The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIV. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, MAY 20 , 1871: NO. 20.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. E. 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 18-1y 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

JOSEPH B. SETH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
apr 1-1y

WM. G. ROBERTS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church—the one formerly occupied by Judge Goldsborough.
Special attention paid to the collection of Claims. (apr 8-1y

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. Al 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 erev 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

Furniture! ! Furniture!
House Furnishing Goods,
CABINET MAKING
AND
UNDERTAKING.
SAMUEL PATCHETT
HAS removed to the store room and shed formerly occupied as a Hardware store by Nicols & Taylor, and respectfully announces that he intends to conduct the above business, and keep a full line of the following named goods:
BUREAUX,
WARDROBES,
TABLES,
SIDEBOARDS,
STANDS, CHAIRS,
LOOKING GLASSES,
BEDSTEADS, MATTRA

Wood ES e
Broom Sar
Cloth, nw O
ing, Tbr pet
Cloth, anle Of
articles too tedit
ous to mention!
A nice lot oi
Gilt, Walnu,
and Rose-wood Moulding:
PICTURE FRAMES, all sizes, made o order.
PICTURES FOR SALE.
Looking Glass Plates put in old frames
All kinds of Furniture made to order
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.
UPHOLSTERING DONE.
Such as repairing Sofas, Lounges, and Spring Chairs, Window Cornices and Curtains made and put up.
UNDERTAKING.
I most respectfully announce to the public that I have fitted up for the above business, which has long been needed in Easton, and have purchased a handsome HEARSE, employed a competent workman, and intend to furnish Caskets and Coffins in the best and handsomest manner, and at prices suited to the means of all. Hearse furnished and funerals attended at all times, when desired.
While I am thankful for past favors, I do not propose to sell my goods at cost to break down any opposition that may please to commence the same business, but to sell my goods at fair prices. The public is respectfully invited to give me a call. SAM'L. PATCHETT.
jan 14

MISCELLANEOUS.

Agents Wanted for
"Wonders of the World."
Over one thousand Illustrations. The largest best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. One agent in Denver, Colorado, sold 100 copies in 4 days. One agent in Milwaukie sold 30 copies in 1 day, and a large number from 20 to 30 copies per day. Send for circulars, with terms at once, Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., N. Y.
apr 1-4w

Manhood: HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.
Just published a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure, (without medicine,) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., also, Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cent
The celebrated author in this admirabl essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, private ly and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands mery youth and every man in the land.
er Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 6 cents, or two post stamps.
Also, Dr. Culverwell's Marriage Guide price 25 cents. Address the Publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York.
P O. Box 4,586.
apr 1-1y

ESTABLISHED 1860.
Weinberger's Boot and Shoe Houses,
The Largest & Cheapest in the
UNITED STATES.
No. 103 W. Baltimore St.,
NEAR HOLLIDAY ST.,
AND
Cor. Eutaw & Saratoga Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Gents' Fine Sewed Calf Gaiters,	$2,75
Gents' Fine Stitched Calf Gaiters,	3,50
Gents' Fine Stitched B x Toe Gaiters,	3,75
Gents' Fine Stitched Calf Boots,	5,50
Gents' Fine Sewed Congress Gaiters,	2,50
Gents' Fine Pegged Congress Gaiters,	1,50
Gents' Fine Pegged Boots,	2,75
Gents' Fine Pegged Balmorals,	1,50
Gents' Heavy Balmorals,	1,25
Gents' Heavy Kip Boots,	3,25
Gents' Heavy Kip Boots,	3,00
Gents' Heavy Split Boots,	2,50
Gents' Waterproof Boots,	4,00
Gents' Sporting Boots,	4,50
Gents' Cloth Top Gaiters,	2,75
Gents' Sewed Box Toe Gaiters,	2,00
Gents' Lasting Congress Gaiters,	2,00
Gents' Low Cut Shoes, Sewed,	1,50
Mens' Heavy Brogans,	1,25
Mens' Plow Shoes,	1,75
Mens' Heavy Balmorals,	1,50
Mens' Gum Shoes,	75
Mens' Gum Boots,	4,50
Boys' Heavy Belmorals,	1,50
Boys' School Shoes,	1,25
Boys' Heavy Kip Boots,	2,00
Boys' Waterproof Boots,	2,50
Boys' Calf Boots,	1,75
Boys' Box Toe Gaiters,	2,25
Boys' Sewed Plain Gaiters,	1,75
Boys' Pegged Gaiters,	1,50
Boys' Low Quarter Shoes,	1,25
Boys' Gum Boots,	2,50
Boys' Gum Shoes,	50
Ladies' Fine Lasting Button Boots,	3,50
Ladies' Kid Vamp Button Boots,	2,70
Ladies' Patent L'thr Vamp Button Boots	3,05
Ladies' French L'thr " " "	2,50
Ladies' Bronze Button Boots,	3,75
Ladies' High Cut Lasting Gaiters,	2,00
Ladies' High Cut Side Lace Gaiters,	1,50
Ladies' Lasting Balmorals,	1,75
Ladies Lasting Congress Gaiters,	1,25
Ladies' High Cut Morocco Boots,	1,75
Ladies' High Cut Calf Shoes,	1,50
Ladies' Pegged Calf Shoes,	1,25
Ladies' Kid Balmorals,	2,25
Ladies' Kid Button Boots,	3,50
Ladies' French Leather Button Boots,	3,00
Ladies' French Leather Balmorals,	2,00
Ladies' Medium height Lasting "	1,25
Ladies' " " Side Lace Gaiters,	1,00
Ladies' White Kid Slippers,	2,75
Ladies' Bronze Slippers,	2,50
Ladies' Morocco Slippers,	1,50
Ladies' Kid Heeled Slippers,	1,25
Ladies' Heeled Slippers,	75
Ladies' Maria Antoinette Slippers,	1,75
Ladies' Slippers without Heels,	50 to 75
Misses' Morocco Shoes,	1,50
Misses' Lasting Gaiters.	1,25
Missos' Kid Balmorals,	1,75
Misses' Calf Shoes,	1,10
Misses' Heeled Slippers,	75 to 1,00
Misses' Slippers without Heels,	25 to 50
Misses' Gum Shoes,	50
Misses' Gum Boots,	2,00

Be sure to send your orders early, which will be attended to the same as if you would call and select yourself, as we have a department exclusive for orders. In ordering from this establishment parties will please notice terms invariably cash at stated prices.—The safest way to order is Post Office Money Orders, Registered Money Letters, or by Express, C. O. D. Parties will please give full directions in regard to the shipment of their goods. All parties ordering goods from us have the privelege of exchanging them within twelve months.
L. WEINBERGER'S
Boot and Shoe Houses,
103 W. Baltimore St., near Holliday,
And Cor. Eutaw & Saratoga Sts.,
mar 4-1y Baltimore, Md.

PRETTIEST CALLICOES in Easton, at JUMP & Co's
MORE of the **Hurricane Lanterns** received and for sale at the Drug Store of
HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR for restoring gray hairs to their original color, for sale by Henry & Goldsborough.

ANOTHER supply of English, French and American TOOTH & HAIR BRUSHES for sale by
Henry & Goldsborough,

JUST received a large supply of sweet Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Prunes, also canned Fruits, &c., all cheap for cash at Henry & Goldsborough's.
apr 8

SELECT POETRY.

But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them and pleased Herod. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she asked. And she being before instructed of her mother, said, "Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger." And he sent and beheaded John in prison and his head was brought in a charger.—S. MATTHEW, CHAP. XIV. 6. 7. 8. 10.

The high priest of the Lord now stands
With calm unruffled brow,
Within the sanctuary 'fore which
The people humbly bow.
His head uncovered and his beard
Unshorn, falls to his waist,
And 'round his form a scarlet robe
With golden thread is laced.
No sandals on his feet are seen,
'Tis holy where he stands,
The breast-plate on his bosom rests,
Sustained by golden bands.
With precious stones inlaid is it,
With topax, beryl rare,
The jasper sheds its varied hues
Amid surroundings fair.
And other gems of costly worth
Emit their brilliant light
Of Isreal's tribes they signets were,
And emblems of their might.
With eyes uplifted and his hands
In supplication pressed,
A prayer is raised that Israel's host
Be ever, ever blessed.
And with this prayer God's holy priest,
A son doth crave indeed,
To cheer him in h's waning years.
And to his post succeed.
Now while he humbly thus communes
With God, who reigns above,
An angel from yon heavenly shore
Comes 'pon his work of love.
In shining raiment clad was he,
His form was heavenly bright,
Encircled was his spotless form
By flame of holy light.
Thus he with bright effulgence came
His Master's will to tell;
God's holy priest with awe was filled,
And fear upon him fell.
"Beloved of God fear not," said he,
"Thy prayer at last is heard,
And though Time's hand is on thee laid,
And hoary is thy beard,"
"A child to thee shall soon be born,
A bright and goodly youth,
Who walking fore the Shiloh's face,
Proclaims the Christ in truth."

In ancient days when heavenly light
Was vouched in tones of yore,
A child was born and christened John,
On far Judea's shore.
In strength he grew and waxing strong
In God's protecting grace,
He sought by words and deeds below
Above to see his face.
Upon the youth e'en from his birth
The Holy Ghost did rest,
That through his means the gospel truth
Be known, and all be blessed.
Sent by the Lord 'mid darkened minds
To smooth the Shiloh's path,
He to Judea's wilderness
Had fled, the royal wrath.
But when the gentle blush of youth
Gave way to manhood's pride
No longer 'mid the forest's wilds,
Nor by the streamlet's side;
No longer 'mid the desert's waste,
Where foot-steps seldom roam,
Nor yet beneath o'er hanging boughs,
Sought he as once a home.
But to the busy haunts of men
He came with truth inspired,
An holy flame glowed in his heart,
And all his powers it fired.
He came—came not as thousands come
To flatter and to praise,
That seek amid their fellow men
Their humble lots to raise
With song, nor harp he came not forth,
A tyrant's deeds to land,
But as a messenger of peace,
And as the priest of God.
The wicked from their erring ways,
He sought to turn aside, [dawn
That they through Christ ere long might
Repentance's streamlet glide.
So, spreading from the hills and plains,
Far wafted was his fame,
And multitudes to be baptized
E'en from the cities came.
Awake, lethargic nations wake!
Throw off your stupor long,
And swell the blessed host that round
The prophet's person throng.
His fame soon reached King Herod's
Fame of the works he wrought,
Who to behold him much desired,
And for him quickly sought.
He came, he came, the man of God,
With wisdom on his brow,
Nor fore the haughty monarch's throne
Deigned he his form to bow,
Upright and strong in faith he spake,
Nor royal word restrains,
Nor monarch great fears he—save one,
The King that ever reigns.
He oft before the tetrarch stood,
With courtiers ranged around,
And to them (an apostate race)
God's precepts did expound,
King Herod heard his words of truth
E'en listened with delight, [brought
But hate soon conquered when John
The tetrarch's sins to light.
He in a dungeon soon was cast,
Whose portals ne'er revealed
The deeds of blood that there had been
For ages long concealed.
Yet he with conscience free and pure
Within those gloomy walls
Rejoiced far more, than courtiers gay,
That trod proud Herod's halls,
For theirs was but the transient joy
Which leaves but gloom behind,
But his was an eternal joy
That comes from peace of mind.

PART 2nd:

The palace of Judea's king
Is filled with princely throngs,
While 'mid the goblet's pleasant ring
Break forth wild festive songs.
It is King Herod's birth day now,
And music sweet resounds
While o'er his realm broad and fair,
A lasting peace abounds.
The brilliant hall, whose marble floor
Now rings 'neath many a tred;
Hath never known such scene as this,
Where lived the honored dead,
The banners of a conquered foe.
With beauty decked the walls;
The noblesse of the land were there,
Who filled the kingly halls.
The royal board groaned 'neath the weight
Of viands rich and rare,
The sparkling wine went circling round
And flushed the brow of care.
The noble with the lofty brow,
On which soft winds had blown,
Had left their impress heavy there
In pride that they had sown,
The warrior with the stalwart form
And piercing eye was there,
Who in the battle's thicket strife
Would deeds of valor dare.
The priest that loves the sparkling wine,
And quaffs it deep at night,
Does from the silver goblet sip,
E'en till the morning's light.
The statesmen with their looks of care,
Perplexed by laws of state,
Think how they can by subterfuge,
Defeat the plans they hate.
The courtier, too, with gallant airs
That e'er attends the throne,
Thus seeks a field in which the seeds
Of sin are early sown.
The sage with eyes grown dim and old,
From searching hidden lore,
Now drains the cup but yet still thinks
Of science far the more.
The poets from their sounding lyres
Sweet strains of music throw,
While from their lips harmonious notes
In even metre flow.
Loud grew the song, the red wine shone,
All sparkling as it flowed,
High praises to the monarch rang
As cheeks with fervor glowed.
Salome enters now the hall,
With features bright and fair,
Who danced before the royal throne,
While Herod pleased did swear. [wine,
His blood well warmed with generous
And pride elated too,
E'en as the earth refreshed becomes
From night's reviving dew.
He swore an oath e'en by his gods
All heedless what he said,
He swore, 'that she her wish should have'
Her wish was Baptists' head.
Was ever wish so cruel made,
E'en 'mid a scene so gay,
That beauty should thus lightly seek
A life to snatch away?
Oh! truly must that mind have been
Devoid of human grace
That such a wicked deed could crave,
Before a monarch's face.
And truly weak that monarch's heart,
And volatile his mind,
That would allow his actions e'er
By such an oath be bound.
But yet 'tis said that for the sake
E'en of the oath he swore,
The Baptist's head was to her brought
All red with human gore.
Ye Gods! What mockery see we here!
'Tis in a charger brought,
Oh! is there not within that hall
One with a pure and noble thought
That shrinks disgusted from the scene,
And shudders at the sight.
But not Salome takes the dish
With tokins of delight.
In human king by this you're lost
Your own immortal soul,
And ever cursed your name will be
As ceaseless ages roll.
The movers in that bloody scene
Have long since passed away,
And time has brought that noble hall
To ruins and decay.
No longer can its grandeur now
In Judah's land be traced,
But all that was of noble art
Has been by storms erased.
Oh! where are those that feasted there,
Do ne'er those halls they tread?
And buried ages echo back—
'Ask not—all, all are dead.'

"M."

SELECT READING.

Heat it Hot, Sam.

Colonel McHatten went from Virginia to Illinois in the early settlement of the country, when roadside inns were unknown and every dweller in the wilderness kept a sort of travler's home. The Colonel, by a lucky investment in wild land, had became in time a rich man—but he kept up his habits of hospitality, and if the guest was well to do in the world he did not object to turning an honest penny in that way.

One cold, blustry winter evening a horseman drew up at the house and asked accommodation for the night. A half grown lad answered in the affirmative, and ushered him into the sittingroom, where the great wood fire of itself gave him a cordial welcome. After supper the landlord made his appearance for the first time. He was hearty and hale, and as rosy as any boniface should be, but he was bent and crippled in his gait. He explained by saying that he had taken cold which had settled in his back.

"I don't mind the pain so much," he continued, "but it is so inconvenient. I have been recommended to try a poor man's plaster, and if you will excuse me I will put it on." Sam! Sam! Samuel McHatten!

"Here father," said the lad above mentioned, hastily swallowing a large piece of mince pie, which he had been quietly enjoying.

"Here, Sam, my boy, heat this plaster for me and put it on my back. Heat it hot, Sam."

Saying which he handed the plaster to his son, and seating himself astride a chair with his back to the fire, threw his suspenders back, and shirt over his head. "Now; Sam," said the Colonel, if the poor man's plaster is hot, you may put it on, but you may wait a little while; I'm afraid it's not hot enough. Heat it hot, Sam—heat it hot. Can you tell," he continued, turning to the traveler, who was seated in the corner—"can you tell me why this is the 'poor man's friend,' hey? Give it up?" laughing to himself, "because it sticketh closer than a brother! eh?"

Poor Sam, who had been watching his chance to speak without interrupting his father, now ventured to say:

"I guess it is hot enough now, father."

"What dou you know about it?" said the old man, testly. "I say heat it hot Sam—hot."

Sam, whose face was red with heat, had held the plaster to the fire until it ran and dripped down on the hearth, and had made no reply.

"Well," said the old man, looking around, "mabe it will do now, Sam. Clap it on."

Sam, armed with the plaster aproached him; and if my word can be taken, did clap it on. The old man gave one yell, like a wild Indian, and jumped clear over the back of the chair, kicking his old fashioned breeches off his feet and dancing around with pain. The traveler laughed until he cried, and the more mine host roared the more he laughed. When the first agony was over, the Col. began to swear, and our traveler thought it would be prudent to retire, lest he should share his wrath with Sam, who he observed was making good his distance.

The next morning, when leaving, he handed the Colonel five dollars, saying with a sly twinkle of the eye, "I don't want any change. It is cheap at that."

An English traveler relates how he at one time offended a number of ladies at New York. He had related a story, and then there was a rush from the room.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked the traveler.

"There is sir, was the host's savage reply.

"Let me tell you such language won't sun here."

"My dear sir, what language? We were only talking of soup."

"Well, sir, but you said ox-tail"

"Well, suppose I did?"

"Why, sir, it's that very word that sent all the ladies blushing out of the room. It is highly unbecoming language—very improper indeed!"

"But, my dear sir, I called the soup by its proper name, didn't I?"

"No, sir, you did not; and whenever you have occasion to speak of that particular soup again, never say ox-tail, say fly-disperser-soup; that's the proper word sir!"

The last line in this column.

MISCELLANEOUS

Typographic Blunders.

There is no funnier reading in the world than some of the printers blunders that go the rounds of the papers. We shall keep a sharp eye for these, and reproduce them for the entertainment of our readers. Here are a few that a laugh or two may be found in.

In the office a New York paper there stood in type the report of a sermon, and a paragraph about the career of a mad dog. In "makmg-up" these two got mixed, and the readers of the paper, next day, were astounded by the following melange. The Rev: James Thompson preached to a large audience last Sunday This was his last sermon previous to his embarkation for Europe. He exorted his brethren and sisters, and offering a devout prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks: He ran up Smith to Brown, and down Carr street to College. At this stage of the proceedings some boys seized him, tied a teakettle to his tail and let him go. A great crowd gathered, and for a few minutes there was a lively scene. Finally he was shot by a policeman."

A printer in Syracuse, setting up a book advertisement, thus gave the title of one of Dicken's novels. "Barney, by Rudge, $1.50."

The writer of an obituary notice of an estimable lady, said that the bereaved husband was "hardly able to bear the demise of his wife." Imagine his disgust on reading in print that the bereaved husband was "hardly able to wear the chemise of his wife."

The London *Court Journal* once in describing a wedding in high life, said that the bride was accompanied to the alter by *tight* bridemaids. The lovely young ladies were *eight*, not *tight*.

A Providence paper once announced that Rev. Dr. Wayland president of Brown university "gave a billiard party." The editor wrote a brilliant party.

The importance of careful punctuation canot be insisted on too urgently. Here are a few instances which illustrate it: "*Wanted*—a young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind." "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross eyed with pantaleta which never spoke afterwards." "The procession was very fine and nearly ten miles in length, as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the Chaplain." "Lost, an enameled lady's gold watch and charms." A toast at a public dinner—Women—without her, man is a brute," was printed—"Woman without her man, is a brute.

The Old Maid's Thermometer.

Aged.

15. Anxious for coming out, and the attention of the other sex.
16. Begins to have *some* idea of the tender passion.
17. Talks of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection.
18. Fancies herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her.
19. Is a little more diffident on account of being noticed.
20. Commences being fashionable.
21. Still more confident in her own attractions, and expects a brilliant establishment.
22. Refuses a good offer, because he is *not* a man of fashion.
23. Flirts with every young man she meets.
24. *Wonders* she is not married.
25. Rather more circumspect in her conduct.
26. Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensable.
27. Prefers the company of rational men to flirting.
28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way, with a comfortable income.
29. Almost despairs of entering the married state.
30. Rather fearful of being called an "Old Maid."
31. An additional love of dress.
32. Professes to dislike balls, finds it difficult to get good partners.
33. Wonders how men can leave the society of *sensible* women—to flirt with chits.
34. Affects good humor in her conversation with men.
35. Jealous of the praises of women.
36. Quarrels with her friend who is lately *married*.
37. Thinks herself slighted in society.
38. Likes to talk of her acquaintances who are married *unfortunately*.
39. Ill nature increases
40. Very meddling and officious.
41. If rich, as a *dernier resort*, makes love to a young man *without* fortune.
42. Not succeeding, rails against mankind.
43. Partiality for *cards* and *scandal* commences.
44. Severe against the manners of the age.
45. Strong predilection for a clergyman.
46. Enraged at his desertion.
47. Becomes desponding and takes to tea.
48. Turns all sensibility to cats and dogs.
49. Adopts a dependent relation to attend upon her feline and canine nursery:
50. Becomes disgusted with the world, and vents all the ill humor on her unfortunate relation.

A respectable old gentleman, somewhat tight, on entering an omnibus got his feet entangled in a lady's dress, and fell headlong. He staggered to his feet, and looking round, indignantly demanded who struck him. A gentleman present remarked *sotto voce*. "You fell over the lady's feet; nobody struck you;" The indignant citizen turned and surveyed the cause of the accident a moment, and then as by no means satisfied with the cause of his mishap, said.—"Madame, you're got the biggest feet I ever saw!" "Sir responded the lady flushed with anger; "Pray don't apologize; it ain't your fault, but take my advice, sit sideways in the future, and give them the full range of the house."

☞ A tough old widower, in response to a neighbor who addressed words of comfort to him, replied—"Well, yes, I shall miss her—she was a very expensive woman."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Sensible Resolve.

'Did you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?' said a workman to my father, one day, when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

'No,' said my father, how was it?'

'Well, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house, when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to dinner.

'What's for dinner?' said the man.

'Roast goose,' replied his wife

'Is there applesauce?' he asked.

'No' she answered.

'Well, go and make some; I won't eat goose without apple-sauce.'

"When the woman had left the room to prepare this delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene he had witnessed, that for the first time in his life he began to think what a fool he had been.

'Here's this man,' said he to himself, can't eat his dinner of roast goose without apple-sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't even get that. Whose money I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow's good things? Mine, and that of other poor fools like me. Well, whats done can' be undone. It's no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine of roast goose again at my expense.' So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public-house never to enter it again.'

The same thing is going on in thousands of public-houses all over the country—the landlord and wife and children feasting on the best of everything, and the poor tipsy men who pay for it having scarcely enough to keep themselves from starving.

Editor and Printer—The Difference.

It is the happy lot of an editor to receive nice fruit and notice it—to be shown natural curiosities and to describe them—to be everywhere at the same time, and to be able to answer all questions on all subjects. It is to publish too much sentiment for one, too much politics for another, and too little news for all. It is to make enemies as well as friends; and to be pitched into frequently by "*low scurrilous*" sheets that he cannot condescend to answer without affecting injuriously his social position. It is to advertise other people's wants, wishes and wares; to announce facilties for pleasure; to herald the approach of our diseases and the invention of cures for them; to make known who has been murdered or robbed when and where, who the perpetrator, his personal history, his trial, sentence, and its execution. It is to take complimentary tickets to every thing, and pay for them in complimentary notices. It is to bored by friends suggesting how you should carry on your business, and bullied by those whom you have hit in vulnerable spots. It is a life of mingled good and ill, trial and triumph.

A printer's qualifications are various. He is to work harder, more hours in the day, with less recreation, or less sleep than any of his fellow mortals. He is to be busy when his neighbors are idle, busier when they sleep, and busiest when they are enjoying a good time. He is to be always in a hurry—always under a *press* of business—always *setting up* when others are lying down, and always charitably *distributing* the results of his daily labor. He is to have his labors continually put to *proof*, whilst his *errors* in punctuation are daily *pointed out* to him. His is a life of never ending toil and never beginning felicity—where in he works out his alloted time with the *devil* always at his elbow calling for the sole end of life—*a little more copy*.

HOW TO BREAK BAD HABITS.—Understand clearly the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind.

Avoid the places, the persons, the thoughts that lead to the temptation.

Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts, that will keep you away from the temptation.

Keep busy. Idleness is the strength of bad habits.

Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten times, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive.

When you have broken your resolution just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be upon your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstance.

Do you think it a little or an easy thing that you have undertaken? It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

FACTS FOR THE FARMERS.—Never keep your cattle short; few farmers can afford it. If you starve them, they will starve you.

Rain is cash to the farmer.

The foot of the owner is the best manure for the land.

Obtain good seed, prepare your ground well, sow in time, and pay very little attention to the moon.

Cultivate your own heart right; remembering that "whatsoever a man soweth that he shall also reap.

Recording even your own errors will be of benefit.

Ground once well ploughed is better than thrice poorly.

Weeds that grow unmolested around the fences, stumps and stones, scatter their seeds over the farm, and are very likely to grow.

MEN AND WOMEN.—'The fact is,' said an elderly wife, 'a man does not know how to straighten up things. He does not know how to commence. I don't wonder,' she remarked in conclusion, 'that when God made Adam he went right to work and made a woman to tell him what to do.'

CONSIDERATE.—An Irishman with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, riding on the front of a horse car, was asked why he did not set his bundle on the platform. He replied, 'Be jabbers, the horses have enough to drag me. I'll carry the bundle.'

WIT AND HUMOR.

MAN AND MONKEY; A DIALOGUE.

"While viewing this menagerie,
If smiles you'd from your pa win,
I'd have you bear in mind, my son,
The works of Mr. Darwin.
When yonder creature reaches for
Your treasured candy-chunk, he
Exhibits such a hand as wore
Our own ancestral monkey.

"So do not mock at him, my child,
Nor in your spirit jeer him,
But show a filial reverence
Whenever you are near him:
Selection—evolution—they,
In distance being sunk, he
Would be exactly like yourself,
And you yourself a monkey."

"I'll heed your lesson, dear papa,
And treat the creature kindly,
And look on him—(as he on us,
It's likely)—but be blindly,
For who can tell but that in turn,
While starting from his bunk, he
Thinks you're a cynocephalus,
And I'm your little monkey."

Samuel, the foregoing verses remind me of your origin. You sprang from a monkey, my African friend. Mr. Darwin says so.

Sam.—Who is dis ole Darwin? If I cotch him, dar won't be much left ob him; either man or monkey. By de way, did you eber hear ob

DE MONKEY'S WEDDING?

De monkey married de baboon's sister;
He smacked his lips and den he kissed her—
Kissed her so hard he raised a blister,
Den it began to swell.

De bridegroom stuck on some court-plaster;
It stuck so hard it couldn't stick faster—
Wasn't that a sad disaster?
But it soon got well.

Julius—Dat wedding puts me in mind ob my courtship; and de subject of courtship reminds me ob my gal. Did you eber see her? I used to write poultry to her—

Bones—You mean poetry.

Julius—What's de differ? Well I tole my lubly one—

If I was a pair ob specelpickels how dearly I would prise
A situation on her nose, to look her in de eyes;
Or were I a little plaster, a patch upon her lip
I'd live a life of extacy, and sip, and sip, and sip.

Bones—Dat was beautiful; what did you do wid de verses?

Julius—Why, I pasted 'em inside ob my trunk, on de lid, so dat ebery time I went dar for a clean shirt I could always see 'em.

Bones—Well, den you havn't seen 'em since last summer.

Say, Bones, my feminine gender used to write dem kind ob verses, too. De way dat I cum to find it out was by sending her de following lines:

If I had a little wife,
And a little stove and fire;
I'd hug her like a lump ob gold,
And let no one come nigh her.

Den I prance about,
And vegetate in clover,
And when I died, I'd shut my eyes,
Lay down, and roll right ober.

I golly, John, dem words were 'nificent; did she make any reply?

Oh, yes, but she made fun ob me; she said—

On a log sat a frog,
Seeming at his daughter;
Tears he shed, till his eyes were red,
And den plump'd in de water.

OUT OF HUMOR.

Look here, Sam, just scribble me out a little joke, and I'll pay you for it.

Can't do it toiday, Pete.

Why, Sam, what's de reason—you hain't got nuffin else to do?

Well, I tell you I can't do it, 'cause I don't feel like it.

Oh, shaw! I belebe I could do it myself, and save my money in the bargain.

Well, try it.

Challenge your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock if you please; there's nobody at home.

Pete—Sam, you recolecks I axed you de oder day what you give your hog when it was sick?

Sam—Yes, and I told you a pound of brimstone, quarter pound of mutton taller wid three cent's worth of Scotch snuff and a handful of salt, all mix'd up to gedder.

P.—Well, did it cure your hog?

S:—No, it killed him dead.

P.—Well, so it did mine.

WHAT RELATION.—A man was divorced from his wife, and she married another, whereupon husband No. 1 inquired of No. 2:

'What relation are you to me?'

'None, that I know of.'

'Yes, you are,' said No. 1; 'you are my stephusband—I stepped out and you stepped in.'

Old Mr. Snowball's son was questioning the old man toder day, and ses, Father, what is an axe? Why, my child, dat am an instrument for cuttin'. Well, dad, how many kinds ob axes am dar? Why, dar's de broadaxe, narrow axe, post axe, axe ob de legislatum, axin' a price, and axe ob de 'postles. Say, dad, dar's one axe dat you forgot. What's dat, my child? Axe my mudder.

SILENT LADIES.—A paper published in Paris, Ky., states that sixteen ladies of that town sat together in a private room, without restraint, and never spoke a word for two hours. The only explanation that be given of this extraordinary circumstance is that the ladies were inmates of a deaf and dumb asylum.

CONSOLING.—'Martha, my dear,' said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, 'what do you say to removing to the far West?' 'Oh, I am delighted with the idea. You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are, and in three years he died, leaving his widow worth a hundred thousand dollars.'

A dandy in New York is in a fix.—His pants were made so tight for him that he can't get his boots on, and if he puts his boots on first he can't get his pants on. This is a case of genuine distress.

A young lady, elaborately attired, and keenly alive to the dignity of a 'first ball,' refused all invitations to sit in a 4th avenue car, recently, and remained standing forty minutes, out of prudential regard for her drapery.