The Montrose Democrat.

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Select Poetry.

THE ECHO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

A horseman through the mountain pass
Proceeds in silent gloom;
"And haste I to my loves embrace,
Or to the dusky tomb?"
The mountain voice replies—
"The dusky tomb."

And onward still the horseman rides,
With gloomy thoughts.
"And shall I reach the grave so soon?
Well!—in the grave is rest."
The voice again replies—
"The grave is rest."

The tears fall from the horseman's eyes,
And on his pale cheek rest;
"Since only death can comfort me,
For me the grave is best."
"The grave is best."

Life's Better Moments.

Life has it moments
Of beauty and bloom;
But they hang like sweet roses
On the edge of the tomb,
Blessings they bring us,
As lovely as brief,
They meet us when happy
And leave us in grief.

Hues in the morning,
Tinging the sky,
Come on the sunbeams,
And off with them fly,
Shadows of evening
Hang short on the shore,
Darkness enwraps them,
We see them no more.

So life's better moments
In brilliance appear,
Dawning in beauty,
Our journey to cheer;
Round us they linger,
Like shadows of even,
Would that we like them,
Might melt into heaven.

Miscellaneous.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

A First Rate Love Story.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader,) twenty-seven and yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or other she had not even fallen in love, as yet.—"Had she no offers?" What a simple question! Did you ever know half a million of dollars to go begging? Offers? Yes, scores of them! It may be counted as one of her oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say that she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have assurance of this, and how could she in her present position? Thus matters stood, when Annie was led to form and execute what will appear a very strange resolution; but she was a resolute girl. We must now go back six years.

One dark rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting-room really indulging in some serious reflections on the past and future, the far future, too a gentleman presented himself, and inquired for Mr. Breman. The old man uttered not a word, but merely bowed. There was that in his looks which said "I am he."

The stranger might have been some thirty years or so of age. He was dressed in black, a mourning weed was on his hat, and there was something in his appearance which seemed to indicate that the friend whose loss he deplored had recently departed. The letter of introduction which he presented to Mr. B. was quickly yet carefully perused, and as it was somewhat unique, we shall take the liberty of submitting it to the inspection of the reader:

FRIEND PAUL:—This will introduce to thee friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business. I have know him from a youth up. Thou mayest depend upon for aught he can do, and shall not lean on a broken reed. If thou canst do anything for him, thou mayest peradventure benefit thyself, and cause to rejoice,

Thy former and present friend,
MICHA LOOMIS."

"It is not every one who can get off Micah Loomis' endorsement on his character," said Paul Bremen to himself as he folded up the letter of a well-known associate of former days. "Old Micha is good for a quarter of a million, or anything else—it will do—I want him—getting old, business increasing—must have some more help—now as well as any time."

The old gentleman looked at all this, as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his lips.

"Mr. Copeland, you know all all about books?"

"I have had some few years' experience."

"Any objections to a place here?—pretty close work—thousand a year."

"None in the world."

"When can you begin?"

"Now."

A real smile shone upon the old man's face. It lingered there like the rays of the setting sun among the clouds of evening, lighting up those seemingly hard, dark features.

A stool was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, matters explained, directions given, the pen was dipped in the ink, and in short, before an hour had passed away you would have thought the old man and the young man had known each other for years.

In reference to our knew friend, it will be sufficient to remark, that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and though he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish a general acquaintance with the most note-worthy authors of the day, both literary and religious, and with many of past times. After a few years of success in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself, misfortunes came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world, save his two lovely daughters.

As year after year passed away, he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt though he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure.

Very little, indeed, was said by either of them not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatever between them, save in the counting room. Thus six years went by, towards the close of which period old Mr. Bremen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the younger before him, something was evidently brewing in that old head.—What could it be? And then, too, at home he looked so curiously. The Irish servant was puzzled. Sure, said James, something's a coming. Annie, too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwelt much on her.

"What is it father?" she said to him one morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gazing steadfastly in her face; "what is it?—Do tell me."

"I wish you'd have him," burst forth like an avalanche. "Known him for six years—true as a ledger—a gentleman—real sensible man—don't talk much—regular as a clock—prime for business—worth his weight in gold."

"Have who, father? What are you talking about?"

"My head clerk, Copeland—you don't know him—I do—haven't seen anybody else worth an old quill."

Annie was puzzled. She laughed, however and said—

"Marry my father's clerk! what would people say;"

"Humbug, child, all humbug—worth forty of your whiskered, lounging, lazy gentry; say! what they please; what do I care! what do you care! what's money after all? got enough of it—want a sensible man—want somebody to take care of it; all humbug."

"What's all humbug, father?"

"Why people's notions on these matters—Copeland is poor—so was I. once—may be again; world's full of changes, seen a great many of them in my day, can't stay here long—got to leave you, Annie, wish you'd like him."

"Father, are you serious?"

"Serious, child!" And he looked so. Annie was a chip of the old block; a strong minded, resolute girl. A new idea seemed to strike her.

"Father, if you are really serious in this matter, I'll see this Copeland; I'll get acquainted with him. If he likes me and I like him, I'll have him. But he shall love me for myself alone; I must know it. Will you leave the matter to me?"

"Go ahead, my child, and do as you like. Good morning."

"Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my name a little; I shall appear to be a poor girl, a companion of our friend, Mrs. Richards, in H——street; she shall know the whole affair, you shall call me by my middle name, Peyton; I shall be a relative of yours, you shall suggest the business to Mr. Copeland, as you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take care for itself."

"I see, I see," and one of those rare smiles illuminated his whole face. It actually got between his lips, parted them asunder, glanced upon a set of teeth but little the worse for wear, and was resting there when he left the house for his counting-room. The twilight of that smile was not yet gone when he reached the well-known spot, and bowed, and looked "Good morning" to those in his employ, for old Paul was, after his fashion, a polite man. On the morning of that day what looks were directed to our friend Charles, so many, so peculiar, so full of something that the head clerk could not but notice them, and that, too, with some alarm. What was coming? At last the volcano burst forth.

"Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astonished. Did Mr Bremen say that, and in the counting-room too? The very ledger seemed to blush at the introduction of such a subject. He for the first time made a blot on the fair page before him.

"I say—why don't you get a wife!—know just the thing for you—prime article—poor enough to be sure—what of that—a fortune in a wife, you know—a sort of relation of mine—don't want to meddle with other people's affairs, know your own business best can't help thinking you'll be happier—must see her."

Now the fact is, that Charles had some time past thought to himself: but how the old man should have completely divined his feelings was quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the day a note was put into Mr. Bremen's hands by James, his Irish servant, the contents of which produced another sort of grim smile. Mr. B. handed a sealed document of rather imposing form to Charles, saying—

"Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that at No. 67 H——street. Place it only in the hands of the person to whom it is addressed; don't want to trust it to any one else."

The clerk saw on the outside, "Mrs. Richards, No. 67 H——street,' the door bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeland into a small, neat parlor, where sat a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty years of age, plainly dressed, engaged in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed, and inquired for Mrs. Richards.

"She is not in, but expected presently: will you be seated?" There was an ease and quietness, and an air of self-command about this person, which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once, (you always do with such people,) made some common-place remark, which was immediately responded to; then another; and soon the conversation grew so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten. Her absence was strangly protracted, but at length she made her appearance. The document was presented; a glance at the outside.

"Mr. Copeland." Charles bowed.

"Miss Peyton." The young lady bowed; and thus they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaining any longer, and our friend took his departure.

That night Annie said to Mr. B., "I like his appearance, father."

"Forward——march!" said old Paul, and he looked at his daughter with vast satisfaction.

"The ould man's as swate to-nght as a new potato," said James to the cook.

The next day Charles Copeland came very near writing several times, "To Miss Peyton, Dr.," as he was making out some bills of merchandise sold.

"Delivered the paper last evening!" Copeland bowed.

"Mrs. Richards is an old friend—humble in circumstances—the young lady, Peyton—worth her weight in gold any day—have her myself if I could."

* * * * * * *

"How much you remind me of Mr. Bremen," said Charles one evening to Annie; "I think you said you were a relation of his?"

"I am related to him through my mother," was the grave reply.

Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal a smile.

Somewhat later than usual, on that day Annie reached her father's house, There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was plainly written there.

"I see, I see," said the old man; the account is closed—books balanced—have it all through now in short order. You are a sensible girl—no foolish puss—just what I want—bless you, child, bless you."

The next day Paul came, for almost the first time in his life, rather late to his counting-room. Casks and boxes seemed to be starting with wonder.

"Copeland, you are a fine fellow—heard from Mrs. Richards—proposal to my relation Perton—all right—done up well. Come to my house this evening—never been there yet, eh!—eight o'clok, precisely—want to see you—got something to say."

"How much interest he seems to take in this matter," said Charles. "He's a kind old man in his way; a little rough, but good at heart."

Yes, Mr. Charles Copeland, even kinder than you think for.

At eight o'clock precisely the door bell of Mr. Bremen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by friend James.—Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and turning round abruptly, introduced him to "My daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen," and immediately withdrew.

"Charles, will you forgive me this?" He was too much astonished to make any reply.

"If you knew all my motives and feelings, I am sure you would."

That the motives and feelings, were soon explained to his entire satisfaction, no one will doubt.

"Copeland, my dear fellow," shouted old Paul, as he entered the room, "no use in a long engagement?"

"O, father!"

"No use, I say; married now—get ready afterwards; next Monday evening; who cares want it over; feel settled. Shan't part with Annie, though; must bring your wife here; house rather lonesome; be still; no words; must have it so, partner in business; Bremen & Copeland; got the papers all drawn up today; can't alter it. Be quiet, will you? won't stay in the room!"

I have finished my story, reader, I have given the facts. I cannot say, however, that I approve of the deception practiced upon our friend Charles. As, however our Lord commended the "unjust steward because he acted wisely," so I suppose the good sense shown by the young lady, in choosing a husband for the sake of what he was, and not for the sake of what he might have possessed, merits our approbation. It is not every one who has moral courage enough to step out of the circle which surrounds the wealthy, and seek for those qualities of mind and heart, which the world can never give nor take away.

The Better Land.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

There is a land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not shrink nor be dismayed,
And love will never die.
Tell me—I fain would go,
For I am burdened with a heavy woe.
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender from my path have gone;
And I am weak, and fainting with despair:—
Where is it? Tell me where?

Friend, thou must trust in him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,
Sorrow and toil and strife.
Think how the Son of God
Those thorny paths hath trod;
Think how He longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe;
Think of His loneliness in places dim,
When no man comforted and cared for Him;
Think how He prayed, unaided and alone,
In that dread agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend, not thou despair;
Christ, in his heaven or heavens, will hear thy prayer.

"A Victim."

Mr. Russell formerly resided in Schoharie; he now lives in Albany. Russell appears to be the victim of unpropitious circumstances—having an unhappy faculty of doing things contrary to law. Last week he was arrested for the eleventh time since autumn set in.—We give his examination—

"Well, Russell, you are here again, I perceive."

"Yes sir. The fact is, squire, I'm a victim. Blow me if I care what Bobby Russell does, he's sure to violate some law or other. When I came to Albany, says I to myself, Russell, my boy, we'll take a hunt to-morrow, and try them new fox-hounds. Well, sir, out I goes, and what do you think? Before I got to the next corner, Barney Whalen tapped me on the shoulder and says 'Old feller, that's agin the law.' 'What's agin the law?' I asks. Says he, 'Havin' dogs in the streets without muzzles.' So he 'rested me, and took me to the police-court. The result of that piece of fun was a fine of five dollars!—Well, what do you 'spose I did then?'

'Can't say."

"I'll tell you. I sold the fox hounds and bought me a sow and five pigs. I built a pen in the back yard, and thought my troubles were over, but I was mistaken. Officer Bradwell called on me the very next morning and said, 'Russell, keepin pigs in the yard is agin the law.' I doubted it. This riled Bradwell, and he 'rested me agin. This time I was fined five dollars more.'

'Well, what did you do then?'

'I sold my sow and pigs, and bought a horse and cart, and undertook to draw wood. The very first load I put on drew the attention of policeman Sickles, and he said that drivin a cart without a license was agin the law. He 'rested me for that offence, and I was fined another five dollars.'

'Well, what did you do next?'

'I sold the horse and cart, and bought a charcoal wagon."

'And what success did you meet with after that?'

'The same old luck. The first day I commenced peddling, officer Snooks took me by the collar and says, 'That's agin the law old feller.' 'What's agin the law?' I axed. He said; 'Sellin' charcoal in a wooden measure.' That cost me a fine of three dollars.'

'Did that drive you out of the charcoal business?'

'Yes sir, I sold out, and thought I would try my fortune carrying baggage between he railroads and hotels. But what's the use? I only commenced work to-day, and yet here I am again."

'What for, now?'

'For soliciting baggage without a permit from the mayor. As I said before, I'm a victim. If I should jump into the river and save a man from drowning, dash me if I don't believe the first policeman I met in coming ashore would up and say, 'It's agin the law, Russell, to do that without a license from the coroner.'

The justice having heard Mr. Russell to the end, admitted that he was a 'victim,' and let him off this time without paying a fine.

Russell as he left the office, remarked that he would kill himself if it wasn't for one thing. On being asked what that was he replied that some policeman would discover that it was 'agin the law to commit suicide, and collect the fine against his unfortunate children.'

Honey-Moon Conversation.

A correspondent of the *Delawarian*, writing from a watering place, gives the following report of a conversation between a newly married couple from Virginia. There is a depth of affection in it, which is quite refreshing to contemplate:—

'William—dear William," said the wife, with a word of affection in her eyes.

'Speak, heavenly charmer,' replied the new husband, returning with interest the expressive glances of his spouse.

'Dear William!'

'Adored Eliza!'

'Sweet flatterer!'

'Angelic creature!'

'Dear—dear William, pardon me—but do you think a short walk would hurt us, as the divine Willis says?"

'I fear, loveliest of thy sex, that you may be fatigued."

'Fear not, dearest!'

'Heavenly emanation—bright dream of my precarious existence—but I cannot help fearing.'

'Sweet William—'

'Celestial Eliza!'

Here they fell to violent kissing, which lasted abot fifteen minutes. Almost breathless, the lady exclaimed—

'William, dear William, why are you so sweet? O, the joy, the ecstacy of wedded bliss! Best beloved, will you ever love me thus?

'By yonder fearful—I say tremendous, orb—I swear!' he exclaimed, pointing to the setting sun.

'And as a memento of our wedding day, will you yearly bring me here—will you, cherished idol?'

'Yes, my only pet—my life—my love—I will bring you here every year—if my capital holds out?'

'O! bravest and best of thy noble sex, talk not of capital in this, our hour of bliss.'

How much longer they talked the writer cannot say, for he was called away at this moment to welcome some friends from Maryland. But he is firmly of the opinion that none but married people know what real happiness is. While the above happy couple were talking, he felt as if immersed in molasses, every thing since has looked, felt and smelt sweet.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT AT SEBASTOPOL.—A soldier who was present at the capture of Sebastopol, relates in a letter to his friends the following romantic story:

"A party of our men beloning to di fferent regiments, were patrolling from house to house in search of plunder. In one of the houses they came across a beautiful young female, about 17 or 18 years of age. Of course some violence was shown among-st the party, who commenced to drag her about, and have used violence to her, had not a young man belonging to the 18th taken a musket and threatened to blow the first man's brains out that laid a finger on her; whereupon the young woman flew to this man and clung to him for protection. She followed him to the camp, when coming in sight of his camp, he beckoned her to return—but no—she would not leave him. Whether she had fallen in love with him at first sight I don't know. But came with him. As soon as he got there, he was instantly confined for being absent when the regiment was under arms She followed him to the guard tent; and cried after him. The colonel of his regiment seeing the affection she bore him, released him, and sent them both to General Harris, where an interpreter was got, and she related the whole affair to them. It turned out that she was the general's daughter, worth some thousands. She was beautifully attired, and carried a gold watch, and wore a set of bracelets of immense value. The young man is now about to be married to her. She will not leave him on any account whatever; and if he is not a lucky dog, I don,t know who is."

A Lady who was Present at the Battle of Saratoga.

MRS MARGARET MATIN, who is stopping at the residence of her grandson, in this city, is 98 years of age. She is one of the few remarkable women of the Revolution who took part in the memorable occurrences of the struggle for American Independence. Her husband, Gilbert Martin, was a sergeant in the army of Gates, and was engaged in the battle at Saratoga. Mrs. Martin then a very young women, was on the field during both struggles constituting this battle and terminating in the defeat of the splendid army which Burgoyne had transported with such immense labor and expense from Canada, confidently anticipating that he would be able with it to divide the army of the patriots and secure Sir Henry Clinton in possession of the southern line of defence.

Mrs. Martin represents the struggle as most terrific. She says that toward evening, when Burgoyne, maddened by the conciousness that all his splendid schemes were about to be defeated, directed his whole reserve and cavalry force upon the feeble army of the patriots, the contestants stood within half-musket range of each other, and poured in their deadly volleys, while whole files on either side fell in their tracks, and still neither gave one inch.

Towards evening Mr. Martin was wounded in the shoulder, and while his wife was in the act of affixing a bandage she herself was wounded in the hand. "Gilbert sprang up like a chafed lion. 'Peggy,' said he, 'I'll go and teach those cowardly fellows better manners than to shoot at a woman;' and I saw no more till the fight was over.

Of such material were the men and women of the Revolution.

We can readily imagine the field of Saratoga was a strange place for those of the "softer sex." Mrs. Martin, however, has evidently been a woman of uncommon energy of character. Her frame still exhibits evidences of strength, and her eye sparkles as she recounts the deeds of that glorious day, or spaks "of that coward Gates who staid safe and sound all day in his tent, and cared not for men who were falling like sheaves in the harvest."

One by one the survivors and landmarks of the Revolution are fading away.

THE JEWS IN AMERICA.—The San Francisco *Sun* thus closes an article upon the present condition of the Jews in the United States, which we consider a just tribute to our citizens of that faith:

"The American Jew is only less proud of his country than his religion. To say he is a mere dweller upon the soil, because it affords him the means of support, is to libel the most noble traits of his character. The graves of his ancestors are around him. His heaven is as near to him on the shores of the Pacific as upon the sacred Mount of Olives, or within the classic walls of Jerusalem. His God is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient. He has knelt before that awful presence alike on the deserts of Arabia and the frozen zones of Siberia; and why should he here, where the law recognises his religion and his political privileges, withhold an affection to which he is impelled, by every consideration of prosperity to himself, and future hapiness to his children? His respect for our laws is shown in the fact that he seldom violates them. His wealth has gone towards building up and enriching our cities. He cultivates the arts, and goes heart and soul with our active citizens in every useful enterprise. He quarrels but little; heads a mob—never. You will find him in our courts of justice, on the bench, at the bar, in the jury box, but seldom ever arrriagned for a heinous criminal offence. This is the American Jew. Let his good qualities be imitated; his bad ones should be forgotten."

AGE.

But few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passional mental, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression,—"choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it; for even, though not suddenly fatal, strong passion shortens life. Strong bodied men often die young,—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with body, so it is with mind and temper. The stronger are apt to break down, or, like the candle, to run: she wick burned out. The inferior animals which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their proscribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty: the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six to seven years. The numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size.

When the cartilaginons parts of the bone become ossified, the bone ceases to grow.—This takes place in man at about twenty years on the average; in the camel at eight; in the horse at five; in the ox at four; in the lion at four; in the dog at two; in the cat a eighteen months; in the rabbit at twelve; in the guinea-pig at seven. Five or six times these numbers give the term of life; five is pretty near the average; some animals greatly exceed it. But man, of all the animals, s the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are a hundred: but instead of that he scarcely reaches on the average, four times his growing period; whilst the dog reaches six times; the cat six times; the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his now secret reflections.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DIMENSIONS OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.—The latest measurment of our fresh water seas is as follows:

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 435 miles; the greatest breadth is 100 miles; mean depth 988 feet; elevation 627 fleet, area 32,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 360 miles: its greatest breadth 108 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 587 feet; area 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is 300 miles; its greatest breadth 160 miles; mean depth 800 feet; elevation 574 feet; area 20,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth 80 miles; its mean depth 84 feet; elevation 555 feet; area 6,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth 65 miles; its mean depth 500 feet; elevation 262 feet; area 6,000 square miles.

The total length of all five lakes is 1,585 miles; covering an area altogether of upward of 90,000 square miles.

A ROUGH BEDFELLOW.—There is a good story going the rounds of the papers, told of a man in Arkansas, who had been drinking till a late hour at night, and then started for home in a state of sweet obliviousness. Upon reaching his own premises, he was too far gone to discover any door to the domicile he was wont to inhabit, and therefore laid himself down in a shed which was a favorite rendezvous for the hogs. They happened to be out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. The weather being rather cold, they, in the utmost kindness, and the truest hospitality, gave their bibep companion the middle of the bed, some lying on either side of him, and others acting the part of quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by exposure. Towards morning he awoke. Finding himself comfortable, in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodation of a tavern in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand, and catching hold of the stiff brussells of a hog, exclaimed: "Hallo my good friend, you've got a——of a beard! *When did you shave last?*"

ERIE RAILROAD.—The whole number of cars and locomotives on this road is 3,168, which, if coupled together in one train, would reach a distance of twenty-one miles, and be able to carry 150,000 persons in one day from New York to Lake Erie. The company has in its employ not less than 5000 persons, whose pay per month is $125.000 per year. The number of miles from Jersey City to Dunkirk is 459; and is run over by evening express trains in sixteen hours. The Company has in its service six printing presses, which are constantly at work printing tickets that are never used but once, blanks, &c.

THE CRANBERRY CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—The New Haven Palladium records another case of the cure of Erysipelas by the simple application of raw cranberries pounded fine. The patient was a lady, one side of whose face had become so swollen and inflamed that the eye become closed and the pain excessive. A poultice of cranberries was applied, and, after several changes, the pain ceased the inflammation subsided, and in the course of a couple of days every vestige of the disease had disappeard.

☞ "Papa, what does the editor lick the Prices Current with?"

"Whip it? he don't whip it, my child."

"Then he lies, Papa."

"Hush! Tom, that is a very naughty word."

"Well, by golly! this here paper says, "Prices current carefully corrected," and I guess when I gets corrected, I gets licked—hey—don't I?"

"Nuf ced—my son. You can go to bed."

SMART BOY.—A little boy of our acquaintance recently attended church, and, after listening attentively to the parable of the wise and foolish house builders, said to his mother on the way home: "I don't think that man was so wise after all."

"And why not my son?"

"Why, if his house was built on a rock, where would he find a place for his cellar?"

Sure enough sonny, where could he? The idea never struck us before.

CALIFORNIA FASHIONS.—A few days since, a German was riding along Sansome street, when he heard the whizzing of a bullet near him, and he felt his hat shaken. He turned about, and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet-hole in it.

'Did you shoot at me?' asked the German.

'Yes,' replied the other party: "that's my horse; it was stolen from me recently.'

'You must be mistaken," says the German; I have owned the horse for three years.'

'Well,' says the other, 'when I come to look at him, I belive I am mistaken. Excuse me sir; won't you take a drink?'

The rider dismounted, tied his horse, the two found a drinking saloon near by, they hobnobbed and drank together, and parted friends. That is the California fashion of making acquaintance.—*Cal. Pioneer.*

☞ Instead of "Whigs to the Rescue," or "Democrats Arouse," or "Americans stand to your Guns," a Southern paper rallies to voters to the polls in this wise:

"Blow the fuzzy guzzy,
Sound the gewgag,
Let the hogannah ring,
Smite the tomjohn,
Whack the doubuzzy,
And permit miscellaneous things to rip generally."

☞ An imaginative Irishman gave utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins! I cried aloud; "My father's, where are they?" and echo responded, "Is that you Pathrick McGlathery?"

☞ The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a bellows, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

A VICTIM OF CONFIDENCE.—A fellow on the race course was staggering about with more liquor than he could carry, "Hallo! what's the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriate had just run against.—'Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting the liquor on the race to day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

☞ A Boy baby is on Exhibition in Pittsburg who is only 3 years old, weighs 109 pounds, and is 3 feet high. We pity the woman that has to nurse him.

☞ A malicious Benedick perpetrates the following.

The best mosquito bar we know of is a pretty wife. No intelligent mosquito would attempt to bore into a nutmeg grater face of a man, when soft cheeks and rosy lips were close alongside.

☞ "Have you said your prayers, John?"

"No ma'am. It ain't my work. Bill says the prayers, and I the amens! We agreed to do it, because it comes shorter."