It has written a history for itself, and for the nation as well, which has no parallel in the annals of parties in the whole civilized world. It has maintained its predominance through canvasses of national despondency, as in 1862, and canvasses of political disaffection, as in 1870. It is the hope to-day of the million who dread the results of a victory won by those who ruled the Democratic National Convention of 1868.—It is anchored in the affections of those who rejoice over what it has done for the nation, and they will not allow it to die.

But in various quarters is heard the cry, "It has performed its mission, and a new party is therefore inevitable."—Precisely such an assumption fell from the lips of Andrew Johnson, in the summer of 1865, when he had resolved on that treachery to the party that had elevated and honored him which became so manifest the succeeding winter. His argument was that, the rebellion having been crushed and slavery destroyed, the work of the Republican party had ended, and new political combinations became a necessity. The Philadelphia Convention of the next year was the result of this pronunciamento, To it came, in person or by letter, Senators, Cabinet Ministers, Representatives, editors, ex-Governors, ex-Ambassadors, prominent office-holders, etc., who had stood high in the confidence of the Republican party, wielding, as they supposed, sufficient political and personal influence to make their wishes good. Indeed, such an exodus would have been more than sufficient to shatter any of the parties of the olden time. But when the contest came at the polls, the grand and patriotic Republican party proved to be stronger than ever. Men calling themselves leaders had left it: but they had no followers.—The people stood firm and steadfast.

This noble organization has proven, too, since 1865, that its work, even of that era, was by no means done when Mr. Johnson and his friends were so willing to pronounce its funeral farewell, and bury it from the sight of men.

Some of its proudest triumphs for the nation and its own history have been won since the close of the rebellion. Not hastily, and sometimes after months of consultation and debate—sometimes, too, without the hearty concurrence, at the outset, of all its representative men—it has gone forward in its work of national regeneration, of humanity and justice and equal rights, often defying the prejudices of generations, often risking political defeat, but ever animated, inspired and strengthened by the right, until it has achieved results that five years ago would have been deemed impossible. Let us groupe together briefly its advancing steps during the past decade. In 1860 it only struck at slavery extension. In 1862, amid political reverses, it hazarded even its political existence by standing with its great leader on the platform of his immortal Proclamation of Emancipation. In 1864 it demanded the extinction and perpetual prohibition of slavery by an indisputable constitutional amendment. It 1866, it rose in its demands and planted itself on the Civil Rights bill, and it also organized a Freedman's Bureau, for the protection of the millions it had enfranchised, regardless of all clamor as to its cost to the Treasury. In 1867 it advanced still further, and demanded that equality under the law, the validity of the war debt, the utter illegality of the rebel debt, and other essential provisions should be forever fixed in our National Constitution. And in 1869 it resolved that the ballot should be made, by that Constitution, the protector of all men in our land—the poor as well as the rich, the humble as well as the strong, the black as well as the white.

An organization that has thus proved its ability to confront and settle such progressive issues as the necessity of the times or its duty to the nation required, and that has won these victories over the powerful opposition of a party that had for so many years dominated in our land, is not to be cast aside as effete and incapable until it has had time to grapple with newer issues, as they are similarly developed and rise into national importance. And the people who have given it its strength and power, (I mean the people at large) will not be driven from its support by hostile clamors or criticisms any more than they were in 1865 and 1866. Precisely as was the case then, the only persons who talk of the disintergration of the Republican party are those who have been diligently striving to disintegrate it, and with whom "the wish is father of the thought."

What wiser, better platform can be devised for the present time than this terse, compact, irrefutable one embodied in the conclusion of President Grant's last Message?

1. Thorough enforcement of every law
2. Faithful collection of every tax.
3. Economy in disbursement.
4. Prompt payment of every debt of the nation.
5. Reduction of taxes as rapidly as the requirements of the country will admit.
6. Reduction of taxation and tariff, to be so arranged as to afford the greatest relief to the greatest number.
7. Honest and fair dealing with all other peoples, that war, with all its blighting consequences, may be avoided, but without surrendering any right or obligation due to us.
8. Reform in the treatment of Indians, and in the whole civil service of the country.
9. Securing a pure, untrammeled ballot, where every man entitled to cast a vote may do so just once at each election, without fear of molestation or proscription on account of his political faith, nativity or color.

Is it not a striking fact that, out of all our forty millions of people, no critic has been found, of any party, who has attempted to antagonize a single one of these nine points embodied in the President's platform?

But there are other and vital reasons for the maintenance of the unity and power of the Republican party. It alone prevents the Democratic party from wielding the authority and controlling the legislation of the nation. Is any warning needed to prove the necessity of this, more than the whole public see whenever the hope of a Democratic triumph revives? The demands of those who were found to be in the ascendant when the reunited Democratic party met in National Convention in 1868 are not forgotten. With their party in power, especially if that victory was largely achieved by Southern electoral votes, the mastery as to its policy would be with them, as of old. Was not the Democratic success in New York last November followed by renewed outrages of midnight assassins in Kentucky, which the whole land hoped had ended, but which were so infernal that its Governor was compelled to brand them as disgraceful to the State, and to offer large rewards for the discovery and punishment of the offenders. Was not the Democratic victory in North Corolina followed by the prompt election to the Senate of its Rebel Governor during the war, whose disabilities had not been removed, when there were thousands of other Democrats who were eligible? Was not the next step the impeachment of the Republican Governor of the State by the Democratic Legislature? And does any one, in any party, believe for a moment that this would have been attempted if he had not striven to protect the poor and the humble from outrage, floggings and murders, and to punish their oppressors? Does any one believe that anything saves the Republican Governor of Georgia from the same Democratic discipline, since the Democratic victory in that State, but the fact that the term of but half the State Senators has expired? Are not the well-known resolutions recently offered by Southern Democrats, in both branches of Congress, most significent indications?

What preserves the Republic from the rule of the Democratic party, which contains these elements within it, is the continued powes of the Republican party.—And it is because the voting masses of this patriotic organization, who, without the lead of politicians created it, realize that it was a reform party at its birth, and has been a reform party during all its existence, and has carried through more vital reforms than all other parties in our century of national life, and can elaborate and consummate all needed reforms in the future as their necessity becomes apparent, that they intend to win another triumph for it and its standardbearers in 1872. However the President, its successful candidate in 1868, may be criticised or attacked, I believe him stronger with the people at large than he was when thus chosen. Then there were fears with some that, though a Republican, he might not be in its advanced line. Who fears it now? Some doubted whether, with a life spent in armies and all his fame won there, he might not be too quick in pushing international questions to a warlike settlement. Let his stand in regard to Cuban intervention, despite his personal sympathies with that struggling people, prove how these doubts have been dispelled.

But I must not trespass on your space. I agree thoroughly with George W. Curtis, who, unaddicted as he is to over-praise, declares in *Harper's Weekly* that:

It is long since ther has been so pure an administration as that of General Grant, or one more sincerely and unostentiously devoted to the public welfare."

And this fuller expression of Colonel Slack, of the Boston *Commonwealth*, is as just as it is tersely expressed:

"His ever kind allusions to the Indian and negro, his recognition of all classes of our people, reception of the ambassadors of the humbler and often despised nationalities, his reform of the Indian and civil service, his desire for the relief of the people from pecuniary burdens the greater economy and system insisted upon in all departments, his own quiet and unostentatious demeaner, equally with that of his family, his evident sincerity of purpose and sole ambition to do well by his country, have endeared him to the hearts of the people; and he sadly mistakes who believes that the criticisms that have been made upon his official conduct have to any perceptable degree lessened his hold upon the affections and support of the great mass of the people."

With such a record, and on the platform already written by the President's hand with whatever additions the intervening two years may prove essential to the national weal, General Grant (with some one of the many prominent Republicans East or South, whom all confide in and will delight to honor, associated with him) will, I sincerely believe, lead the Republican phalanx, as he has often led those under his banner, to a signal and auspicious victory. And it will be a victory that will gain stability and rest to the country, by ending forever as it will, all hopes of a Democratic reaction against the results of the war as embodied in our Constitution and laws.

☞ "Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look dow in the mouth?"

"Well, Peter, I dare say if you'd went through what I have you'd look bad too."

"what's the matter?"

"Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter? I discarded her last night."

"You did! What for?"

"Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl thal would treat me in that way."

"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, poor little thing! it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had our doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leached its tempels, had it bled, and gave it all kinds of medicines, and yet after a week's illness it died."

HUMOROUS.

From the Western Rural.

FARMER SLACK.

BY O. HOWE GREEN.

O Farmer Slack! O Farmer Slack!
Your pigs are buried 'neath a stack;
Your sheep have gorged themselves with corn
Your cows have got the hollow horn.

Run, Farmer Slack! Run for your life!
Run, save your children and your wife;
Run! run to save your house on fire;
The flames are mounting ever higher.

O Farmer Slack, you pay too dear—
Why don't you keep your chimney clear?
Green wood will make more soot than dry;
Then cut your wood and "lay it by."

Why, Farmer Slack, where is your plow?
Keeled up beside the fence, I trow;
Your rake and reaper, both are out,
Why! Farmer, what are you about?

Now, Farmer Slack, don't blame the times;
You can't expect to make "the dimes;"
Your energies have all been bent
To pay the weather ten per cent!

A French Story.

In 1769 a gentleman was passing, late at night, over Point Neuit, Paris, with a lantern. A man came to him and said:

"Read this paper."

He held his lantern and read as follows:

Speak not a word when you this read,
Or in an instant you will be dead!
Give up your money, watch and rings,
With other valuable things—
Then quick, in silence, you depart,
Or, I with a knife will cleave your heart!

Not being a man of much pluck, the affrighted gentleman gave up his watch and money and ran off. He soon gave the alarm, and the highwayman was arrested.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the magistrate before whom the robber was arraigned.

'That I am not guilty of robbery, though I took the watch and money.'

'Why not guilty?' asked the magistrate.

'Simply because I can neither read nor write. I picked up that paper just at the moment I met this gentleman with a lantern. Thinking that it might be something valuable, I politely asked him to read it to me. He complied with my request, and presently handed me his watch and purse and ran. I supposed the paper to be of great value to him, and he had thus liberally rewarded me for finding it. He gave me no time to thank him, which act of politeness I was ready to perform.'

The gentleman accepted the plea of the robber, and withdrew his complaint.

American Hyperbole.

A naughty little book has just come over from London entitled "Reminiscences of America by Two Englishmen," which describes the manner in which the twain rippled through the country, what they saw in the country, and what they heard in the streets. As instances of the "hyperbole" of the country they recorded the following:

In describing the large trees of the Yosemite Vally, one said that it "took two men and a boy to see the top of them:" One being asked by a friend if he saw a certain mosquito on the weather-vane of the State House (!) at St. Louis, answered, "Yes, I see it winking." A third, in describing the prices of carriages at Niagra, asserted that the "hack fares are so high that the Falls are insignificent by comparison." Another story is related, with the appearance of truth, of a boy who was watching his school-fellows as they snow-balled an old gentleman's windows. The old gentleman rushed out of his house determined if possible to inflict a severe corporal punishment on the offender, saying when he caught the boy, "Now you rascal, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!" Accordingly he began to beat him, when the boy immediately commenced laughing and continued until the old gentleman stopped beating him, with the exclamation, "Boy what are you laughing at?" "Well," said the boy, "I'm laughing because *you* are awfully sold: *I ain't the boy!*"

NOT UP IN THE CLASSICS.—It is no sin not to be well up in the classics. 'Liakim Dutton was not. But he loved the American fair. In fact he loved two of them. Those two felt emotions of love toward 'Liakim. And they quarreled about him like two Kilkenny pussies.—Consequence was, all three were brought into court. 'Liakim, being the cause of the struggle, was thus addressed by his Honor:

'And so those women were fighting about you?'

'I believe so, Sir.'

'You are a sort of Adonis, then?'

'Sir,' inquired 'Liakim, his eyes protruding, and a shade of pallor creeping into his face.

'You are an Adonis,' the Court repeated.

'Oh, no, Sir—never as bad as that, *but I've been in the penitentiary for stealing horses.*'

A correspondent sends *Every Saturday* what he calls "The True Story of Mary and her Little Lamb," hoping it will take the place of that garbled version which has hitherto been received as authentic:

Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb it would not go.

So Mary took the little lamb
And beat it for a spell;
The family had it fried next day—
And it went very well!

STORY OF AN IRISH ADVOCATE.—He would go on speaking after the learned judge had cautioned him to desist, till at last his irritated Lordship cried, "Sir'tis no use speaking; what you say to me goes in one ear and out the other."

The advocate would not be silenced.

"My lord," he said, "it's no wonder, when there's nothing between 'em to stop it."