

# The Marietta.

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BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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**DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,**  
Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

IS NOT A BAR-ROOM DRINK, OR A  
SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM,  
Or an Intoxicating Beverage, but a highly concentrated  
Vegetable Extract, a Pure Tonic,  
free from alcoholic stimulant or injurious drugs,  
and will effectually cure

**Liver Complaint,  
Dyspepsia, and  
Jaundice.**

**HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS**  
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF  
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the  
Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a  
Disordered Stomach.

OBSEVRE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS  
resulting from disorders of the digestive organs:  
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or blood  
to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea,  
Heartburn, Dugust for Food, Fullness or  
weight in the Stomach, sour eructations, sink-  
ing or fluttering of the Pit of the Stomach,  
swimming of the Head, hurried and difficult  
breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or  
suffocating sensations when in a lying posture,  
dimness of vision, dots or webs before the  
sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency  
of perspiration, yellowness of the skin  
and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest, limbs,  
&c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh,  
constant imaginings of evil, and great de-  
pression of spirits.

**HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS**  
WILL GIVE YOU  
A Good Appetite,  
Strong nerves,  
Healthy Nerves,  
Steady Nerves,  
Brisk Feelings,  
Energetic Feelings,  
Healthy Feelings.

A Good Constitution, A Strong Constitution,  
A Healthy Constitution, A Sound Constitution,  
WILL MAKE THE WEAK STRONG,  
Will make the Delicate Healthy,  
Will make the Thin Stout,  
Will make the Depressed Lively,  
Will make the Sallow Complexion Clear,  
Will make the Dull eye Clear and Bright.

It will prove a blessing in every family.  
It can be used with perfect safety by male  
or Female, Old or Young.

**PARTICULAR NOTICE.**  
There are many preparations sold under the  
name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, com-  
posed of the cheapest Whiskey or common  
rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon,  
the taste disguised by Anise or Cinnamon seed.  
This class of Bitters has caused and will con-  
tinue to cause, as long as they can be sold,  
a decided and permanent injury to the system,  
by the use of alcoholic stimulants under  
the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the  
worst kind, the desire for liquor is created and  
kept up, and the result is all the horrors at-  
tributed upon a drunkard's life and death. Be-  
ware of them.

For those who desire and will have a liquor  
bitter, we publish the following receipt:  
Get one bottle Hoofland's German Bitters or  
mix with three quarts of good Whiskey or  
Brandy, and the result will be a preparation  
that will far excel in medicinal virtues and  
true excellence any of the numerous liquor  
bitters in the market, and will cost much less.  
You will have all the virtues of Hoofland's Bit-  
ters in connection with the medicinal virtues of  
liquor and at much less price than these inferior  
preparations will cost you.

**DELICATE CHILDREN.**  
Those suffering from marasmus, wasting  
away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones,  
are cured in a very short time; no one with  
such cases, will have most surprising effect.

**DEBILITY.**  
Resulting from Fevers of any kind—these bit-  
ters will renew your strength in a short time.  
Should your strength be reduced to a degree of  
Fever and Ague.—The chills will not re-  
turn if these Bitters are used. No person in a  
fever and ague district should be without them.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor  
of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend  
Patent Medicines in general, through distrust  
of their ingredients and effects; I yet know  
of no sufficient reason why a man may not be-  
nefit from the use of a simple preparation, in the  
hope that it may thus contribute to the ben-  
efit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's  
German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson,  
because I was previously acquainted with them  
for a number of years, under the impression that  
they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am  
indebted to my friend Robt. Shoemaker, esq.,  
for the removal of this prejudice, by proper  
information and encouragement to try them, when  
suffering from great and long debility. The  
use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the  
beginning of the present year, was followed by  
evident relief, and restoration to a degree of  
health and mental vigor which I had not felt  
for six months before, and had almost despair-  
ed of regaining. I therefore thank God and  
my friend for directing me to the use of them.

J. Newton Brown.  
Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

**ATTENTION, SOLDIERS,  
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.**

We call the attention of all having relations  
or friends in the army to the fact that "Hoo-  
fland's German Bitters" will cure many troubles  
of the diseases induced by privation and ex-  
posure incident to military life. In the lists  
published almost daily in the newspapers, of  
the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that  
a very large proportion are suffering from dis-  
eases of the kind which can be readily  
cured. Every case of that kind can be readi-  
ly cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We  
have no hesitation in stating that, if these bit-  
ters are freely used among our soldiers, hun-  
dreds of lives might be saved that otherwise  
would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thank-  
ful letters from officers in the army and hospi-  
tals, who have been restored to health by the use  
of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.  
Beware of counterfeits! See that the sig-  
nature of "C. M. Jackson" is on the wrapper  
of each bottle.

**DRUGS.**  
Large Size, \$1.00 per bottle, or 1 dozen for \$5.  
Medium size, 75c per bottle, or 1 dozen for \$4.  
The larger size, on account of the quantity  
the bottles hold, should your nearest druggist not have the  
article, do not be put off by any of the intox-  
icating preparations that may be offered in its  
place, but send to us, and we will forward,  
securely packed, by express.

Principal and Manufacturing Proprietors,  
No. 631 ARCH STREET,  
JONES & EVANS,  
(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)

For sale by Druggists and dealers in every  
town in the United States.

Published every Saturday Morning.

**OFFICE:** CRULL'S Row, Front Street, five  
doors below Flury's Hotel.

TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in ad-  
vance, and if subscribers be not paid within  
six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if de-  
layed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50  
will be charged.

**ADVERTISING RATES:** One square (12  
lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and  
25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Pro-  
fessional and Business cards, of six lines or less,  
at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading col-  
umns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths,  
the simple announcement, free; but for any  
additional lines, five cents a line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half  
yearly advertisers.

Having recently added a large lot of new  
Job and Lead type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the  
Job Office of "The Marietta," which will  
insure the fine execution of all kinds of Job &  
CARD PRINTING, from the smallest  
Card to the largest Poster, at prices to suit the  
War times.

**REFLECTIONS.**

Ah! here it is, I'm famous now—  
As author and a poet!  
It really is in print! Ye Gods!  
How proud I'll be to show it!  
And gentle Missy, what a thrill  
Will animate her breast,  
To read those ardent lines, and know  
To whom they are addressed!

"They look so!"—What I recollect—  
"Twas sweet," and then, 'twas "kind,"  
And now to think—the stupid fool!  
For "blind" has printed "blind."  
Was ever such provoking work?  
"Tis curious by the eye,  
How anything is rendered blind  
By giving it an eye!"

"The color of the rose" is "nose,"  
"Affection" is "affliction"—  
I wonder if the likeness holds—  
In fact as well as fiction.  
"Thou art a friend"—the r is gone—  
Whoever would have dreamed  
That such a trifling thing could change  
A "friend" into a "fiend."

"Thou art the same," is rendered "I am,"  
It really is too bad;  
And here, because an i is out,  
My lovely maid is "mad."  
They made her blind by poking in  
An eye—a process new—  
And now they've gouged it out again,  
And made her crazy too.

"Where are muses fled that thou  
Shouldst live so long unsung,"  
Thus read my version; here it is—  
"Should live so long unburnt."  
"The fate of woman's life is thine,"  
An A commences "fate,"  
How small a circumstance will turn  
A woman's love to "hate!"

I'll read no more—what shall I do?  
I'll never dare to send it!  
The paper's scattered far and wide—  
'Tis now too late to mend it.  
O fate! thou cheat of human bliss!  
Why did I ever write?  
I wish my poem had been burnt  
Before it saw the light.

**MARRIED LIFE.**

I do dislike the married life—  
Its comforts I detest;  
Saturday nights and washing days,  
Sundays and all the rest,  
All men have their antipathies,  
And mine are centered here,  
I'll never be a married man,  
A husband—it is clear.

But then I have a loving heart,  
A gentle, yielding mind,  
And bear a vast affection for  
The whole of womankind;  
And lately I've had cause to fear  
My dreaded doom is cast;  
A pair of eyes will make of me  
A married man at last!

I do dislike Miss Fanny Wright,  
And think her a stem wrong;  
Without at least a book and priest,  
'Twere hard to get along.  
But then, you see I would be free,  
And range the world around,  
O, I cannot consent to be  
With Hymen's fetters bound.

I never loved a business life,  
As married men must do,  
I never could support a wife,  
A dozen children too;  
Though I have heard a poet sing,  
In numbers most divine,  
The beauties of the "cotton trade,"  
And of the "sugar line!"

But now, alas, with love I burn,  
Alack, what shall I do?  
I dare not seek a fond return,  
For wedlock must ensue.  
Oh! Cupid, 'twas a wicked deed  
On me your spells to cast—  
Two lovely eyes will make of me  
A married man at last!

**THE QUAKERESS.**

I have an ash-silk quaker-dress,  
My foot is very small,  
I have a plain drab frock, also  
A spotted-brown lace shawl;  
I have a white dark s't eye,  
With laces hanging over,  
Such as might thaw the heart almost  
Of any frosty lover.  
I have a pair of ruddy lips,  
A forehead like the snow;  
And cheeks, such richly colored ones,  
As lovers like, you know.  
I have a pious, modest look,  
A waveless calm within;  
Like Eden's, at the moment when  
The serpent entered in.  
My bonnet weighs but half an ounce,  
Yet nearly hids from me  
The very youth, to speak the truth,  
I walk the streets to see.  
I dare not gaze around at all,  
The elders would rebuke,  
And I should be at once by all  
My steady friends forsok.  
What can I do, dear editor?  
I know not what I mean;  
I want a mutual friend—you see—  
A sort of "go-between";  
I want to marry out of church,  
How grateful I shall be!  
I want to be a "widow's woman,"  
"World's man's" the man for me.

Our devil says that getting in love  
is somewhat like getting drunk, the  
more a fellow does it, the more he wants  
to.

**A Romance.**

The traveller who has been fortunate  
enough to sit beside an unknown beauty  
in a railway carriage, and had his con-  
versational powers brought into play by  
her spirit of sociability, can comprehend  
the bliss of a good-looking bachelor,  
whose car adventure we are about to re-  
late.

This worthy gentleman was a passen-  
ger on the Central Railroad, last week,  
and happened to be in the car that was  
pretty well stocked with humanity. He  
had managed to retain a seat at the com-  
mencement of the journey, until the train  
reached a stopping-place, where a fresh  
supply of passengers entered it, when he  
guiltily surrendered it to an old lady,  
and made up his mind to stand a-  
while. Now it happened that a young  
and stylish looking lady noticed the act,  
and so pleased was she to see an old  
woman treated politely, that she at once  
removed her carpet-bag from the end of  
the seat she occupied, and invited the  
gentleman to take its place. Nothing  
loth, our hero accepted the modest in-  
vitation, and was soon engaged in a friendly  
conversation with the belle of the  
train. They chatted in lively style until  
the "shades of night were falling fast,"  
when the lady's utterance grew slower,  
then indistinct, and then altogether ceased,  
for she was asleep.

Not being disposed to follow her ex-  
ample, the gentleman amused himself by  
watching his fellow passengers, and was  
reminded of his companion's presence by  
her head touching his shoulder. Morpheus  
had her completely in his folds, and by  
a series of graceful nods she uncon-  
sciously sought the support of her  
railroad acquaintance.

The bachelor was delighted at the first  
gentle touch, but his pleasure, when, in  
the abandonment of sleep, her form nosed  
down until its whole weight bore  
down entirely upon him, baffles descrip-  
tion. The better to support his lovely  
burden, he placed his arm around her  
waist, and then gave himself up to the  
delirium of the moment. After passing  
the next station, a gentleman entered  
the car containing the persons above re-  
ferred to, and commenced examining  
the faces of each occupant, as though he  
was in search of some friend. In the  
darkness of the hour he passed the sleep-  
er, and her supporter without noticing  
them, and it was only when he turned to  
retrace his steps that the scene attract-  
ed his attention. In a moment the shade  
of anxiety on his features was succeed-  
ed by a frown, as he stepped quickly to  
the side of the fair sleeper. As his hand  
descended heavily upon her shoulder,  
she started, opened her eyes, sprang  
to her feet, "blushing celestial red."  
—Before the bachelor could speak, the  
new comer politely informed him that  
he could take care of his own wife, if he  
had no objections, and straight-way led  
the lady to another seat.

The explanation that ensued unfolded  
the fact that the lady had been absent  
on a visit for some time, and was then  
returning to the faithful husband, whose  
impatience led him to meet her half way.  
Eager to meet her, he had entered the  
car only to find her in the arms of a stran-  
ger! Of course the stranger told how  
it happened; but the frown did not pass  
away from the brow of the husband un-  
til they left the car. Ladies should be  
careful how they fall asleep on the wrong  
vest pattern.

"Go ahead" is America, it is writ-  
ten on everything, from a plow to a tele-  
gram. We are not always sure we're  
right, but nevertheless we go. A little  
faster, a little further, a little stronger,  
a little longer, but all wrapped up in the  
word "go." It would be well for us to  
use a little Hibernian wit on the pro-  
gress. Our readers will recollect the  
ready answer of the Irish huckster,  
"Obey my orders," said his bantzy Es-  
lish master, "if I order you to drive to  
hell." "An sure an I will, yer honor,"  
answered Pat; "but yer must excuse me  
if I back yer in."

"Harry, did you ask Hicks for that  
money?" "Yes." "What did he  
say?" "Nothing; he just kicked me  
into the road. That's all he said."

It is little troubles that wear the  
heart out; it is easier to throw a bomb-  
shell a mile than a feather—even with  
artillery.

The love-lust faces are to be seen  
by moonlight, when one sees half with  
the eye and half with the fancy.

Were we to thank God for every  
blessing, we should have no time to com-  
plain of misfortune.

**Anecdote of the Duke of Buccleugh.**

The Duke of Buccleugh, in one of his  
walks, purchased a cow from a person  
in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, and  
left orders to send it to his place the  
following morning. According to agree-  
ment, the cow was sent, and the Duke,  
happening to be in a disabille, and  
walking in the avenue, spied a little  
fellow ineffectually attempting to drive  
the animal forward to its destination.—  
The boy not knowing the Duke, bawled  
out to him:

"Heh, mun, come here and give's a  
haan' wi' the beast."  
The Duke saw the mistake and deter-  
mined on having a joke with the little  
fellow. Pretending, therefore, not to  
understand him, the Duke walked on  
slowly, the boy still craving his assist-  
ance; at last he cries in tones of appa-  
rent distress:

"Come here, mun, and help us, and as  
sure's anything, I'll give you the half  
o' what I get."  
This last salutation had the desired  
effect; the Duke went and lent a help-  
ing hand.

"And now," said the Duke, as they  
trudged along, "how much do you think  
you'll get for this job?"  
"Oa, I dinna ken," said the boy, "but  
the folk up by at the house are good to  
a bodies."

As they approached the house, the  
Duke darted from the boy, and entered  
by another way. He called a servant,  
put a sovereign into his hand, saying:

"Give that to the boy that has just  
brought the cow."  
The Duke returned to the avenue, and  
was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" in-  
quired the Duke.  
"A shilling," said the boy; "and  
there's the half o' t' ye."  
"But surely you got more than a shil-  
ling?" said the Duke.

"No," said the boy with the utmost  
earnestness; "as sure as death that's a'  
I got; and d'ye no think its plenty?"  
"I do not," said the Duke, "there  
must be some mistake; and as I am ac-  
quainted with the Duke, if you'll return  
with me, I think I'll get you more."

The boy consented; back they went  
—the Duke rang the bell, and ordered  
all the servants to be assembled.  
"Now," said the Duke to the boy,  
"point out the person that gave you the  
shilling."  
"It was that chap there wi' the white  
apron," pointing to the butler.

The delinquent confessed, fell on his  
knees, and attempted to apologize; but  
the Duke interrupted him, and indig-  
nantly ordered him to give the boy the  
sovereign forthwith and quit his service  
instantly.

"You have lost," said the Duke, "your  
shilling, your situation, and your charac-  
ter, by your covetousness; learn, hence-  
forth, that honesty is the best policy."

The boy by this time recognized his  
assistant in the person of the Duke, and  
the Duke was so delighted with the  
sterling worth and honesty of the boy  
that he ordered him to be sent to school,  
kept there, and provided for at his own  
expense.

**LADIES VS. GENTLEMEN:** Three things  
that a lady cannot do:

- 1st. She cannot pass a millinery shop  
without stopping.
- 2d. She cannot see a piece of lace  
without asking the price.
- 3d. She cannot see a baby without  
kissing it.

A lady of our acquaintance turns the  
tables on the gentlemen as follows:

- 1st. He cannot go through the house  
and shut the door after him.
- 2d. He cannot have a shirt made to  
suit him.
- 3d. He can never be satisfied with  
the ladies' fashions.

A few days ago Mr. George Rehr-  
baugh was found dead one mile from  
Hanover, Pa. It seems that Mr. R. had  
been to town the evening previous on  
some business, and while on his way  
home he was thrown from his horse and  
fell into a pond of mud and water, where  
he was found by some of the neighbors  
perfectly lifeless. It is supposed that  
he was suffocated, as his face was com-  
pletely covered with mud.

The Staynesant Pear Tree, in  
New York, is in bloom. This tree was  
brought from Holland, so runs the story  
by Governor Petrus Staynesant, in 1647,  
and is, therefore, 217 years old—by far  
the oldest object placed by man on  
New York island that can now be re-  
cognized.

**From Eight to Sixteen.**

Lord Shaftesbury recently stated, in  
a public meeting in London, that, from  
personal observation, he had ascertained  
that of adult male criminals of that city,  
nearly all had fallen into a course of  
crime between the ages of eight and six-  
teen years; and that, if a young man  
lived an honest life up to twenty years  
of age there were forty-nine chances in  
favour, and only one against him, as to  
honorable life thereafter.

This is a fact of singular importance  
to fathers and mothers, and shows a fear-  
ful responsibility. Certainly, a parent  
should secure and exercise absolute con-  
trol over the child under sixteen. It  
cannot be a difficult matter to do this,  
except in very rare cases; and if that  
control is not very wisely and efficiently  
exercised, it must be the parents' fault;  
it is owing to the parental neglect or remi-  
sseness. Hence the real source of  
ninety-eight per cent of the real crime  
in a country such as England or the  
United States lies at the door of the pa-  
rent. It is a fearful reflection! We  
throw it before the minds of the fathers  
and mothers of our land, and there leave  
it to be thought on wisdom, remarking  
only as to the early seeds of bodily dis-  
ease, that they are, in nearly every case  
sown between sundown and bedtime, in  
absence from the family circle; in the  
supply of spending money never earned,  
by the spender—opening the doors of  
confectionaries and soda fountains, of  
beer tobacco and wine shops, of the cir-  
cus, the restaurant and dance—then fol-  
lows the Sunday excursion, to the com-  
pany of those whose ways lead to the  
gates of social, physical and moral ruin.  
From eight to sixteen—in these few  
years—are the destinies of children fixed  
in forty-nine cases out of fifty—fixed by  
the parents! Let every father and moth-  
er solemnly vow, "By God's help, I'll  
fix my darling's destiny for good, by  
making home more attractive than the  
streets!"

**THE REBEL GENERAL FORREST.**—A letter  
received from Major General D. L.  
Stanley, and which appears in the Cin-  
cinnati Commercial, gives the following  
statement in regard to the rebel Gen-  
eral Forrest. It says that to those in front  
of our army who know Forrest, his con-  
duct at Port Pillow is not in the least as-  
tonishing. About the middle of the sum-  
mer of 1862 Forrest surprised the part  
of McCreesbor' commanded by Brigadi-  
er General T. T. Crittenden, of Indi-  
ana; the Garrison being composed mostly  
of the 9th Michigan and 2d Minnesota  
infantry; and the 7th Pennsylvania cav-  
alry. After some fighting the troops  
surrendered. A mulatto man, who was  
a servant to one of the officers of the  
Union forces, was brought out to For-  
rest on horseback. The latter inquired  
of him, with many oaths, "what he was  
doing there?" The mulatto replied that  
he was a free man, and came out as a  
servant to an officer—naming the offi-  
cer. Forrest, who was on horseback,  
deliberately put his hand to his holster,  
drew his pistol, and blew the man's brains  
out. This revelation was made to Ma-  
jor General Stanley last summer by a citi-  
zen of Middle Tennessee, who was a man  
of high standing in the community, and  
who had it from his nephew, an officer  
under Forrest. The statement adds  
that the mulatto came from Pennsylvania,  
and the officer who furnishes it de-  
clares he would never again serve under  
Forrest.

**BUSS.**—As the season of bugs ap-  
proaches it will be well to bear in mind  
the advice of the Country Gentleman.  
Housekeepers not desirous of being  
carried out of the world by bugs, will be  
glad to learn that they cannot stand hot  
alum water. Take two pounds of alum,  
bruise it, and reduce it to powder, dis-  
solve it in three quarts of water; let it  
remain in a warm place till the alum is  
dissolved. The alum water is to be ap-  
plied, by means of a brush, to every  
joint and crevice. Brush the crevices  
in the floor, whitewash the ceiling, put-  
ting in plenty of alum, and there will  
be an end to their dropping thence.

A little boy, on coming home  
from a certain church where he had seen  
a person perform on an organ, said to  
his mother—"Oh, mamma, I wish you  
had been to church to-day to see the  
fun—a man pumping music out of an  
old cupboard!"

"Ma, why is a postage stamp like a  
bad scholar?"  
"I can't tell, my son, why is it?"  
"Because it gets licked and put in a  
corner!"

"Susan, put that boy to bed."

**THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF TRUTH.** The  
old foggy nations of Greece and Rome  
were much given to making demigods of  
their favorites. They even deified their  
physicians. It would have been quite  
as reasonable to have made gods of their  
butchers, imagine the stupidity of pay-  
ing divine honors to such know-nothings  
as Galen and Hippocrates. And yet,  
after all, the "profession" at the present  
day has not advanced so very far ahead  
of its founders. True, great discoveries  
have been made in physiology, and vast  
improvements in surgery; but the resour-  
ces of the *materia medica* have not  
been correspondingly augmented. The  
present century, however, has witnessed  
one grand medical triumph—the com-  
plete and universal success of Holloway's  
Pills and Ointment as remedies for in-  
ternal and external diseases. They  
would seem to have triumphed over-  
ever over liver and bowel complaints,  
scrofula, and many other fearful maladies  
and in no part of the world where they  
have been introduced has their success  
been more signal than in the United  
States. The onward march of these  
preparations for a period of twenty-five  
years has been a phenomenon. Starting  
from the central point of London, they  
have reached remotest India, penetrated  
Africa, pervaded Europe, and become  
(within a few years) household medicines  
in all parts of North and South Amer-  
ica, whilst in Australasia the demand  
for them is immense. With their prog-  
ress has expanded into its present gi-  
gantic proportions the most prodigious  
system of advertising that the world has  
ever seen. One man—Professor Holo-  
way—individually controls all this grand  
medical and commercial scheme, with its  
almost unlimited correspondence, agen-  
cies, shipments, &c. None other than  
a great mind could have accomplished  
so great a work.—*Nat. Police Gazette.*

**DR. FRANKLIN'S TOAST.**—Long after  
the victories of Washington over the  
French and English had made his name  
familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin  
chanced to dine with the English and  
French Ambassadors, when as nearly as  
the precise words can be recollected,  
the following toasts were drunk:

England—The Sun whose bright  
beams enlighten and fructify the remotest  
corners of the earth.

The French Ambassador filled with  
national pride, but being too polite to  
dispute the previous toast, drank the  
following:

France—The Moon whose mild, steady  
and cheering rays are the delight of all  
nations, consoling them in darkness, and  
making their dreariness beautiful.

Dr. Franklin then rose, and, with his  
usual dignified simplicity, said:

GEORGE WASHINGTON—The Joshua  
who commanded the Sun and Moon to  
stand still; and they obeyed him.

**CONJUGATION AND AGREEMENT.**—In a  
lesson in parsing, the sentence, "man,  
courting capacity of bliss," etc, the word  
courting comes to a pert young miss of  
fourteen to parse. She commenced,  
hesitatingly, but got along well enough  
until she was to tell what it agreed with.  
Here she stopped short. But as the  
teacher, said, "Very well, what does  
courting agree with?" Ellen blushed  
and hung down her head, "Ellen, don't  
you know what it agrees with?" Ye-  
s—yes, sir!" "Well, Ellen; why don't  
you parse the word? What does it agree  
with? Blushing still more and stammer-  
ing, Ellen says "It a—a agrees with all  
the girls, sir!"

**SETTLED.**—John Danders' a country  
blacksmith, the husband of a young wife,  
had labored long and become wealthy,  
having the custom of all the farmers a-  
round. When he was on his death-bed,  
he called his wife Janet, to him.

"Janet," said he, "I am not long for  
this world; I am wearing away very fast.  
Now, concerning the business, Janet,  
there's Andrew, the foreman, he knows  
all about the shop, and the customers all  
like him. You will just let a decent  
time elapse and then make up together."  
"Oh, my dear John!" said Janet,  
bursting into a flood of tears, "don't let  
that trouble you; Andrew and I have  
settled that already."

"My son," said the elder Sprig-  
gles to Spriggles junior, thinking to en-  
lighten the boy on the propagation of  
the bee species—"my son, do you know  
that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do  
they?" said Spriggles junior, as he  
licked his plate; "I thought eggs came  
out of chickens." Thus ended the first  
lesson.

"How sharp your toe nails are," as  
Paddy said when he caught the hornet.