

The Republic - Courier.

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The Republic - Courier.

By Geo. W. Nason, Jr., & Son.

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LINIMENT

Was first known in America. It is now well known throughout the hemisphere. It has won the best record of any Liniment in the world. From the millions upon millions of bottles sold no complaint has ever reached us, and as a healing and

PAIN SUBDING LINIMENT,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

It is recommended with unbounded assurance in all cases of cutaneous diseases, sprains, rheumatism, hard swellings, bites, ulcers, stiffness of joints, frozen feet, ears, &c., &c., strong oil persons, and sprains, founders, ringbone, tell-tail, scratches, wind-galls, hooftail, spavin, spring-hock, corns, laminitis, galls, also rheumatism of the eye and ear.

Dropping down the noisy river,

To our peaceful, peaceful home

Dropping down the turbid river—

Earth's bursting, crowded river—

To our gentle, gentle home:

Where the rough roar riseth never,

And the resounding cannot come—

O! loved and longed-for home!

Dropping down the eddy river,

With a Helmman true and tried,

Dropping down the perilous river—

Mortality's dark river—

With a sure and heavenly Guide;

Even Him who, to deliver

My soul from death, bath died;

O! Helmman true and tried!

Dropping down the rapid river,

To the dear and deathless land;

Dropping down the well-known river—

Life's swollen and rushing river—

To the resounding land;

Where the living live forever,

And the dead have joined the land,

O! fair and lowly land!

Digestion and Paradise.

All talk of blessings! What a blessing is digestion! To digest! Do you know what it means? It is to have the sun always shining, and the shade always ready for you. It is to be met with smiles, and to be greeted with kisses. It is to hear sweet sounds, to sleep with sweet dreams, to be touched ever with soft, cool hands. It is to be in Paradise. Adam and Eve were in Paradise. Why? Their digestion was good. Ah! then they took liberties—ate bad fruit—things they could not digest. They what we call refined their constitutions, destroyed their gastric juices, and then they were expelled from Paradise by an angel with the flaming sword. The angel with the flaming sword, which turned two ways, was in digestion. There came a great judgment upon the earth because the cooks were bad, and they called it a deluge. Ah! I thank God there is to be no more deluges—all the evil comes from this. Macbeth could not sleep. It was the supper, and not the murder. His wife talked and walked. It was the supper again. Milton had a bad digestion, because he was always so cross; and your Carlyle must have the worst digestion in the world, because he never says any good of anything. Ah! to digest is to be happy. Believe me, my friends, there is no other way not to be turned out of Paradise by a fiery two-headed, burning sword.—*The Hope.*

MECHANICAL MUSIC.—The history of the time known as "Bonny Doon" is certainly very queer. A good many years ago Mr. James Miller was in company with other musicians and poets, and talking about Scotch music. Miller expressed an ardent desire to write some music. Mr. Clark, by way of a joke, told him to keep to the black keys of his harpsichord and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would invariably write a Scotch air. Certain it is that a few days afterward Mr. Miller produced "Bonny Doon" which, if our readers will try, may be played on the black keys alone.

Singular accident.

A curious accident recently happened in Berlin. A gentleman was leaning out of a window conversing with his wife, and smoking the remains of a cigar by means of a mouthpiece. Being deeply interested in the discussion, he did not notice that the bit of cigar dropped out, and was as much astonished as the passengers by when a little child three years old suddenly uttered a piercing scream, and pointed with piteous gestures to its back, between which and its clothing the burning piece had fallen. A woman who had hurried to the assistance of the child was not fortunate enough to get hold of the bit of cigar immediately, and her well-meant attempt to unfasten the child's frock only made the ashes slip further down and cause a larger wound. Though the injury to the little creature was more painful than dangerous, its parents intend to bring an action against the unlucky smoker to recover damages for the same.

At a juvenile party one little fellow, rejoicing in the splendor of his new clothes, went up to another with the triumphant remark: "You ain't dressed as well as I am." "Well," retorted the other, "I can lick you, anyhow."

An enterprising rustic had a cow to sell lately, and a purchaser made an appointment to come and see her. The farmer arranged that his man should be walking the cow when the purchaser arrived, and had three pails on hand, each half filled with water. The man milked vigorously and filled the three pails one after another, to the astonishment of the purchaser, who at once closed the bargain at a very high figure.

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