

THAT OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The following parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket," which appeared lately in The New York Times, was written by Dr. Jas. C. Bayles when he was President of the New York Board of Health and read at a meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine:—

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
 Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained,
 The malarious farm, the wet fungus-grown wildwood,
 The chills then contracted that since have remained;
 The scum-covered duck-pond, the pigsty close by it,
 The ditch where the sour-smelling house rainage fell,
 The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard nigh it—
 But worse than all else was that terrible well,
 And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crusted bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.
 Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
 The water I drank in the days called to mind;
 Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
 In the waters of wells by analysis find;
 The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron,
 The algae, the frog of unusual size,
 The waters, impure as the verses of Byron,
 Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it—
 I considered that water uncommonly dear,
 And often at noon, when I went there to drink it,
 I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.

How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy,
 And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell,
 Then reeking with nitrates and nitries, and slimy
 With matter organic it rose from the well.

Oh, had I but realized in time to avoid them
 The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught—
 I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them
 With potassic permanganate ere I had quaffed.
 Or perchance I'd have boiled it, and afterward strained it
 Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined;
 Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it
 In potable form, with its ills left behind.

How little I knew of the enteric fever
 Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink,
 But since I've become a devoted believer
 In the teaching of science, I shudder to think.
 And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
 The story of warning to others I tell,
 As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing
 And I gag at the thought of that horrible well,
 And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket—
 In fact the slop bucket—that hung in the well.

A farmer says that a cow can be cured of kicking by catching hold of her leg while in the act. Just so; and a bee can be cured of stinging by catching hold of her sting while in the act. Try them both. It's fun—for those who are looking on.—Ex.