

his neck; he got up on the cushions and raised himself to his very tallest, his mother remonstrated with him and told him to sit down. But he refused, and continued gazing aloft with staring eyes. "Sit down," said his mother. "I won't," he cried, so as to be heard all around. "I want to see the monkey."

**BARBER SHOP SCENE.**—At a barbers' shop opposite Smith's dock store, on Fifth street, a most laughable trick was played off on the boys in the shop.

The room was well supplied with customers, and chance of getting shaved in a hurry was out of the question.

A small man with a sluggish look came to the door, and after surveying the crowd, walked in and took a seat on the sofa.

"How far is it to the doctor's office?" asked the strange gentleman.

"Just across the way," replied one of the boys. The eyes of the company were turned on the stranger.

"I feel bad," said he; at the same time a spasm took him, and his hands clenched and his legs drew up in a perfect ball, and he rolled off on the floor.

"That's a cholera case," said one, as he took his hat and left. This was the signal, and all followed suit except those undergoing the shaving operation.

The spasm seemed to subside—the arms and legs stretched out at full length, and the patient lay prostrate on his back.

"Wipe off the lather said the fat man next the door," I'll come in again—I can't stay now."

Just then another spasm took the stranger and by some strange movement he bounced upon the sofa without any apparent effort lit on his back as he was lying on the floor. He rolled up into a ball again and rolled backwards and forwards on the sofa in a style that would have done credit to a circus man.

This was a finisher. Those that were shaved left, and those not shaved had't time to stay; the boys looked at each other in astonishment. The cholera subject uncoiled himself and asked them if his turn had come, when he took his seat and had a good shave.

"What's the charge?" said the stranger.

"Nothing," said the barber, if you leave your name."  
—*Con. Com.*

**NEW RECIPE FOR A WASHING MIXTURE.**—Take two pounds of the best brown soap. Cut it up, and put it in to a clean pot, adding one quart of clear soft water. Set it over the fire, and melt it thoroughly, occasionally stirring it up from the bottom. Then take it off the fire, and stir in one tablespoonful of real white-wine vinegar; two large tablespoonfuls of hartshorn spirits; and seven large tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine. Having stirred the ingredients well together, put the mixture immediately into a stone jar, and cover it immediately, lest the hartshorn should evaporate. Keep it always very closely covered.

When going to wash, nearly fill a six or eight gallon tub with soft water, as hot as you can bear your hand in; and stir in two large tablespoonfuls of the above mixture. Put in as many white clothes as the water will cover. Let them soak about an hour, moving them in the water occasionally. It will only be necessary to rub with your hands such parts as are very dirty; for instance, the inside of shirt collars, and wristbands, &c. The common dirt will soak out by means of the mixture. Wring the clothes out of this suds, and rinse them well through two cold waters.

Next put into a wash-kettle sufficient water to boil the clothes, (it must be cold at first,) and add to it two more tablespoonfuls of the mixture. Put in the clothes after the mixture is well stirred into the water, and boil them half an hour, at the utmost—not more. Then take them out and throw them into a tub of cold water. Rinse them well enough through this; and lastly, put them into a second tub of rinsing water, slightly blueed with the indigo-bag.

Be very careful to rinse them in two cold waters, out of the first suds, and after the boiling. Then wring them and hang them out.

This way of washing with the soap-mixture saves much labor in rubbing; expedites the business; and renders the clothes very white, without injuring them in the least.—Try it.

**RECIPE TO WASH MOUSSELINE-DE-LAINES, &c.**—It is best not to do nice colored dresses with the general wash, but to devote a day to them alone; as each dress should be washed by itself, and ironed as soon as dry enough. First, shake and brush the dress, to remove any dust that may have lodged in the pleats or gathers.—If, however there are any pleats, the dress must be taken apart.

Make a strong suds or lather of white soap and soft water (warm but not hot,) and stir into this tub of water a large tablespoonful of ox gall. Wash the dress well, through this, and wring it out. Have ready a second suds with less soap in it, and the water still cooler, adding another spoonful of gall. There must be no soap rubbed on the dress; but in both waters a lather must be made before the dress is put in. Then rinse it through two waters, adding to each water a spoonful of cider vinegar; or (if the colours are light and delicate) a teaspoonful of oil of vitrol. Wring out the dress immediately; stretch it well; and hang it to dry. When it is nearly dried, or just damp enough to iron, take it in, and (your irons being heated) iron it at once. With all other precautions, colored dresses will fade if allowed to lie long in the water or to rest long in the damp.—*Lady's Book.*

**DYSPEPSIA.**—The greater number of persons afflicted with dyspepsia, are to be found among care-worn speculators, stock-brokers, and ardent students, or among those whose nervous system has by injudicious education been too greatly developed, and rendered readily excitable.—There can be no doubt that sedentary habits concur with mental excitement in producing this disease; but exercise

derives much of its utility to them, by determining the blood from the head to the extremities. So long as excessive mental excitement is kept up, but little relief can be obtained by the strictest attention to dietetics. Abstinence from mental toil, cheerful company, a country excursion, and relaxation of mind, will soon accomplish a cure where all the dietetic precept and medicine in the world would prove inefficacious.—*Curtis.*

**DIDN'T WANT TO QUARREL.**—There is a noted mail contractor in Rumney, N. H., who can tell as big a story as most of 'em, and who possesses one of the best natured, most accommodating dispositions in the world.

"I was passing through New Jersey," said he, "a few years since, and there came by us, in the air, a flight of crows, nine miles long, and so thick was the flock, you couldn't see the sun for 'em!"

The contractor told this in a tavern, where several persons were standing about, one of whom—a coarse limbed heavy-featured son of the Granite state—ventured to query the correctness of the assertion.

"How long did you say, nabur?"

"Nine miles, Sir."

"Don't b'lieve it," was the reply.

"Wal, look 'ere—you," said the contractor—"you're a stranger, and I don't want ter quarrel with yer. So, to please you—I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the thickest part!"

The stranger was satisfied.

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.**

**WILLIAM COBBETT.**

Among the most remarkable men who deserve a place in the list of the modern reformers of England, is WILLIAM COBBETT, whom the "Corn-law Rhymers" calls

"Her mightiest peasant born."

His name is familiar on both sides of the Atlantic, and is much mixed up with good and evil report. He was no negation or neutral, but a man of mark, that left his impress on the age. He was not only one of the most voluminous, but one of the boldest and most powerful writers of the present century. Even in the thickest of the strife, his "peasant arm" dealt goodly blows in the contests of the People with the Crown, during the last thirty years of his eventful and turbulent life. Cobbett was born in 1762. His father was a poor yeoman, who brought up his son to hard work and Tory principles. He never went to school, but was literally self-taught, learning even the alphabet without a teacher. He says "I learned grammar when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day." Having committed Loxth's grammar to heart, he used to make it a rule to recite it through from memory, every time he stood sentry. He enlisted in the army when he was twenty-one, and served eight years in the British American colonies. He was discharged, returned to England, married, made a short tour in France, whence he embarked for the United States, arriving in New York in 1792. He was a violent Tory—joined the anti-French party—commenced publishing—attacked with savage ferocity Dr. Priestly, Franklin, Rush, Jefferson, Dallos, Monroe, Gallatin, Fox, Sheridan, Bonaparte, Talleyrand, and a score of other great men—was arrested and compelled to give bail in a heavy sum for his good behavior—was sued for a libel by Dr. Rush, who recovered five thousand dollars damages—fled from Philadelphia to New York, where the execution overtook him—was thrown into prison—the judgment was paid by his admirers—he left the country, and arrived in England in 1801. While in America, he wrote under the name of "Peter Porcupine," and on his return to England, published his writings in twelve volumes. They had a large circulation among the anti-Jacobins, who received him with open arms. He had previously sent an account of his trans-Atlantic "persecutions" to the "Royal Society" of London, to be used as a panacea for the reformists, and the whole gang of liberty-men in England.

He started a paper in London in 1801, called the "Porcupine," which supported Pitt and the Tories, and attacked Fox and the Whigs much after the style of his Philadelphia writings. He suspended the publication of the "Porcupine," and commenced his celebrated "Weekly Political Register" in 1802, which he continued until his death, a period of thirty-three years. This Journal has given him an enduring name among the political writers of his times. For two or three years, it advocated high Toryism. Wyndham was enamoured of it, and stated in the House of Commons that its Editor deserved a statue of gold. Wyndham promised to introduce Cobbett to Pitt. The latter declined to see him. The Editor was deeply mortified at this rebuff of the aristocratic Minister. Immediately thereafter, and probably therefore, Cobbett changed his politics, and from a high Church and King man, turned to the radical reformer and champion of the people. The first public demonstration of the somerset was a violent philippic against the Irish Tory administration. He was prosecuted for libel, both at London and Dublin, on the Lord-Lieutenant, Chancellor, Chief Justice, and Under Secretary for Ireland, and was fined a thousand pounds. This prosecution only stimulated his new-born zeal for liberalism. He sharpened his weapons, and plunged them into the bowels of his old friends, as he had before done into those of their enemies, sparing neither Church nor State, Ministry nor King. The Register soon became the terror of evil doers. Its denunciations of profligate statesmen and rotten institutions were so bold and hearty, and its columns breathed such an air of defiant independence that it was sought for with avidity by the radicals of the lower and middling orders, and the income as well as the fame of the editor became largely increased.

But Cobbett never could sail long in smooth water; like the petrel, he loved the storm. In 1810, he was prosecuted for a libel on the Government, contained in an article reflecting in indignant terms on the brutal flooring of a company of the local militia, under the surveillance of a

regiment of German mercenaries. He defended himself was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand pounds, be imprisoned for two years, and give sureties for his good behaviour for seven years, in five thousand pounds. He never forgot or forgave this injury.—Two other prosecutions of editors grew out of the same transaction. They were befriended by Broughan in two splendid speeches, which introduced the rising barrister to a first place among the forensic orators of the kingdom. The circulation of the Register had increased steadily from year to year; and soon after this trial, Cobbett continuing to edit it while in prison, it reached an unprecedented sale, some weeks numbering one hundred thousand copies. Its vigorous assaults on the Government, conspired with the other reform movements of the time, to cause the repeal of the *habeas corpus*, and the passage of the infamous "six acts," by which the ministry hoped to crush the agitators. To avoid the blow aimed at him, Cobbett fled to America, early in 1817, where he remained nearly three years. He regularly remitted "copy" across the Atlantic for the Register, which continued a pugnant thorn in the side of Castlereagh and his friends, though the hand which wielded it was three thousand miles away.

Returning to England in 1820, he established a daily paper, which failed—tried to introduce the cultivation of Indian corn into the country, which failed—stood a candidate for Parliament for Coventry, and failed—defended himself against two prosecutions for libel, and failed, paying fines to the amount of nearly two thousand pounds—plunged into the Queen Caroline controversy with his brother Liberals and did not fail—advocated Catholic emancipation and saw it succeed—made an attempt to enter Parliament for Preston, and was defeated—took an active part in all the agitations for Parliamentary reform—defended himself in a speech of six hours, against a prosecution for sedition, growing out of an article in the Register in favour of the Reform bill, which as the indictment alleged, tended to excite the labors of the country to acts of violence in the destruction of crops, machinery, and other property, the jury being discharged because they could not agree—and finally was reprimanded by the Speaker, for giving three cheers in the gallery of the Commons, when the bill passed the House. In 1832, he reached the acme of his ambition by being returned to the first reformed Parliament for the borough of Oldham. But it is a rare tree that will bear transplanting in the serene and yellow leaf of advanced age. Cobbett was three score years and ten when he took his seat in the House of Commons. Though he made a few vigorous speeches, he did not fulfill the expectations of his friends, nor exhibit the power and originality which the public anticipated from the editor of the Political Register. He closed his stormy life in 1835.

Cobbett has been called "a bold, bad man." Bold he was; but he was not so bad as the times in which he lived, nor the institutions which he assailed. He was a man to be feared rather than loved—to be admired rather than trusted. But he was a man "for a' that." He never cranked or canted—never whined or repined—was proud, self-willed, self-reliant—knew his strength, and asked no favors, and showed no quarter. His idiosyncrasies, his egotism, his self-dependence, rendered it next to impossible for any body to work with him, even to attain a common end. He was the victim of prejudice, conceit, passion, and seemed not to advocate a cause so much from love of it, as from hatred of its opposite. He bent his great energies to tear down existing institutions, whilst he lent but little aid in building up others in their place. He hated all that were above him in birth and station, and his appeals usually being to the prejudices and passions of the class from which he sprang, he wielded a vast influence over the common people of England. They were proud of his attainments, because they regarded him as one of themselves, who had risen by his own strength to a commanding position among the leaders of public opinion, and they witnessed with pride his ability to grapple with and hurl to the earth the titled champions of the privileged orders. Thus more than any other writer, he was for thirty years looked up to as the representative, the oracle, of the "base born" of his countrymen. It contributed not a little to his influence on the ground tier of British society, that he was a practical farmer in a moderate way—the great sale of his writings afforded him the means of gratifying his cultivated tastes for agricultural pursuits. Taking it for granted that established systems, opinions and institutions were necessarily wrong, he attacked everything that was old, and everything that was popular. He avowed that he attacked Dr. Rush's system of medical practice because it originated with a republican—he called Washington "a notorious rebel and traitor"—nick-named Franklin "Old Lightning-rod"—denounced Lafayette as "a citizen mercenary," and abused Jefferson because he was a popular Democrat. But this was in his days of Toryism. However, when a Radical, he showered ridicule on Shakespeare, Milton and Scott, because everybody praised them, and eulogized O'Connell because all Englishmen anathematized him.

But the object of his assaults were not always so undeserving of it, nor so ill assorted. He exposed the land monopoly of England, and vindicated the rights and dignity of labour—he laid bare the rapacity of the established church, and maintained the rights of Catholics and dissenters—he denounced the game laws, the corn laws, and the penal code—he advocated the abolition of the House of Lords, and the bestowment of universal suffrage upon the people. It was impossible for a man of such giant powers and rooted prejudices, who had received the iron of persecution so often in his own person, and who was always in the thickest of the fray, to speak calmly, or with measured words. Consequently his writings abounded in malevolent epithets, unmitigated vituperation, and coarse ridicule of men and measures. So do they abound in right good sense, cogent reasoning, elevated appeals to justice and humanity, interspersed with racy humour, graphic descriptions, happy illustrations, and lively anecdotes. The basis of his style was the old Saxon tongue, and it was as idiomatic and lucid as that of Franklin or Paley. He was an extraordinary and original writer.