

on excellent authority,—none less than our butter-man—that the term is derived from our Pennsylvania German “*reck*” or “*rock*,” signifying a smell. “It *do* schmell like avery dings,” was his comment.

“How can it smell when it has no nose?” I inquired.

“It schmells through yourn,” was the reply. As I have said before—the Dutch are rather stupid.

THE GEOLOGY OF PETROLEUM.

Recent discoveries have fully demonstrated that this world is neither a bubble, an egg, a shell, a fire-ball, nor a turtle, as the ancients asserted, but simply an enormous glot ular bottle filled with oil. The fact that oil springs exist in different parts of the world fully proves this. The light of the stars and planets evidently proceeds from the conflagration in many places on their surface of such springs—a wise provision by which nature compensates for that distance from the sun which is caused by their remoteness from his influence.

Nothing is more revolting to the mind of a disinterested seeker after truth,—like myself,—than to witness *selfish* considerations obtruding themselves under the cloak of scientific disquisitions. I may, however, be permitted to state, as a curious little fact of most undeniable authenticity, that the Oil Company of which I have the honor to be President is the ONLY ONE whose well may be described as being the true opening or neck of the great World-Oil-Bottle,—those of all other companies being mere pores, as it were, or illegitimate leaks, and liable to fail at any time, prejudicial to the structure of the earth—leaks which an enlightened system of legislation should at once close, and forbid humanity to purchase its oil of any other company than *ours*,—“The Grand Cosmopoleum”—a few shares of which may still be had *at par* by application to me only.

MEDICINAL VIRTUES OF PETROLEUM.

This exquisite oil, which may truly be described as Heaven’s last best gift to man, will, ere long, be generally recognized as the true Elixir Vitus, or Hygenial Quintessence of Salubrity. Recent experiments have fully demonstrated, that it not only cures instantaneously *eight hundred and thirty-nine* of the worst and commonest disorders incident to humanity, but is *also* good for rheumatism—the aboriginal purpose to which it was first applied by the Seneca Indians—so called for their great wisdom, after the Greek Seneca, the father of their tribe—a wisdom never so manifest as when applied to selling the article as a remedy at *one dollar and fifty cents per gallon*, which they were accustomed to do, some thirty years ago. And yet we call these people *savages*!

Used as a flavor for pudding sauce, the pure petroleum is said to sharpen the eye teeth

to an unprecedented degree of keenness. Several interesting instances of extraordinary dental acuteness, developed under its influence, were lately pointed out to me—all of them of persons able to get up any amount of bites at the shortest notice; men using it have very frequently set the river a-fire.

From an interesting experiment on a lame duck—so lame that the unfortunate animal could hardly waddle along on the curbstone of Dock street, the following results were noted: After having been operated upon for a rise, the duck at the first dose ascended with great rapidity to the very top of a high ladder, where it quacked aloud three times, “*How’s Eddy?*”

“He’s coming *to*, I believe,” was the answer of the doctor.

“Two and a half, and a half, and a half,” cried the duck. On receiving a second dose, it was rapidly transmuted into an enormous *spread eagle*, and winged its way to Wall street, where it was lost sight of.

I should, however, caution the public, that the *only* oil capable of producing *such* results is that drawn from the Grand Cosmopoleum; that of all other corporations being mere impostures and mountebanks, or, as the French term them, Charlotte Anns. And as a man is known by his company, I would hereby caution all respectable citizens against having anything to do with any such fancy characters.

THE POETRY OF PETROLEUM.

Not having much of a turn for poetry myself, I had not expected to say much on this head of my subject. A friend, however, who has been in the East, (not New England, but the Bible country,) informs me that the natives of those regions possess epics on the subject, written by the original EPICURUS himself, celebrating its sanitary qualities. The following translation of a Gum Arabic ballad, which appeared originally in the *Mocha Coffee Gazette*, seems to me to be not without merit:

PETROLEA.

(From the Arabic.)

Strew, strew all your heads with ashes!
Hold your noses firmly and long!
I sing by the lightning’s pale flashes
A wild and bituminous song.

The wind of the desert is sweeping
Like fire by the dead Dead Sea:
There a Dervish appointment is keeping
With a maiden from Galilee.

Not a breath of a breeze is blowing,
No waves on the waters fall,
Though a strong smell of Naptha is flowing—
They said: “We don’t mind it at all.”

Two dark brown lumps were lying
Like rocks on the Dead Sea shore,
And while tenderly loving and sighing,
They sat down there—to rise no more.

For the rocks were of Naptha which would not
Allow them to stir e’en a stitch,
And seated in concert they could not
Rise up above Concert *Pitch*.

Then all the disaster comprising,
They wailed aloud: “Allah is great!
We stick and we stick—there’s no rising,
We stick—and forever must wait!”

There they sat like a lost pot and kettle;
Their wails o’er the wilderness passed;
They petrified little by little,
And were turned to Asphaltum at last.

MORAL.

In love, or in turning a penny,
Always study the field of your luck:
In petroleum and naptha full many
Ere now, have been terribly *stuck*.

I would remark, in conclusion, that this ballad applies *entirely* to those *unprincipled* companies who endeavor to foist upon the public a *spurious* article, liable to harden, and *utterly unfit* for any use whatever—meaning, thereby, all companies except the Grand Cosmopoleum, which I have the honor to represent.

A few of the remaining merits of petroleum may be briefly summed up as follows. That from *our* well is unrivalled, as imparting a delicious perfume to the pocket handkerchief, and may be applied, with only grateful results, to the brow of beauty. It banishes rats and roaches, being sure death to them, and forms an admirable tooth wash. I have used it in my own family as a perfect substitute for coffee, shoe-blackening, molasses, whisky, champagne, sweet oil, and ink. It is a perfectly insoluble *cement*, and may be used for the same purpose as *any* of the stronger acids. It is for all purposes better than soda, and, combined *with itself* as an oil, forms the best soap in existence. Experiments, the results of which will shortly be published, have in fact demonstrated that, for all earthly purposes, it is superior to *everything*, and must shortly take everything’s place.

I would, however, caution the public that these results are only to be obtained from the oil furnished by the Grand Cosmopoleum Company.

OILY GAMMON,
(Late of London.)

GEMS FROM OUR PRIVATE POST OFFICE.

[LOT THE SECOND.]

DELAWARE DEPARTMENT, June 8.

DEAR FANNY: Please answer me two questions: What have you taken in all, to-day? and who has been your best aid?

Yours faithfully, MARIETTA.

Answer.

PERFUMERY TABLE, June 8.

DEAR MARIETTA: A Lemon-ade.

Yours, FANNY.

[LOT THE THIRD.]

UNION AVENUE, June 8.

DEAR JENNIE: Who is that handsome young knight errant who brings so many bundles to your table?
Ever your ADELE.

Answer.

DEAR ADDIE: Our errant boy.

In haste, JENNIE.