Marshall Co. Republican

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

HOW THEY POP THE QUESTION.

The sailor says, "I like your rig;
And though I've noticed many.
I really think you are, old girl,
As trim a craft as any.
And if you'll only say the word,
Through every kind of weather,
Just blast my timbers if we don't
Go cruising on together."

The poet, with enraptured gaze,
Points out a single star—
"'Tis thus, sweet lady, that you shine
On mortals from afar.
But ah! it is my fondest hope—
Though selfish, I must own—
That in some modest, vine-wreathed cot
You'll shine for me alone."

The dancing-master—French, of course—
Thinks earnestly of mating,
And seeks some lovely widow with
A bow excruciating.
"Madame, ze heart is in ze hope
You love a leetle beet,
And go ze way of life wiz me—
Madame, I kees your feet!"

The actor quotes from many plays,
And swears by all the powers,
His hand shall build his Annabelle
A cot among the flowers.
Without her smile he e'er is like
A ship without a rudder;
Then talks of dark despair and death,
Until he makes her shudder.

And Pat, the coachman, winks at Bid,
As she flits from room to room,
The ever merry chambermaid,
With dusting-pan and broom.
He says: "Me darlint, when we've laid
Us by a hape of money,
We'll git the praste to tie the knot,
If you'll say yes, me honey."

Says Hans Von Schmidt, who keeps saloon,
"I want a guter frow,
To help me make der lager pier,
Und milk der prindle cow;
To make mine shirts and cook de krout,
Und every tings to do;
To feed der horse und slop der peeg,
Und tend mine papies too."

And even Sam, the barber man,
At Nan rolls up his eyes,
And talks of matrimonial bliss
With most heart-rending sighs.
"If you don't gub that lily hand
To dis 'ere lub-sick nigger,
He pats dis pistol to him head,
And den him pulls de trigger."

'Tis thus mankind rush to their fate,
For with a brilliant light,
That little elfin being Love,
Has power beyond the sight.
Like children's barks, adown the falls
To waters still below;
Some glide along without a heart—
And some to ruin go.

Curing a Cold.

Mr. Mark Twain gives his experience in curing his cold in so quaint and unique a style, that we copy it in full for the benefit of our readers:

It is a good thing, perhaps, to write for the amusement of the public, but it is a far higher and nobler thing to write for their instruction, their profit, their actual and tangible benefit. The latter is the sole object of this article. If it prove the means of restoring to health one solitary sufferer among my race, of lighting up once more the fire of hope and joy in his faded eyes, of bringing back to his dead heart again the quick, generous impulses of other days, I shall be amply rewarded for my labor; my soul will be permeated with the sacred delight a Christian feels when he has done a good, unselfish deed.

Having led a pure and blameless life, I am justified in believing that no man who knows me will reject the suggestions I am about to make, out of fear that I am trying to deceive him. Let the public do itself the honor to read my experience in doctoring a cold, as herein set forth, and then follow in my footsteps.

When the White House was burned in Virginia, I lost my home, my happiness, my constitution and my trunk. The loss of the two first named articles was a matter of no great consequence, since a home without a mother or a sister, or a distant young female relative in it, to remind you, by putting your soiled linen out of sight, and taking your boots down off the mantle-piece, that there are those who think about you and care for you, is easily obtained. And I cared nothing for the loss of my happiness, because, not being a poet, it could not be possible that melancholy would abide with me long.

But to lose a good constitution and a better trunk were serious misfortunes.

On the day of the fire, my constitution succumbed to a severe cold caused by undue exertion in getting ready to do something. I suffered to no purpose, too, because the plan I was figuring at for the extinguishing of the fire was so elaborate, that I never got it completed until the middle of the following week.

The first time I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly afterward, another friend advised me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also. Within the hour another friend assured me that it was policy to 'feed a cold and starve a fever.' I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for a cold, and then keep dark and let the fever starve awhile.

In a case of this kind, I seldom do things by halves; I ate petty heartily; I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened his restaurant that morning; he waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about Virginia were much afflicted with colds? I told him I thought they were. He then went out, and took in his sign. I started down toward the office, and on the way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of salt water, taken warm, would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul.

Now, as I am giving my experience only for the benefit of those who are troubled with the distemper I am writing about, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me, and acting upon this conviction, I warn them against warm salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there were no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake.

After the storm which had been raging in my stomach had subsided, and no more good Samaritans happening along, I went on borrowing handkerchiefs again and blowing them to atoms, as had been my custom in the early stages of my cold, until I came across a lady who had just arrived from over the plains, and who said she had lived in a part of the country where doctors were scarce, and had from necessity acquired considerable skill in the treatment of simple 'family complaints.' I knew she must have had much experience, for she appeared to be a hundred and fifty years old.

She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, aqua fortis, turpentine and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wine-glass full of it every fifteen minutes. I took but one dose; that was enough; it robbed me of all moral principle, and awoke every unworthy impulse of my nature. Under its malign influence my brain conceived miracles of meanness, but my hands were too feeble to execute them; at that time, had it not been that my strength had surrendered to a succession of assaults from infallible remedies for my cold, I am satisfied that I would have tried to rob the graveyard.

Like most other people I often feel mean, and act accordingly; but, until I took that medicine, I had never revelled in such supernatural depravity and felt proud of it. At the end of two days I was ready to go to doctoring again. I took a few more unfailing remedies, and finally drove my cold from my head to my lungs.

I got to coughing incessantly, and my voice fell below zero; I conversed in a thundering bass, two octaves below my natural tone; I could only compass my regular nightly repose by coughing myself down to a state of utter exhaustion, and then the moment I began to talk in my sleep, my discordant voice woke me up again.

My case grew more and more serious every day. Plain gin was recommended; I took it. Then gin and molasses; I took that also. Then gin and onions; I added the onions, and took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a buzzard's.

I found I had to travel for my health. I went to Lake Bigler with my reportorial comrade, Wilson. It is gratifying to me to reflect that we traveled in considerable style; we went in the Pioneer coach, and my friend took all his baggage with him, consisting of two excellent silk handkerchiefs, and a daguerreotype of his grandmother. We sailed and hunted and fished and danced all day, and I doctored my cough all night. By managing in this way, I made out to improve every hour in the twenty-four. But my disease continued to grow worse.

A sheet bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore, I determined to take a sheet bath, notwithstanding I had no idea what sort of an arrangement it was.

It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My breast and back were bared, and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice water was wound round me until I resembled a swab for a Columbiad.

It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh, it makes him start with sudden violence and gasp for breath just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come.

Young Wilson said the circumstance reminded him of an anecdote about a negro who was being baptised, and who slipped from the parson's grasp, and came near being drowned. He floundered around, though, and finally rose up out of the water considerably strangled and furiously angry, and started ashore at once, spouting water like a whale, and remarking, with great asperity, that "One o' these days some gen'lman's nigger gwyne to git killed wid jes' such dam foolishness as dis!"

Never take a sheet bath—never. Next to meeting a lady acquaintance, who, for reasons best known to herself, don't see you when she looks at you, and don't know you when she does see you, it is the most uncomfortable thing in the world.

But, as I was saying, when the sheet bath failed to cure my cough, a lady friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Wilson. When I went to bed, I put my mustard plaster—which was a very gorgeous one, eighteen inches square—where I could reach it when I was ready for it. But young Wilson got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw anybody have such an appetite; I am confident that lunatic would have eaten me up if I had been healthy.

After sojourning a week at Lake Bigler, I went to Steamboat Springs, and beside the steam baths, I took a lot of the vilest medicines that were ever concocted. They would have cured me, but I had to go back to Virginia, where, notwithstanding the variety of new remedies I absorbed every day, I managed to aggravate my disease by carelessness and undue exposure.

I finally concluded to visit San Francisco, and the first day I got there a lady at the Lick House told me to drink a quart of whisky every twenty-four hours, and a friend at the Occidental recommended precisely the same course. Each advised me to take a quart; that made half a gallon. I did it, and still live.

Now, with the kindest motives in the world, I offer for the consideration of consumptive patients the variegated course of treatment I have lately gone through. Let them try it; if it don't cure them, it can't more than kill them.

Subduing a Desperado.

On the Western frontiers of our country, in advance of society and of social refinement, there have been, and are to-day, a class of preachers, rough and untaught, and yet devoted to their work—true evangelists of the backwoodsmen. Among them are some of the most fearless apostles in the world. In Texas especially, where in some localities there are communities of fierce, lawless spirits, these pioneer preachers necessarily encounter not only perils from wild beasts, perils from disease and exposure, but perils from brutal men, more dangerous than either. Their courage is of the Texan type, and although it may occasionally show itself in a manner not exactly in harmony with the spirit of their calling, yet one is inclined to look somewhat charitably upon faults that are the result of education and exhibit themselves in defence of the truth. These preachers often have less of the gentleness of John than of Peter's fiery impulses.

Capt. Marcy, in his "Army Life on the Border," gives an incident or two in the life of one of these devoted Christian men, who, however, possessed rather more cultivation than most of his class, and was for a time chaplain of a military post at which the captain was stationed.

He was a man of unexceptionable moral character, but at the same time possessed an irascible temperament, which required all the exercise of his power of self-discipline to keep in subjection. One day he learned that a certain deacon of his church had slandered him. Under the impulse of his indignation he seized a cowhide and started for the offender's house to give him a sound flogging. Luckily for the deacon, the preacher chanced to think, before he got to the end of his journey, that his conduct was hardly in keeping with his profession, and concluded to seek a less violent mode of redress.

Late one night—on the Red river circuit—he once found himself in a thinly-settled country, near the house of a desperado and gambler, who was noted for his hatred of religion and of Christian professors. There were dark stories told about this man. It was believed that he had murdered travelers who had put up at his house, although no proof could be presented against him.

The preacher knew these facts and would have preferred a less ungodly landlord; but as he was in his Master's service, and "feared neither man nor devil," he did not hesitate to enter the desperado's house.

As he halted his horse at the door, he heard the gambler say to his wife, with an oath.

"There comes that old parson. I suppose he wants to stay over night, but if he thinks I'm a-goin to put up with his praying and psalm-singing, he's mistaken. I'll make him pay his bill in different coin from that!"

Such a greeting from such a man would have caused most travelers to pass on and get as far as possible from the gambler's reach. But the preacher quietly got off his horse, went into the house and told the surly ruffian that he meant to spend the night there!

"Better wait and see whether you're wanted fust," growled the gambler.

The preacher coolly took off his coat, and said,—

"I've come *to stay!*"

Supper was put on the table. They all sat down. The gambler took his knife and fork and was about to eat. The preacher raised his hands as in the act of invoking a blessing, and at the same time looked steadily and sternly at the ruffian. Cowed by the cool courage of the man, the desperado dropped his knife and fork and muttered in a sullen tone,—

"*Let 'er slide parson!*"

The preacher asked grace. But the gambler was so ill at his ease, and so much annoyed at the missionary's dictatorial conduct, that he hardly spoke a word to him all the evening.

As the hour for going to bed drew near, the preacher made up his mind to have customary evening family worship. He took a Bible from his pocket and motioned the ruffian to bring him a small table. Half subdued by his stern and serious manner, the gambler seized the table and, slammed it down in front of his guest, and then began to whistle the tune "the Arkansas Traveler!"

The preacher vouchsafed no comment, but pointed very decidedly and significantly to his Bible. The gambler stopped. In an angry tone, and with an oath, he said,—

"Well, parson, *bile ahead!*"

The night passed quietly. The fearless clergyman slept calmly, and in the morning conducted religious services again without opposition from his ruffian landlord.

As he was about to leave he asked the gambler how much there was to pay for his supper, breakfast, and night's lodging.

"Not a cent, parson," said the desperado, "not a cent; go along about your business; but don't come psalm-singing around my house any more, for I won't stand it."

Does a Dissevered Head Retain Sensibility?

The *British Medical Journal* says: "Much has been written, and many conflicting opinions expressed, as to whether the head, after decapitation, retains any sensibility, and the question has been revived in Paris *apropos* of Lemaire's execution. M. Bonnafant gives the following account of an experiment on the dissevered heads of two Arabs, which will probably set the question at rest. He says: 'I was in Algiers in 1833, where I met with a military surgeon, M. de Fallois, who asked me what I thought of the assertion of Dr. Wilson, of New York, that a dissevered head retained its sensibility for two or three minutes. I maintained the impossibility of the asserted fact on physiological grounds; but M. de Fallois remained unconvinced. I heard that on the following day two Arabs were to be beheaded, and obtained leave to make some conclusive experiments on the subjects. For this purpose I had placed on the execution ground a small, low table, on which was placed a large, shallow vase nearly filled with powdered plaster. I then went to the place of execution, provided with a small ear trumpet and a very sharp lancet. It had been agreed that the charus should place the head, immediately after it was cut off, upon the plaster of Paris, so as to stop the hemorrhage. M. de Fallois was to speak to the first head by name, placing the ear trumpet to the ear, whilst I examined what occurred in the eyes and on the other features. This was done; but notwithstanding all the shouts into the ear, I could not perceive the slightest sign of life. The eyes remained glassy and motionless; the face discolored. The muscles gave scarcely any sign of contraction under the influence of the lancet. We changed places when experimenting with the second head, and M. de Fallois convinced himself that death was undoubted and instantaneous. It could not be otherwise, physiologically speaking, for immediately after the division of the large arteries which convey the blood to the encephalon, a sanguineous depletion takes place, which must necessarily bring on syncope.'"

Volcanic Eruption at Sea.

An interesting letter has just been received by Mr. Wm. Logan, Glasgow, from the Rev. Dr George Turner, missionary, author of "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," dated Samoa, or Navigator's Islands, South Pacific, November 29, 1866. We make the following extract:

"On the 12th of September, a little after noon, a commotion was observed in the deep, blue sea, about a mile and a half from Olosenga, and three and a half from Tau. It appeared like surf breaking over a sunken rock. Some thought it might be a whale blowing, and others that it was a shoal of bonito. The unusual commotion continued all day, and by the following morning, at daylight, volcanic action was unmistakable. At first the eruptions were at intervals of about an hour. They went on increasing for two days, and on the 15th there were fifty in the hour. For three days longer there was one continued succession of outbursts. The natives gazed in amazement at the great jets of mud and dense columns of other volcanic matter rising in terrific grandeur two thousand feet above the level of the sea. These again branched out into clouds of dust, blackening the sky and covering up Olosenga from the sight of the people on Tau. The roar of the eruptions, and the collision and crash of the masses of rock met in their downward course from the clouds by others flying up were fearful. Quantities of fused obsidian, too, threw off the most lovely fragments, which shone and sparkled in the sunshine like thousands of pendants from a crystal gasolier. No flame appeared; only once or twice was there a gleam of fire seen in the matter thrown up. The sea was most violently agitated, and boiled and bubbled furiously in a great basin half a mile in diameter. After a time the ocean had a light sulphur tinge for ten miles round. Heaps of dead fish were washed ashore, and among them deep sea monsters six and twelve feet long, which the natives had never seen before, and for which they have no name. The sulphurous vapors, heat and smoke and ashes soon made the settlement on Olosenga in a line with the volcano unbearable, and the people fled to a place a little way to the south. A slight tremulous motion continued to be felt on land, but no fissures opened, nor have any hot springs made their appearance. The ordinary springs of fresh water are also unaffected. After three days the violent action began to abate, and on the 11th of November, when the teacher from whom I have my information left, there were only three or four in the twelve hours, and the height to which the matter was thrown was reduced to twenty or thirty feet above the level of the sea. No cone or other uplifting has appeared above the surface of the ocean, nor is there any apparent uplifting or subsidence of the adjacent small islands.

"MY BOY DRUNK."—"Drunk! my boy drunk!" and tears started to the mother's eyes, and she bent her head in unutterable sorrow. In that moment the vision of a useful and honorable career were destroyed, and one of worthlessness, if not absolute dishonor, presented itself. Well did she know that intemperance walks hand in hand with poverty, shame and death; and his mother's heart was pierced as with a sharp pointed steel. Ah! young man, if the holy feeling of love for her who bore you is not dead within you, shun that which gives her pain—adhere to that which gives her joy. If she is with her Father in heaven, shun that course of life which shuts the gates of heaven against you, and debars you from her society forever. The drunkard can never inherit the kingdom of God.

A SPRING CHICKEN.

Here lies in plentitude of years
A noble chanticleer;
He led a virtuous chicken life,
And died without a fear.
Here lies his bones, and muscles, too,
Untouched by carver's art;
Tenacious to the very last,
In death they would not part.

Mark Twain and His Style.

One can read Mark Twain with the simple object of laughing, and without being called upon to enter the combat against some particular sect or doctrine, and without danger of coming across anything with a tendency to insult or injure. One can read Mark Twain, too, without being obliged to study out mutilations of the English language, about as difficult to decipher as Egyptian hieroglyphics. There is nothing, in fact, to interfere with a good, hearty enjoyment, such as one experiences in a lively farce on the stage. Mark Twain's writings have been current and going the rounds of the press for a couple of years, but the present book is the first collection of them. It is merely a promise of something better in future, brought out by appreciation and encouragement.

The book is dedicated to John Smith, whom the author professes to have known in various parts of the world, and as he has learned that the man to whom a volume is dedicated alway buys a copy, he anticipates that a princely affluence is about to burst upon him.

The first account, which furnishes the title to his book, is funny, from the ingenious way in which it is introduced and the fluency which characterizes its humor. Mark took a letter of introduction to an old gentleman, a resident of Angel's Camp, and was told to inquire particularly after one Rev. Leonidas W. Smilley, who had been an early and intimate friend of the old gentleman of Angel's Camp, and in this way his good graces might be effectually secured. No sooner was the name mentioned than the old man began an interminable story about one Jim Smilley, who had lived in those parts some time ago and "was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see; if he could get anybody to bet on the other side, and if he couldn't, he'd change sides." He would bet on a dog fight, or a cat fight, or a chicken fight, or a horse race. If there were two birds on a fence, he would bet on which one would fly first. If there was a camp meeting he would bet on Parson Walker. If he saw a straddle-bug, he would bet on his destination and how long it would take him to go to it, and then follow the bug to Mexico if necessary in order to win his bet. He once inquired after Parson Walker's wife, who had been ill, and, when told by her husband that hopes were entertained of her recovery, says, "I'll risk two and a half that she don't." This was the individual who owned a bull-pup, which would always hold off until the bets were all made, then catch his antagonist by the hind leg and hold on till the sponge was thrown up. This pup was pronounced a genius, and was never conquered until his master fought him against a dog that had no hind legs, when he died from very chagrin. Smilley's sporting proclivities finally got him into a scrape. He had a frog, which he had educated to jump and catch flies. He had never succeeded in getting a bet on the frog's capacity for jumping, until one day a stranger said that "he didn't think the frog was much of a jumper, and if he had a frog himself, he would bet forty dollars on his jumping." Smilley immediately offered to procure a frog, and, the money being put up, went out for that purpose. Having brought back a second animal, the two betters touched up their frogs, and while the strange one jumped with all his might and main, Smilley's pet could not move. The bet was lost, and, the stranger having departed with his money, Smilley took up his favorite, and turned him upside down, and the water-bird belched out a double handful of shot. The old gentlemen had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes concerning Smilley, and was about proceeding with the recital when Mark got up and left him.

Then follows an afflicting story about *Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man*. Aurelia presents the following short summary of events concerning her lover, and asks Mark's advice as to what course she shall pursue: When sixteen years old, she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers. They were engaged under the most flattering auspices. "But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with the small pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness his face was pitted like a waffle-mould, and his comeliness gone forever." Aurelia thought to break off the engagement, but pity for her lover caused her to postpone the marriage day, and give him another trial. The day before the marriage was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well, and fractured one of his legs so that it had to be taken off. Again Aurelia was moved to break off the engagement, but relented. Again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months got the other pulled out by a carding machine. Still the girl's brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a while longer. Caruthers fell sick with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes. Now the lady's friends insisted that the match should be broken off. But Aurelia, with a generous spirit that did her credit, could not see that Breckinridge was to blame, and so extended the time once more. Shortly before the time set for the nuptials, another disaster occurred. There was but one scalped by the Owens River Indians during that year, and that man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. At last, Aurelia was in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do, and applied to Mark. "It was a delicate question," says Mark; "one which involved the life long happiness of a woman and that of nearly two-thirds of a man. "Finally he advised Aurelia to build him up again—supply him with wooden arms and wooden legs, a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show. In case they were married and he should die, the wooden legs and such other valuables would revert to the widow, and there would be no other loss than that of the cherished fragment of a most noble and unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts are against him. Mark thought, however, that it would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first.

Mark Twain's complaint about correspondents is as good as his answers to correspondents, of which there are several. One young man writes concerning the throwing of bouquets at the opera. "No, you are wrong," says Mark; "that is the proper way to throw a brickbat or a tomahawk, but it doesn't answer so well for a boquet; you will hurt some one if you keep it up. Take your nosegay upside down, take it by the stems, and toss it with a sweep. Did you ever pitch quoits? That's the idea. The practice of recklessly heaving immense solid boquets, of the general size and weight of prize-cabbages, from the dizzy altitude of galleries, is dangerous and very reprehensible. Now, night before last, at the academy of music, just after Signorina Sconcia had finished that exquisite melody, *The Last Rose of Summer*, one of those floral pile-drivers came cleaving down through the atmosphere of applause, and if she had not deployed suddenly to the right it would have driven her into the floor like a shingle-nail."

The paper *Concerning Chambermaids* is very much like poor George Arnold. The *Inquiry About Insurance*, the *Origin of Illustrious Men*, *The Entertaining History of the Scriptural Panoramist*, and half a dozen others, are exquisitely funny. Twain is an original humorist, destined to make his Mark.

A Washington Story.

Mr. Gay, senior, of the National Hotel, Washington, bears quite a resemblance to the late General Cass, upon which is told a good story.

A stranger who supposed that he knew Mr. Gay well, put up at the National. Since this house has become a crack hotel at the Capitol, it is quite full all the time, and the new-comer was necessarily for the first night sent to the up floor to sleep. Coming down stairs in the morning a little cross, he met General Cass there, who had a fine suite of rooms in the hall. He stepped up to him and said:

"I'll not stand it! You have put me at the top of the house. I must have a room somewhere else, lower down."

Gen. Cass interposing nervously: "Sir, you are mistaken in the personage; you are addressing General Cass of Michigan."

Stranger, confusedly: "Beg your pardon, General—thought it was my old friend Gay. Beg a thousand pardons, sir. All a mistake—all a mistake, I assure you."

The General passed out of the building, but soon returned; but as luck would have it, the stranger met him full in the face again, but in another position. This time he was sure he had met Mr. Gay, for the Senator from Michigan he knew had just gone out. So the stranger stepped boldly up, slapped the General familiarly on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"By heaven, Gay, I've got a rich joke to relate. I met old Cass up stairs just now; thought it was you, and began cursing him about my room."

General Cass, with emphasis, "Well, young man, you have met old Cass again."

Stranger sloped, and he has not been heard of since.

Eating while Fatigued.

There are few habits more injurious to health than the common one of filling the stomach with food while the body is fatigued. Men will come from the fields, from their shops and counters, with their bodies or brains, or both, almost exhausted, sit down and hurriedly eat a hearty meal, and then go back to their labor again. If the brain, or any part or organ of the body becomes unduly fatigued, the whole system requires rest for a while, so that the nervous influence and the circulation of the blood may become equalized throughout the body before another demand is made upon the vital energies. If the stomach is filled with food while the vital forces are powerfully directed to the brain or the muscles, digestion cannot take place until an equilibrium has been established, and the blood and nervous power determined to the stomach, consequently the food remains undigested, ferments and becomes sour and irritates the stomach, causing derangement and disease of the digestive organs, and through them of the whole system. If you have any care for your health and comfort never sit down to eat while either body or brain is fatigued from over exertion.

Well Said.

Says a sensible exchange: "It matters not how many newspapers a man takes, his list is incomplete without his home paper. If that paper is not just such as he would wish, he should feel that himself and neighbors are responsible, in a measure, for its shortcomings. Give a paper a liberal support, an active sympathy, and it will instantly respond to such manifestations. Let an editor feel that his efforts are appreciated, and he is the most responsible being on earth; his paper being a part of himself, he is as sensitive to praise or censure as a doting father.

"Nothing can supply the place of a home paper. It is the mirror in which the town and neighborhood news is reflected; in the social, political and religious circle it fills a place no other paper can. When a need of economy compels you to curtail your newspaper list, strike off every other one before you say to the publisher of your home journal—"stop my paper."

EXCITEMENT IN A CIRCUS.—We have laughed heartily over the following ludicrous story and would not deprive our readers of the same enjoyment.

"A number of years ago, when Michigan was a new country, in Livingston county, of———there lived a family by the name of Clayton, and one called Perkins also,—as well as a great many others.

Pete Clayton was a tall fine looking fellow—noble speciman of our backwoodsmen—standing six feet two in his stockings.

Pete had taken a shine to Miss Sally Perkins, and it was known in fact that they were engaged, but the day when the knot was to be tied had not as yet been divulged.

In the month of August 1848, June's circus came through their town for the first time, and in fact it was the first circus that had ever passed that way and there were a great many people that had never seen one. When the important day arrived, the town was filled to overflowing with a motley crowd, of course, and every young fellow had his Sal. Now Pete wanted to get married on the coming Christmas, but Sally wished to have it put off until the next spring. When the ticket wagon was opened the tent was filled in a hurry. Pete and Sally had been looking through the side shows and they were late getting in, and the performance had already commenced. They walked around the entire ring, trying to find a seat, and although they could seat two thousand people, every seat was full.

"Never mind," said Sal, "I'd jest as lief stand up."

But the gallant Pete couldn't think of it and said: "Wait a minit, I'll get you a chair," and off he started, leaving Sal alone.

Just at this moment the clown came in, dressed in his usual costume, and dancing around the ring, stopped right in front of Sal and began to sing.

"Oh Sally is the gal for me."

This caused Sal to blush, for she thought that the clown was looking at *her*. As she stood near the ring, of course she hid the view of those lower seats behind her, and as usual on such occasions, the clown cracks his jokes at the offenders until they take the hint and find a seat, but she said she had rather stand up. At this the clown commenced his jokes, remarking to the ring master:

"There's a chance for me now."

"A chance for you?"

"Yes, don't you see that gal has lost her beau, and she is looking at me, I know," and turning three or four somersaults, he stopped directly in front of Sal and began to sing:

"O, Sally is the gal for me,
I would not have no other,
And if Sal died to morrow night,
I'd marry Sally's mother."

This evidently meant for *her*, raised Sal's dander, and she burst out with,

"I'm the gal for you, am I? Marry my mother, would yer? You low-lived, spotted scum of the earth! If my father was here he would wollup you for that! I won'tstay here another minit—nor neither would any decent people either! Saying which she rushed out of the tent amid roars of laughter.

The clown assuming a comical attitude, remarked to the ring master that his grandfather was a remarkable man, and so was his grandmother, too, but that gal beat all his forefathers.

At this juncture Pete rushed in, closely followed by Sal, and jumping into the ring he squared off at the clown and said:

"I'll teach you to insult any female under my charge?" and let fly at his opponent, and taking him plump in the face, sent him to mother earth, at which he jumped on him and commenced kicking him unmercifully. Sally standing on the outside of the ring, clapped her hands and sung out.

"That's it Pete, give him jessie, and we'll get married Christmas, sure!"

At this moment the ringmaster and three or four others caught Pete and commenced to thrash him, when Pete's friends interfered and a general free fight ensued which completely broke up the circus.

A Two Forty (an Hour) Train.

A friend, says the Sacramento *Record* tells us that a few days since he saw and heard the following:

[Scene—Folsom Railroad. A passenger stretched full length upon one of the benches in the smoking car, with a 'revayan' in his mouth.]

Polite Conductor (gathering tickets)—How are you, Thomas; glad to see you; seldom catch sight of you on this road.

Passenger (lazily blowing out the smoke)—No, John, not often. The fact is when I have business up this way, I generally take a horse and wagon; but as I am in no hurry to-day—time not of the slightest consequence—I thought I might as well use the cars.

——A dramatic author once observed that he knew nothing so terrible as reading his piece before a critical audience. "I know but one more terrible," said Compton, he a actor, "to be obliged to sit and hear it."

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

General News.

Witnesses are being summoned by the Government to attend Surratt's trial on May 27th.

The President has appointed as Minister to Berlin Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, in place of Mr. Motley.

President Johnson has accepted a Masonic invitation to visit Boston on the 24th of next month, to attend a celebration there.

The census of 1870 will be taken through the Internal Revenue Department. The Department took a census in November and December last, which showed a population of 34,505,882.

General Hooker has been granted leave of absence for one year from the first of June, owing to ill health. General John C. Robinson succeeds him in command of the Department of the Lakes.

The Supreme Court has virtually decided that Texas is a State in the Union by granting an injunction to restrain the payment of certain Texas bonds to the parties to whom, it is alleged, they were sold during the rebellion by parties in armed hostility to the United States.

The Booth diary is published. It is simply a defense of his actions. He says, under date of April 13th and 14th: "Until to-day, nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we have worked to capture, but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done; but its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thous and of his friends, and was stopped, but pushed on. A Colonel was at his side. I shouted '*sic semper*' before I fired. In jumping, broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it. Though we hated to kill, our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not (April, 1865) what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night, before the deed, I wrote a long article, left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings."

Foreign Intelligence.

The rinderpest has again appeared in England.

McCafferty, the Fenian, has been sentenced to be hanged.

The Sultan has granted the title of King to the Viceroy of Egypt.

Colonel Burke, the Fenian, is lying so ill in his cell that his life is despaired of.

Cable dispatches state that the King of Prussia will visit Paris during the summer in company with the Emperor of Russia.

The Luxembourg question may be regarded as definitely settled, Napoleon and, the King of Prussia having signed the treaty.

The injuries to the new Atlantic cable will be repaired about the 15th of June. Meantime the old cable, which was spliced last year, does the work perfectly well.

A letter of recent date from Calcutta shows that the terrible famine in that part of India has not ceased its ravages. In the one district of Cuttack forty were dying every day.

Queen Victoria on the 20th inst. laid the corner stone of the Hall of Arts, in London. A vast assemblage was present, and the ceremonies were of a very impressive character.

A plot to assassinate the King of Prussia and Bismark has been discovered in Berlin. Several arrests have been made, and it is supposed that the scheme has been frustrated.

The new Franco-American Telegraph Company, which proposes to lay an electric cable between Brest and Halifax, has been promised the support and assistance of the Imperial Government.

Advices from South America, by cable from London, state that the Government of Paraguay has accepted the proflered mediation of the United States, though it was uncertain whether the Allies would do so or not.

Cable dispatches state that two sanguinary battles have taken place in Candia, in both of which Omar Pasha was badly beaten. His loss in both is estimated at 3,000 men. The Great Powers have again united in a petition to Turkey to cede Crete to Greece.

The ram Dunderberg, which is reported to have been sold to the French Government for $3,000,000, was the private property of Mr. Webb, the distinguished New York ship builder. It was constructed by him as an experiment, with the expectation that it would be purchased by the Government, but the purchase was never completed.

The Victoria *Colonist*, the oldest and most widely circulated journal of Vancouver's Island, British Columbia, says, editorially, April 30th: "Nine out of every ten men in the colony, in their present state of wretchedness and poverty, would welcome annexation to the United States." This remark was called forth by a rumor that England was about to sell her possessions to the United States.

The Atlantic cable of 1866 has been ruptured by an iceberg near the coast of Newfoundland. On the 8th instant it was reported that the iceberg had disappeared, but in passing over the cable of 1866 it seems that some damage must have been done, for the signals through that cable became imperfect, and have now ceased. The cable of 1865, however, is unimpaired, and there is no reason to doubt that the injury to the cable of 1866 will be repaired without delay or any considerable expense. The capacity of the cable of 1865 exceeds the requirements of business, great as it is, between this country and Europe.

The East.

On the 17th, the new iron roof being constructed at the Union Iron Works, Buffalo, fell, killing five men and wounding fourteen.

Anthony Mather, a boy of nineteen, has been sentenced to the New York State Prison for life for killing Stephen S. Carland in March last.

A young woman named Alice C. Abbott has been arrested in Boston on a charge of causing the death of her stepfather, Washington Pickering, by poison.

The Connecticut Legislature is deliberating upon a measure imposing a fine of $20 upon any luckless individual who shall imbibe at the counter of a vender not duly provided with the necessary license.

The New York Central Park Commissioners have agreed to set apart a site for a monument costing $70,000, to be erected by the Seventh Regiment to the memory of its members who perished during the rebellion.

A new suspension bridge is to be built across Niagara river, just below the Falls, for the convenience of visitors. It will be considerable longer than the famous railroad bridge. The directors are John T. Bush, Alex. B. Williams, Hollis White, Delos DeWolf, and Vivius W. Smith.

A meeting of the corporators of the bridge to be built over East river has been held in Brooklyn, for the purpose of organizing under the act of the late Legislature, and it is understood that the company will proceed without delay to make arrangements for the grand work before them.

The Pittsburgh *Commercial* says a number of wealthy American gentlemen, chiefly Pennsylvanians, have offered to undertake the building of the ship canal connecting the lakes with the St. Lawrence. It will extend across Canadian territory from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario, and will cost an enormous sum of money, but the advantages to be derived therefrom, and the immense amount of freight that will seek that channel of conveyance, will render it one of the most profitable undertakings ever attempted in America.

The West.

The Missouri river steamer Denver, running between St. Joseph, Mo., and Omaha, Nebraska, was burned to the water's edge at St. Joseph, on the 16th. Loss, $60,000. She was one of the finest steamers on that river.

On the 3d inst., four settlers in Shirly county, Kansas, were massacred by a band of Pawnee Indians, and the wife of one of the settlers carried off. General Hancock has sent troops to prevent further outrages.

Patents have been received at Madison for 199,600 acres of land, granted in aid of the Sturgeon Bay Ship Canal, and thirty additional sections for the Fort Howard military road. Patents for 730,000 additional acres of swamp land were expected soon.

The publishers of Missouri, outside of St Louis, held a convention in that city on the 12th, to consider the general interests of the press. About forty delegates were present. A permanent State organization was effected and the Convention adjourned to meet in St. Louis a year hence.

The United States District Court of Iowa has decided adversely to the liquor sellers in that State, who claimed that because the United States Internal Revenue law provides for liquor licenses, the State Prohibitory Liquor law is of no effect. This decision is the same as that of similar cases in Massachusetts.

Another startling disaster, accompanied by heavy loss of life, on the Northern lakes is reported. The steamer Wisconsin was burned on the River St. Lawrence, within a few miles of the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, on Tuesday night, the 21st, and twenty to thirty lives are supposed to have been lost.

The depredations of the Indians both east and west of the Rocky Mountains, are growing more frequent, and the indications are that a general war is inevitable. Large numbers of Indians are said to be gathering in the neighborhood of several of the western forts, and troops are being rapidly forwarded to the scene of danger.

John Winters, a life convict in the Michigan State Prison, made his escape on the 16th. He had been an inmate of the prison for twenty-two years, and was sentenced for the crime of killing his wife. He is quite old, and for the past five years had been allowed privileges around the yards, but he took advantage of the confidence reposed in him and skedaddled. He was one of the first inmates of the prison.

Early on Wednesday evening the 22d, George W. Lee, a well known sporting man was found in his room in Reynolds' block, Chicago, in an unconscious state, his body and head bearing traces of an encounter with some person who had used a sword cane upon him. His vest pocket which was found torn open, had been robbed of $18,000 in bonds. He recovered his consciousness about midnight, but his life is in danger.

The South.

In the Maryland Constitutional Convention, a bill of rights has been reported, which provides for the admission of negroes' testimony in the Courts of the State.

General Sheridan has issued an order forbidding citizens of New Orleans from carrying firearms, a practice that has become quite too common and dangerous in that city.

The bank panic in New Orleans appears to have sub