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DIAGNOSTIC ASSISTANCE
GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY
FOR THE MOST EXHAUSTING FEVER
IN A FEW HOURS.

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Poetry.

NAME THE DAY.

I've waited long enough, Kathleen,
The winter's fairly past;
The lambs are playing on the green;
The swallows come at last;
The vine is round my door,
The blossoms on the May;
The waves come dancing to the shore—
Why don't you name the day?

You know you put me off, Kathleen,
Until the early spring,
The skies are tranquil and serene;
The bees are on the wing;
The fisher spreads his little sail,
The mower in the hay;
The primrose blossoms in the vale—
Why don't you name the day?

The thrush is building in the thorn,
Among the whispering leaves;
The lark is busy in the corn,
The martin scath the eaves.
The little birds don't build in vain;
Their mates don't say them nay—
Beware! I may not ask again;
Why don't you name the day?

A GRADLE SONG.

Hither sleep a mother wants thee!
Come with velvet arms
Hold the baby that she grants thee
To thy own fond charms.

Rear him into dreamland lightly;
Give him sight of flowers;
Do not bring him back full brightly
Break the morning hours.

Close his eyes with gentle fingers,
Cross his hands of snow;
Tell the angels where he lingers
They must whisper low.

Miscellany.

UNCLE'S SALVAGE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

My uncle Sam was a man to be proud of. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and could jump a wall, ride a horse across country, or wrestle with any man in Cornwall. There were few fox-hunters throughout England who would care to put a horse on his mettle up and down our Cornish hills. Uncle Sam's horse seemed made to his measure, "foaled to order," as our people said; and driving stiers as Cornishmen are, no friend borrowed the beast twice. Uncle Sam bought him at Bodmin; they could do nothing with him there, and were only too glad to get rid of him. His previous owner had lived in the metropolis of the west, but the horse did not long remain at Plymouth, owing to an unfortunate habit of returning home without his rider. The Americans had not yet invented Mr. Raze's, and, but for my uncle purchasing Rambuption, I do believe he must have been put up into a safe-meat. Uncle Sam's "breaking in" was unlike Mr. Raze's, but equally efficacious. Rambuption started at him, he stared at Rambuption; then, leaping upon his back, uncle rode him to his house, eight-and-twenty miles off.

Uncle Sam's favorite amusement was swimming. He lived on the northern coast of the country, where the Atlantic rolls in the mighty billows unchecked; the shore shelved out gradually for a long distance, and to gain the deep blue waters he had to beat his way through a mile of breakers. We often watched him plunging through the white-crested waves, and manfully surmounting the rollers, looking like Neptune in his own element. Sometimes he was away so long that folks said he was gone to Lundy Head, into the Welsh-sea, or to Bristol. Nearly everybody in our little out-of-the-way town could swim, many having taken their first lessons from him, and he laid it down as a rule that no person's education was complete who could not tread and dabble and support himself any number of hours in the water. I do not think, if it had not been for the pigs at the poultry, and the cows and Rambuption and myself, Uncle Sam would have lived in the sea altogether. When anybody wanted him, he was generally to be found somewhere off the coast; reminding one of Vice-Chancellor Chadwell, who, if not on the bench or in chambers, was sure to be in the Thames between Kew and Richmond. Lawyers tell us that he once granted an injunction in the water.

When I was ten years old (I recollect the tipp will, for it was just before I was

sent to Winchester, uncle) went to London, and I did not see him for three weeks. Wasn't I glad to welcome him back again? He told me he was sea-sick, pining for salt water, the turf and the billows, and that London smokes and fog made him feel as though he had not washed himself for a month. So down he trudged towards the beach and was soon in the water. Uncle told me he meant to make up for lost time; and that if he did not return within the hour, I could walk home and await his coming. At other times he would take me a long way through the surf on his back, then throw me in and watch me regain the shore, for I was a capital swimmer for my age, having been quite at home in the water before I had reached my sixth birthday. But this day uncle was ravenous, and I really think he ran through the breakers, like Atlanta over the standing corn, until he plunged into the deep blue water. I watched him out to sea as far as the breakers would permit, and then tried conclusions with the waves until my strength was exhausted. I dressed myself, and sat down on the beach to read a funny book uncle had brought with him from London. I know I must have read a long time, for I got tired of reading and laughing and wished uncle would come back. Then I walked about and strained my eyes to catch sight of him, but to no purpose, and if I hadn't been sure he could swim to America if he wished, I should have been frightened for him. At last I saw a speck upon the water at a great distance, and knew it must be uncle's head, and it came nearer and nearer, until finally there were two specks—a big one and a little one. Then I ran to the highest ground I could find, and watched him, as the French say, "with all my eyes," and I got excited in I wonder who was swimming with him, and whether his head was the big speck or the little one. Both of them came nearer and nearer, and I undressed myself again and plunged in to go and meet him. I was so excited that I think I could have swam ten miles, and in a short time I neared the blue water, and discovered that the little speck was uncle's head, and the big one I had seen first, a great black covered all over with barnacles. Uncle was angry at my venturing out so far, but I told him I thought he was bringing somebody to land with him, and that he must forgive me as I did not feel at all ill. I asked him what the great thing was he was pushing in front of him, and he said it appeared to be a hog's head of French brandy. I helped him as well as I could to propel it through the surf, and after some considerable trouble we rolled it safely upon the beach.

Wasn't this a funny kind of fish to be swimming in the sea? But we do pick up funny things all along the Cornish coast. I have heard of bottles of wine by the dozen floating ashore, and silks and satins, and shawls and laces, and gold watches and jewellery, and tobacco and cloaks. When I asked uncle how it was such things come ashore, he told me it was all due to the tariff and customs. I am sure I was obliged to them for their kindness to Cornwall.

We did not leave our hoghead. Oh no! We pushed it far up the sands, out of reach of the sea, and dressed ourselves, and uncle said he would go and fetch a car from the town. Four or five persons ran down to the beach, and there was great excitement about uncle's capture until who should arrive but the exciseman. I never could like that man. He was a jolly little fellow, with a large head, and talked so much about one thing called the revenue, that everybody in the neighborhood hated him. He came running to us, saying, "Hi, Hi! What have we got here?" As though it was any of his business. Uncle told him that he had found the hoghead floating in the sea, about three or four miles from shore, and that he was going to cart it to his house, when the exciseman started that he had equal claims upon it, and that uncle must resign it to his care and keeping. Then he sent off for a cart, and we all accompanied the hoghead into town, uncle and the excise chatting amicably by the way. The news spread like wildfire, and very shortly there appeared a third claimant, in the person of Lawyer Tregarthen, the steward of the lord of the manor. I was very glad when we got the hoghead into town, for it was such a relief to have it out of the excise's store, for I was afraid there would be so many claimants that uncle, who had done all the work, would get little or nothing for his pains. The exciseman tapped the cork, and handed a glass of the contents to uncle and Lawyer Tregarthen, both of whom said it was very fine claret. It was then agreed that the hoghead should remain under lock and key until the following morning, when they would all three repair to the magistrate and request their opinion as to the ownership of the prize.

There was a good deal of excitement in the town when we went before the magistrate next day. Everybody said the hoghead belonged to uncle, because he alone had captured it; but there were other reasons for the townspeople being in his favour. They all liked him and disliked the other claimants. Lawyer Tregarthen was particularly obnoxious to many of them; on "poor" days, when the tenantry came to pay their rents, he never admitted any excuse, merely offering them one alternative—"Payment or penalty; receipts, gentlemen, for your money, or writs for the want of it." [Need I say Lawyer Tregarthen was not popular? As for the exciseman, the poorest to-misspeople positively hated him, for many of them had received his attentions in the shape of fines and imprisonments, merely for picking up a few articles of foreign manufacture on the coast. Uncle Sam was their idol, their tribune. His advice was asked and followed in every emergency, and his giant arm and well-filled purse were ever ready to succor the unfortunate. I don't think he had an enemy, if he had, the individual didn't like to show himself out of fear of the townsfolk.

The three claimants walked together to the court-house, followed by a crowd of persons, all anxious to see how the case would be decided. Uncle, who was accommodated with a chair near the magistrates, stated how the hoghead came into his possession, adding, that he should have removed it to his house, had not two other claimants appeared, whose rights seemed apparently co-equal with his own. They all three had agreed to submit their claims in an amicable manner to their worship, and, he, therefore, on behalf of himself and friends, requested their advice in this strange case disputed ownership.

I noticed Lawyer Tregarthen nodded to uncle when he had finished his speech, but the exciseman thought he could still further ventilate the affair, and having cleared his throat with an explosion which startled several persons, he among the rest, he began as follows:—"Yer worship, there's a good deal of the gentles in what the squire has told yer, but I appear here for the revenue. When the senior magistrate stopped him, observing, 'Their worship are perfectly advised of all the facts bearing upon the point at issue.' There was a general laugh at the exciseman, and numerous advices to—"Shut up, ogle!" "Choke off!" &c. The magistrates retired for a few minutes, and, on their return, they gave their decision as follows:—"Their worship are unanimously agreed that they can offer no decision in regard to the hoghead and its contents. The claimants are conflicting, and may or may not be co-equal and co-existent, for though the capturer of the hoghead may with some color of justice uphold his right to the claret, on the plea of salvage, yet do the rights of foteam and jersam give a co-equal claim of ownership to the lord of the manor, whilst the rights of the excise interfere with both, and may, in their opinion, be, perhaps, pre-existent. But wholly unprepared to give any decision upon the points at issue, for the case is not down in the books, their worship are relieved from further trouble by the amicable manner in which the case has been submitted to them: They are, therefore, unanimously of opinion that the hoghead should remain secure under lock and key, and a memorial be forwarded to the Board of Excise, praying the board to take the various claims into their earliest possible consideration, so that the hoghead and its contents may be disposed of as to them may seem fit."

The three claimants left the court together as they entered. They proceeded to the store where the hoghead was imprisoned, and having made sure it was all safe, they rolled it up against the wall, shut it in turned the key, and all three affixed their seals upon the door, with the understanding that those in which the case has been submitted to them. They are, therefore, unanimously of opinion that the hoghead should remain secure under lock and key, and a memorial be forwarded to the Board of Excise, praying the board to take the various claims into their earliest possible consideration, so that the hoghead and its contents may be disposed of as to them may seem fit."

being the gentlemen in government departments of tying up John Bull with red tape, and strangling him with it. People laughed so much about this red tape, that it was ordered not to be used any more, and official documents are now tied in pretty green ribbon. Isn't that clever? Nobody can laugh at great folks any longer about red tape.

Would you think it? Nearly two years after uncle found the claret we heard that a fourth claimant had started up in the person of a Mr. Droits, of the Admiralty, and that perhaps we might get none of it. I asked everybody I met who this Mr. Droits was, and everybody I asked told me he didn't know Lawyer Tregarthen then laughed at me when I said it wasn't a Cornish name, and advised me to question uncle about the gentleman, I did so, and uncle told me it was not a gentleman at all, but the droits or all rights which the Admiralty possessed over all property found at a certain distance from shore. The Lords of the Admiralty did not however, press their claim upon the hoghead and folks down our way said it would have been very different if the claret had been port. I asked somebody why this was, and he told me that "mulberry nosed, gony-toed admirals were fed on nothing but port wine and turtle."

We did get an answer to the memorial after all. The Board of Excise two years and three months to decide the question, and then sent word that the claret was to be divided equally amongst the three claimants. Lawyer Tregarthen and the exciseman called upon uncle (I was home then for the holidays), and it was arranged that the next day by one all three were to be at the store at 9 o'clock, in the morning, for the purpose of bottling off the claret. I shall never forget the day. Uncle Sam sent down a dozen empty claret bottles in a cart, and I accompanied him to the store, where he found Lawyer Tregarthen and the exciseman awaiting our arrival. The steward had an assemblage of bottles similar to uncle's but I never saw such a lot of old-shaped things as the exciseman had brought there. He had magnum, quart and pint wine bottles, champagne bottles, soda-water and ginger-beer bottles, and three big medicine bottles. Everybody laughed at him but he laughed too, and said his bottles would hold as much wine as the others. Then he broke the seals on the door, and in we went, uncle, Lawyer Tregarthen, the exciseman and I, the crowd standing outside by the bottles.

The exciseman grasped a gimlet in his hand, and with a magnificent flourish, plunged it into the hoghead; turned it round and round, and pushed it in up to the handle. He had previously placed a can underneath to catch the wine, but when he pulled out the gimlet not a drop followed. We all looked at each other in astonishment, and uncle said we had better remove the head of the cask. This was soon done amidst peals of laughter outside, and we discovered that the interior of the cask was dry as a chip. What could have become of the wine. We turned the hoghead over and examined the head next the wall, when what should we find but a hole through which all the wine had been abstracted. Who had done it? The crowd outside quickly hit upon the culprit, for we heard them cry, "That Polze! Bravo, Polze!" We examined the remains of the seals on the door, and satisfied ourselves they had not been tampered with, and for a time could not make out how the rascal had managed to suck the monkey as sailors call it. But when we went to the next door the mystery was explained. Polze was a little cobbler who assisted in rolling the hoghead into the store, and had watched his opportunity to break through the lath and plaster partition dividing the store from his shop. Some months previous he had left the town, and glad all parties were to get rid of him, for he had taken to habits of drunkenness, and made himself a nuisance to the neighborhood. But he had first finished our hoghead of claret.

Uncle Sam enjoyed the joke amazingly, but Lawyer Tregarthen, and the exciseman felt much hurt, threatened all the terrors of the law and the revenue. "Who drank the claret!" has passed into a proverb in our little out-of-the-way Cornish town ever since.

THE FENIAN OATH.—A man named Luke Byrne, a sugar refiner, was apprehended, with several other men, at Liverpool, G. B., a short time since, for a robbery, and the following document was found in his pocket. He struggled with the police to retain possession of it, and in the struggle tore it in two. It, in the presence of Almighty God, solemnly swore allegiance to the Irish Republic now virtually established—to take up arms in its defence at a moment's notice—that I will to the best of my power defend its integrity and independence; and, further, that I will implicitly obey the commands of my superior officers. The man is a pensioner, having formerly served in the 8thth Regiment, from which he was discharged in October, 1863. He is now on remand for

the robbery.—(Halifax Evening Express.)

Don't Like the Widowers.—In endeavoring to take the census for the Government, the marshals occasionally meet with such difficulties to well nigh deprive them of their senses. The following colloquy is said to have taken place somewhat between a marshal and an Irish woman:—"How many a me members have you in the family?"—"Niver a one."—"When were you married?"—"The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for America. Ah, well I mind it. A sunshiner day never glided the sky of ould Ireland."—"What was the condition of your husband before marriage?"—"Divil a man more miserable. He said if I didn't give him a promise within two weeks he'd blow his brains out with a crow-bar."—"Was he at the time of your marriage a widower or a bachelor?"—"A which? a widower, did ye say? Ah, now go away with your nonsense! Is it the like of me would take up with a second-hand husband? A poor devil, all legs and gasumption like a rick turkey. A widower! May I be blessed if I wouldn't rather live an ould maid, and bring up a family on butter-milk and praties."

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COUNCILLOR CHIBB being on a party a Castle-Martyr, one of the company, a physician, strolled out before dinner into the churchyard. Dinner being served, and the doctor not returned, some one expressed his surprise where he could be gone to. "Oh," says the councillor, "he is but just stepped out to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

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