

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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## POETICAL.



### SONGS OF OLD.

The songs of old. How deep a spell  
Lies in the old, familiar words  
Once sang by those we loved so well,  
In other days, in happier years;  
Visions of hope long passed away,  
Come o'er the heart so lone and cold,  
And memory asks oh, where are they  
Who sweetly sang the songs of old?

Where are they? Some in silence sleep  
Beneath the mournful yew tree's gloom;  
Others within the boundless deep  
Have early found an ocean tomb;  
Dim are the eyes that gently shone,  
The once warm heart lies still and cold,  
And hushed for aye, forever gone,  
The voice that sung the songs of old.

Where are they? On some foreign strand  
For many a weary day they roam;  
Cheerless they tread the stranger's land,  
From friends afar, afar from home,  
Do they not long to join once more  
The joyous dance, the social throng,  
And mingle, as in days of yore,  
Their voice in the olden song.

Fondly the heart still loves to linger  
Amid the ruins of the past,  
Tracing, with fancy's fairy finger,  
Visions too beautiful to last;  
Bringing to memory's eye again  
The long lost friend, the cherished one,  
Waking the past with some sad strain,  
Some well-remembered olden song.

### OBLIVION.

'Tis well that hearts at last forget,  
'Tis well that broken ties  
In after years can only wet  
With thoughtful tears our eyes.  
'Tis well the sun that rose in tears,  
In glorious light will set;  
That bitter grief will pass with years—  
Those hearts at last forget.

Yes, we forget—the weary breast,  
The burning, aching brain;  
Will lose, in calm and peaceful rest,  
The anguish and the pain;  
And earthly memories, o'er whose biers  
We wept with sad regret,  
Grow dim before the lapse of years—  
For we, at last, forget.

Not all! not all! a careless word,  
A well-remembered tone,  
A look, a scene, a thought hath stirred  
The anguish past and gone;  
And long-hush'd hearts have throbb'd again,  
And long dried tears are wet;  
Ah! memory brings the old, old pain!  
We cannot quite forget!

## MISCELLANY.

Published by Request.

### THE CHOLERA.

BY DR. HAMILIN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

The cholera which has just left us after committing fearful ravages, is making its way into Europe, and will probably cross the Atlantic before another summer has passed.

Having been providentially compelled to have a good degree of practical acquaintance with it, and to see it in all its forms and stages during each of its invasions of Constantinople, I wish to make to my friends in Maine some suggestions which may relieve anxiety, or be of practical use.

1st. On the approach of the cholera, every family should be prepared to treat it without waiting for a physician. It does its work so expeditiously, that while you are waiting for the doctor it is done.

2d. If you prepare for it, it will not come. I think there is no disease which may be avoided with so much certainty as the cholera. But providential circumstances, or thoughtless indiscretions of some member of a household may invite the attack, and the challenge will never be refused. It will probably be made in the night, your physician has been called in another direction, and you must treat the cause yourself or it will be fatal.

3d. Causes of attack. I have personally investigated at least a hundred cases, and not less than three-fourths could be traced directly to improper diet, or to intoxicating drinks, or to both united. Of the remainder, suppressed perspiration would comprise a large number. A strong, healthy, temperate, laboring man had a severe attack of cholera, and after the danger had passed I was curious to ascertain the cause. He had been cautious and prudent in his diet. He used nothing intoxicating. His residence was in a good locality. But after some hours of hard labor and very profuse perspiration, he had lain down to take his customary nap right against an open window, through which a very refreshing breeze was blowing. Another cause is drinking largely of cold water when hot and thirsty. Great fatigue, great anxiety, fright, fear, all figure among exciting causes. If one can avoid all these he is as safe from the cholera as from being swept away by a comet.

4th. Symptoms of an attack. While cholera is prevalent in a place, almost every one experiences more or less disturbance of digestion. It is doubtless in part imaginary. Every one notices the slightest variation of feeling, and this gives an importance to mere trifles. There is often an slight nausea, or transient pains, or rumbling sounds when no attack follows. No one is entirely free from

these. But when diarrhoea commences, though painless and slight, it is in reality the skirmishing party of the advancing column. It will have at first no single characteristic of Asiatic Cholera. But do not be deceived. It is the cholera nevertheless. Wait a little, give it time to get hold, say to yourself, "I feel perfectly well, it will soon pass off," and in a short time you will repent of your folly in vain. I have seen many a one commit suicide in this way.

Sometimes, though rarely, the attack commences with vomiting. But in whatever way it commences, it is sure to hold on. In a very few hours the patient may sink into the collapse. The hands and feet become cold and purplish, the countenance at first nervous and anxious, becomes gloomy and apathetic, although a mental restlessness and raging thirst torment the sufferer while the powers of life are ebbing. The intellect remains clear, but all the social and moral feelings seem wonderfully to collapse with the physical powers. The patient knows he is to die; but cares not a snap about it.

In some cases, though rarely, the diarrhoea continues for a day or two, and the foolish person keeps about, then suddenly sinks, sends for a physician, and before he arrives "dies as the fool die."

### COURSE OF TREATMENT.

1st. For stopping the incipient diarrhoea. The mixture which I used in 1848 with great success, and again in 1855, has during this epidemic been used by thousands, and although the attacks have been more sudden and violent, it has fully established its reputation for efficiency and perfect safety. It consists of equal parts by measure of 1. Laudanum and Spirits of Camphor. 2. Tincture of Rhubarb. In an adult, 30 drops on a lump of sugar, will often check the diarrhoea. But to prevent its return, care should always be taken to continue the medicine every 4 hours in diminishing doses 25, 20, 15, 10, 9, when careful diet is all that will be needed.

In case the first does not stay the diarrhoea, continue to give in increasing doses 35, 40, 45, 50, at every movement of the bowels. Large doses will produce no injury while the diarrhoea lasts. When this is checked then is the time for caution. I have never seen a case of diarrhoea taken in season which was not thus controlled, but some cases of advanced diarrhoea, and especially of relapse paid no heed to it whatever. As soon as this becomes apparent, I have always resorted to this course: Prepare a teacup of starch boiled as for use in starching linen, and stir into it a full teaspoonful of laudanum for an injection. Give one third at each movement of the bowels. In one desperate case abandoned as hopeless by a physician, I could not stop the diarrhoea until the 7th injection, which contained nearly a teaspoonful of laudanum. The patient recovered and is in perfect health. At the same time I use prepared chalk in 10 grain doses with a few drops of laudanum and camphor to each. But whatever course is pursued it must be followed up, and the diarrhoea controlled or the patient is lost.

2d. Mustard Poultices. These should be applied to the pit of the stomach, and kept on till the surface is well reddened.

3d. The patient, however well he may feel, should rigidly observe perfect rest. To lie quietly on the back is one half the battle. In that position the enemy fires over you, but the moment you rise you are hit.

When the attack comes in the form of diarrhoea these directions will enable every one to meet it successfully.

4th. But when the attack is more violent, and there is vomiting, or vomiting and purging, perhaps also cramps and colic pains, the following mixture is far more effective and should always be resorted to. The missionaries, Messrs Long, Trowbridge and Washburn have used it in very many cases and with wonderful success. It consists of equal parts of laudanum, Tincture of Opium, Tincture of Ginger and Tincture of Cardamom seeds. Dose, 30 to 40 drops, or half a teaspoonful in a little water, and to be increased according to the urgency of the case. In case the first dose should be ejected, the second, which should stand ready, should be given immediately after the spasm of vomiting has ceased. During this late cholera siege no one of us failed of controlling the vomiting and also the purging by, at most, the third dose. We have, however, invariably made use of large mustard poultices of strong pure mustard, applied to the stomach, bowels, calves of the legs, feet, etc., as the case seemed to require.

Collapsus. This is simply a more advanced stage of the disease. It indicates the gradual failing of all the powers of life. It is difficult to say when a case has become hopeless. At a certain point the body of the patient begins to emit a peculiar odor which I call the death odor, for when that has become decided and unmistakable, I have never known the patient to recover. I have repeatedly worked upon such cases for hours with no permanent result. But the blue color, the cold extremities, the deeply sunken eye, the vanishing pulse are no signs that the case is hopeless. Scores of such cases in the recent epidemic have recovered. In addition to the second mixture, brandy, (a table spoonful every half hour), bottles of hot water surrounding the patient, especially the extremities, sinapisms and friction will often in an hour or two work wonders.

Thirst. In these and in all advanced cases thirst equates intense suffering. The sufferer craves water, and as sure as he gratifies the craving the worst symptoms recede, and he falls a victim to the transient gratification. The only safe way is to have a faithful friend or attendant, who will not heed his entreaties. The suffering may be, however, safely alleviated and rendered endurable. Frequent gargling the throat and washing out the mouth will bring some relief. A spoonful of Gum Arabic water, or of camomile Tincture, 1 dr. Camphor Tinct., 1 dr. Rhu Tinct., 2 drs. Misc.

mile tea may frequently be given to wet the throat. "Sydenham's White Decoction" may also be given, both as a beverage and nourishment in small quantities frequently. In a day or two the suffering from thirst will cease. In a large majority it has not been intense for more than 24 hours.

Diet. Rice water, arrowroot, Sydenham's White Decoction, crust water, camomile tea, are the best articles for a day or two after the attack is controlled. Camomile is very valuable in restoring the tone of the stomach.

The Typhoid Fever. A typhoid state for a few days will follow all severe cases. There is nothing alarming in this. It has very rarely proved fatal. Patience and careful nursing will bring it all right. The greatest danger is from drinking too freely. When the patient seemed to be sinking, a little brandy and water or arrowroot and brandy have revived him. In this terrible visitation of the cholera, we have considered ourselves perfectly armed and equipped, with a hand bag containing mixture No. 1, mixture No. 2, (for vomiting, etc.) a few pounds of powdered mustard, a bottle of brandy and a paper of Camomile flowers, and a paper of Gum Arabic.

I lay no claim to originality in recommending this course of treatment, and have adopted it from suggestions of able and experienced physicians. Having been the only Doctor of many poor families living near me, I have tried various remedies recommended by physicians, but I have found none to be of all compared with the above. During the recent cholera I cannot find that any treatment has been so successful as this.

Contagion. The idea of contagion should be abandoned. All the missionaries who have been most with the most malignant cases day after day, are fully convinced of the non-contagiousness of the cholera. The incipient attacks which all have suffered from are to be attributed to great fatigue, making the constitution liable to an attack.

In another letter I will give you a description of the cholera as we saw it, and of some individual cases.

The actual question now before Congress and the country is, whether the government of the eleven States lately in rebellion is to be given to the enemies of the nation, whose hands are just unclutched from her throat, or to her friends. If the people think that rebels, who do not pretend to be penitent even if they confess themselves conquered, should be invested with absolute power over all the inhabitants of their States or sojourners within them, including the negroes whom the people themselves have just set free, and that, besides this, they should be allowed their full weight in the government of the nation which, a little year ago, they were doing their utmost to destroy, the people can so decide, and from their decision there is no appeal, excepting to themselves in a soberer hour. But let them have this issue always kept unmistakably before them. Let them not think that they are deciding against Executive usurpation, or against taxation without representation, or against Federal interference with the reserved rights of the States, or in favor of the effectual restoration of all the States to the Union. The question is, Shall one half the country be absolutely governed, and the whole be in danger of being controlled, by its enemies rather than its friends? If this point can be kept clearly before the public mind, separate from all entangling alliances, we have no fear as to the result. And it is important that this should be done quite as much for the interests of the rebels as of the loyal States. There can be no substantial peace until this question is put at rest, and peace is more essential to them than to us.

### A Word to Boys

A writer in an educational journal, the title of which we have unfortunately lost, has the following pertinent and truthful remarks: Boys, listen! The first thing you want to learn, to develop what force there is in you, is self-reliance; that is, as regards your relations to man. If I were going to give a formula for developing the most valuable set of man's resources, with their minds well stored with moral and religious truth when they are boys, and I teach them to depend on self and not on father. If a boy is thrown upon his own resources at fifteen with the world all before him where to choose, and he fights the battle of life single-handed up to manhood, and don't develop more than an average share of executive ability, there is no stuff in him worth talking about. He may learn to plough, and sow, and reap, and mow, but this can all be done with machines and horses, and man wants to be something better than either of these. Wipe out of your vocabulary every such word as *fail*, give up wishing for improbable results, put your hand to the plough, or whatever tool you take to, and drive on and never look back. Don't even sight your person to see if it is straight; 'don't be consistent; but be simply true.' If you go out to see a reed shaken by the wind, it is pretty likely you will never see any thing of more consequence.

Borrowing Trouble.—The worst evils are those that never arrive. By way of practical counsel to all the borrowers of trouble, I would say, face the real difficulties and troubles of life, and you won't have time for practicing the art of self-tormenting. The most contented people in the world are those who are most occupied in alleviating with Christian heart and hand, the sorrows that flesh is heir to. Visit the homes of ignorance and poverty and vice, and in the face of the terrible realities you will there witness, your own petty cares will seem as nothing. The anxieties of the fancy will vanish altogether while you will be far more able to bear those burdens which though real, will seem light by comparison.

How beautiful 'can time' with goodness, make an old man look.

[Correspondence Mount Sterling-Sentinel]

### A QUEER STORY.

BRACKEN COUNTY, Ky., Feb. 17.—The people of this neighborhood are in the greatest state of excitement, in consequence of a remarkable visitation, or apparition, of some denomiational personage in our midst.

On Monday night last, after myself and family had retired to rest, we were suddenly aroused by a great outcry from the negro quarters—which were immediately in the rear of the house—in which prayers were for supremacy with blasphemous men, women, and children screaming "fire" and murder at the top of their voices, all conspiring to create a scene worthy of a pademium. Terribly startled, my wife and I sprang from our bed. The room was illuminated as brightly as by a flood of sunlight, though the light was a bluish cast. Our first and most reasonable conclusion was that the negro cabins were being consumed by fire.—We rushed to the windows and beheld a sight that fairly curdled the blood in our veins with horror, and filled our hearts with the utmost terror. My daughters, shrieking loudly, came flying into the room, hysterical with fear. This is what we beheld.

Standing to the right of the upper cabin, near the fence that separates the negroes' garden from the house yard, was a creature of gigantic stature, and the most horrid appearance. It was nearly as high as the comb of the cabin, and had a monstrous head not dissimilar in shape to that of an ape; two short very white horns appeared above each eye; its arms were long and covered with shaggy hair of an ashen hue, and terminated with huge paws, not unlike those of a cat, armed with long and hooked claws. Its breast was as large as that of a large sized ox. Its legs resembled the front legs of a horse, only the hoofs were cloven. It had a long tail, armed with a dart shaped horn which it was continually switching about.—Its eyes glowed like two living coals of fire, while its nostrils and mouth were emitting sheets of bluish colored flames, with a hissing sound like the hissing of a serpent, only a thousand fold louder. Its general color, save its arms, was of a dingy brown. The air was powerfully impregnated with the smell of burning sulphur. The poor negroes were evidently laboring under the extreme terror, and two of them, an old woman and lad, were actually driven to insanity by their fears, and have not recovered their reason up to this writing. I do not know how long this monster or devil was visible after we reached the windows. When it vanished it was enveloped in a spiral column of flame that reached nearly to the top of the locust trees, and which hid its horrid form from view. The extinction of the flame was instantaneous, and with its disappearance we were relieved of the presence of this remarkable visitor.

If ours had been the only family visited by this unearthly creature, I should have kept silent, and perhaps, tortured my mind into the belief that it was a hallucination.—But precisely the same apparition appeared at my neighbor's Mrs William Dole, appearing there in precisely the same shape in which it presented itself to us, save the head, which appeared to those that witnessed it at Mrs. D.'s to resemble that of a horse. At Mr. Adam Fuqua's, another neighbor, his head was that of a vulture. On Tuesday night it appeared at the house of Mr Jesse Bond's, there wearing the head of an elephant. All these places it made the same appearance as at my house—excepting only the very singular changing of the head—and disappeared in the same manner. These parties are all reliable ladies and gentlemen, and at my request have made oath to what they all witnessed.

What it is, what its object, what its mission, is something that passes my poor comprehension. What I have above written is simple, unadorned truth. You are at liberty to use this in any manner you may esteem.

Respectfully, your friend,  
NATHANIEL G. SQUIERS.

STATE OF KENTUCKY, BRACKEN CO.—  
This day personally appeared before me the undersigned, John G. Finley, Justice of the Peace within the county and for the State aforesaid, Nathaniel G. Squiers, Minerva, Sarah D. and Lucy Squiers, Martha W. Dole, Adam Fuqua, and Jesse Bone, who being sworn according to law, declare that the statements in the foregoing letter are true as far as refers to each of them. And I certify that affidavits are creditable and reliable persons, and their statements entitled to full credit.

JOHN G. FINLEY, J. P., B. C.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.—How beautiful are those little offices of love, performed without any ostentation; but prompted by the outpouring of a true and generous soul. How soothing to the weary and careworn hearts, are those sweet and quiet acts of kindness, which spring up spontaneously like the flowers of Spring by the wayside. How little do we know the power for good of a kindly spoken word, for many a heart, that has ceased to pulsate with human affection, and learned the sad lesson of distrust, has become warmed gradually by the genial and sunny benevolence of another, was unconscious of the influence of the unpretending disinterested kindness bestowed. He who speaks kindly, and takes an erring brother by the hand, exerts more power for good, and does more for reformation than all the power of the press and oratory combined.

HOME.—After all, downright, plain comfort, is what we are all after. There is a household corner in every heart, where father and mother, brother and sister, reside.—Here is our only home, much as we may roam. There is beauty in mystery—gratification in novelty—but the mind will leave all, and go back to the old humble hearthstone, and there rest itself.

Stephen Girard.—Than whom no shrewder business man ever lived used to say: "I have always considered advertising liberally and long to be the great medium of success in business and the prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule, too, to advertise in the duller times as well as the busiest, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out; as by keeping my business continually before the people, it has secured me many sales that I would otherwise have lost."

ADVICE GRATIS.—If a man cheats thee once, shame on him; if he cheats thee twice, shame on thee.

If a man deceives thee, trust him not again; if he insults thee, go away from him; if he strikes thee, then thrash him like all smoke.

If you have lost your credit, be industrious and you will regain it.

If you take a newspaper, printed in your own county, and pay for it, rest assured that you are prospering.

Fishermen use cotton to catch a certain kind of fish. And that's the way some of the young ladies fish for a husband.

### Courtship in Greenland.

There is something exceedingly melancholy in the accounts which are given of the custom of courtship in Greenland. Generally, women enter upon the blessed estate with more willingness and less solicitude than men. The women of Greenland are an exception to this rule. A Greenland, having fixed his affections upon some female, acquaints his parents with the state of his heart. They apply to the parents of the girl, and if the parties thus far are agreed, the next proceeding is to appoint two legitimate negotiators, whose duty it is to broach the subject to the young lady. This is a matter of great tact and delicacy. The lady's ambassadors do not shock the young lady to whom they are sent by any sudden or abrupt avowal of the awful subject of their mission. Instead of doing this, they launch out in praise of the gentleman who seeks her hand.—They speak of the splendor of his house, the sumptuousness of his furniture, of his courage and skill in catching seals, and other accomplishments.

The lady, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires, while the ambassadors, having got the consent of her parents, pursue her, drag her from her concealment, take her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her. Compelled to remain there, she sits for days with dishevelled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, till at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is compelled by force, and even by blows, to submit to the detested union. In some cases, Greenland women faint at the proposals of marriage—in others, they fly to the mountains, and only return when compelled to do so by hunger and cold. If one cuts off her hair, it is a sign that she is determined to resist to the death.

All this appears so unnatural to us, that we seek for the reason of such an apparent violation of the first principles of human nature. The Greenland wife is the slave of her husband, doomed to a life of toil, drudgery and privation; and if he die, she and her children have no resource against starvation. The married state is a miserable condition, while widowhood is a still more appalling fate.

### Wealth and Happiness.

The insufficiency of mere wealth alone to confer happiness is strikingly illustrated in the life of Nathan Myers Rothschild, the Jew, who died in London some forty years ago, one of the most devoted worshippers that ever laid a withered soul on the altar of Mammon. For years he wielded the purse of the world, opening and closing it to kings and emperors as he listed; and upon certain occasions, was supposed to have more influence in Great Britain than the proudest and wealthiest of its nobles—perhaps more influence than both Houses of Parliament taken together. He once purchased bills of the Government, in a single day, to the amount of \$20,000,000, and with the profits of a single loan, purchased an estate at the cost of \$750,000. Yet with all his colossal wealth he was a miserable wretch; and with sorrowful earnestness, once exclaimed to a gentleman who was congratulating him on the gorgeous magnificence of his palatial mansion, and thence inferring that he was happy: "Happy! my happy!"

The late Stephen Girard, when surrounded by immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion.—When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that when night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

Take care of your health and take plenty of sleep. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he should lie down until he is fully rested, when with renovated strength the work will be better done, sooner, and with self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven to eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary for a healthy body, but if less than the amount be furnished decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep; any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires will only hasten his arrival to the mad house or the grave.

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### Presentiment of Death.

A remarkable instance of premonition of death, occurred at Newton, Sussex Co., New Jersey, on the 15th ultimo, and is narrated by the Register of that place, as follows:—  
A Mr. Lorenzo D. Demarest, whose health has been bad for years, but who on that day was looking as well as usual, sent for the Rev. Levi Morse in the afternoon, and told him he would die that night, and asked if he would not be saved provided the record of his deeds in the flesh should show a preponderance of good over evil works.—The minister pointed out the true way of salvation by "penitence and faith," and Mr. Demarest then requested Mr. Morse to call upon him again in the evening, repeating the assertion that he would die that night, with the further statement that the night previous, his father, who had been dead many years, came to him and kissed him, and drew his cold hand over his breast. Here Mr. Demarest showed with his own the direction his father's hand had taken. "That," said he, "means death, it is cold, there already." He then said that he wanted his body conveyed to certain place for interment—that he wished Mr. M. to preach the funeral discourse, and besought him to see to it that he was not buried alive, remarking that he had obtained a promise from Dr. Roe to look to that matter. His conversation denoted considerable delirium, and after it had been continued for some time, Mr. Morse stated that he could not call again in the evening, but would come to see him on the following morning, at which time the minister visited the house and found that Mr. Demarest had died at 11 o'clock on the night previous, having become very delirious prior to being seized with the fatal spasm. For several hours after his death the body retained considerable warmth—a circumstance that gave some impressiveness to his request not to be interred until life was ascertained to be absolutely extinct.

BEER DRINKING.—In the course of a letter highly eulogistic of a patent beer pump, a brewer writes the following, which may be very good for the pump, but is not so good for the beer:

"What we regard, however, as the most extraordinary feature, is the impurity which sediment, such as coarse meal, bag strings and rats come through the pipe, in quantities sufficient to totally obstruct any other pump that we ever saw. This last quality perfectly astonishes all who witness the operation. We therefore cheerfully recommend your pump to all distillers."—  
Beer-drinkers, as well as pump-makers, are interested in this recommendation.

DISAGREEABLE THINGS.—To see a man reeling home drunk, and then whip his wife. To see a man out in company squeezing a sore nose, or a woman picking her chapped lips.

To hear a man blaspheming, or a woman grumbling and scolding.

For a man to make love to two women, and to be found out by both.

To be a candidate for office, and to be the last in the race.

For an old man to have a young wife, and find she loves somebody else.

The little dust is trod upon, yet it rises from under the foot and sails above it. It supports the world; gives life to the very foot that pressed it, and is part of the multitudinous number that makes up the globe. It cheats you in the scale; it radiates the diamond. It is unnoticed; yet it does its work in the world: It was you once—you will be it again.

A new material for soiling shoes has made its appearance. It is a substance of which India rubber is the basis, but it is heavier, and whilst as solid as iron, is flexible and elastic. It is said that one pair of shoes soiled with this article will out wear four pairs soled with the best English leather.

TRUTH.—The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive, is as the webs of the gossamer, compared with the pledge of a man of honor. The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken but the pledged word never.

The Boston Journal says: "A gentleman traveling along the coast of Florida and Georgia found a woman who did not know what a newspaper was. She had seven children and a pipe in her mouth.—  
Rather a large mouth, that."

There are all sorts of cholera now a-days; the Asiatic cholera, the hog cholera, the hen cholera, and at Syracuse, New York they have the horse cholera. Besides, there is cholera morbus, cholera infantum, and the paper collyry.

In the Capitol at Washington are ten and a half acres of halls, galleries, rotundas, anterooms, libraries and corridors. The man who walks through each one from end to end will have traveled several miles.

A clergyman lately addressed his female audience as follows: "Be not proud that our blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to the female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might be spread the sooner."

They had a baby convention over in Muscatine, Iowa, the other day. Fifteen mothers, with their little ones, were present, and they voted on the question of the prettiest. Each baby got one vote and no more. Every mother voted for her own offspring.

A maiden's heart is a prison. When opened by her lover, out pop the prisoners—kisses and sighs.

What was Eve made for?—For "Adam's Express Company."

\*Published in the Christian Mirror, November 14th and 21st, 1865.