The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIV. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, FEBRUARY 25, 1871: NO. 8.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. H. GIBSON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office opposite the M. P. Church.
[mar 16-1y

SAMUEL T. HOPKINS,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE in the New Town Hall Building,
UP STAIRS, (*right hand door:*)
feb 11-1y S J C

BENJAMIN H. HARRINGTON,
ATTORNEY-AT LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER ST.
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot and the adjoining counties.
feb 11-1y

ALLEN E. FORRESTER. ALPHEUS A. TOWNSEND,
(Formerly of Easton Bar.)
Forrester & Townsend
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
Law Buildings,
Cor. LEXINGTON & ST. PAUL STS.,
(Entrance on Lexington St.,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
oct 15-1y

ED. B. BATES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
EASTON, MD.
CLAIMS promptly collected, and REAL ESTATE sold,
Office on Dover street, two doors from the Journal Office. [dec 17

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
EASTON, TALBOT CO., MD.
ESPECIAL attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. Also Surveying in all it branches.
Office on Washington St., two doors South of the M. E. Church. jan 8

Auctioneering.
JAMES A. ROE,
EASTON, MD.,
OFFERS his services as Auctioneer, and will promptly attend sales when over called on. [mar 9-1y

CONSTABLE
AND
AUCTIONEER.
JAMES B. RATHELL, having been appointed Constable in Trappe District, he also offers his services as Auctioneer. Business entrusted to him in either capacity, will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. He will be in Easton every Tuesday
mar 19-1y

EDW. H. ANDERSON,
WATCH-MAKER
AND
Jeweler,
Washington St., 2nd Door from Corner of Dover St., (with Mr. Saml, Patchett.)
WATCHES, Clocks, Jewelry, and Sewing Machines of EVERY make repaired in the best manner at reasonable rates. Terms cash. (jan 21

N. E. NICOLS
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE
Collection of Clims
AND THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE, FERTILIZERS, FARMING MACHINERY, &c.,
EASTON, MD.
REFERENCES:
James Ll. Martin, Easton, Md.
Capt. E. L. F. Hardcastle, " "
Mr. Wm. S. Pawson, Baltimore "
Upshur Lloyd & Bro., " "
Hon. Eli Saulsbury, Dover, Del.
Capt. E. R. Newhard, Allentown, Pa
(mar 28

Plastic Slate Roofing.

THE attention of Carpenters, and those contemplating building new houses or putting new roofs on old ones, is particularly called to the Plastic Slate Roofing, the greatest Roofing Material of the age. For flat roof there is nothing to equal it. It is cheap, ligh and flexible, non-expanding, non-contracting fire-proof, weather-proof and everlasting roofing.

The subscribers are now prepared to put on these roofs at short notice, cheap for cash. Orders addressed to us through the Easton Post Office promptly attended to. For further information respecting the Plastic Roofing, address,
WILLIAM H. DUNCAN.
GEORGE W. DUNCAN.
feb 15 1m

TILE! TILE!

FARMERS, if you would improve your farms, and make good crops, without the expense of buying fertilizer for every season, TILE your land, *especially your low springyand*, It is impossible to make good crops, or to improve land without thorough drainage. This is the season for putting in tile. Every farmer should try a few acres. The expense is trifling in comparison with the advantage gained. Try it.
COOPER & WHITE, EASTON,
Have on hand a large supply of egg shape TILE from 2 to 7 inches, vent, which they are offering cheap.
They also have on hand half a million common and pressed *handmade* BRICK, which they are selling at the lowest market prices.
All necessary information given for putting in tile. Wood taken in trade.
jan 7 1

SAGE, PEPPER, &c.—Freshly powdered Sage, also, Sage in leaf, Black and Red Pepper, and Saltpetre, for sale by
DAWSON & BRO.

SELECT POETRY.

Walpurginacht--Night of First of May.

A GERMAN LEGEND OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

The night draws on, the sun declines behind
the western hills,
And darkening shadows creep along the
sparkling lake and rills;
No sounds are wafted to our ears upon the
rising breeze;
No hopes are brought our troubled minds,
their sorrows to appease,
For stillness reigns in state supreme, no light
not e'en a ray,
Is seen upon this gloomy night, this night
the First of may.

There wildly o'er the Alp-like peaks the
winds are said to rage,
While in their giddy whirling dance the
witches would engage;
There thrilling through the mountain-gaps
their music rose and fell,
Borne onward by the raging winds, down to
some dark lone dell,
And there—*there* its clear, wild echo, would
ring throughout the vale,
Gathering its dying strain, the spirit of the
gale;
And then subside to rise again—again
'twould die away.
Thus, thus it was a night would pass upon the
First of May.

Hush! be still! there comes a sound, that
thrills my throbing heart,
More piercing than the mania's scream, which
makes me forward start;
The voice comes from the mountain tops, that
far above me soar,
And says: that he who fails to rise, will live
to rise no more.
What can it mean, such sounds as these
that fill the mid-night air?
What can it be? some lover's wail, who driven
to despair,
Has come upon the mountain's side, at the
lone hour of night,
To curse the one that he held dear, who,
his fair hopes did blight?
Or can it be some spirit frail, some vision
of the past,
Whose mournful accents, thus are borne upon the rising blast?
I now the mountain's height ascend its meaning to explore,
When, hark! again! again! it comes: 'Who
falls shall rise no more,"
With rapid steps I rush along the mountain's steep ascent,
Whose lofty rocks and yawning gulfs in half
money are blent,
Until I reach the highest top—there all is
light as day,
There phantoms of another world meet on
the First of May.

And there amid the mazy dance, those spirits
whirl'd along,
While o'er the mountain, hill and vale, rang
out their bodeful song,
Whose notes had filled my throbing brain
with feelings of despair,
To hear such tones ring out so plain upon
the mid-night air,
Unheeded sped the fleeting hours, till morning's bright array,
Had robbed the mountain, rocks and me, of
night, the first of May.

SELECT READING.

A Rheumatic Patient.

Well, thin, I tuk a very bad cold as long ago as Saint Patrick's day; and faith, now, and wan't it a hard one? Bother-ation to it—it gave me such a rhematiz in the leg that I couldn't stand up without falling down—and whiniver I walked, faith and 'ouns, I just stood still; and whin I wint to bed, I set up all night.—Well, me old woman docthored me, as she used to do in me own counthry, but a divil a bit the good did it do.

If I was in a free counthry, I could not get freed from the rheumatiz; so I sint for the docthor. An' whin he did come, an' sure thinks I, now I'll be for getting well in less than no time. So he walks up to me, and says he.

"Let's see your tongue."

"Me tongue is it ye'd be afther seeing? Don't you mane the leg, for faith that's what pains me?" says I.

"No; I mane your tongue," says he; "that will indicate the state of your legs."

"The divil it will; what a strange counthry it is." So I put out me tongue, and the docthor said it was a very bad one, entirely.

"And now," says he, "let me have your wrist."

"Me wrist," says I, "don't you mean me knee? for sure nothing is the matter of me wrist."

"No; it's the wrist I want," says he, "to be feeling your pulse."

"Afther feeling for me purse. Ah, ye divil, ye, that is your game," says I.

"Your pulse, not your purse," says he.

So, afther feeling me pulse, as he called it, he said I had the inflammatory rheumatiz, and that I must be bld.—Well, Misther Editor, he bld me, and then he gave me some white powthers to take, and I got worse ivery day of me life. Faith now, I couldn't sthraiten me leg, and me misery was complete, it was. Well, this docthor attended me six months—and I growed worse all the time. So, I tould him not to come any more, for he did me no good. And sure, in less than an hour, he sent in his bill; and, oh, murther! he had charged me one hundred dollars, and all for making me worse. The divil take 'em, says I. It was me purse, afther all, that he wanted. This counthry is most too free for me, faith it is. Well, the blackguard that brought the bill said it must be paid thin, or the docthor would be after getting an execution on everything we had.

"Och; murtheration!" said me ould woman, "is that monster of a doctor going to execute my dear man?" So she ran to the Savings Bank, and was back before she started with the money, and gave it to the blackguard, who made tracks wid it. What a divil of a free country it is thought I—and what free docthors!

Well, Misther Editor, just at this moment, John Carney came in, and tould me there was a place in Salem strate, where they could cure the rheumatiz before a man had it.

"Faith, now, and how are they afther doin' it?" says I.

"They stame it out of 'em," says he.

"I'll be afther trying' it," says I.

So John got a coach and tuk me down there. Well, the Thompsonian docthor tould me I could walk before night.—Divil a bit, says I, for I can't stand on me throtters. We shall see, says he.—So he gave me a cup fulf of stuff to drink, and oh, St. Patrick, wasn't it hot? But this wasn't afther being a beginning.—He then gave me some medicine; an' afther that, he put me in a stame-box and sweat me. Blood and 'ouns, what a stamin' I got. But I felt all the better for it. He then put me in bed, and put a young stambox to me throtters. Then he brought me a cuptull of stuff he called coffee, and said Lobilly was in it.

"What will it be afther doing to me?" says I.

"It will make yez vomit," says he.

"What!" says I, "you don't mane to say I shall vomit up the rheumatiz?"

"I shouldn't wonder," says he. And so I down with it.

"Och, murther! what a dose," says I. "Instid of low-Billy, I think it's high-Jonny, for sure, it's high stuff."

Well, in less than no time, I felt very bad, entirely—just as if I had two Kilkenny cats in me. But afther I vomited freely, I felt like another man. He thin put me in the stame-box agin, and stamed me a few minutes. I then dhressed meself, and as true as I'm an Irishman, I could walk quite aisy—and in a few days I was well entirely. I only had to pay three dollars for being cured. It's a pretty free couhthry, afther all, thinks I. Well, whin I wint home me ould woman didn't know me—and, faith, I hardly knew meself. I was not the same man, at all, I was in the morning—and Bridget could not belave her own eyes. She said she had been afther hearing much about stame, but did not belave before that they could stame a man well in less than no time.

Rev. Mr. Beecher on the Death of Children.

The subjeet of his remarks, the death on children, was suggested by the death of a little child in the family of a member. No person could hear of the simplest announcement of that kind—viz., the death of a pretty babe without being touched, and the heart beating in sympathy with the bereaved parents. It rings like a bell within them, and a thousand hearts within them would say: Suppose it was my little Mary or my little Willy. But it was only by experiencing such losses could the human heart be awakened to an entire condolence. He had remarked the different conduct of parents on such an event. Some, he observed—but they were very few indeed—met the death of a child with great calmness; while others are completely broken down by such an event, and cannot be comforted. And no one, he believed should attemp to console them. He instanced the case of Jesus, who rebuked not the excessive grief of the sisters of Lazarus. Again, he resumed, there was another class of persons who reproach themselves because they don't feel them; though in truth the stroke has paralyzed them for a moment, and temporarily dried up the springs of sorrow. They should not reproach themselves; the mind should not be burdened. It also sometimes happened that parents worked themselves into the belief that something had been done or left undone which led to the untimely cutting off the tender plant.—It was really astonishing what finesse the human heart possesses to inflict new torments upon itself. The speaker considered this very absurd, and simply because there was no reason for blame and censure so long as they had employed the instrumentality given at that moment. Some carry the feeling of bereavement through a lifetime; others only for a comparatively short time. He didn't know if the first class was the happier, and he didn't know whether it was useful to carry this great bereavement beyond the hour in which it ceases to be beneficial to the soul.

As to the effects proceeding from the death of a child, he believed that death is compensated by those who survive.—Did not parents by the loss of one of their dear ones, become more enamored of the rest? Did they not see streaming through their sorrow the light of Heaven and did not their affection for the surviving children become more intense?

Again, children, he believed, were never more with them than when gone to the repose of Heaven, as summer was ever more present to the mind in the dreary days in winter. Everything that was in anywise connected with the dear one departed came rushing back to the memory, and the whole house that once sheltered its beauteous form became infused with the spirit of that child.

An what a change, he resumed, comes over the hardest and closest of hearts when the death of the child is mentioned. One, by the mere allusion to it, can instantly draw the man of businesss into a silent corner of his office, and get him to speak with tears in his eyes about his little babe that was some time ago taken from his household. Parents, moreover, he remarked, could never forget the spirit land whereunto their child has gone, and this wholesum remembrance makes them more dear to God and prepares their souls for his kingdom. That was the experience of himself, who had lost his children or, rather, he should not say lost, for they were but transplantrd. He looked upon the event as a blessing from Heaven, making him a better man, a better citizen and more fitted for his ministry. Whenever he was called upon to assist at the funeral of a child under the parental roof; entering therein, he said to himself that the angel of the lord has been here, and by the seed of sorrow will bring fourth the fruit of righteousness.

☞ Here is a singular sentence:

"Sator arepo tenent opera rotas"

1. This spells backward and forward all the same.
2. Then taking all the first letters of each word spells the first word.
3. Then all the second letters of each word spells the second word.
4. Then all the third; and so on through the fourth and fifth.
5. Then commencing with the last letter of each word spells the last word.
6. Then the next to the last of each word; and so on through.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FARMER JOHN.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound.
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around,"
Up leaps the dog, "Get down, you pup,"
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate, to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears, to meet him;
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I am away?"

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
We'll wean the calf next week,"
Says Farmer John, "When I're been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray;—
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

"For, after all," said Farmer John,
"The best of the journey is getting home!
I've seen great sights—but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels, all bustle and glare;
Land all houses, and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones
Would you old Bay?
Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away!"

"There money is king," says Farmer John;
"And fashion is queen; and its mighty queer
To see how, sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John,
'You see, old Bay—
You see, old Gray—
I'm wiser than when I went away.'

'I've found out this,' says Farmer John,
'That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent.—
But in simple ways, and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and nobleends,
Some lands to till, and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray!
That's what I've learned by going away.'

And a happy man is Farmer John—
O, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light around him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, 'I'll take you too—
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray!
Next time I travel so far away.'

A Thrilling Tale.

Two Hundred Men Adrift on an Ice Floe.

A dispatch dated Pongh-keepsie, New York, February 5th, says:

In Haverstraw Bay, on Saturday, there were about one hundred and seventy fishermen at work with their nets. It was a terrible day. They were scattered all over the river, braving the piercing, cutting wind, intent only upon ending up the week with a 'catch' full of profit and their going home to their families. At half-past four P. M., a cry of terror rang through the crowd, "The ice is moving! Go for the shore!" shouted a burly but pale-faced fisherman, as he hurried along to the westward, and in an instant the wildest excitement ensued. The entire field of ice, embracing the whole channel of Haverstraw bay, was on the move, and carrying with it nearly two hundred human beings. Pikes and nets were dropped, and then there was a rush for safety, while the air was filled with cries for help from the throats of the cut-off fishermen, who could be seen rushing about upon the ice wildly.

In ten minutes after both the western and eastern shores were lined with villagers, who ran wildly about the beach, scarcely knowing what to do. Finally a few of the more cool-headed launched four boats and started on a dangerous voyage of rescue. In the meantime scores of the fisnermen had reached the edge of the nearest shore, and trusting to luck, plunged into the freezing water and reached *terra firma* in safety, covered from head to foot with a thick coating of ice. It was then discovered that nine were left and that the surging tide was swinging the field of ice far out into the river, the Hudson at the point named being extremely wide. Again the boats started to the rescue, but before they reached the frozen island five out of the nine were in the river struggling frantically against death. Just as they were about giving up the boats reached them and they were dragged in completely exhausted, and two of them had fainted. In an instant almost their clothing was frozen stiff, and the towers with great difficulty kept them alive by constant and vigorous rubbing until the shore was reached. As soon as they were landed upon the beach the boats again started for the ice field to rescue the four surviving fishermen, whom they found in a terrible condition, with feet, noses, hands and ears froxen. They had given up all hopes of succor and expected death in a short time.

"Never Mind the Old Lady."

As a "war incident," how is this?—During the troubles, a young Confederate miss was passing through one of the hospitals, when it was remarked that a prisoner, a lieutenant had died that morning.

"O, where is he? Let me see him! Let me kiss him for his mother!" exclaimed the maiden.

The attendant led her into an adjoining ward, when, discovering Lieutenant H., of the Fifth Kansas, lying fast asleep on his hospital couch, and to have a little fun, he pointed him out to the girl.—She sprang forward, and, bending over him said—

"O, you dear Lieutenant, let me kiss you for your mother!"

What was her surprise when the awakened "corpse" ardently clasped her in his arms, returned the salute, and exclaimed—

"Never mind the old lady, miss, go it on your own account. I haven't the slightest objection."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW SLATE.

See my slate! I dot it new,
Cos I b'oke the other,
Put my 'ittle foot wight thro
Runnin' after mother.

I tan make you lots of sings,
Fass as 'on tan tell 'em,
T'e an R's an' big O rings,
Only I tan spell 'em.

I tan make a funny pig,
With his turly tail'y,
'Itle eyes and snout so big,
Pokin' in a pail'y.

I tan make a elephant,
Wid he trunk a hangin';
An' a boy—who says I tan't?
Wid he dun a bangin'.

An' the smote a tummin' out,
(Wid my t'um I do it;
Rubbing all the white about,)
Sparks a-flin' froo it.

Excitement in a Circus.

We have laughed heartily over the following ludricrous story, and would not deprive our readers of the same enjoyment:

A number of years ago, when Michigan was a new country, in Livingston county, of——there lived a family by the name of Clayton, and one called Perkins also, as well as a great many others.

Pete Clayton was a tall, fine looking fellow—a noble specimen of our backwoodsmen—standing six feet two inches in his stockings.

Pete had taken a shine to Miss Sally Perkins, and it was known in fact that they were engaged, but the day when the knot was to be tied had not as yet been divulged.

In the month of August, 1848, June's circus came through their town for the first time, and in fact it was the first circus that had ever passed that way, and there were a great many people that had never seen one. When the important day arrived, the town was filled to overflowing with a motley crowd, of course and every young fellow had his Sal.—Now Pete wanted to get married on the coming Christmas, but Sally wished to have it put off until the next spring.—When the ticket wagon was open the tent was filled in a hurry. Pete and Sally had been looking through the side shows and they were late in getting in, and the performence had already commenced. They walked around the entire ring, trying to find a seat, and although they could seat two thousand people every seat was full.

"Never mind," said Sal, "I'd jest as lief stand up."

But the gallant Pete couldn't think of it and said:

"Wait a minit, I'll get you a chair;" and of he started, leaving Sal alone.

Just at this moment the clown came in, dressed in his usual costume, and dancing around the ring, stopped right in front of Sal and began to sing:

"O, Sally is the gal for me.'

This caused Sal to blush, for she thought that the clown was looking at her. As she stood near the ring, of course she hid the view of those lower seats behind her, and as usual on such occasions, the clown cracks his jokes at the offenders until they take the hint and find a seat, but she said she had rather stand up. At this the clown commenced his jokes, remarking to the ring master:

"There's a chance for me now."

"A chance for you?"

"Yes don't you see that gal has lost her beau, and she is looking at me, I know;" and, turning two or three somersaults, he stopped directly in front of Sal and began to sing:

"O, Sally is the gal for me.
I would have no other.
And if Sal dies to-morrow night,
I'd marry Sally's mother."

This, evidently meant for her, raised Sal's dander, she burst out with.

"I'm the gal for you, am I? Marry my mother would yer? You low livered spotted scum of the earth. If my fellar was here he would wollup you for that I wouldn't stay here another minit—nor neither would any decent people either. Saying which she rushed out of the tent amid roars of laughter.

The clown assuming a comical attitude remarked to the ring master, that his grand mother, too, but that gal beat all his.

At this juncture Pete rushed in, closely followed by Sal, and jumping into the ring he squared off at the clown, and said:

"I'll teach you how to insult any female under my charge!" and let fly at his opponent, and taking him plump in the face, sent him to mother earth, at which he jumped on him and commenced kicking him unmercifully. Sally standing on the outside of the ring, clapped her hands and sung out:

"That's it, Pete, give him jessie, and we'll get married Christmas, sure!"

At this moment the ring master and three or four others caught Pete and commenced to thrash him, when Pete's friends interfered and a general free fight ensued, which completely broke up the circus.

THE COLORED SCHOOLS IN MARYLAND.—The question having been frequently asked whether the colored schools in the several counties of Maryland are entitled to any portion of the public school State tax levied for school purposes, we publish for the information of all interested, the following opinion of I. D. Jones, attorney general for the State, in response to inquiries made by John W. Dougherty, Esq., secretary to the board of school commissioners of Wicomico county:

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 4, 1871.

John W. Dougherty, Secretary Board of School Commissioners Wicomic county:

Dear Sir—In reply to your inquiry whether the negro schools in the several counties are entitled to any portion of the public school State tax, levied for school purposes," I have to state that by section 18 of chapter 311 of the act of 1870, it was provided that "the total amount of taxes paid for school purposes by the colored people of any county, or in the city of Baltimore, together with any donations that may be made for the purpose, shall be set aside for maintaining the schools for colored children."

I am of opinion that this provision includes both State and county taxes levied upon the property of colored people of any county. The mode of ascertaining the amount of such taxes is not specified in the law. The same section provides that the "schools shall be conducted under the direction of the board of county school commissioners," to whom the money arising from the school tax, both State and county, is to be paid. The county school commissioners must, therefore, by the best means in their power what portion of the State and county taxes for school purposes has been paid by the colored people of the county. I suppose this may be done by a resort to the list of taxables and the assessment thereon for school purposes. Very respectfuly and truly.

ISAAC D. JONES.
Attorney General for State of Md.

In speaking of this matter, the Baltimore *Sun* says:—What the present law provides is not all, by no means, that ought to be done in behalf of schools for colord children in the counties. Equal provision to that made in the city of Baltimore for such schools ought to be provided in the counties.

Round Dancing.

MR. EDITOR—I must ask the favor of you to publish the following article.

A MOTHER.

'Please tell me, father, is it a sin to dance the round dances?'

'What am I to understand by round dances?'

'Waltzes, polkas, galops, etc.'

'Describe a gallop.'

'Why, its something like a waltz, only swifter, and the steps are different, and there are several changes as you make the circuit of the room.'

'Alone?'

'By no means; a partner of course.'

'Gentlemen, I presume?'

'Well, yes, gentlemen preferred.'

'Takes the lady by the hand?'

'Not exactly; at least by one hand.'

'And how does he dispose of the other?'

'Well, why,' blushing deeply; 'you know the lady has to be supported, and so her partner just touches her waist lightly.'

'But that would afford no support.'

'Well, she rests on his ar—hand, just a little, father.'

'But then she must have a superfluous hand if he takes but one.'

'Oh, she rests her other hand upon his shoulder—enough to steady herself.'

'But'—very matter of fact—'is that comfortable?'

'Oh, yes, father, very comfortable.'

'If many couples dance at once, I should think there would be danger of their coming in contact.'

'Sometimes, but they recover themselves immediately.'

'And the lady is not thrown away from her partner?'

'Oh, no, he holds her too closely.'

'I think'—taking a pinch of snuff—'I understand now what you mean by a round dance, which I presume you enjoy very much?'

'It is perfectly enchanting! Particularly if the music is fine and one has a good partner.'

'Do you dance with any gentleman who may be introduced? In society there must be some bad men.'

'Well, I'd rather dance with a bad man who is a good dancer, than a good man who is a bad dancer. It don't make much odds about the character of the gentleman, so he is a good dancer. But then, to be sure, I enjoy it a great deal more when I know the gentleman and like him.'

'And you think this is proper and modest and maidenly, to go careering over a ball room floor in the arms of a man whom you might not have known ten minutes previously?'

'Well, no; but it is the custom.'

'Would you permit a stranger entering your father's house to assume the position of a gentleman in the round dance, and conduct you through your parlers?'

'Of course not; that would be shocking.'

'My child, in the eyes of God it is the same.'

Sam Laws on the Hokum Family.

They had a putty hard name them Hokums. How they got a livin' nobody knew, for they didn't seem to pay no attention to raisin' nothin' but children, but the duce knows there was plenty of them. The old hut was like a rabit pen—there was a tow head to every crack and cranny. 'Member what old Caesar said once when the word came to the store that old Hokum had got twins. 'S'pose de Lord know best,' says Caesar, 'but I thought dere was Hokums enough afore.' Wel, even poor workin' industrious folks like me finds it's hard gettin' along when there's so many mouths to feed. Lordy massy, there don't never seem to be no end on't and so it ain't wonderful, come to think on't, if folks like them Hokums gets tempted to help along in ways that ain't quite right. Anyhow folks did use think that old Hokum was too sort o' familiar with their wood-piles 'long in the night, though they couldn't never prove it on him; and when Mother Hokum came to houses round to wash, folks use sometimes use to miss pieces, here and there, though they could never find 'em on her; then they was allers a gettin' in debt here and a-gettin' in debt there.—Why they got to owin' two dollars to Joe Gidger for butcher's meat. Joe was sort o' goodnatured and let'em have meat, 'cause Hokum he promised so far to pay but he couldn't never get it out o' him.—'Member once Joe walked clear up to the cranberry-pond arter that are two dollars but Mother Hokum she see him a comin' jist as he comes past the juniper bush on the corner. She says to Hokum, 'Get into bed, old man, quick, and let me tell the story,' says she. So she covered him up, and when Gidger came in she came up to him and says she. 'Why, Gidger I'm jist ashamed to see ye; why Mr. Hokum was jist a comin' down to pay ye that are money last week, but ye see he was took down with the small-pox—' Joe didn't hear no more; he jist turned round and he streaked it out that are door with his coat-tails flyin' out straight as hind him and old Mother Hokum she jist stood at the window holdin her sides and laughin' fit to split to see him run. That are's jist a sample o' the ways them Hokums cut up.

Old Mother Hokum was a sort of enterprisin' old crittur,—fact she had to be, 'cause the young Hokums was jist like bag-wors,—the more they growed the more they eat, and I expect she found it pretty hard to fill their mouths.

A Rich Scene.

In the Canadian House of Assembly, some time since, they had quite a spirited debate on the bill to prohibit the use of hoops and crinoline, introduced by Mr. Aikens. We publish a few of the most brilliant passages:—

Mr. Drummond was an abundant admirer of hoops from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a child of tender growth, he used to trundle his hoop, all unconscious of the fate that was in store for him. Later in life he swallowed a ring, which resulted in a whooping cough, and even now the sight of an empty hogshead brought tears into his eyes.

Mr. Brown complained that it was impossible to choose a wife, since her defects were so hidden by hoops and enveloped in crinoline that the naked——

Speaker—Order.

Mr. Brown—Mr. Speaker—

Speaker—The honorable gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Brown—But, Mr. Speaker the naked—

Speaker—Hold your tongue, sir.

Mr. Brown—The naked—

Speaker—Upon my soul, Brown, silence, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr Brown—Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said the naked—

Speaker (yelling)—Clear the galleries of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr Brown—In the name of the seventeen grace and fifteen muses, Mr. Speaker, let me explain. I only meant to say that hoops and crinolines had reached to such a rotundity that it was impossible to arrive at the naked—

Speaker (frantically)—Death and blue devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety of—

Brown (wildly)—Truth! truth! truth! Naked truth was what he was going to say.

Mr. Dunbar Ross understood his honorable friend to say that the people could not pass along the streets without being assaulted by highwaymen. Now, surely the honorable member from Lake Ontario could not be aware that the character of every member of the House was effected by such dam—

Mr. Talbot objected to such unparliamentary language.

Mr. Ross protested against interruption. He was going to say dam—

Mr. Cameron—The honorable member *should not swear in that dreadful manner.*

Mr. Ross—Wasn't doing anything of the kind, but would be tempted to do so if not allowed to finish his sentence—but such a dam—[order, order!]—a dam—[confusion]—he would repeat it—by such dam—[tremendous uproar].

Mr. Wright stood up and moved amidst the wildest confusion, that Mr. Ross be expelled from the House for such awful language.

Mr. Roes (black in the face) exclaimed that damaging statements was all that he meant to say when he was interrupted by a fool—

Mr. Talbot—who's a fool?

Mr. Ross—Foolish ass—

Mr Cameron—Whole an ass?

Mr. Ross (wildly)—Foolish assertion of profanity.

☞ A young gentleman anxious to learn to sing, went up into the garret, one Sunday night, about bed time, and resolutely commenced his exercises with his Psalm book. He had been singing but a short time, when his father, a fidgety old gentleman, stole out of his bedroom, with his nightcap on, and on reaching the foot of the stairs, mildly inquired:

'James?'

No answer. James was very busy with his exercises.

'James?'

Still no answer.

'James?'

'Sir.'

'Have you heard a very peculiar noise, James?'

'No, sir, nothing.'

'Oh—ah—I thought—but never mind.' And the old gentleman walked back to his room, muttering indistinctly.

Presently James resumed his exercises and was getting on famously, as he thought, when his parent, like the Ghost of Hamlet's Father, again came forth, exclaiming:

'James.'

'Sir.'

'Are you sure that Bose is chained up?'

'Yes, sir; I attended to it myself.'

'Very well, very well; no matter.'—And he once more returned to his room.

Wondering what his father meant by inquiring after the house dog, Bose, James was silent for a minute, but soon returned to his exercises more vigorously than ever. Again however, he was interrupted by the voice of his parent, shouting—

'James.'

'Sir?'

'I am sure Bose is loose.'

'It can't be possible, sir.'

'He is, I tell you.'

'What makes you think so, sir?'

'Why, for this last half hour I have heard something that sounded very much as if that dog was again worrying the poor old cat.'

James never resumed his exercises after that overwhelming compliment.

☞ A few days ago a young schoolmistress was taking down the names and ages of her scholars at the commencement of the term. She asked a little white haired boy—

'Bub, how old are you?'

'My name ain't bub; it's John,' replied the young hopeful.

'Well,' said the schoolmistress, 'what is the rest of your name?'

'Why, that's all the name I've got—it's John.'

'Well, what is your father's name?'

'You needn't put pap's name down, he ain't comin' to school, he's too old to go to school.'

'Well, how old are you?'

'I ain't old at all, I'm young.'