

"Why, I might have known that the mercury would have united with the silver; but I did not think of it. You see, Rollo, that here is a spot that the mercury has 'wet,' as you call it. Silver is one of those substances that the mercury has an attraction for; and it has united with it, and I don't know how we shall get it off."

"However," he continued, "it will do to illustrate what I have been saying. If you put a little mercury upon this spot, you will find that it will cohere now, and will spread all over it, like water upon a board."

Rollo tried the experiment. He rolled a little globule of mercury into the spoon, and, the moment it touched the bright spot, it spread all over it at once and, when he turned the spoon over again, it did not fall off. His father then rubbed it off as well as he could, but it only made the spot larger and brighter.

"Father," said Rollo, "I think you had better rub the mercury over all your spoons."

His father smiled, and said he would probably think differently when he should come to see it the next morning. But he gave Rollo a small piece of money which he told him he could brighten all over in the same way if he wished.

"Why not the spoon?" said Rollo.

"Why, to-morrow morning," said his father, "all this brilliancy will be gone, and the silver will look tarnished and dull."

"Then how can you get it bright again?" asked Rollo.

"I do not know," said his father; "I must ask some chemist."

It turned out that this was not necessary; for, in the morning, Rollo's mother rubbed the dull spot off, with a little whiting. But mercury ought to be used very carefully; for, if the little globules get upon any thing that is of silver, as, for example, a spoon, a watch, a thimble, or a pencil-case, they immediately combine with the silver, producing spots which it is sometimes troublesome to remove. The kind of attraction, however, between the silver and the mercury, is thought by the philosophers to be of a different kind from that between water and glass, for example, although, in most respects, it is of a nature very similar.

Is Alcohol Beneficial to Society.

A Dialogue between Charles Easy and Wm. Wisdom.

Charles Easy.—I say, you temperance folks, Mr. Wisdom, are very wise. You are like the men who think no good can come out of wars, often the very best remedies for a diseased state of society; no good can come from a storm or whirlwind. I admit there are some evils flowing from alcohol; and where is the good unaccompanied with evil? But there is vastly more of good flowing from it than evil.

Mr. Wisdom.—Pray, what good, Mr. Charles Easy, comes out of alcohol? You perfectly astound me; I thought it was evil, and only evil and that continually.

Charles.—Ah! Mr. Wisdom, you are not so wise as you thought you was, and I think you will yet have to change your name. I went the other evening to your temperance meeting, and upon my word, I thought you were all the greatest pack of fools I ever saw, and slanderers too; for you all belied King Alcohol most abominably.

Mr. Wisdom.—How so, Mr. Easy?

Charles.—How so? why all your speakers told the most outrageous lies about him, and made him the very personification of all evil.

Mr. Wisdom.—Well, Mr. Easy I think they were about right, and shall continue to think so, until you convince me to the contrary. Pray, what good has he done.

Charles.—Good, Mr. Wisdom? Is not that good which clothes and feeds, and warms above a hundred thousand families; enabling some to live in magnificent mansions, and some to own beautiful horses, with splendid carriages, and to educate their children in the highest style? Look at farmer Billings, what would all his wheat and barley and apples have been to him, without the aid of alcohol? Look at our neighbor, Mr. Smith, who owns the great distillery, and lives in the greatest ease and comfort. Look at Charles William's father, see what a mint of money he has made by retailing alcohol! Has it not been a good thing to all these?

Mr. Wisdom.—The business, you mean, Mr. Easy, that has brought them money, and you may say the same of highway robbery. But does that prove robbery to be a good thing?

Charles.—Well, Mr. William Wisdom, I can prove to you that

alcohol is good. What would our doctors do without it? It is the very basis of all their medicines.

Mr. Wisdom.—We always except the medical use, Mr. Easy, when we talk against alcohol.

Charles.—Well, the manufacturers, Mr. Wisdom?

Mr. Wisdom.—We do not go against the manufacturer's use, Mr. Easy.

Charles.—Please, then, Mr. Wisdom, to be more, wise when you speak against alcohol. According to your own concessions, it is one of the most useful things in medicine and the arts. And so it is in the regulation of society. It is the base of all true republicanism. It brings all men down to a common level, the most desirable state of human society. Who does not remember what a haughty aristocrat old Mr. B. was. He was as rich as Cræsus, and scarce would condescend to look at the poor about him. Now see how alcohol has brought him down. His property is gone to his real benefactors, the distillers and importers, and venders; and his chosen companions are the ragged drunkards that hang around the grog-shops. Why, alcohol will even bring men down to a level with the animal creation, and will bring back, I believe, the primitive state of society.

Let alcohol rule and we shall have no need of schools. What does Mr. Joe Thompson care about schools for his children? They say, out by Beer Lake, they never have a school but three months in the year, and only half the children go then; and those who never go are as likely as those who do. Nor is this all, but we shall have no need of meeting-houses and ministers. Men who drink alcohol care nothing about these things. They are just as happy without them as with them. Now, what a saving this would be to the nation? And if alcohol was to bear rule, I do not believe there would be any call for the support of Missionaries, and Bible, Tract and education Societies, and, my word for it, your Temperance Societies would all go by the board; and here would be a mighty saving of time to you temperance gentlemen. You might all keep about your proper business, instead of running around the country, as you now do, to attend Temperance meetings. Now, Mr. Wisdom, if I have not proved my point you may call me as hard a name as I before called you.

Mr. Wisdom.—I think, Mr. Charles Easy, you truly deserve it, and so I shall leave you—remembering the advice of Solomon about answering certain gentlemen of your cloth. So adieu!

The Monster of Many Names.

A Dialogue between two School-fellows, Charles and William.

Charles.—I have heard it said, William, that our language, is of all others the most difficult for foreigners to learn. Can you account for it?

William.—I cannot, indeed, unless it is because there are so many words which signify the same thing. For instance, when a fellow feels a little out of sorts, and thinks it is because he is dry, he goes to the store and calls for his bitters, black strap, sling, four o'clock, &c., the liquor-sellers all understand him—he wants some strong drink.

C.—You are right; but the terms you mention are rather out of date, I believe. They have got an entire new list of names for that thing now-a-days. But this only increases the difficulty I referred to.

W.—Yes; and some of them are very appropriate.

C.—Some I think, call it Samson.

W.—Samson! I suppose that's because it's so strong; is it not?

C.—Yes; but that is not the only reason. Samson, you know, deceived the people about his strength, and it was a long while before they found out where it lay. Besides this, Samson was a great manslayer, but where Samson slew his thousands, strong drink has slain its tens of thousands.

W.—I have heard of a certain Quaker who called it Pharaoh; for I perceive, said he, it will not let the people go.

C.—You remind me of a sailor I saw the other day. Jack was already "half seas over," when he went into Smith's and called for an ounce of old tangle-legs. Thinks I, what is that? So I kept my eye on the scales, but Smith understood him; so he gave him a glass, you see, and off he went. But, dear me, I guess it was tangle-legs! First he went this way, and then that, zigzag like a Virginia fence, till his legs got into a complete tangle and down he went.

W.—You see old Pharaoh had got hold of him, and by tangling his legs he wouldn't let him go. But that's not the worst of