

The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

He that is not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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NO. XXVI.

POETRY.

THE ARTIC WATCH.

Behold upon the frozen foam,
A little vessel far from home,
The yacht Jeanette,
The polar star above her lies,
A sword of light set in the skies.
The Artic wave is on her deck,
And hope has left the broken wreck
Hereof of all things else but Fate,
And sinking, sinking, sinking yet
Behold her lying desolate,
The lost Jeanette!

Dead heroes on a field of snow,
One lonely heart that boating slow,
Yet dreams of home,
Where golden fruits are on the bough
And all the woods are crimson now
The last of that high hearted band
Keeps vigil in that bitter land;
And crowned with thorns of frost and
pain,

Lives over his boyhood days again;
And in his drear death watch uplifts
His gaze, and sees beyond the drifts,
The iceberg tall, a crystal gate,
By which his risen comrades wait,
Not weak and worn like men who
died,
But robed, and crowned, and glorified,
Familiar voices greet his ear,
The lips that love him call him dear;
Frost-flower and thorn that bound his
head
Melt off, and it is wreathed instead
With lilies of the pure in heart.
His icy garments fall apart;
The pain, and toil, and danger past,
The long death-watch is done at last
He stands a form of living light,
He joins his comrades in her flight,
They pass the sword set in the skies,
No waste white deserts now to roam,
They upward, upward, upward rise,
And win the gates of Paradise—
Oh, welcome home!
—*Minnie Irving, in the Manhattan.*

MRS SLACK AND MRS PEPPER

BY MARY KYLE LALLAS.

Mrs. Slack was next neighbor to the Peppers when they bought a cottage at Sea Sonce, and on the very first night she tumbled over the scattered bits of furniture in the passage, and appeared in their midst unexpectedly to borrow a little salt. She said it was no nice to have neighbors again and that Mrs. Pepper looked so sweet she knew she wouldn't mind.

At midnight she roused them from their slumbers to inquire if they had any cholera mixture, for little Peter had been eating too many green apples and she thought he would die. She said she was thankful Mrs. Pepper had moved in, and that but for that circumstance she might have lost her darling. Mrs. Pepper was thankful, too, and the two women embraced with tears, and Mrs. Slack also borrowed some mustard for a plaster.

The next day she sent Peter, fully recovered and with his pockets full of green fruit, to ask for the axe, the handle having come off of theirs, and a rolling-pin.

Fortunately the Peppers possessed three axes and two rolling-pins, so they did not feel disturbed by the fact that the borrowed articles were not returned; but after a short interval filled with loans of coal, potatoes, bread and cheese, Mrs. Slack came herself to borrow the folding-table, a pair of scissors, a pattern of a basque, and a low rocking-chair. She was going to make some dresses and if Mrs. Pepper would step over and fit her she would be obliged.

Mrs. Pepper did it, and made the button-holes, too. Mrs. Slack never could learn to make a button-hole. The table, the scissors, the rocking-chair and the pattern remained at Mrs. Slack's.

The next week Mrs. Slack borrowed a silk mantle and a pair of rubbers.

Mrs. Pepper this time "grew bold enough to beg that she would send them home when she returned.

Mrs. Slack said "Of course" with some offense, but when Peter was seen running across lots it was not to bring back those articles. What he wanted was the baby's perambulator and a market basket.

Mrs. Pepper watched them go with despair in her eyes; but nothing was borrowed for some time after this; nothing returned, either; until, at last, one morning Mr. Slack himself called. He said he should have been there before; they were so much indebted to such good-natured neighbors. He hoped the Peppers would command him at any time; and might his wife have the sewing machine for one day? He meant to buy her one. What make

would Mrs. Pepper recommend? He hoped she'd give his little woman the benefit of her advice. In fact, nothing would please him better than to have his wife model herself after such a lady.

In the end he walked off with the sewing machine.

Mrs. Pepper did her own stitching by hand, and waited for it.

So Christmas time came, and with it cards for a party. The Slacks so hoped they'd all come.

Having accepted, what was more natural than to take an interest in the proceedings? To lend sugar and the ice-cream freezer, butter and the egg beater, the cut-glass goblets and the best table-cloths, the spice-box entire, and lots of other things. Finally, Mrs. Slack, with her gown tucked up, and her eyes sparkling, ran in to say that they thought a dance would be nice, and could Mrs. Pepper spare the piano for one evening?

"There's nobody to move it," said Mrs. Pepper, rejoiced to have an excuse, "I'm so sorry."

Mrs. Slack laughed, and went to the window. Four big laborers appeared, and without any preliminary directing shouldered the instrument and lugged it away. They bumped it against fences, and fairly tumbled down in a ploughed field, before they finished their mission; but by main strength they got it at last to the Slacks' door; and Mrs. Slack took her leave, carrying the piano-stool and cloth herself.

The appearance of her adored piano gave Mrs. Pepper a great deal of unhappiness that evening. It had a deep scratch on the cover, and one of the keys wouldn't lift. However, she played waltzes and sets for the dancers most of the evening, and as the company went to supper in relays—old folks first, and young folks last, as Mrs. Slack said—found very little left but a cup of cold coffee and a turkey bone when her duties were finished.

And yet she did not give Mrs. Slack a piece of her mind, as she had intended. We all have some particular weakness. Mrs. Pepper's was the desire for praise, for gratitude, when she did kind things, and Mrs. Slack had squeezed her by both hands, and said:

"Oh, how sweet you are! I know you would be before I ever spoke to you, by your face. I never had a sister. And do you know what I say to Mr. Slack? 'She's the sister of my soul. She is just too lovely for anything.'"

And so she waited for the return of her piano for a week, without a murmur.

But there is an end to everything. One day she saw Mrs. Slack driving up the road in the minister's new light wagon, wearing her mantilla, and saw her stop, with her usual little giggle, at the garden gate.

Mr. Pepper had taken a holiday, and was lying in the hammock, reading; and she had her sewing under the old oak trees, and was extremely happy and comfortable. If Mrs. Slack had come to ask her to drive, she had resolved not to go. She should say: "My husband has so few holidays, I cannot leave home to-day." But Mrs. Slack did no such thing.

"You dear, good soul!" she cried, as soon as she was within speaking distance, "I've come to borrow your husband!"

"To borrow what?" ejaculated Mrs. Pepper.

"Your husband," said Mrs. Slack. "Slack is in Boston, I'm going to a picnic. I want a beau and some one to drive. May I have him?"

"You ought to ask Mr. Pepper himself," said Mrs. Pepper, very coldly.

"I shan't," said Mrs. Slack, playfully. "I came to borrow him of you. You'll lend him, won't you? And I shall tell every one that good angel, Mrs. Pepper, lent me her husband."

Mrs. Slack was looking very pretty: The embroidered mantilla became her vastly. She had a dainty sky-blue bonnet on her blonde head, and she smiled at Mr. Pepper out of the corner of her eye.

Mrs. Pepper feared that she saw on Mr. Pepper's face a shadow of a desire to be Mrs. Slack's escort to the picnic. This arranged the affair. "You insist that I shall answer, Mrs. Slack!" he asked.

"Yes," lisped Mrs. Slack. "You'll lend him, won't you?"

"No," said Mrs. Pepper, in a very decided tone, "I'm afraid I shouldn't get him back. I let you have my piano. That hasn't been returned. My sewing-machine—I do without it now. My mantle—you wear it, not I. My overboots, where are they? The baby's perambulator—your baby now takes the air in it. My sewing-machine and cutting-board and scissors—I haven't seen them since; my rolling-pin and ice-cream freezer and egg-beater. It's the same with all; but I promised to cleave unto my husband until death doth us part; and you can't leave him, Mrs. Slack. You surely never would return him."

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed Mrs. Slack, turning pink. "You wicked woman! You nasty thing! You mean thing! You shall have all your horrid things back. Don't you want your spoonful of salt, too? Oh, you mean, mean wretch!"

Then tearing the mantle from her shoulders she threw it at Mr. Pepper's head, as he struggled out of his hammock, and drove away in the minister's wagon. She borrowed a shawl from the minister's wife, and took her eldest boy for company; but before her return Mrs. Pepper had proceeded to her neighbor's house, collected her goods and chattels, and had them conveyed home.

The piano was out of tune and scratched; the sewing machine had lost its hand; onions had been kept in the ice-cream freezer; the mantle had a grease spot in the shoulder; one of the rockers was loose on the chair; Peter and Jimmy had cut a "hit at toe" game with a knife on the lap-board; and it was plain that Mrs. Slack had whipped the children with the egg-beater. The perambulator had been used to bring charcoal home with, and the points of the scissors were gone. So was the sisterly love of Mrs. Slack, who goes about abusing Mrs. Pepper as the meanest, most jealous thing she ever knew, and borrows of the minister's wife, although that long-suffering lady begins to show signs of revolt.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Coffins were very plain and burial caskets were unknown.

Tombstones had larger epitaphs and more verbosity engraved upon them.

Eggs were a shilling a dozen and butter was considered high at eighteen cents per pound.

Much of the silver currency, fips, leviens and dollars was of Mexican and Spanish coinage.

The country retail trade was much better, as people could not so easily run to the city by rail.

Business letters were more voluminous and formal, and were written in a precise, round hand.

There was York currency, eight shillings to the dollar, and New England currency, six shillings to the dollar.

The diet was more surcharged with grease, the winter breakfast usually being made of salted ham and hot cakes.

Dinner was simply a hasty lunch at noon, and little importance was attached to the necessity for good digestion or a period of rest after eating.

New Orleans and muscovado molasses, very black and thin, was the common sweetening for buckwheat cakes. Refined molasses was almost unknown.

The bank bills were of state banks and the further west their locality the shakier they were. Illinois and Indiana bills would barely pass in New York.

Bread was home made. Coffee was freshly ground every morning, and the grinding of the family coffee mill was a familiar sound hours before the children arose.

Negro minstrelsy was just cropping out in the traveling circus. There were generally but two performers, who assumed male and female characters. The popular melody was "Jump Jim Crow."

People did not live as long as they now do, nor was the average health as good as at present. They ate more meat, more grease, more hot bread, and more heavy dishes, and drank more at meals.

THE HOT AXIS.

The express-train was flying from Cork to Queenstown; it was going like sixty—that is, about sixty miles an hour. No sight of Irish village to arrest our speed, no sign of breakdown; and yet the train halted. We looked out of the window; saw the brakeman and a crowd of passengers gathering around the locomotive, and a dense smoke arising. What was the matter? A hot axle!

I thought then, as I think now, that is what is the matter with people everywhere. In this swift, "express," American life, we go too fast for our endurance. We think ourselves getting on splendidly, when, in the midst of our successes, we come to a dead halt. What is the matter? The nerves or muscles or brains give out; we have made too many revolutions in an hour. A hot axle!

Men make the mistake of working according to their opportunities, and not according to their capacity of endurance. "Can I run this train from Springfield to Boston at the rate of fifty miles an hour?" says an engineer. Yes. "Then I will run it, regardless of consequences!" Can I be a merchant, and a president of a bank, and a director in a life-insurance company, and a school commissioner, and help edit a paper, and supervise the politics of our ward, and run for Congress? "I can!" the man says to himself. The store drives him; the bank drives him; the school drives him; politics drive him. He takes all the scoldings and frets and exasperations of each position. Some day, at the height of the business season, he does not come to the store. From the most important meeting of the bank directors he is absent. In the excitement of the most important political canvass he fails to be at the place appointed. What is the matter? His health has broken down; the train halts long before it gets to the station. A hot axle!

Literary men have great opportunities opening in this day. If they take all that open, they are dead men, or worse—living men who ought to be dead. The pen runs so easy when you have good ink and a smooth paper, and an easy desk to write on, and the consciousness of an audience of one, two, or three hundred thousand readers. There are the religious newspapers through which you may preach, and the musical journals through which you may sing, and the agricultural periodicals through which you can plough, and family newspapers in which you may romp with the whole household around the evening stand. There are critiques to be written, and reviews to be indulged in, and poems to be chimed, and novels to be constructed. When out of a man's pen he can shake recreation and friendship and usefulness and bread, he is apt to keep it shaking. So great are the invitations to literary work, that the professional man of the day are overdone. They sit, faint and fagged out, on the verge of newspapers and books; each one does the work of three. And these men sit up late nights, and choke down chunks of meat without mastication, and scold their wives through irritability, and maul innocent authors, and run the physical machinery with a liver miserably given out. The driving-shaft has gone fifty times a second. They stop at no station. The steam-chest is hot and swollen. The brain and the digestion begin to smoke. Stop, ye flying quills! "Down brake!" A hot axle!

Some of our young people have read—till they are crazed—of learned blacksmiths, who at the forge conquered thirty languages; and of shoemakers, who, pounded sole leather, got to be philosophers; and of milliners, who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers; and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand, that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much good. Because Napoleon slept only four hours a night, hundreds of students

have tried the experiment; but, instead of Ansterlitz and Saragossa, there came of it only a sick headache and a batch of recitation.—*T. De Witt Talmage, in Home Science for May.*

A LITTLE DEAR.

"I suppose you have something pretty in your pocket, miss?" "O, yes," said the rosy-cheeked girl, handing down a package, "here's some blouses for a dollar; just too sweet for anything." "I think you are a little dear," he said, with a pleasant smile. "You are very complimentary," she replied, her cheeks covered with crimson blushes. When he thought how he had been misunderstood he blushed, and stammered, "O, I beg pardon, miss; I didn't mean to say you were a little dear. I meant—" "Never mind, there are plenty of young men who do that so. Good morning." When he turned away her blushes were gone and his face looked as if he had got ten his face tangled in a lady's train.—*Pretz's Weekly.*

An eminent Presbyterian divine, in conversation with a *Cherokee* reporter this morning, remarked that the "Boy Preacher's" work reminded him of a story of the great Whitfield, who, when passing along a road, was accosted by a drunken Indian with the exclamation: "Ugh! don't you know me?" "No," answered Whitfield, who are you?" "Why, I was converted by you." "I guess so," replied Whitfield. "It looks like your bungling work, for if the Lord had had anything to do with it you would not be lying here."

When was Mrs. Nosh like a county in Virginia? When she was rocking Ham.

"Millions for do fence," as the farmer said, when a bull was chasing him through a field.

Riches often take wings, and the feathers of those wings are to be seen on women's bonnets.

A Lawrence, Kansas, negro, ate five dozen eggs, a pound of bacon and a loaf of rye bread, on a wager.

Sleep is very healthful. There is nobody who knows this better than the hired girl, especially in the morning.

A Buffalo colored clergyman has given notice to his congregation that he wants more money and less shouting in the future.

Mrs. Highly (coming out of church). "Wasn't our singing beautiful, Mrs. Tallfeather? I'm sure you will want to come to our church again."

A little girl of 3 years explains the Golden Rule to her sister: "It means that you must do everything I want you to, and mustn't do anything I don't want you to."

Here's a conundrum for our temperance friends—"If the devil were to lose his tail, where should he go to get another. To a grog shop, because there bad spirits are retained.

Startled owner—"Hey, what are you doing there?" Colored thief (who has just fallen through skylight)—"Ise blown here, boss, by dat dah dreadful hurricane we had Sonf."

One ought to be careful what he says even about the dead. A forlorn widow sitting by a blazing fire sighed, "Poor George! How he did like a good fire. I hope they have 'em here where he's gone.

"No, sir the worldly young man to the life insurance agent. 'I don't feel prepared to have my life insured just yet. I do not care to feel that I would be worth more dead than I am alive.'

A little girl who is noticed for her bright speeches was seen one day to look at herself for a long time in the mirror, after which she exclaimed, "I'm not a bit pretty, but I'm awful funny."

"Yes," cried Jones, in enthusiastic praise of his native State, "all that Texas lacks is good society and plenty of water."

"And, Jones," quietly remarked his friend, "that's just all that another warm place lacks."

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192, 216, 240, 256, 288, 320, 360, 400,
450, 500, 560, 600, 640, 700, 750, 800,
850, 900, 950, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300,
1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900,
2000, 2200, 2400, 2600, 2800, 3000,
3200, 3400, 3600, 3800, 4000, 4200,
4400, 4600, 4800, 5000, 5200, 5400,
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