

ance in the discharge of their duty. Sunday school superintendents, church-goers, and even the pastors themselves, have profited by the lessons that have been read to them by us from time to time, for their benefit. The bank clerks and "offisahs," stupid as they are, have acknowledged the force of our remarks, and are united in their praises concerning us. On all sides we can observe that changes are taking place in the right direction. Many of them are small as yet, but larger results are sure to follow. We intend to continue in our good work, and when the last erring one has been rescued, and the morals of our city have been raised to that standard to which we seek to elevate them, then and not until then shall we cease our labors.

### A Rising Disciple of Blackstone.

It is with much regret that the editor of the SECRET has to inform the readers of the paper that Portland is about to lose that enterprising young disciple of Blackstone, our particular friend, Gustavus Adolphus. We shall not weary our readers with a detailed account of his life since first he played marbles and hop scotch on the sawdust and scantling of Carleton, or his after life when studying law with some of our legal friends in this city. His life, suffice it to say, was not a very eventful one, although he managed to gain for himself quite a reputation, not for his legal abilities, but on other accounts. Our readers have a distinct recollection of the part he played in a horse-kidnapping case, and some of his subsequent actions in Portland. He was greatly thought of by Justice Tapley and especially by Captain Rawlings, and many a pleasant incident we might relate of them if space would only permit. But Gustavus has left us, and gone West, to seek larger and greener pastures to work in. He has left an unsullied reputation behind him, a reputation that will not hurriedly be forgotten. Portland might boast of having sent to Parliament some of the smartest men in Dominion politics, or some of the most active men in the aquatic arena of the world, but they can now boast of a greater fame. They will send out to the world a man whose abilities as an orator or a legal tactician, have never been surpassed on this Continent, or hardly in the old world, a man whose nobility of character gained for him the respect and esteem of every one with whom he came in contact(?). It was our happy fortune one day to hear him in an eloquent appeal, on a civil case, in the Portland court.

The cause was a trivial one, but like many such causes, required considerable strategy and legal ability, but our friend was equal to the occasion. The witness

that he was examining was a mute, and his replies were in many instances, rather evasive, but Gustavus got through with him to his own satisfaction, if not to that of the learned Judge, and although his honor held that a great many of his questions were hardly material, the learned counsel contended that the Magistrate did not know what material evidence was. "I shall show you what material evidence is," says Gus, casting a withering glance at the Bench, as he asked the witness to tell him if the ground around the house was soft or not. He was then endeavoring to find out whether the roof of a certain house leaked or not, and had taken this means of doing so. Of course, the readers of the SECRET will see at a glance that such a question was perfectly relevant, and that the learned judge was unacquainted with his profession, when he attempted to contradict our friend's statements. But when the examination ended and Gustavus rose to address the Court in behalf of his client, every voice in the Court was hushed; you could have heard a pin drop. Then as his voice rose and fell, its silvery cadences thrilled the heart of every one present. The venerable building shook with the mighty effort that he was making, his hands clutched the air wildly, his eyes shone like sparks of fire, and his mouth, in addition to the glowing words that it uttered, emitted volumes of tobacco spittle at times, in a manner that astonished not only the Judge, but also the crowd of spectators that were present. It was a grand effort, and it will be a long time ere we have the pleasure of listening to such a passionate appeal again. But his eloquence was wasted on desert air, and he was greatly taken back (although the spectators were not) when a decision was given against him.

He has gone from us now, and it will be difficult to find one that will take his place in the affections of the people of Portland. We wish him all the success that he is entitled to. Adieu, Gus!

PET NAMES.—A young Oil City citizen calls his sweetheart Revenge, because she is sweet.—*Oil City Derrick*. And a young married man on South Hill calls his mother-in-law Delay, because she is dangerous.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*. And a South End man calls his wife Fact, because she is a stubborn thing.—*Boston Globe*. And a fourth wife of a district attorney calls him Necessity, because he knows no law.—*New Orleans Times*. And a Syracuse man calls his wife a Sluggard, because she gets mad and goes to her aunt every time he stays out to lodge.—*Syracuse Times*. A Yonkers man calls his wife Frailty, because Shakespeare says "Frailty, thy name is woman."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

We know a man who calls his daughters Time and Tide, because they will wait for no man. A St. John man calls his wife Goose, because she was a Gosling before he got her, and we know another man who calls his wife Kate, because that's her name.

It is a terrible give-way when a temperance lecturer, pausing in his speech to take a drink of water, sets the glass down and lazily reaches out towards the end of the table for a couple of coffee grains.

### THE BANK CLERKS IN COUNCIL.

At the Bank Clerks' latest meeting,  
Only held the other night,  
A big reward was offered—  
To the man who'd go and fight  
The editor of the SECRET,  
And leave him, oh! so sore,  
That he'd never think of editing  
The SECRET any more!

Said one: Ah, yes! that is the way,  
To—ah—fix that vulgar cad,  
For the way he gets things off on us,  
It ah—weally is too bad;  
And I think, ah—we should stop him,  
So the best thing we can do,  
Is to send one of our bullies,  
To ah—beat him black and blue.

Then up spoke another cler—oh, officer,  
In something of this strain:  
You bet hif hi ad old hof im  
E'd never write again;  
Hand hif no one helse would do hit,  
Why hi'd go myself for fun;  
But hi know hi could not catch im,  
Because e's sure to run.

So at last it was decided  
That to beat him would be best,  
For unless they licked that editor,  
They never would have rest;  
But when they called the bullies,  
To see which one would go,  
The only answer they received  
Was a most emphatic no.

What! they said, no one will face him?  
Alas! what shall we do?  
I suppose that we must bear it,  
But 'tis hard because 'tis true,  
Then I guess we'll close the meeting,  
And go home and go to bed,  
But if we could catch that editor,  
(Alone and asleep)  
Oh! how we'd punch his head?

### THE RINK TOO WARM FOR HIM!

HOW G. NED N—— GOT "THE MITTEN."

The following conversation was overheard at the Skating Rink, between G. N. N—— and a young lady, by our reporter:

Young lady—"Don't you find it ehilly, Mr. N——?"

Mr. N.—"Well, yes! It is kind of cold; I was always subject to cold feet and hands."

Young lady—"Why, Mr. N——, I am astonished at you!"

Mr. N.—"Why, how so?"

Young lady—"Because I did not think you could possibly have cold hands."

Mr. N.—"Really, Miss ——, you flatter me. Do you mean 'warm heart, &c.?'"

Young lady—"No."

Mr. N.—"Well, then, why? I don't comprehend your meaning."

Young lady—"Because you have received so many mittens from the young ladies lately that I did not think it possible that your hands could be cold."