

LAMOILLE NEWSDEALER.

CHAS. C. MORSE, Publisher.

A Weekly Journal of Local and Central News: Devoted to the Interests of Lamoille County.

TERMS: \$1.50 per year, in advance.
\$2.00 if not paid in advance.

VOLUME 6.

HYDE PARK, VERMONT, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1865.

NUMBER 6.

Lamoille Newsdealer:

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
AT HYDE PARK, LAMOILLE COUNTY, VT.

Rates of Advertising.
Column 1 year, \$50; 6 mos. \$35; 3 mos. \$18;
1 mo. \$10.
Column 1 year, \$35; 6 mos. \$20; 3 mos. \$10;
1 mo. \$7.
Column 1 year, \$18; 6 mos. \$10; 3 mos. \$7;
1 mo. \$5.
Extra notices charged at 10 cts per line for three
insertions; two insertions, 5 cts. a line; one
insertion, 2 cts. a line.
Special notices \$2 each.—provided, they do not
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and an experienced agent and attorney in
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Vt. where he will insert TEETH upon
any part of the face, at as low prices as any Dentist
in the State. Also teeth cleaned, filled, and dis-
tended. Teeth inserted. Teeth inserted upon
any part of the face, at as low prices as any Dentist
in the State. 45
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teeth put in the best state of pre-
servation. Diseases of the gums
promptly treated. Artificial teeth made in
style known to the profession. 45
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Vt. Prompt attention given to the busi-
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a reasonable compensation. 4
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MILLAN, Merchant Tailor, Johnson,
Vt. All work done by him will be in the
best and warranted to fit. Cutting done
to make. Terms cash. 50y 10
WELLS, Commission Dealer in Hops,
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to County Bank, Schoharie, N. Y.; First
National Bank of Cobleskill, N. Y.; Oneida
National Bank, N. Y.; First National Bank of
Albany, N. Y.; North River Bank, New
York. 49
J. TAYLOR, house-painter, Morrisville,
Vt. Prepared to do all kinds of work
in his profession, such as painting, gla-
zing, hanging, &c. Furniture stained,
&c. 50y 10

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The clear-pealing chime of the nine o'clock bells
Has long since died away in the depths of the
night.
And the silence now reigning in eloquence tells
Of the joy that will wake at the first gleam of
light.
The wee stockings are hung, with precision and
care,
From chimney-jam, bed-post, and rocking-
chair too;
And the light griefs of childhood have melted to
air
As a vision of Santa Claus meets their dream-
view.
Such a jolly old man in his great-coat and furs!
With such large sparkling eyes! like the stars
in the night!
With a smile like a saint, the most sanguine avers,
And a step like a fairy's as dainty and light.
Such benevolent features! they sparkle and gleam
Like the radiant sunrise in orient skies:
It will linger for aye as the rosiest dream
Ever vouchsafed to childhood from bright Par-
adise.
Such a wondrous collection of sweets and toys
In the pack that he quick from his shoulders
then hurls!
There are trumpets and muskets and banners for
boys,
And the sweetest faced dolls for the good little
girls.
Ah! dream on, happy childhood. The morn-
ing's bright dawn
Will smile sweetly upon the dear longings of
night.
Ere the memory of night's blissful promise has
gone,
Sweet fulfillment will come with the first gleam
of light.
Ah! dream on, happy childhood. May life's
coming day
Be as free with its gifts as is this Christmas
Morn!
May it place as few thorns in your upward
bound way.
And as few broken faiths as are now to ye
born!

Miscellany.

WHAT DICK BLAIZE FOUND AT CHURCH.

I'd been to church. I'm not a man to
sail under false colors, and say I went regu-
lar, for I didn't; but when a fan
has been on a three-years' cruise, and
through no end of gales, and come home
safe and sound at last, it's only right he
should report himself at headquarters.
Some don't; but I had a good old morn-
ing, and she taught me a great deal that
I've forgotten now (more shame for me),
besides some things I remember. So,
feeling that the Lord's hand had been in
my coming home alive, I went to where
they say he comes oftetest, and that's to
church.
It was a grand sort of place; but I'd
my longshore togs on, and my new silver
watch, and a collar as white as old sail—
and in I walked, bold as brass. It was
evening, about seven bells, but the gims
were all alight. Chaplain, he was there
in the wheel-house, and all the passengers
aboard. I sailed up the stairs, looking
for a seat, but they all had state rooms,
with the doors shut, and though I said,
once or twice, "show up, shipmates," nary
lad of 'em budged an inch.
"Look-a-here, my man," says I to a
fellow acting as convey to a lot of ladies
just come in, "my opinion is you need a
missionary. I sailed among the blighted
heathen, in parts where they're nigh
as black as your coat, and though they
cut each other now and then, them's that's
converted never tries to keep the others
out in the cold when there's a
meeting. Chaplain would hee'n't if they
did."
Well, the chap turned up his nose at
me, and said something about "being un-
der no obligation to find seats for stran-
gers," and I set sail for the door, when he
pinted, and I looks, and bless her pretty
heart! there was a lady holding her
door open, and a kind o' bowing, as
much as to say, "Cast anchor here, and
welcome."
So I made my best bow, and went in.
There warn't another soul but us two
there, and I felt sheepish, I can tell you.
I warn't two-and-twenty then, and was
afore the mast yet. And she was such
a beauty!—like a little yacht with stream-
ers flying and holiday sailing ahead. If
she'd turned up her nose at me I'd not
have wondered. But she didn't; she
gave me a book, with blue velvet on the
binding, to sig out of, and smiled when
she did it. And bless ye, I forgot what
the chaplain was saying, looking at her.
I don't know where she got her eyes, un-
less a bit of summer sky was used to
make 'em, for they were just as blue.
Well, when it was all over, such a time
as I had treading on the women's long
petticoats, and being scowled at, coming
out! I was making headway down street,
when I saw a fellow half seas over make
up to a lass and put his arm about her
waist and try to kiss her. She screamed,
but before she could scream twice I was

alongside her. "Hands off, you lubber!"
says I, and I laid him sprawling.
And then I saw the lass was the very
one I'd been looking at all the evening—
the only Christian (according to my reck-
oning) in church.
Says she, "I'm very much obliged to
you, Sir."
Says I, "You ain't—not at all, Miss;
and now, if you have far to go, I will
walk alongside and pilot you, if you'll
permit."
Says she, "I have a very little way to
go—that's father's house; but thank you a
thousand times."
Well, she pointed to a reg'lar first-class
sort of place, all white marble, that I
knew to be Capten Jersey's. And Capten
Jersey was my capten. I'd sailed with him
for years—prentice at first, hand arter-
ward. And, Lord love ye! I felt almost
frightened to think of sitting and walk-
ing with his daughter. I made my best
scrape and bow, and somehow stammered
out about giving best respects to the cap-
ten, and the honor of having served her.
Then says she, Papa must thank you
himself.
And there, true as the sea serpent, was
Capten Jersey at the parlor port-hole.
She told him what had happened, and he
said, "My man, you've done your duty,"
and made me come in and have a glass of
wine. He called it wine, look ye, but I
have my doubts of it, for it was sour as
swipes, and fizzed like soda-water when
the cork came out. I should have took
it for spilled cider. However, capten's
wine isn't to be sneezed at by foremast
hands, and I took it.
Well, I took myself home arter that,
but I took her along o' me. I could see
her eyes and her mouth and her hair—
'twarn't gold, nor brown, nor yet flaxen—
sort o' like moonlight with a shadow in
it—as well as if I'd been in one of them
daguerotype machines, and had her pic-
ture took off on my heart, and at night I
dreamed of her.
Look here, shipmate, if you'll keep dark
I'll tell you what I dreamed: That I—
Dick Blaize—kissed Capten Jersey's
daughter! I don't believe in a man step-
ping out of his place. Nobody under a
first mate had a right to dream that, and
I own up I was to blame.
That wasn't the worst—I vow it wasn't
I thought of her arter I was awake for
the same; and I did think if I could be
capten, and have her for my wife—Eva
her name was; I'd heard the capten call
her so—I'd not want to die, nor yet go
to Heaven. Life would be so happy to
me!
If any youngster reads this I want to
tell him that's wrong, for the Chaplain
told me so, and I'd do no harm (if I knew
it) to any body. Good advice it's my
duty to give; but all the same, when I
spin a yarn I put the truth in it.
I did love that girl. There's no deny-
ing it. I didn't care to have any talk
with other lasses. Poll and Sue had
seemed pretty to me; but how red and
coarse they were arter that!—fionzy and
blowzy. She so trim, with white topails
and a rose just half open in her hair, and
little hands with dimples in them.
I went to church next Sunday—not to
sit alongside o' her, bless ye! I got up
into the loft. I offered the pilot a dollar
to take me there; but I will say this for
the lad, he was above bribes; and I look-
ed down at her. Capten Jersey was then
snoring as if he'd been in his bunk, and
most of the folks looked drowsy, but I
never closed my eyes. There I sat aloft,
thinking what I'd do if I was capten and
owner of a ship I named the *Eva* in my
own mind, and, bless ye! afore I paid
the reckoning to the lad with a plate-
solid silver as my name is Jack—I'd had
the chaplain marrying us. There's sarce
for a fore-mast man, my mess-mates. But
you see Capten B. J. win, mother's father.
was capten of a merchantman, an' that
is how I came by it.
Well, I went on loving and hoping, and
we took another voyage, and yet another;
and I got on and was promoted, and by-
and-by I found myself second mate, and
then she was not spliced yet. I was six-
and-twenty, and had a little money
put by, and thoughts of her had kept me
from too much grog and company that
might ha' done me harm; and says I one
day, "I'll have her yet before I go to Davy
Jones's locker."
Off on we met, and I bowed; and
now I was, as you may say, an officer, I
was bolder. I tried to improve; I read
and practiced hand-talk, and I don't mind
owning (as I've promised a true yarn)
that I hired a Frenchman to teach me
manners and parleyvoing. He couldn't
do it. What he called the langwy French
wouldn't be learnt, and as for manners
that was wass. So one day he says:
"Monsieur, you shall make von verra
grand saillir, but ze dance and ze langwy
Frenchy you shall not know if you live so
long as von hundred." Says I, "You're
right, my hearty; salt I was born, and
salt I will die." And so we parted com-
pany.
Well, shipmates, for all that I didn't
give up thoughts of Miss Eva Jersey, and
being second mate I found chances after a

while to talk to her, and I was a hand-
some young fellow then—wanity you will
say, but it is truth—and she took a shine
to me. When I knew it I was beside my-
self with joy.
Secret a bit we were about it, as lovers
will be, and the capten was a man to be
afraid of. But one day I went to him in
his state-room—wait a bit—his study, at
home, and says I, "Capten, let me say a
word to you."
Says he, "Well, my man."
Now that warn't jest the thing for a
second mate. He might have said, "Well,
Sir." However, he had known me cabin-
boy.
I couldn't go on at first, but by-and-by
managed to stumble through it. "I loved
his daughter and wanted him to give her
to me." That was my yarn; and the
squall it raised. Capten rose up and
looked at me.
"Have you been drinking, my man?"
says he.
"No, capten."
"Then you are mad," says he.
"Nor yet mad."
He pointed to the door.
"I haven't had my answer; beg pardon,
but I want to hear it."
Ladies may read this. I'd write down
what he said to me. Talk about oaths af-
ter that!
"I don't deserve this."
"You deserve a cowhiding. And if I
had a jack o' nine tails handy it would
lay over your back," says he. "Miss
Eva Jersey is a lady, and you a common
sailor."
"Second mate now."
"Second middle stick's end."
"And, she—she likes me," said I. Then
capten kicked me out. Mind ye, he was
sixty five, or I would not have let him
do it.
Next thing I heard Eva was sent away
to an aunt's and the nigger that waited
on the capten ashore fetched me a note
bidding me good-by, and saying that she
must obey her father. That was duty.
Let man and woman do their duty. I dis-
missed Jersey for a new voyage, and the
time was come; and though it went agin
I couldn't desert, though I said "it
is the last voyage we will have together,
my hearty." Said it to myself, you
know.
I did my duty—worked hard—but all
the light was gone out o' my sky, and was
in a fog, with my compass lost. Life was
nothing to me, and soon I had a chance
for death.
For there came to us such a gale as
never blew before, when we were not far
from the Gold Coast; and arter it had
blown a hit it seemed to me the capten
lost his senses. He might have saved
the ship, but he was obstinate, and so she
went upon a rock and split to pieces. We
took the boats in the storm. I never saw
any of my mess-mates again. We might
as well have been aloft in eggshells.
The first I knew arter knowing nothing,
was lying in burning sand on my face;
and when my eyes were cleared I saw I'd
been washed ashore. Two men lay along-
side o' me. I turned the first over—it was
the cook, Peter—he was stone dead. I
looked at the next—it was the capten—
yes, it was poor old capten Jersey, and he
wasn't dead, for he groaned when he was
touched.
"What echer, capten?"
"Says he, "Shan't live to see my girl
again, Blaize."
"Tell that to the marines!" says I.
"We're on main land, and niggers or not,
I never knew men I was afraid of. We'll
get home yet."
"You may, I must stay here, my leg is
broken."
So it was. The old hero had been
bruised and beaten nearly to death besides,
though he bore it so well, and I found
myself piping my eyes as I looked at him;
but being a bit of a surgeon, I set the
limb and bandaged it—bark for splints,
and my shirt for bandages—and then took
poor Peter's clothes and made a kind of
bed for capten in the shadiest place I
could find, and buried the cook, with a
bit of prayer, and set down to think I
couldn't leave the capten. He couldn't
go a step, and I must feed him and my-
self. We had a bit of liquor in a flask,
and that was all.
Just then the capten called to me.
"You've been kind to me; bid me good-
bye, and say you forgive me before you go,"
he said.
"I am not going," I said. "I will
never desert you, capten. I will find
grub of some kind for us both, and we
will live to tell this yet ashore in Amer-
ica."
Says he, taking hold of my hand, "God
bless you, Blaize; but I can't expect this
of you—a son could not do more for a
father."
"No, I mean to do the best I can; and
whatever I may have to fret about, that
will be a comfort."
I wish— he began. Then he stopped,
and I gave him a sup from the flask and
went away.
I don't mean to tell lies. This yarn is
true. But if you want wonders, and iron

kettles floating ashore, and stores to last
a year, and complete carpenter shop at
hand, look for 'em in other yarns—such
as travels.
I couldn't tell you much about how we
lived—sometimes burning, sometimes
soaked to the skin, half the time hungry.
We found berries and roots and a bread-
fruit tree, and caught a parrot and roast-
ed it. I stuck to the capten. A month
went so, and he could just move a little—
and then I began helping him on by
easy stages, hoping to come to some place
where we should see human faces. We
didn't only to woods we were afraid to go
through for the wild beasts, and then we
wished we had staid near the shore, where
we might have seen a sail.
We learned how to say, "Give us to-day
our daily bread" then, and the Lord sent
it. But one burning day we could find
neither water nor food. We were starving,
and both as weak as children, though the
capten was the weakest.
And the capten said to me over and over
again, "Go, Blaize, you can escape per-
haps. Leave me. I'm only an old, dy-
ing man."
An my answer had been, "No one ever
shall say Dick Blaize deserted his capten."
But we knew we were both doomed; nei-
ther flesh nor fruit nor water could we
find. And at last we both sat down in
despair.
"The Lord must help us now," said
I. "And perhaps out here, where half
the folks is unconverted, he's lost sight
of us."
There again I was wrong; for what in
the 'varsal world should I hear but some
one whistling Yankee Doodle, and the next
minute I saw under the bushes a face—a
nose in particular—that couldn't had from
anywhere but old Connecticut, where I was
born and brought up; and then faces
black and white and yaller—a hull ship's
complement of explorers, as they turned
out to be. I tried to hurrah. "Capten,"
says I, "the Lord has heard us." And
then I keeled over and took a rest. Dick-
n't know much for a bit, only I feel sure
that Connecticut phiz was close to mine
over and over again; and that whatever
yarn the boss explorer puts in his book,
he'll tell no lie if he says he nussed me
like my mother might, God bless him!
So before long, being among friends, we
found ourselves piloted to a port and put
aboard a Yankee vessel homeward bound.
Well, to cut a long story short, mes-
sengers, we came ashore at Marblehead at
last, and I was well and hearty, but the
poor capten laid low. I'd thought we'd
bury him at sea, but it didn't come to
that, and they took him home on a litter
to die there; but before he went he held
out his hand to me.
"God bless you!" he said. "No son
could be kinder than you have been." I
went away piping my eye.
I had got to love him out there on the
Gold Coast.
Well, I was uneasy, and I walked the
deck of my room the best part of the
night, and at daybreak some one says,
"Aho, Mr. Blaize!" and I opened the
door. A boy was there. Says he, "Cap-
ten Jersey has sent for you; he is dy-
ing."
I knew it must come; but my heart
sank like the lead in deep water. I set
sail for the house, leaving the lad quite
out of sight, and got there in a few min-
utes. The nigger took me in, and there
was capten in bed and chaplain alongside
and Eva crying as if her blessed heart
would break. And capten says to me:
"Blaize, time is very short for me. I
must speak fast. Do you love my girl
still?"
Says I, "I haven't words to tell how
dear she is to me."
Then the capten took her little hand
and put it in mine, and says to the good
chaplain:
"Let me see it done before I die."
And before I knew what had happened
I was called on to answer would I take
this woman to be my wedded wife? and
had said:
"Will I? Why, if you'll give her to me,
capten, you give me my bit of heaven
fore my time." At which chaplain
took me up sharp.
And then we were married, and the
dream came true, for I kissed her.
The best of the yarn is, the capten
didn't die. I think when we were spliced
he felt a load off his conscience and took
a turn for the better; and we have him
living with us, hale and hearty as a man
can be at eighty-four.
And now I teach the young folks to go
to church regular, for, as I tell the chap-
lain, no knowing what good may come of
it. I found my wife at church, and bless
you she does not think me wicked for say-
ing so, though she pretends co—to please
the chaplain.

YANKEE TRADING.
A certain farmer, who in the course of
a year, purchased a hundred dollars
worth of goods (and always paid for
them), called at the store of a village
merchant—his regular place of dealing—
with two dozen brooms, which he offered
for sale. The merchant (who, by the way,
is fond of a good bargain,) examined his
stock, and said:
"Well, Cyrus, I will give you a shil-
ling apiece for these brooms."
Cyrus appeared astonished at the offer,
and quickly replied:
"O no, John, I can't begin to take that
for 'em, no how; but I'll let you have
'em for twenty cents apiece and not a cent
less."
"Cyrus, you are crazy," replied John.
"Why, see here," showing a fine lot of
brooms, "is an article a great deal better
than yours" (which was true) "that I am
retailing at twelve and a half cents
apiece," (which was not true by seven
and a half cents).
"Don't care for that," answered Cy-
rus; "your brooms are cheap enough, but
you can't have mine for less than twenty
cents, no how!" and pretending to be
more than half angry, shouldered his
brooms and started for the door.
The merchant, getting a little nervous
over the probable loss of a good customer,
and fearing he might go to another store
and never return, said:
"See here, Cyrus, hold on awhile. If
I give you twenty cents for your brooms,
I suppose you will not object to take the
price of them in goods?"
"No, don't care if I do," replied Cyrus.
"Well, then," said the merchant, "as
you are an old customer, I will allow you
twenty cents apiece for this lot. Let me
see—twenty times twenty four make just
four hundred and eighty—yes, four dol-
lars and eighty cents. What kind of
goods will you have, Cyrus?"
"Well, now, John, I reckon it don't
make any difference to you what sort of
goods I take, does it?"
"O no, not at all—not at all!" said
the merchant.
"Well, then, as it don't make no dif-
ference to you, I will take the amount in
them 'ere brooms of yours at twelve and
a half cents apiece! Let me see—four
dollars and eighty cents will get thirty-
eight brooms and five cents over. It
don't make much difference, John, about
the five cents, but as you are a right
clever feller I believe I will just take the
change in terbacker."
When Cyrus went out of the door with
his brooms and "terbacker," John was
seized with a serious breaking out at the
mouth, during which time he was distinct-
ly heard to violate the third com-
mandment several times, by the bystand-
ers, who enjoyed the joke hugely.
WARNING FOR UNCLE SAM—A day or
two since an unsophisticated darkey
waited upon a certain military gentleman
with a bill of \$115, for washing at the
camp hospital; which after undergoing a
rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned
with the following explanation, which the
astounded son of Ethiopia listened to
with an equal amount of wonder and per-
plexity:
"This bill," said the gentleman, "will
first have to be sent to the quartermaster
general at Washington, and he will report
to the adjutant general, who will lay it
before the secretary of war for his ap-
proval. The adjutant being satisfied, it
will be sent to the auditor of state, who
will approve of it and send it to the se-
cretary of the treasury, who will at once
dispatch an order to the collector of this
port to pay the bill."
The darkey relieved himself of a long
drawn sigh. "Then, massa," he remark-
ed, "dat last gentleman you spoke of pays
de washing, does he?"
"No," continued the other, "he will
hand it to the quartermaster; but as
there is no such officer here at present,
some proper person must be appointed by
the secretary of war under direction of
the president, and his appointment must
be approved by the Senate. Congress not
being in session now, the commission can-
not be issued until after it meets. When
this commission is received, the quar-
master will show it to the collector, and
demand the funds. You will then call
upon him, he will examine your bill, and
if correct, he will pay it, you giving your
receipt."
The unfortunate negro first scratched
his head and then shook it, and finally
said, "I guess I'll hab to let dis washing
slide, but it am de last job I does for
Uncle Sam, shua!"
LITERARY NOTE—In what form did
Burns address his departed Mary?—In a
polygon (Polly gone), we presume.
"Do you play by the ear?" in-
quired a pupil of a dancing school-fid-
dler. "No, my dear, I play by the
sight."
Why are people who stutter not to be
relied on?—Because they are always
breaking their word.