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THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.
CARLISLE, THURSDAY, DEC. 18, 1851.

THE FARM SCHOOLS IN CALIFORNIA.—Westward, westward, the Star of Empire has taken its way. Upon the shores of the Pacific, where but a few years since the Indian tracked the lofty hills of the Nevada, and the wild bear roamed almost undisturbed, a mighty empire is now budding forth—hundreds of men are engaged in the pursuit of the precious arts of nations, seemingly careless of all else save that "paradise." This, however, is not so; for the new Charter of San Francisco authorized the Common Council of that city to establish schools within its limits, and to raise by taxation the necessary money for their support. In pursuance of this, that body has organized a system, appointed a Superintendent and Board of Education, and directed the immediate opening of five schools. In this the citizens of San Francisco have "struck a mine" that will yield untold wealth. The greatest safety of a people lies in the intelligence of the masses, and the greatest wealth of nations is in the education of their youth.

We learn from a paragraph in the Baltimore Sun, that the veteran General Wallace, who has served more than fifty years in the U. S. Army, is to reside at Baltimore, as commandant of the 3d military department, the Secretary of War having allowed him to remove from his limited quarters at Fort Mifflin "to his city." With his family, the veteran now occupies the late residence of the Hon. John Barney, Gen. W. is now in the 86th year. He entered the U. S. Army in 1799 as a lieutenant and adjutant of cavalry, by invitation of General Washington, having come to this country on a visit after serving in the army of Louis XVI until that monarch's imprisonment, and subsequently with the combined armies on the Rhine and in the Netherlands until 1797, when he covered the retreat of the Duke of York after the battle of Danbury.

PAISLEYWORTH.—An eminent merchant of Boston, as we learn from the Atlas, in his instructions to the Captain of his vessels, requires that a man shall be sent aloft every morning, at daylight, and every evening before sunset, to scan the horizon, to see if any vessels are in the vicinity, requiring assistance. This is a most excellent order, and ought to be limited by every ship owner; and we think it might be extended, so that every time the helm is relieved, the man relieved should be sent aloft, and his report entered as regularly into the log-book as the ship's progress. The reports of many vessels in distress, show that they have frequently been passed by vessels which took no notice of them, and we have no doubt that were a regular system of look-outs introduced into all our ships, it would be the means of saving many lives and much valuable property.

SAD ACCIDENT.—On Friday night last, as the railroad train from the west was coming down at 10 o'clock at night, it ran into a burthen car, which was accidentally run on the track from a siding, where it had been placed in the evening. The engine was thrown off the track and upset, breaking it up into a perfect wreck. The engineer, Levi Howat, had his right hand terribly lacerated, and was also otherwise injured. The fireman, David Rupert, has his skull fractured, his left arm badly fractured, and both legs broken. Soon as the accident occurred, a dispatch was sent to Harrisburg, and Dr. Dock was sent up to take charge of the injured men. He has both men in charge, with Dr. Sells, whom he called to his assistance. The engineer is doing well, but Rupert is in a hopeless condition.—Harrisburg Union, Dec. 3.

A PAINFUL ACCIDENT occurred to Mr. Isaac Lightner, residing in Mountjoy township, on the night of the 25th ult., as the Star is informed, under the following circumstances. Upon retiring to bed, a tin vessel containing spirits of turpentine was placed on the bedroom stove, to be warmed and used as a remedial application during the night. Some time after, Mr. L. was roused by a sudden glare of light in the room; the turpentine having become taken fire. In attempting to remove the burning fluid, Mr. Lightner had a portion of it thrown upon his person, so that both his legs, from the feet upwards, as also his hands and arms, were dreadfully burned. Medical treatment was called in as soon as possible, and we understand that Mr. L. is now doing well, although suffering much.—Gettysburg Compiler.

NAVAL.—Captain John H. Aulick has been recalled; it is reported, from the command of the East India squadron, for which station he recently sailed in the United States steamer Susquehanna, Captain Inman. Commodore M. C. Perry has been designated as the successor of Capt. Aulick. The reasons for the recall of Capt. A. are said to be based upon reports made against him by Messrs. Schenck and Todd, the present and late Ministers to Brazil, also by Capt. Inman, whom Capt. Aulick ordered home. The report is doubtless true. We learned more than a month ago, that complaint would be forwarded to Washington by the ministers referred to.

ASSET OF A CONSPIRACY.—Samuel R. Page was arrested on the evening of the 6th inst., at Louisville, for uttering \$1,400 of counterfeit notes on the Northern Bank of Kentucky, in notes of \$100 each.

A FIGHT WITH THE LADIES.—A drunken man fell upon the road, where a pig found him and began to lick his mouth. "Who's kissing me now?" exclaimed the drunkard. "What a capital thing it is to be in favor with the women!"

DEEP LAY.—A horse at Trevorton, Northumberland county, ran away last week along the line of the Railroad, and coming suddenly on an unwatched bridge, made a clear leap from one abutment to the other, a distance, afterwards accurately measured, of thirty feet. The Barbary American is responsible for the story.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—The barn of Perry Moony in Green county, Ky., was struck by lightning on the 20th inst., and his son, aged 17 years, killed instantly, and himself and another son (all of whom were stripping tobacco at the time) rendered insensible, but finally recovered.

THE MAIL ROBBERY.—The Hagerstown Mail states that letters containing over \$2,000 in money and drafts to a large amount, have been taken from the male between Baltimore and Williamsport.

Poetical.

This Winter Night, ah me! 'tis dreary.

A time do I remember well,
That lay between the chimney flames;
And while the winter winds were at the door,
My father told me stories of the war.
My mother with her soft and weary,
Whispered to me tales of olden days,
When sister Sue did nothing do,
But look and listen, sigh and yawn,
"This winter night, ah me! 'tis dreary."
The hickory logs were all ablaze,
That lay between the chimney flames;
And while the winter winds were at the door,
My father told me stories of the war.
My mother with her soft and weary,
Whispered to me tales of olden days,
When sister Sue did nothing do,
But look and listen, sigh and yawn,
"This winter night, ah me! 'tis dreary."
The youngsters all had gone to bed,
And I sat gazing in the fire,
Thinking of the church and spire,
Of the village with its steeple high,
Of the hills, no trees, nor draw,
Yet sister Sue did nothing do,
But look and listen, sigh and yawn,
"This winter night, ah me! 'tis dreary."
Young Watch who in his kennel kept,
Commenced with all his might to bark—
"Then sister to me whisper—'hark—'
"Then hear a knocking at the door—"
"The whole comes in, and comes young Leary—"
"And sister Sue did nothing do,
But look and listen, sigh and yawn,
"This winter night, ah me! 'tis dreary."

Miscellaneous.

From Capt. Lynch's "Naval Life."

A CONSPIRACY IN BRAZIL.

About six months ago, a conspiracy was formed, which, bold in its object and ingenious in its contrivance, had fair to expel the last vestige of royalty, and establish a republic—government. Carlos de Paiva, the commander of a Brazilian frigate, conceived the daring plan of seizing the King and Queen, and the Crown Prince and Princess, with their infant daughter, Donna Maria. His purpose was to seize them late at night, and without noise, conduct them to the quay in front, where his boats would be in waiting, and thence convey them to the ship. Once on board, he had little to fear, for there was not a man of war prepared to oppose him; more so, the larger vessels, the Gloria was decidedly the fastest sailer. From the forts he had little to apprehend, for even if the alarm were given, he could expose his prisoners to deter them from firing. But his object was secret; for on that, and on expedition, depended his whole hope of success. One clear of the land, he meant to steer his course for the Pacific, and to liberate his captives when he heard that his country was free. Step by step he sounded his officers, and found them, with few exceptions, ready to follow him. The impracticable, however, were so few as not to discourage him, and by keeping them on board, under close surveillance, he prevented their giving information. With the men, he had so ingratiated himself, that they were ready to stand by him at a word. Seven or eight suspicious characters, indeed, were the only ones of whom he was afraid. Some of these were of the crew, and some were of the shore, but he succeeded in bribing a sergeant of the royal guard, who betrayed to him the watchword of the night. The word was "Leopoldina," the Christian name of the Crown Princess. Carlos and Queen slept in the right wing of the Crown Prince and Princess in the left wing of the palace. Towards the centre on either side were apartments for the chamberlains, pages, and attendants in waiting. In the very centre was a hall, in which sentries were stationed. Without, on the right hand of the stairs, were two long galleries, along each of which was patrolled a sentinel, and on the first landing of the great staircase was another. The staircase terminated in an extensive hall, occupied at night as a guard room.

Paiva, at a prearranged hour, gave an entertainment on board of his ship. It was needless to say that his guests were his brother conspirators, and the time passed in a most festive and agreeable manner. About 9 P. M., a note of distinction, accompanied by a grey headed negro, who halted before after him, approached the front entrance, and giving the password, demanded to speak with the officer of the guard.

"Senior Manuel," he said, when that officer approached, "I owe you an apology for disturbing you at this hour; for I well know the strictness of your regulations, and that you are entitled to your sleep. I am, however, in a case of great emergency. With a large party, I dined to day at Senhora Grizilda's villa. Shortly after rising from the table, when the guests were retiring to the signs, she beckoned me aside, and said to me, 'Come here, you have never proved to me a true friend; you are a traitor, and I will not trust you. I wish to deliver it in person, but pray you take my bulwer Gonzalvo along, and direct him how to proceed, when you reach the city, so as to save Don A. as soon as possible. Gonzalvo is old and feeble, but honest and persevering, and after you have put him in the right way, you can leave him to himself. Will you oblige me? I see that you will, and therefore beg that, foregoing the sleep, you will start at once; for the regulations are close, and you must be at eight o'clock.' "Thus conjured by a beautiful woman, who I will admit, Senior Manuel, that I could not decline, I immediately set off for the city, but the male of Gonzalvo, nearly as old and quite as feeble as himself, conducted him, to reach me here, as I wished, I will deliver it in person, but pray you take my bulwer Gonzalvo along, and direct him how to proceed, when you reach the city, so as to save Don A. as soon as possible. Gonzalvo is old and feeble, but honest and persevering, and after you have put him in the right way, you can leave him to himself. Will you oblige me? I see that you will, and therefore beg that, foregoing the sleep, you will start at once; for the regulations are close, and you must be at eight o'clock."

"Senior Zurga," replied the officer, "even if I were not disposed to oblige a gentleman so distinguished as yourself, the nature of the case would be insufficient, notwithstanding the severity of our regulations; but Don Pedro gives a concert to-night, and Senior A. will not be in his room for an hour or more, but—give me the package, old man, and I will deliver it as soon as the concert is over."

"My good master," said the black, "if it rested with me, I should have it at once, but my mistress told me over and over again, to give it into the hands of Senior Alexia, and that if I could not see him to bring the package back."
"He's said the officer," the Senhora is discreet; doubtless a wise affair; I will refer to the notary; well, come in, and you shall be accommodated with a seat in the count's ante-room until he arrive."
The black passed in, and with many thanks, the notary courteously took his leave.

Dragging himself slowly after the soldier sent to conduct him, the black threw himself on the floor of the room into which he was ushered, and to the sentry stationed at the open door, seemed in a short time to be fast asleep. When he had remained several hours in this position, he was aroused by the challenge of the sentinel, and immediately after, a middle-aged gentleman, gayly and even sumptuously attired, entered the apartment.

"What means this? who is this?" he exclaimed, as his eye rested on the black, slowly rising from the floor.

"Good, my lord—my mistress ordered me not to give it in the presence of a third person; and he glanced at the sentry in the doorway."
"Well, well, her whims are not to be disputed; stay, close the door."
With a gesture of impatience at the slowness of the black, the count retired to his bed room, and by the light of a lamp, commenced breaking the seals. The envelope was secured by a lock of luxuriant hair, and was so intricately folded, that it was some moments before he opened the note it contained. The handwriting, unlike the direction, was bold and masculine. The words were—

"Speak and you are a dead man—Look up!"
As the note dropped from his hand, his eyes fell upon the black who had stealthily crept within a few feet of the table, and with a dagger in one hand and a pistol in the other, sternly confronted him. It was Paiva himself, who, having assumed the most perilous part of his drama, before the count had time to recover himself, he threw a noose over him and pinned him to the chair. With the dagger in his throat, he then securely gagged him, and led him and all the ponderous baggage. He then raised the window looking into the inner court, and fastened to it one end of a rope-ladder, which he drew from his body, round which he had worn it.

Stepping softly into the ante-room, he secured the door, and then, entering the inner room, he waited impatiently for the arrival of the Count Alexia. Holding the office of Chamberlain to the Prince, the apartments of Count Alexia opened into a moderate-sized hall, with many doors, leading to the chambers of the Prince, the Princess, and their personal attendants. The serjeant, when he betrayed the waterlock, had received a liberal reward, with the promise of a much larger sum, should the attempt prove successful. Clad with his present wealth, and rendered generous by the prospect of a fortune, he had invited his comrades to a carousal at his expense. The wine circulated freely; and how the party dispersed he could not remember.

Some time after midnight, he was awakened by the rattling of a pistol along the street, and found himself lying in the open court of a large building. As sensible objects became distinct, he saw in a niche beside the gateway, an image of the Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms. At the same moment, his disturbed imagination, seemed to look retrospectively, his thoughts reverted to the consequences of what he had done. Secret assassination, open strife and bloodshed, he had witnessed in his day, and rushing into the street, with yet unsteady steps, he sought the dwelling of his commander. Sobred by fright, the cool night air refreshed him, and as his faculties regained their power, he slackened his pace, until he stopped in anxious doubt. Paiva, who had fled his comrades to a carousal at his expense. The wine circulated freely; and how the party dispersed he could not remember.

"I believe the rattlesnake's power of fascination, as firmly as I believe in my own existence."
"Starely said I, you do not believe that they have power over human beings?"
"I do, I know it to be so, and the old man trembled as he spoke. "You are a stranger to me," he said slowly, after scrutinizing me for a moment—"but I have heard of you in a low degree of one of that was about to reveal some horrible secret."
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THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

"Until my gasty tale is told,
This heart within me burns."

During a delightful excursion in the vicinity of the Green Mountains, a few years since, I had the good fortune to meet with a singular character, known in parts of Vermont as the Rattlesnake Hunter. It was a warm, clear day of sunshine, in the middle of June, that I saw him for the first time, while engaged in a meteorological ramble among the hills. His head was bald, and his forehead was deeply marked with the lines of care and age. His form was wasted and meagre, and but the fiery vigor of his eye, he might have been supposed incapable of any act and infirmities for even a slight exertion. Yet he hurried over the huge ledges of rock, and across the most treacherous and seemingly unpassable crags, and stunted bushes around him. All at once, he started suddenly—drew himself back with a sort of quivering recoil—and then smote fiercely with his staff upon the ground. Another and another blow—and lifted the little and crusted form of a rattlesnake upon the end of his rod.

The old man's eyes glistened, but his lips trembled as he looked steadily upon his yet writhing victim. He then raised the snake, and he muttered between his clenched teeth, apparently unconscious of my presence.

I was now satisfied that the person now before me was none other than the famous Rattlesnake Hunter. His name was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and wanderer, and he had attracted the attention of the casual charities of the people around him. His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed to be the hunting out and destroying of the Crotales horridus, or rattlesnake. He immediately determined to satisfy my curiosity, which had been strangely excited by this remarkable appearance of the stranger; and for this purpose I approached him.

"Are there many of these reptiles in this vicinity?" I inquired, pointing to the crushed serpent.
"They are getting to be scarce," said the old man, lifting his slouched hat and wiping his bald brow with his great fingers. "The rattlesnake is fast becoming scarce in this part of the State, without hearing their low, quick rattle at your side, or seeing their many colored bodies, coiling up in their path. But as I said before, they are getting to be scarce, and I have not been able to catch one for years—and thank God, I have myself been a considerable cause of their extermination."

"You must, of course, know the nature of these creatures," I said, "do you believe in their power of fascination or charm?"
The old man's countenance fell. There was a visible struggle of feeling within him; for his lips quivered, and he dashed his brown hand suddenly to his eyes as if to conceal a tear; but quickly recovering himself, he answered me in a low, deep tone of one that was about to reveal some horrible secret.

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I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—no definite ideas of peril; all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood rushing from my heart. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot; I attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still as if by my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the rattlesnake in my ear, the beautiful colorings of his enchantment before me.

"Suddenly a new sound came to my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. Again—and again I stirred not, and then a white form glided before me, and grasped my arm. The snake passed from before my visions. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted tongue, and my wife was clinging with terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon me. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand, and I told me the dreadful truth, as she lay backward from me.

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came over me; and when I saw the fool serpent stealing away from the work, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him into the rugged rock. The ground of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark livid spot on her hand, and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from my dwelling, and after wandering for a short time, my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I yet had strength enough remaining to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her before the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there—alone, and in the great wilderness, I watched over her and prayed for her—and she died!"

"The old man now turned to me, and his eyes glistened, as he clasped his long bony hand over his eyes. I could see the tears lifting thickly through his great fingers. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eyes as he spoke.
"I have had my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted to endure the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest creatures. And I have well nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless. Do not imagine, said he earnestly, regarding the somewhat equal expression of my countenance, that I consider these creatures as serpents; they are serpents of the fallen angel, the immediate ministers of his infernal guile."

Years have passed away since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter, the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of our conference, and the grass of the churchyard is green over the grave of the old hunter. But this I do not fix upon my mind, and Time, like enamel only burns deeper the first impression. It comes up before me like a vividly remembered scene.

In the good town of Raleigh was, and still is, an excellent inn, which in court times, was frequented by lawyers, judges, litigants, and jurors. Upon one occasion, Judge B. as sound a lawyer as he was an inveterate humorist, was holding a court at Raleigh. Several very difficult cases were to be tried, one of which, having been submitted in the evening, the jury were escorted to a small and solitary building known to the habitues as "Collier." In the same building were also lodged a number of young disciples of Blackstone, who compensated themselves for their professional labors by a friendly game of the classic amusement of "Poker." Their creature comforts were attended for by a one-eyed negro, who related, with the name of "Jakes," that this functionary had some troubles with the jury, which resulted in the introduction of his back to the entrance with the young lawyers, who paid him liberally, and for whom he entertained a corresponding regard. Under these circumstances, it was most carefully waited upon, by the sable mercury of gin and juleps.

Judge B. in the meantime, was lodged in the main building of the hotel. With him, also, Jakes, who had followed him, and after he had concluded the examination of some papers, he addressed the attendant with inquiries as to what the 'young gentlemen' were doing.
"Notting, massa, notting; only a little game of poker—dat all!"
"Eh, that's all?"
"Yes, sah, dat all!"
"The young scamps; they ought to be at their books, a nice way to prepare their cases! To-morrow some of them will be asking me to put off trials, because they have no time to get ready," grumbled the Judge. "I say, Jakes, can you get me a pile of bricks?"
"Sartin, Judge—I've got a pile of bricks—old or new—brack—get brack."
"Very well; go bring a pile into the yard."
"Yes sah," said the obsequious darkie, and in a short time he returned, with the assurance that the bricks were ready.

The Judge accompanied him to the yard.
"Now, Jakes, tell me which round these fellows are in."
"Dat de room, massa, dat room;" but the cunning negro, instead of indicating that occupied by the lawyers, pointed to the one in which the unfortunate jurors were in deliberation.
"Oh, ho; now, Jakes, do as I do," and snatching the action to the word, his honor commenced pouring a perfect storm of brickbats against the room of the supposed delinquents. "Bang! bang! they went; Jakes's missiles performing no secondary part in the concert, until the pile was exhausted, and the sturdy jurymen began to imagine that the selves assailed by a mob of the whole town. Still they could not accept, but lugged together, and bore their assault.
On this side, the Judge, totally unconscious that he had been stinging his own jury, was chuckling over the dexterity he imagined he had wrought upon the lawyers.
"They did not, however, as he expected, vacate the premises, and he prepared for a second bombardment.
In the meantime Jakes, convulsed with laughter, had gone to the room of the lawyers.
"Yes, yah, yah!" screamed the negro, rolling in laughter, "I've heard 'em—did you hear the butler? Wait a leetle; he's here by my side, and he proceeded as clearly as his cacophonous proxies would allow him, to explain the mistake into which he had led his honor.
He had scarcely withdrawn when Judge B. summoned him to collect another pile of bricks, which was forthcoming as readily as the first. The same tornado visited the astonished jury, but the same result followed, for the very good reason that they could not get out if they would. The Judge, supposing them the gamblers, was proportionally irritated that he could not break up their party.
"Jakes, bring another pile of bricks," and once more these formidable projectiles were laid before him.

"Now, Jakes, at the window."
"Smash! I crash! whizz! bang! they went, and glass, sash, and everything else gave way, as brick after brick penetrated the jury room. The fort was no longer tenable—the laws of assailed, and a general flight took place.
Unfortunately the Judge, in his zeal and wrath over thought of making his retreat, and as the jurors were escaping, imagine their horror at discovering that the learned judge himself was a worthy assailant, and had been besieging them during the night after this extra judicial fashion. Two late the Judge found out his mistake; and petrified with astonishment, he stood detected, with his hand raised, in the act of hurling a brick through the window.
"Great was the confusion! That Judge B. would do such a thing—that a high functionary should so far compromise the decorum of his character, the dignity of his office. It could not have been credited, had it not been seen—most unfortunately the Judge was detected in flagrant delinquency.
The only way left was to make a full explanation, and this the Judge did, with many a muttered malediction on Jakes, who had 'done him' so completely, and made him the means of closing accounts with the jury. The lawyers munificently rewarded Jakes, upon whom the Judge could never well take vengeance, without admitting his confederacy with him, and the jurors, afterwards, were careful of drawing the wrath of that dusky dignitary of Collier.

The Judge acknowledged he was beaten, and inferred no more with his young lawyers at their games of poker.

ONE OF THE WEDDINGS.

A few days ago, there arrived in Boston a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined in the bonds of matrimony. As soon as they were fairly domiciled, the would-be bridegroom—who was a rough but apparently honest specimen of the class, who quickly answered his summons.
"Say, landlady," interposed the stranger, pointing to his modest dulcinea in the corner of the parlor, "this is my young woman. Now we've come all the way from Rhode Island, and we've got to get on for a minister, will yer—want it done up, right straight off?"
The landlady smiled and went out, and half an hour afterward a licensed minister made his appearance, and the bidding? Not a word. The young friends, were called in to witness the "ceremony."
"Now, Mr. Stiggins," said the Yankee, "ded it up brown, and yer money's reddey, and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced by directing, 'this is my young woman. Now we've come all the way from Rhode Island, and we've got to get on for a minister, will yer—want it done up, right straight off?"

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