Wyoming Democrat.

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BY HARVEY SICKLER.

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Poetry.

ECHO POETRY.

The following is a specimen of echo poetry which possesses merit as a literary composition, and on account of the spirit of piety which breathes through it:—

Our Father,
For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Except thou succor us
Who art in Heaven.
Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise thee, singing
Hallowed be thy name
Of all our miseries cast up the sum;
Show us thy joys, and let
Thy kingdom come.
We mortal are, an ailer from our birth;
Thou constant art.
Thy will be done on earth.
Thou madst the earth as well as planets seven,
Thy name be blessed here
As 'tis in heaven.
Nothing we have to use our debts to pay,
Except thou give it us.
Give is this day
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without thee we want
Our daily bread.
We want, but we want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin—
Forgive us our trespasses.
If we repent our faults, thou ne'er disdain'st us,
We pardon them
That trespass against us.
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in Thy Faith,
And lead us—
Us, thine own people and Thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation.
Thou that of all good graces are the giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver
Us from the fierce assults of the world and the devil
And flesh, so shalt Thou free us
From all evil.
To these petitions let both church and laymen,
With one consent of heart and voice, say
Amen."

IRRESISTIBLE.

She tied the new cravat
Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
And with her arms delayed me;
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
And said "it was so curly!"
While going down the stair
She cried, "Come home, dear, early!"
How happy then was I
With all I e'er desired;
I fortune could defy
While thus I was admired;
We parted at the door---
Her smile deserved a sonnet!
"Dear love– but one thing more,
I want—*a new spring bonnet!*"

A NEW LOVE TEST.

The English papers tells of a sentimental individual named Stanhope, who, having become possessed with the notion that his wife was not so fond of him as she should be, resolved to put her love to the test. This he did by hanging himself in effigy in the attic, and concealing himself where he could watch the effect of the spectacle. Here is the sequel:

After awhile, his daughter came up after a skipping rope, and caught a glimpse of the suspended figure. She ran down the stairs, screaming "Oh mother, mother! pappy hung himself." "Now for it," thought Felix, in ambuscade, "we shall have a touching scene presently." "Hung himself," he heard Mrs. Stanhope repeat, as she walked leisurely up stairs, "he hasn't got pluck enough for such a thing, or he would have done it long ago. Well, I believe he has done it, however," she said, as she came in view of Felix's representative. "Moll (to the little girl,) I think he ought to be cut down. You had better go into the kitchen and get a knife, my dear; but don't go down too fast or you might fall and hurt yourself. Stay, I forgot. There's no knife in the kitchen sharp enough. You can go round to Mr. Holmes, the shoemaker—he's only four streets off—tell him to whet it before he sends it. And Molly, when you are in the neighborhood, you can stop at Aunt Sukey's and ask how the baby is. And, Molly, you can stop at the grocer's shop as you come back and get a pound of sugar."

"Poor Felix!" sighed Mrs. Stanhope when her daughter had departed, "I hope we shall get him down before the vital spark's extinct, for these buryings are very troublesome, and cost money. He wanted to put an end to himself, too; and I think I ought to let him have his own way for once in his life; he used to say that I was always crossing him. I wish he hadn't spoiled that new clothes line: an old rope might have answered his purpose." Here a voice, which sounded like that of the supposed suicide, broke in upon Mrs. Stanhope's soliloquy with "You confounded Jezabel, I'll be the death of you!" Mrs Stanhope, thinking this must of course be a ghostly exclamation, uttered a wild scream and attempted to escape down the narrow staircase. Felix, starting from his place of concealment, gave chase. Mrs. Stanhope stumbled midway on the flight of stairs, and Mr. Stanhope having just reached her, and made a grasp at her disheveled hair as it streamed backward, the amiable partners were precipitated to the bottom together; both were badly bruised.

☞ A Jerseyman was recently arrested for flogging a woman, and excused the act by saying he was near-sighted and thought it was his wife.

AN OBLIGING DISPOSITION.

There is nothing like an obliging disposition, I thought to myself one day, while traveling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep, at his destination.

"Passengers for West Needham!" cried the conductor; 'the cars stop but one minute.'

"Hallo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman, by the shoulders, who was sleeping very soundly, 'here's Capt Holmes fast asleep, and this is West Needham, where he lives, Come, get up, Captain Holmes; here you are.'

The gentleman rose upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the roadside.—Whiz went the steam, and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him: "Well, if it had not been for me, Capt. Holmes would have missed his home finely But here, he has missed his bundles, and the young man picked up a couple of parcels and threw them out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me, Capt. Holmes would missed his bundles nicely.',

When we stopped at the next station, a lady began to rummage under the seat where Capt. Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm:

"I can't find my bundle."

'Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes it was, to be sure," replied the lady

"Then" said I, "'that young man threw it out at the last stopping place."

This lead to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days, providing he should ever find it.

"Well," said the obliging young man "catch me doing a good natured thing, again. What can I do for that poor woman if I cannot find that bundle?'

Whiz went the steam, ding, ding, ding went the bell, the dust flew, the sparks flew and the cars flew, as they say, like lightning, till we stopped again at the next station. An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Captain Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for?" I inquired:

"Looking for?" said the old gentleman, "why I am looking for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes and nothing else," said the old man.

"Good heavens! exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Capt. Holmes."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the old man, with a look of despair, "who is Capt. Holmes?" That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow evening. Dear me, what can I do?"

Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself with the promise that the bundle should be returned to him provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair, and made another solemn vow that he would never attempt to be obliging again. The next station was his landing place, and as he went toward the door of the car, he saw a silver-headed cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it, "Capt. Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well," again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Capt. Holmes' cane!"

"Yes," said a gentleman who got in at the last station, "and the old man is lame, too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young man.

"Know him? I should think so," replied the young gentleman; "he is my uncle."

"And does he live at East Needham? asked the obliging young man.

"Of course he does. He never lived anywhere else,"

"Well if that don't beat everything," said the obliging young man, "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

FISHES TRAVELING ON LAND.— Dr Hancock in the Zeological Journal, gives a description of a fish called the flat-head hassar, that travels to other pools of water when that in which it has resided dries up. Bose also describes another variety which is found in South Carolina, and if our memory serves us well, also in Texas, which, like the flathead, leaves the dying pools in search of others. These fishes, filled with water, travel by night, one with a lizard-like motion, and the other by leaps. The South Carolina and Texas varieties are furnished with a membrane over the mouth in which they are enabled to carry with them a supply of water to keep their gills moist during their travel. These fishes, guilded by some peculiar sense, always travel in a straight line to the nearest water. This they do without the aid of memory, for it has been found that if a tub filled with water is sunk in the ground near one of the pools which they inhabit, they will when the pool dries up, move directly towards the tub. Surely this is a wonderful and merciful provision for the preservation of those kinds of fishes; for, inhabiting, as they do, only stagnant pools, and that, too, in countries subject to long and periodical droughts, their races would, but for this provision, become extinct.

RELATION OF THE SEXES.

It may be laid down as a general rule amusements which separate the sexes are dangerous. I would not press the truth too narrowly and literally; but undoubtedly it is a general truth that where women seek their amusements in one way by themselves, there is in both ways a tendency to degeneration and temptation. God meant that man and woman should live together, work together, and, in all the functions of life—civil, social, religious artistic, and intellectual—co-operate with each other; and their mutual relations are harmonizing and balancing, and nowhere else more than in the seeking and prosecution of amusements. I believe that boys and girls should go to school together. As they sit together in the household, so I think they should sit together in our temples of learning. Colleges should not be for all men or for all women, but the same buildings and the same professors should be provided for both in common. And as it is in everything else, so it should be in amusements. There is much greater liability to temptation and immorality where amusement is sought in the isolation or separation of the sexes.

Therefore, all exhibitions of pictures and status, all provisions fo public recreation all institutions for public amusements, should be such as to enable the people to go in groups and families.

I do not think amusements can be good generally in a community in which a man is ashamed to take his whole family to them. If there is anything you would not like your wife and children to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is wrong; and if there is anything you wo'd like them to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is right. And this might be made a rule of judgment far more widely than it now is.—*H. W Beecher.*

THE LAST MINCE PIE--A YANKEE ROMANCE.

Chapter I—She threw herself upon his breast and wept.

Chapter II.—as she ceased weeping he groaned audibly. There they sat entwined in each other's arms for about two hours, and nary one of 'em spoke.

Chapter III.—a voice fractured the solemn stillness of the air. 'Twas Eugene's. "How sweet, mp own love, Harriet, if I had but a mince pie to eat."

Then she lifted her tear-dimmed eyes to the starry heavens, clasped her hands wildly, and exclaimed, "Come with me to the kitchen, love, and thou shalt eat thy fill, for there were three of them left at dinner."

They clasped each other by the hand and rushed to the pantry.

Chapter IV.—Two mince pies had disappeared, and the third was about to share the same fate, when a stealthy step was heard.

"Fly, my angel!—my beau! 'Tis the old woman, I know." And she fell fainting at his feet.

Chapter V.—The old woman stood face to face with Eugene, and she asked him what he had doin' with the gal, and he said he hadn't dun nothing. She seized upon the remaining pie, and with the ferocity of a tigress, she chucked it at him.

Chapter VI.—Her aim had been too true. She hit him in the pit of the stomach, and he fell at her feet a corpse.—They buried them both in one grave; and every Spring the village maidens planted onions over the place where the lovers are at last united.

EVERY DAY MAXIMS.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than that of triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.

When you meet with neglect, let it arouse you to exertion; instead of mortifying your pride, set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect, and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect.

If you desire the common people to treat you as a gentleman, you should conduct yourself as a gentleman should to them.

Do not attempt to frighten children and inferiors by passion. It does more harm to your own character than it does good to them. The same thing is better done by firmness and persuasion.

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses.

Keep up the habit of being respected, and do not attempt to be more amusing and agreeable than is consistent with the preservation of respect.

Don't be too severe upon yourself and your own failings; keep on, don't faint, be energetic to the last.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—A young man at a social party was urged to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell a story, and then if they persisted in their demands he would try and execute a song.—When a boy, he said, he took lessons on singing, and one Sunday morning he went into his father's garret to practice by himself. When in full, play he was sent for by the old gentleman. "This is pretty employment for a son of pious parents to saw boards on the Sabbath morning loud enough to be heard by the neighbors. Sit down and take your book." The young man was excused from singing the proposed song.

What word is that of five letters from which, if you take two of them only one is left! Stone.

HOW JIM WICKER'S HEAD got BALD

"You see the har always did kee rayther scarce 'bout my scalp, and I was always rubbing in one thing and another to fotch it out, for I was sartin the roots wasn't dead, though thar was little to be seen above the ground. I'd heard of bar's greese, and bought a gallon in bottles, but I believe it was nothing but hog's lard and mutton taller; so I thought I would have the genuine article, and I got old Dan to go out and kill something for my especial benefit. Dan told me that it was in the Spring and that the bar was in bad health and out of season; but I believed he was trying to quiz me, and wouldn't take no for an answer. A short hunt fotched a critter at bay, and Dan, by a shot in the vitals, "saved the varmint;" but the bar was in a bad condition, for he looked as seedy as an old Canada thistle, and he had hardly ile enough in him to keep his jints from squeaking, but what he did have I got and used, "and strangers," said Jim, looking sorrowfully round on the company, in two days what little har I had commenced falling off, and in a week I was as bald as a gun-barrel. Dan was right; the varmint was shedding himself and had nothin in him but bar shedding ile, and the consequence is, I can't in the dark tell my head from a gourd, if I depend on feeling."

A CARICATURE NOT YET PUBLISHED.—The following is a caricature which we have not seen in Harper:

Scene First—Stanton in the War Office, has just received notice from the President of leave to go. The Secretary, with eyes aglare, nostrils destended, fists clenched and advanced in pugilistic attitude, his whole person indicative of fight, exclaims:

"I will not go, by thunder; I'll fight first!"

Scene Second—Stanton making toward the door of the War Office, his hair disheveled, eyes protruding, his arms extending as if to break a fall, his person indicating that he is in the act of tumbling down, while endeavoring to find egress from the office, while Andy, standing in the door of the White-house, reaches out a long leg, well-booted, the foot of which sets strong against the Secretary's posterior person, with an inscription upon the soul of the boot of the word "Grant," the woe-begone Secretary exclaiming as he retreats;

"I yield to superior force."

THE MENAGERIE.—'Mr. Showman, what is that?" "That, my dear, is the rhynocery. He is cousin German or Dutch relation to the unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his will, which accounts for his low spirits when he's melancholy or rejected. He is now somewhat aged, but he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survey the wonders of creation as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a hanimal that can stand hanging like a fellow-critter, only it's reversed"

☞ Frankie is but four years old, but is a philosopher—all children are. The little fellow was much pestered by mosquitoes the other night. He could get no rest or sleep. Finally, after numerous vain attempts to drive them away, he broke out into the following soliloquy:

"Oh dear me! I wonder what the Lord made them for!" Then folding his hands upon his breast he said, "O lord, the mosquitoes are biting me real bad. Please don't make any more mosquitoes!" and he dropped asleep. What a lesson of faith to us! Verily out of the mouths of babes shall we learn wisdom.

An exchange well says "out of every dollar the laboring man earns, about sixty cents is taken indirectly to keep the indolent negroes, to maintain military despotisms over eleven States, and enrich Abolition officials. This is why our poor men are kept poor, and our laboring men complain of hard times. It is the high prices and high taxes that takes their money, and it is the negro Bureau, military despotisms, and abolition officials, that makes the taxes high. To get rid of these, Radicalism must be voted out of power.'

The India Famine.

The terrible famine in India has now lasted a year, and the end is not yet. One million five hundred thousand persons have died from starvation and diseases incident to a want of food, and twenty millions of men, women and children have been in a greater or less degree affected by the visitation. In the Province of Orissa one-fourth of the inhabitants have been swept away. Starving wretches have turned cannibals and eaten their own children. A missionary records a case of a mother and son who were found devouring a dead child. A Hindoo is mentioned who, having found the body of an infant in the river, cooked and ate it. Over two millions of dollars were expended last year for the relief of the sufferers, and a much larger sum will be required to meet the demands of the present year.

A widow in Paris, aged forty-five, married a young man aged eighteen. By her first husband she had a son whose age at the time of her second marriage was twenty-one. She recently died and by her will left her fortune to her son and husband.—As her husband was not of age her son was appointed his guardian.

Wise and Otherwise.

The moon seems the most unsteady of all celestial luminaries, she is continually shifting her quarters.

Although men are accused of not knowing their weakness, yet perhaps, as few know their own strength.

Mrs. Harris says her darter Jane was married a little over a year when she had two boys, both sons."

"Don't get above your business," as the lady said to a shoemaker who was measuring her foot.

Only one fourth of the population of Ireland now understand the original Irish language.

In a country paper, the marriage of a Mr. Cooper to Miss Staves is announced, The result will probably be barrels.

Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but *ice creams* ever since.

FIRST VILLIAN.—(Aside. to corpse of gentleman whom he had just murdered)—"Draw your legs up, you stupid! Don't you see that curtain will come down on them!"

"There is no place like home," says the poet. Right! unless it's the home of the young woman you're after. This is, of course, an exception. Future poets will please to note it.

"Jack!" said a man to a lad just entering his teens, "your father's drowned." "Darn it," replied the young hopeful, "and he's got my knife in his pocket."

The use of whalebone for hoops has doubled the price of that article. It has certainly doubled the size of the females who use them.

No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is well pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased because she is so dressed.

An elderly spinster wrote to a friend:—"A widower with ten children has proposed, and I accepted. This is the number I should have been entitled to if I had married at the proper time."

"Neighbor Jones," said a rigid church member, "I have been informed that you often drive your team, or even go a fishing or a hunting on the Sabbath." "True," replied Jones, "but then on those occasions I always whistle psalm tunes."

"THIS TOO SOLID FLESH."—There is said to be an old lady down on Long Island so very fat that the neighbors use her shadow for griddle greasing. To keep her from slipping out of bed, her husband rolls her in the ashes. Long Island is a great place.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.—Scene 1.—Mother in the cellar splitting wood.

Scene 2.—Daughter in the parlor singing to Clarence Fitz Noodle the pathetic ballad of "Who shall care for mother now?"

The celebrated Dr. Lathrop was a man of genuine piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh to be "known of men." A young divine who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to him, "Do you suppose you have any religion?" "None to *speak* of," was the excellent reply.

"SUM" EPITAPH.—On a tombstone near San Diego, California, the inscription read thus:

"This yere is sakrid to the memory of William Henry Skarakon, who cam to his deth by bein shot by a Colt's revolver—one of the old kind, bras mountid and of sutch is the kingdom of heavin."

At a bar supper in Milwaukie, Wisconsin the following was among the regular toasts:

"The Court of Cupid: a tribunal before which lawyer's pleas always please; where every suit is commenced by an attachment; where the execution takes the body, and supplementary proceedings never fail to satisfy the judgment."

Mr. Colt having been successful in a motion where General Burnes was on the other side, asked the Court for costs. Gen. B, who was irritated by being beaten, opposed this vehemently, and said, in conclusion, he 'hoped the counsel would not prove himself to be one of those lawyers whose morning prayer is: "Give us this day our daily bread—with costs!"'

The mostest of fun for the leastest of money—have a pretty girl kiss you on both cheeks and then say she "thought it was Cousin Tom."

"Marrying for life," is a phrase which is coming into use in the West.