The Semi-Weekly Republican.

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Weekly Republican.

...nal of West Feliciana.

...y's and Friday's at 4 P. M.

..., ... Editor.

TERMS:

...r, in advance.....$5 00
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...nctive mood—thoughts ...y.

...irst rule in arithmetic ...ut his heirs generally ...vision.

...down hemlock trees for ...ct only the largest.— ...away the chips, as they ...lor ornaments, encased ...es of salt and vinegar.

...Mitchell, a leading Re- ...er of West Jersey, has ...r to the Hon. Jas. W. ...ing in favor of the Cin- ...ation.

...ll I do to get warm?" ...nable attired lady of a ...as riding in a carriage ...e same time shivering ...hawl and profusion of ...don't know," replied ...olemnly, "unless thee ...breast-pin."

...lady, recently visiting ...sked one of the atten- ...e prisoners received ...re! He told her it ...ir blood from becom- ...nd when she asked ...y would do if their ...re, he dryly respond- ..."

...le for young ladies' ...is polonaise, the waist ...steel trap, concealed ...nier. When a young ...is regarded as a good ...wise places his arm ...an's waist, he hears ...finds his arm caught. ...nd lamp enter, and ...nothing with the vic-

...brought up his son, ...very severe, to his ...the old man was ...a cold chisel, which ...foreign steel, but he ...ed. "Horse-whip ...ined the boy; "if ...n it, I don't know

...et on the street late- ...an friend, who gal- "madam, your face ...hinking it was the ...o it the lovely car- interrupted an old ...g by, "and some of ...rubbed off the left

...of the Duke of Wel- ...child was standing ...at Lord Ashburton's ...he funeral go by. ...ark until the Duke's ...the saddle empty ...versed in the stir- ...oked up into her ...said: "Mamma, ...there be nothing ...boots?"

...ould give me my ...e," said a man the ...ergyman who had ...nt a year since. ...was it?" inquired ...does a large busi- ...nd did not recol- "I don't know," "Cannot you tell ...ee months or three ...ext inquiry. "Re- ...odel husband, "I ...things to attend ...otten all about it!" ...is records enabled ...comply with his

Girls, Don't Talk Slang.

Girls, don't talk slang. If its necessary that any one in the family should do that, let it be your big brother, though I would advise him not to adopt "pigeon English" when there is an elegant systematized language that he can just as well use.—But don't *you* do it. You can have no idea how it sounds to ears unused or averse to it to hear a young lady, when she is asked if she will go with you to some place, answer "Not much!" or, if requested to do something which she does not wish to hear her say, "Can't see it."

Not long ago I heard a young miss, who is educated and accomplished, in speaking of a young man say that she intended to "go for him!" and when her sister asked her assistant at some work she answered, "Nor for Joe."

Now, young ladies of unceptionable character and really good education fall into this habit, thinking it shows smartness to answer back in slang phrases, and they soon slip flippantly from their tongues with a saucy pertness that is neither ladylike nor becoming. "I bet" or "you bet" is well enough among men who are trading horses or land; but the contrast is startling and positively shocking to hear those words issue from the lips of a young lady. They seem at once to surround her with the rougher associations of men's daily life, and bring her down from the pedestial of purity, whereon she is placed, to their own coarse level

A Good Joke on Schneider.

The Washington correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal* tells the following good one on the representative in the lower house of Congress from the Second Arkansas district:

I must tell you a story that is going the rounds here now. You know that when a member of the house of representatives wants a page he claps his hands somewhat after the manner of applauding in public meetings. It is said that when one of the members from the south took his seat, as soon as the opening prayer was concluded, he heard, as usual, several members calling for pages in the usual way, when he turned to the gentleman who sat next to him, and said: "Well, I heard nothing in that prayer to applaud, and I think it is wrong to do so, anyhow." You must not let your subscribers in Arkansas know that the Hon. O. P. Snyder, of that State, is the party alluded to; it might injure your circulation there.

A poor Californian in Nevada County, after being starved out of his cabin years ago, left for some place where there was enough of nature to support existence. Quite lately miners found a gold mine under this very cabin, and in one week took out $1,500 from the hole which they made by digging a few feet below where the beggar had slept for a year before giving up the hope of being able to keep alive there. It may add interest to say that the "beggar" began stock-raising and is now worth his millions, but is as melancholy over his lost mines as if he were still a pauper.

By the way, if General Grant's administration resembles Mr. Lincoln's so closely, why not keep up the semblance still further. For instance, Mr. Lincoln discovering the Pennsylvania Warwick—Simon Cameron—made dubious use of his department, found use for his accomplishments in the temperate climate of Russia. Now, General Grant might quietly replace Cramer, at Copenhagen, with the unsophisticated Robeson, and, perhaps, Mr. Belknap might not mind a temporary deprivation of the joys of office to aid his chief in the institution of Lincoln "parallels."

Back Doors.

A man staggered into our sanctum last Monday morning, who bore the appearance of having been badly used. His hat was gone, his clothes soiled, and his face dirty and disfigured with wounds. Dropping promiscuously into a chair, he hoarsely murmured:

"Back doors!"

"What is the matter with you, old fellow?" we inquired.

"Back doors, I tell ye (hic), tha's wha's er ma'er."

"Explain yourself."

"Read Mayor's or'er closing fron' door s'loons Sun'y, didn't ye?"

"Yes."

"So'm I? Took gran' tour'vestigation yes'day t' see 'f law's 'beyed."

"Well, what was the result?"

"This is er' sult. Ha! ha! (hic) he! drunk'rn blind owl."

"Yes, anybody can see that; but did you find the front doors closed?"

"O, yes, the fron' doors were closed; but lordy; how many back doors I found open. Didn't know there was s'many back doors in the city. They mus' have sent away and got some back doors somewhere. S'loons closed in front, but they were s' open be (hic) hind as a fanning mill. I tried 'em all. Some had one back door, others had two 'r three ex'r'a ones cut in 'specially, and one s'loon up town had (hic) 'hole back end taken out to 'commodate the crowd. I ought to be on the Board of Health," he continued after a pause, "know more 'bout condition of 'er alleys and back yards than any man in the city. There 's one thing 'bout it, if this thing of closing fron' doors Sunday keep on, they'll have to widen 'er alleys. Alleys wasn't half big enough yes'day to com'date the crowd."

"Was the rush for drinks as bad as that?"

"Was? S'loon ful'l all 'er time, and alley full of thirsty men, waitin' their time to get in. Had to take turns, same 's barber shop Sun'y mornin'."

"Didn't any saloons have their front doors open?"

"A few; but they didn't have any cus'mers to mention. Fact is: folks rather like sneakan' through alleys and into back doors for a drink. Hain't been drunk 'fores' dog's age m'self. I can walk bol'ly by a s'loon with 'er fron' door wide open, but shut it and hint 'bout a back en'rance, and I'll find it, sure's ye live."

"The new regulations appear to have affected you rather disastrously."

"You're mighty right. I am suffer'in' from too many back doors. The absence of fron' blinds has 'fected my (hic) con'tution. 'Sider myself a martyr to 'er May'rs d—d old proclamation 'bolishin' fron' doors, and I want mons'rate 'gainst it through 'er press. 'Nuther Sund'y with them cursed back doors an' your uncle's gone. Alleys is too many for me. Back doors is my ruin!" And with this he departed.

Prickly heat is easily cured in one day, by using the warm bath for ten minutes, then rubbing the affected part with lemon juice. The warm water dissolves the salts that are lodged under the skin so does the lemon juice. When the eruption stings and burns, lemon juice rubbed on the part affected will give relief in few moments. Possibly strong apple vinegar might act in the same way. Persons who cannot get lemon juice might use nitric acid dissolved, twenty grains to an ounce of water.

A somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball: "Don't you think, miss, my moustaches are becoming?" To which she replied: "Well, sir, they may be coming, but they have not yet arrived."

Coliseum at Rome.

The Emperor Vespasian, after his return from the Jewish war in the year 72 of the Christian era, caused the wonderful Ampitheater to be built in that part of ancient Rome where were the ponds and gardens of Nero. It was completed in four years, and his son Titus dedicated it by the slaughter of five thousand wild beasts in arena.

Adrian caused the colossal statue of Nero to be removed from the vestibule of his own palace, and placed in the ampitheater, where it was worshipped as Appolo.

The Coliseum derives its name from its colossal dimensions, being about 1700 English feet in circumference. The form is oval. It was built of immense blocks of Traventine stone, and consists of four stories. The first story is adorned with Doric columns, the second with Ionic, and the third and fourth with Corinthian. The entrances were eighty in number, seventy-six being for the people, to for the gladiators, and two for the Emperor and his suit. Within the walls were twenty staircases leading to seats appropriated to the different classes of the people. The seats are said to have held eighty-seven thousand spectators, and the portico or gallery above them twenty thousand. There was an awning which covered the entire edifice in the case of rain or intense heat. In the wall of the upper story are open holes supposed to have contained the rings for the fastening the cords of this awning.

Chateaubriane in his Martyrs says: "There were rails of gold before the seat of the Roman Senators to guard them from the attacks of the wild beasts. The air was refreshed by means of machines ingeniously contrived to throw up wine and saffron water which again descended in an odoriferous dew. Three thousand bronzed statues, fine pictures, columns of jasper and phorphery, crystal balustrades, vases of precious workmanshid, decorate this scene of savage cruelty."

A hippopotamus and some crocodiles swam in an artificial canal which surrounded the arena. Five hundred lions, forty elephants, tigers panthers, bulls and bears, kept for inhuman being to afford amusement to their savage species, were heard roaring in the caverns of the ampitheater.

Such were the sports of the Romans when their empire was in the plenitude of its power.

The Follies of Fashion--A Full-dress Juvenile Party.

The frivolity of the fair sex is the leading topic of the day. It is the theme of strong-minded women, and the pet hobby of weak-minded men. Everywhere you hear it discussed and wondered at. The fact is apparent, but the cause is obscure. It is argued that never since the world began was there so much culture, so much intellectual brilliancy, displayed among our noted women as at the present time. Why then, in the midst of such intelligence, is there such a large number of vain and foolish women. To this query we offer the following reply. Much of the affection and shallowness attributed to "our girls of the period" is due to the unwise management of vain mothers, who in haste to display the charms and accomplishments of their children, bring them out in society almost in their infancy.

Among the recent holiday parties given to children, we describe one which is not exaggerated, and which is a fair specimen of hundreds This entertainment occurred in one of the most fashionable streets in Brooklyn, and at the residence of one of the wealthiest men. The mother is one of the most cultured women who graces our land, and is, in the main, a common sense practical women. But she has gone fashion-mad—a prevalent epidemic. It was a full-dress party. The hours appointed were from eight to eleven, P. M. About one hundred guests were present, who were received by their young hostess (a miss of ten years,) with as much ease and self-possession as a matron could assume.

The dresses, consisted of white, pink, yellow, and blue silk, elaborately trimmed and decked with spangles. The little misses had their hair dressed in the latest style, frizzed, puffed, powdered, and adorned with flowers. White kid gloves were generally worn. Only one thing was lacking in the minature representation of an adult party, viz; enameled faces. Powder, however was freely used. One little girl (if she could be recognized as such) particularly engaged attention. In addition to the powdered hair and dazzling costume, she sported, with true appreciation, a pair of diamonded earrings, a gold chain and locket studded with diamonds. Upon each arm was a bracelet of elaborate workmanship, which she held up for display, exclaiming as she did so, to her admirers: "There's no shame about these; they're the real things;" which her auditors were quite willing to believe. If the above seems incredible, what will the following be? A little girl of seven summers was arrayed in a rose colored silk; $7 per yard, point applique flowers, a galaxy of diamonds, and other expensive jewelry. A gold belt, the buckle of which was studded with diamonds; a band of gold encircled the head, and from a pendant on the forehead sparkled a solitaire of great value. Her mother was heard to exclaim exultingly, that the price of *her* child's outfit for that evening, was $5,000. Another mother, jealous of the sensation caused by each display, remarked that "upon the next occasion mine shall be dressed in tea-rose silk, which is by all means less common than pink, as my child's complexion is such that she can wear anything." If the children at the tender age of seven and ten represent the follies of fashion, what will they require at twenty-five.

Music, dancing and charades, occupied the evening. The supper was all that could be desired by the greatest epicure.

The party broke up about midnight. The adieus were spoken with sufficient grace and ceremony to satisfy the most ardent devotee of modern etiquette.

"Here endeth the first lesson," and the stepping stone to bankruptcy.—N. Y. *Standard*.

The following, which is known as old "Mother's Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1848, and republished in 1641. It will be noted that all the events predicted in it, except that mentioned in the last two lines—which is still in future—have already come to pass:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do;
Now, strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at roots of trees,
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk;
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float.
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found,
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonder do;
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

[For the Semi-Weekly Republican.

Go, in Beauty's Charms Arrayed.

BY E. F. M.

Go, in beauty's charms array'd
And blessed be thy lot,
Cares for thee were never made,
Or made to be forgot.
But when gone remember one
Who kneel's for thee at night,
Praying thou may'st ever shun
Temptation's dazzling light.

Earth hath joys for thee to share,
That I could never give,
Nor could'st thou ever learn to bear
The cheerless lot I live.
What to thee is all the love
My heart has so long born;
Leave the pilgrim then to rove
Afar from her he'll mourn.

The sum of $75,000 per annum, in gold, has been voted by the British Parliament to Prince Arthur. The President of the United States receives $25,000 a year in currency, or about $22,000 in coin. The laborers of Great Britain will hereafter subtract from their scanty earnings $75,000 per annum and pay it over to this interesting youth, whose only claim on them for a penny is that he is the son of his mother, who is in receipt of only $2,000,000 a year.—Republicanism meanwhile spreads and deepens in England.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.—The latest revised tables at the United States census office at Washington, show the following aggregate of populations of all the States and Territories of the United States:

White	34,681,680
Colored	4,879,322
Indian	25,733
Japanese	500
Chinese	63,106
Total population of the U. S.	39,550,431

The total population of the United States in 1860 was 31,747,514—increase in ten years 8,802,818.

A love sick swain in order to more fully discover the mind of his "lady love," closed a letter with the following lines:

If you was a dog,
And I was a hog
A rootin' away in the yard;
If the old man should say;
"Drive that hog away,"
Would you worry or bite very hard?

A Scotch minister in a strange parish, wishing to know what his people thought of his preaching, questioned the sexton:

"What do they say of Mr.—— ?" (his predecessor.)

"Oh," said the sexton, "they say he is not sound!"

"What do they say of the new minister?" (himself.)

"O," replied the sexton, "they say he's all sound.

A Minister at a colored wedding who wished to be humorous, said: "On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which ungallant remark the bridegroom pertinently replied: "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister $10, but in this case we will omit it."

The New York Commercial Advertiser has one of the bad spelling correspondents, who writes from Africa in this style:

Hear we are, on Afriky's burnin' shore, or, as the point say—

On Africk's C beat shore I stand.

We are fur away from sivilization, frem Kongriss, and from your foul sitty. Here all is peas. The prime evil forest is beautchiful to B hold. It iz a sweet place. I like the negrows. They are a kontented people. They don't want nothing, and the kuntry iz full of them. There is no Court House, no Amerikus Klub, no Taminy Hall, and no Greeley statoot in this place.