The Post.

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Poetry.

The Bridge of Sighs.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Drown'd! drown'd!"—HAMLET.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe these poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think it,
Dissolute Man!
Give in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Gently,—kindly,
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Madfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurn'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Wrung her rest.—
Clasp her hands humbly,
Crossed praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Evil behavior,
Leaving, with meekness,
Sins to her Saviour!

PART II.

Sorrow with troubles
Beneath must deliver,
Nearer life bubbles
In the river.

* * * *

[illegible] in the river alone,
[illegible] some six or seven—
[illegible]

Throw the earth over her.—
Victim of murder inhumanly done
With gravel and sod,
Hide, hide her from God,
And the light of the sun!

Mark Twain's Traveling Experiences.

I got into the cars and took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. That female's face is a perfect insurance company—it insured her against ever getting married to any body except a blind man, her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in a cup of cold custard. She appeared as if she had been through one famine and had got about two-thirds through another. She was old enough to be great-grand-mother to *Mary* that had the little lamb. She was chewing prize popcorn, and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a bandbox and cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was on a mission of charity, or going West to start a saw mill and I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so *I* said. "The exigencies of the time require great circumspection in a person who is traveling."

"What?" Says she.

"The orb of day shines resplendent in the vault above." Says I.

She hitched about uneasy like then she raised her umbrella and said, I don't want any of your sass—get out" and I got out.

Then I took a seat alongside a male fellow, who looked like a ghost of Hamlet lengthened out. He was a stately cuss, and he was reading.

"Mister, did you ever see a camelopard?" I said camelopard, because it is a pious animal, and never eats grass without getting down on his knees. He said he hadn't seen a camelopard. Then said I, "Do you chew?"

"No, sir."

Then I said, "How sweet is nature!"

He took this for a conundrum, and said he didn't know. Then he said he was deeply interested in the history of great men. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "we are but a few."

I told him *I* knew one: "The man that made my cooking stove was a great man."

Then he asked, "Could *I* read?"

"What have you got?"

He replied, "Watts's *Hymns*," "Reveries by Moonlight," and "How to Spend the Sabbath."

"None of them for *Hannah*," said I, but if he had an unabridged business directory of New York city, I would take a little read.

"Young man look at those gray hairs."

I told him I saw them, and when a man got to be as old as he was he ought to die. "You needn't think these hairs are any sign of wisdom, it's only a sign that our system lacks iron: and I advise you to go home and swallow a crowbar."

He took this for irony, and what little entente cordiale there was between us was spilled. It turned out that he was the chaplain of a baseball club.

When we got to Rochester I called for a bowl of soup. I send you the receipt for making it. Take a lot of water, wash it well; and boil it until it is brown on both sides, then very carefully pour one bean in it and let it simmer. When the bean begins to get restless, sweeten it with salt, then put it in air-tight cans, hitch each can to a brick and chuck them overboard; and the syrup is done."

The above receipt originated with a man in Iowa, who got up suppers on odd occasions for Odd Fellows. *He* had a receipt for oyster soup leaving out the salt.

Speaking of Iowa reminds me of the way I got my money to pay for my ticket and pay for that fellow's supper. *I* bet a fellow a dollar that I could tell him how much water to a quart went under the railroad bridge over the Mississipi at Dubuque in a year. I won the bet, but after all the supper was an awful swindle.

Dubuque is celebrated for its fine [illegible] on the streets; while I [illegible]

Important Events in the History of the United States.

Date of Washington's commisson, June 19, 1775.

Washington takes command of the Army July 3, 1775.

The British evacuate Boston in March 1776.

Battle of Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776.

Surrender of Burgoyne, Oct. 17, 1776.

Battle of White Plains, Oct. 28, 1776.

Passage of the Delaware, Dec. 25, 1776.

Battle of Brandywine, Sept 11, 1777.

The Battle of Germantown was fought Oct. 4, 1777.

Battle of Monmouth, Feb. 28, 1778.

Naval victory by John Paul Jones, Sept. 23, 1779.

The wonderful Dark Day, May 19, 1780.

Capture of Maj. Andre and treason of Arnold Sept. 23, 1780,

Surrender of Cornwallis, Oct, 27, 1781.

Gen Washington took leave of his officers at New York, Dec. 4, 1783; resigned his commission, Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1783.

John Adams first minister to England, appointed Feb. 1785.

Shay's Rebellion in Mass. 1786.

Delegates met May 14. 1787, to form Constitution of the United States. *It* is completed Sept. 17, forty-five delegates being present. It is ratified by nine States during the summer of 1788.

Washington first elected President in 1789.

He was inaugurated Thursday, April, 30, 1789, at New York.

Invention of the Cotton Gin by Eli Whitney at the house of Gen. Green, in Ga. in 1793.

Whiskey Rebellion in Penn. 1794

War with the Barbary States in 1803.

Duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, July 11. 1804, and resulting in the death of the latter.

Conspiracy and trial of Aaron Burr for treason in 1806.

Fulton's steamboat first went up the Hudson, Aug. 4. 1807.

A great earthquake at the West 1811.

Visit of Lafayette to the United States in 1824.

Duel between Henry Clay and John Randolph, Saturday, April 8, 1826.

The Great Debate between Webster and Haynes in the U. S. Senate, Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1830.

Invention of the Electric Telegraph by Prof, Morse in 1835.

Struggle for the right of Petition in Congress in 1836.

Discovery of the Inhalation of Ether as a preventative of pain in 1846.

Invention of Sewing Machines by Hunt between 1832-34, and by Howe in 1864.

Gold discovered at Sutter's *Mill*, Cal., Feb. 2, 1848.

Arithmetical.

Two Arabs, sitting down to dinner were accosted by a third, who desired to join their party. He said that he had no provision of his own, but that if the two would permit him to take an equal part with them, he would pay for it. One of the Arabs had five loaves, and the other had three. The stranger, having eaten his third part of the eight loaves, paid eight pieces of money. *How* were they divided between the two men?

[A youngster at our elbow suggests that the biggest Arab took the pile. But this solution will not do. It is neither arithmetical nor Arabic, but purely young American.

A correspondent asks us what is the relation of a university to an ordinary college. It is a step father.

A gentleman the other evening objected to playing cards with a lady, because, he said, she had such a winning way about her.

There is a dearth of "[illegible] sayings" of children in the newspapers. Is the man who used to manufacture them dead.

A typesetter in front of a type foundry, spelling out the sign as follows: "Type-founders, dry-dry

Things Worth Knowing.

Frozen feet. Bathe in alum dissolved in water, warming it in by the fire.

For a common cough, hop and boneset candy drops are excellent.

Apples eaten before breakfast, if well masticated, are an aid to digestive organs.

To Adam, paradise was home. To the good among his descendants, home is paradise.

Proud flesh may be cured by applying pulverized loaf sugar, and it is a painless remedy.

Thick broad soles for the shoes are now in order. Dry, warm feet will save many a doctor's bill.

Parched corn meal, boiled in skim milk, is good for summer diarrhœa in children, or dysentery in adults.

Castor oil is a lubricant for all kinds of machinery. For light buggies, wagon grease, ect., it cannot be excelled.

To wear flannel during the entire hot season is a preventive of diarrhœa; by night as well as by day should be adhered to.

Soap suds are a valuable fertilizer for flowers, and especially for the verbena.—It is good for vines, fruit trees and currant bushes.

Rheumatism may be cured by bathing the affected parts in water in which potatoes have been boiled, as hot as can be borne, just before going to bed.

Very small, red ants will not crawl over wool carpet or coarse flannel, so a piece of either under the safe or on the shelves, will be a sure portection from them.

The Jingling Bells.

How many boys and girls know how the jingling bells are made? *How* do you think the little iron ball gets inside the bell? It is too big to be put through the holes in the bell and it is inside. How did it get there?

The little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh bells it jingles. When the horse trots the bells jingle jingle, jingle. In making the bell this jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape inside of the bell.—This mud ball with the jinglet inside is placed in the mold of the outside, and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the mold.

When the mold is taken off, you see a sleigh bell, but it would not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the ball is made of, so it can be all shaken out of the holes in the bell, the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and it will ring all right.

It took a good many years to think out how to make a sleigh bell.

They were sitting together in the horse car. "*I* do hate people that are forever talking about their neighbors." "So do I." coincided her companion in the cashmere shawl. "There's Mrs. Green," continued Peaked Hat, "continually a carryin' things back and forth. Think she'd better look to home. Goodness knows she and her husband live a reg'lar cat-and-dog life." "Yes indeed," said Cashmere, "and her daughter Sarah isn't half cared for. I was tellin' Mrs. Jones only yesterday the way Mrs. Green neglected that girl was a cryin' shame. Oh! by the way, did you hear that story about Tilda Smith?" "No. What is it?" exclaimed Peaked Hat, turning half around in her eagerness, her eyes sparkling in anticipation of the coming treat. But gentle reader, never mind waht it was. Neither you nor I care anything about it. We hate tattling just as bad as Peaked Hat and Cashmere did.—*Boston Transcript.*

The man who comes about solely to kill time should confine himself strictly to his own time.

A youngster steps up to a gentleman in the park: "Sir, won't you please go after my boat which is going to fall into the stream?" "But do you wish me to throw myself into the water, child?" "Oh, Yes; mamma said ask that gentleman; he looked foolish enough to do it."

Dr. Black, a Huntingdon dentist, left his family a few day ago and went off with a strange woman. [illegible]

Old Joe's Ghost.

Old Joe Miller was known far and wide in the little village of D. as an incurable boaster, and there was not an exploit that hell the least chance of displaying himself as the hero that he would not bring forth from and afterwards display himself with all the gusto for which the colored race is so well equal to.

Now one evening a party of half grown boys sat round the fire in the rude little cabin where old Joe lived alone since the death of Aunt Judy, his wife, who had died two years before, after living for many years a toiling, cheerful life, and there were few who did not remember the jolly fat ebony face that carried home and brought back the week's wash in many a family.

Often when Joe was dealing rather too strongly in some adventure in which he bore the prominent part Judy's warning voice would interpose.

"Now, you Joe, dar don't you think de good Lord hab ears and eyes, and you'd better cut down dat or he may call you to 'count."

On her death bed Judy had made him pomise to try to reform from his habit, and to do him justice Joe did try for awhile, but years had bedded it too deeply for it to be easily overcome, and it was not long before he forgot all his promises to his good old wife, and I am afraid boasted worse than ever.

To-night he was in his glory, telling how he had played a prominent part in a night's adventure where ghosts figured quite extensively. One mischieveous youngster said.

"Joe, if Judy would come back she would say that you were telling yarns."

"Now, mars Frank, dis darkey neber tole a truer story, and if Judy should come from her grave I would not take back one word."

Just then there came a heavy knock on the door, and a shrill voice called out, "Joe, Joe, remember your promise."

There was silence in the room for a few minutes, while Joe's eyes fairly rolled in their sockets.

"Oh, lordy, who can it be?" he exclaimed, while the sweat poured down his face.

Then the latch was lifted and a figure which was robed in white and looked fearfully large in the dim fire light stood in the door way and pointed towards Joe's cowering form. The face was concealed by hands of white, though enough was disclosed to show the black skin and heavy lip of a darkey.

Slowly it advanced until it almost touched Joe's shrinking form. With a bound Joe sprang to his feet and moving backward, with eyes that seemed ready to spring from their sockets, he reached a corner of the room, and sinking on his knees he cried out.

"Oh, Judy, if you forgib dis darkey dis time *I'll* promise dat *I'll* neber, neber, speak anything but de truf from dis time forard.

"Hold up your hand, Joe," said the spirit, "and promise that whenever you feel like de ole habit is on you you will say "so help me Lord."

Joe did as he was told and when he had done, the spirit shook its finger solemnly at him and slowly retreated towards the door. There it turned and said,

"I shall come back to haunt you if you break the solemn promise you hab made."

Then it vanished.

The boys had all run off, apparently as much frightened as old Joe, but a smothered noise that sounded very much like laughter might have been heard not far from the house when the spirit after divesting itself of sheet, padding bandages and false faces disclosed the merry rollicking face of Tom Brown, one of the village wags.

From that time Joe's exploits were not so plenty, and if the old habit crept out as it would sometimes the bony visage would take an ashy hue, and with a frightened look he would exclaim, "Dat was a slip Judy pon my word it was, so help me Lord," and resume his story more cautiously and with an appearance of relief.

"We wish," says a Texas newspaper, "that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they died a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificently [illegible]

Tricks of Jockeys.

A writer for *Harper's Weekly* has been having a talk with Mr. Bishop, a well known horse dealer in New York city, and the following is a part of what the dealer told him:

"Tricks!" There isn't any end of them. If you want to buy a horse, don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it. Your eye is your market. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take every thing off but the halter, and lead him around. If he has a corn or is stiff, or has any other failing you can see it. Let him go by himself a little ways and if he raises right into anything you may know he's stone blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are, he can't see any more than a bat. Back him up, too. Some horses show their weakness or tricks that way when they don't in any other.

"But be as smart as you can, and you'll get caught sometimes. Even an expert gets struck. A horse may look ever so nice, and go a mile a minute, and yet have fits, for instance. There isn't a live man could tell it till something happens. Or he may have a weak back. Give him the whip, and he goes for a mile or two; then, all of a sudden, he sits down in the road. After a rest he gets up and starts again, but he soon sits down for good, and nothing but a derrick could raise him. There are sharpers in New York who make a business of selling such horses. After the sale they have their agents slyly follow the buyer and, when the final breakdown comes, they step up, and, after expressing their sympathy for him, buy the horse back again for a mere song, only to sell him again at a fancy figure to the next greenhorn who may come along. Even a horse with the heaves may be doctored up so you can't tell him. They feed him on wet grain for a while, and then, when the show off, drive him so smartly that you can't see there's anything wrong.

"Do you know what a dummy is? You don't? Well, I'll tell you. He's a horse that don't know anything. His brain has gone wrong. A dark stall and over feeding have ruined his digestion, and that has affected his brain. Drive him out a ways, and pretty soon he will jerk his head around and pull right straight on one line. You can't hold him; it's no use to try. The first you know he has dumped you in a ditch or smashed you up against a lamp post. Tie him in a stable, and he'll back up till he breaks every halter you put on him. Stretch a rope across the end of the stall so he can't back out and he'll climb up the wall.

"Maybe you don't believe it, but it's so. I have seen one go clear upstairs: and once I saw one go out of a second story window, and another walk off a dock into the river. Watch him when he's eating, and you'll often see him go to sleep with the feed in his mouth. He doesn't know he's just a fool. I bought one of these idiots when I was just a beginner in the business. He broke everything in the stable and then went up the wall like a lunatic. Afterward one of the boys that groomed him for the man I brought him of admitted that the animal was 'just a leetle bit dumb.' I can tell one now the minute *I* see him he steps uncommonly high. In most cases whe you see a horse do that, be sure he is a dummy.

"What do we do with the horses we get stuck on? send them to the auction, where buyers take all the risks. No reputable dealer ever sells a bad one in any other way. It doesn't pay to do it.

"I could talk all day about these things, only your paper is full now, I guess, and *I'll* stop. But don't you ever buy a horse, young man, unless you know how to do it."

One of the most provoking episodes is for a man to meet a lady, and in endeavoring to raise his soft hat by the crown find he has on his Derby, and claw around for the top of it before recalling the change in head gear. In the mean time the young lady glides by, wondering what the mischief is the matter and if he is losing what little mind he once possessed.

Why is an elephant like a wagon? Because nothing of them can climb a [illegible]

THE POST.

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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Propr

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Jan. 7, '81.6m.

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