

grant "fire-water." He's been killed several times. Verily, he is an ardent spirit.

The *Journal* and *Evening Bulletin* are out with a "new dress."

Charlie Wilkinson, formerly a printer of this city, will be at Law's New Opera House, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to-morrow evening.

BLANK SLUG.

### Providence Pencillings.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 4, 1878.

Two turnpike subs. last week.

A Western editor boasts a new fine tooth comb, and thinks his local items will be livelier hereafter.

"He won golden opinions" is an excellent metaphor, but doesn't apply to any one in our vicinity. We'd be thankful to get them of silver, or paper, even.

Good locals are pointed and rare, like spurs in a chicken pie.

Sweet are the uses of adversity; for instance—the breakage of a suspender while the last bell is ringing for church on a Sunday morning, and a dear old mother-in-law is waiting impatiently on the front door steps. It gives an ecstatic serenity of mind singularly comprehensive and heavenly.

Job and his turkey are synonyms for patience and poverty. Job was a printer; his editorials were so "boiling" hot that the health committee finally served an injunction on him, and the old gobbler got his back up about it, worried himself down to a feather edge, and there remained nothing but his teeth and toe nails. Then Job "cussed."

An old lady of our acquaintance (born in 1812) doesn't Desire to see any "city cousins." She lived in a city once, and very patronizingly stepped out between two days in order to furnish the local newspaper reporters a delectable item of gossip, of which they reluctantly availed themselves, and then repaid her genial kindness with an insidious and abstruse dissertation on the different kinds and qualities of hair dye in use at that time; since which, whenever she sees a newspaper man, she uncorks her bottles of wrath and goes for him "with a missionary spirit." No coffins have been required for the victims yet, and, strange to say, they seem to thrive under the treatment. The naughty reporters shouldn't fool with an old woman and set her (false) teeth on E. D. G.

People's tastes may vary in regard to music, but who is there so unpatriotic as not to admire the blunt honesty of the country member of a legislature who, when it was proposed to organize an army, sprang to his feet and made fervid objection on the ground that "orgins was mighty onhandy to carry!" Apropos—the intensely musical ear of a young lady recently married in one of our churches, who, when asked what part of the service she liked best, replied, "the pealing of the organ."

The following periodicals are published in this city: Daily—*Journal, Bulletin, Press* and *Star*. Weekly—*Journal, Press, Dispatch, Telegram, Anzeiger, Advertiser, Visitor*, and *Town and Country*. Semi-monthly—*The Parrott*. Monthly—*Freemason's Magazine* and *Odd Fellows' Register*. Of these the *Journal* and *Press* rank as first-class dailies, and are well known throughout the land for their ability, independence and candor, and perhaps are oftener quoted than any papers in New England; and we may say of all that they are edited with a marked degree of ability, well deserving the liberal support they receive. With such newspapers, and with the finest educational facilities in the country, is it any wonder that Providence people combine that intelligence and thrift so notably connected in their industrial enterprises, and which are so quickly discerned by intelligent strangers visiting the city.

Our Beelze. says the man who would pucker up and be mean enough to steal his neighbor's newspaper must be "tougher than G—d's old boots," and ought to have every tooth in his head drawn wrong end foremost, and be compelled to chew chestnut burrs the rest of his natural life, then be choked to death with two-legged fish-hooks, and ever afterwards suffer the torments of the damned.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is quite poetic, and was all very well before morning newspapers were invented; but had the poet been a compositor, and worked at the case fourteen hours a day, concluding his labors at five in the morning, reaching his couch just in time to catch all the noise and clatter of meat, milk and market wagons, bread carts, snow scrapers, horse cars, early drays, and the rattle-bang of innumerable "low gear," he would have realized what a consummate fool he made of himself when he penned that first line.

Printers—balmy—sleep! Not much. They don't balm at that time of day.