There are many dreams of gladness.
That diding added the files.
And from the tomb of feeling,
Old thoughts come throughts test;
The forms we loved so dearly.

In the happy days dow gone of the pestulful and lovely. Those bright and gentle maidens,
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and two heavenly
For such a world as this; Whose dark soft eyes seemed swimming Whose dark sort eyer seemed swinding in a sea of liquid light;
And whose locks of gold Wore streaming O'er brows so sunny bright.

Light the brightest buds of summer.

They have fallen from the stem.
Yet, oh! it is a dwelly drain.
To fade from earth like them. And yet the thought is saddening. To muse on such as they, And feel that all the beautiful Like tendrils of the clinging vine

And perish where they rest.

# Miscellanegus.

BERNICE CHUDLEIGH'S HASTY WORDS.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES. Mrs. Chudleigh opened the door of her cottage, and came out into the midst of the gloomy, freezing cold, a wistful, anxious look on her white, wan to her mouth, she called, 'Bennie! Bennie!

Presently there came an answer. Yes, I am coming, mother ly is a And simultaneous with the unswer, is sturdy little figure appeared upon the

summit of an lev knoll! Alan anxious

and you are so cold !'
'Not a bit; but I took a longe tramp than usual. But only see the faggots! they're as clear and rich as butter!" and the sturdy little figure advanced, drawing after him a small sled, heaped with pine knots.

The woman's wan, moonlight face lit up to absolute radience, and a tenderness that was touching, beamed from her great, blue gray eyes, as they rest-ed on the boy a stalwart, sturdy little fellow, rubed and wrapped like an esquimaux, with curling brown hair, and an honest, manly face. Ben Chudleigh's

she put out her child's hand, and helped him along the lcy path that led back to ber husband's sea chest. Bernice was their sea bound cottage, the sled of pine too proud and sensative to ask a ques knots rattling at their heels. It was | tion, or send a message, but the long, unspeakable tenderness. When they had cross d the threshold, she kissed him, parting, the locks on his brow.-The lad blushed like a girl at her caress, and fell to unloading his sled and heaping the fire with faggots.

There; now; mother; he said; as the rudy blaze shot up the broad chim ney, sish't that pide? Now you shall sit down, and get real warm, and I'll That hope she lived on, day by day. make the tea; I'm such a strong fellow I never get tired.'

She sat down, smiling fondly upon him from the cushioned chair he drew up before the blazing hearthrand Tri ton, the hoary old sea dog, stretched his nose between his baws. Then Bennie made the tea, and they drank it's and Triton enapped up a cracker, and a morsel of dry cheese, and went back to

his slumbers. The mid-winter night fell darkly. Bennie threw on fresh faggots and

ing; but somehow the bright pictures failed in their usual interest. His cars to kiss her again. were full of the sea's wild sobbing ; and his blue eyes bold, kind eyes, so like his father's-wandered furtively to his mother's face, a lovely face, fair and refined; a face that, in its early bloom when all its rare colors were unfaded, and all that superabundant gold-brown hair was in its glory, must have been wondropsly dentiful. But now, and so indescribably sad—so full of an undividended

The lad's eyes filled with childhood's quick tears as he watched her, and his something to come. face grew solemn with a vague, doubt-

Mother. He said at Tast. just the least quiver in his voice. Mother, was it all right between you and father

amazed; a swift, burning red shot up her head drop forward on the sewing stand, and burst into passionate sop bing. The child grew pale with fright

'Oh, mother ! poor, dear mother. he whispered, going to her side, and dropping kisses and caressing touche on her howed head, 'I'm so sorry! I didn't think it would hurt you so!'

silence, and still sobbing. His childisi question had cut her heart like a knife. Was it all right with her and father

How vividly, sitting there in the left slone.

# The American Bolunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1872.

on s long voyage. He wanted a paper of some importance, or something of the | and barking around him; and never kind, and came to his wife for it. Bernice, his pretty girl wife had ta- wonder, but impelled by a wild in-

money, since the first day of their hap- less and senseless at his feet. py marriage, he being a great, careless. living, fiery-hearted fellow, as sailors was in the cottage, lying on Bennie's density are. But Bernice was quiet that little bed, with the glimmer of the firenorning, getting his outfit in readi- light before her, and Bennie himself ness, and the March winds blustered was hanging over her, patting her down the cottage chimney, and puffed | cheeks with his chubby hands and kiss the smoke and ashes about, and put her ing Her vigorously, his blue eyes shiout of humor; and, perhaps, for all her ning with a look they had never known sweet child ways, and rare beauty, this | before. ... Then a ... wild, vague hope petted wife of Ben Chudleigh was a bit | thrilled through her, and she started to impatient and quick tempered by na- her feet with a cry that rung above the ture; or because of too much petting din of the storm. and indulgence, as is oftener the case. At any rate, after a hasty search for the note, she declared that it could not be

'Why, Bernice,' he said, not a bit it to you. I always give you things I has because He has given you back to

handsome blue eyes in amazement.

'A foolish habit, too, retorted Bernice, spitefully. 'Why not take care of them yourself? And you may hereafter, I won't have my desk crowded with any such rubbish, and making good her words, she tossed the papers of his voice, 'I was most to blame; I he had been overlooking on the floor

Ben looked down at the promiscous heap. There were receipts and business unpers, and amid them, old love letters, when she took fire, "I just did escaps and turfs of faded blossoms, that had with my life. A foreign vessel picked passed between him and Bernice in the days of their courtship.

Why, Berry,' he began, and the finding his voice unsteady, he stopped short, and then turned away. His wife saw in an instant what she

child, instead of trying to make reparaface. Putting her thin, childish hand tion, as her woman's heart yearned to do, she made matters worse. 'I shan't look another bit,' she said petulantly, pushing the papers aside with her pretty foot. I've wasted

half the morning already. You bother me so, I wish you were gone.' 'I'm going then, now, Bernice. Good He did not even venture to look at

into the yard. Bennie was playing beand bay,

'Good-by, little one! Be a good boy o mother; don't forget!' This was the last. When, after a mo ment of stunned bewilderment, she

hurried to the door, he was gone. But he would come back! All day long, sitting with Bennie on her knee she said it over and over, he would make it so.'
come back, and they would make it And Bennie made his second tea, and

But night came, and in the dusk of her husband's sea chest. Bernice was joy and gladness. seeing the father re-produced in the lonely night subdued her pride. As soon as the sun rose, she made her way down to the pier, where his vessel lay, but it was too late-the craft had sailed at daybreak, and her husband was gone 1

Bernice went back to the cottage, he heart felling just as if a poisoned thorn weary days that followed, the misery March Slustered by, followed by;

dainty bloom on all the ocean cliffs. Then, instead of the hoped for letter. she received the terrible tidings that his vessel had taken fire, and gone himself out in the opposite corner, with down in mid ocean. He would neve come home again!

Month followed month, year drifts after year, and Bernice lived, and Ben nie grew up to a sturdy lad, never for-getting his father's parting command. He was a good boy to his mother; but The wind fairly howled amid the pine all his simple, unaffected devotion, so hills, and the frozen rain tinkled on the roof ilke grape shot, while down upon unspeakable sorrow from her eyes, or the stinging remorse from her heart. And now she sat there, by the blazing fire, with her thin hands clasped, and got out his illuminated primer to amuse | shining eyes, that poor little Ben felt his bed in the corner, not daring even

But the child could not sleep. He lay listening to the voice of the winds, a they roared and whistled through the pine hills, and to the ceaseless moan and thunder of the sea, raising his head ever and anon to look at his mother's white, sad face, and wondering in his Henry II. child's heart if God and his angels were so good and merciful, why they did not do something to comfort ber -A strange terrible feeling came over him, an indescribable prescience of

Mother,' he called, gently, sitting up in his bed! Oh, mother! what is it? I can't tell, but I feel something

indeed I do; mother!?.
But she did not need him. The old know so logged from the wanted to see doy lifted his pointed ears, and listened intently; then he arose, and patlook half humaif in his eyes. Bennie into her white cheeks, and then she let laid his cheek against his shaggy head, What is it Triton? he wispered. The dog listened again, then he

bounded to the door, and began to Oh, mother! mother! called Ben nie in amazed affright.

She arose with trembling hands, and a death wite face, and Why my boy, my darling, ehe whispered, Then she went to the door

Triton stood an instant with his ears erect, and his nose to the ground. then when he went away? Ah, no! it was he shot off, making great, flying leans, all wrong and now, God pity her it and uttering short, exultant cries. Imwas too late over to make it light the pelled by something stronger than hercruel wrong must live through all time, self or her own wilt, Bernice followed him, aud poor, affrighted little Ben was

ghastly glimmer of the firelight, did | Out through the wild, dark night she she remember that last parting three; went, down to the bleak, Icy cliffs, and Weary years ago ! Bennie was but a wee ! there, standing upon the desolute sands, lad then, and his father, who had fol- his black, burly figure sharply defined tousness heards itself poor.

the form of a man, with Triton leaping pausing, never stopping to question or ken care of all his papers, and all his stinct, she flew on, until she fell breath-

When she awoke to life again, she was in the cottage, lying on Bennie's

Yes, there he stood, bronzed and worn, and changed, but with the same honest, kindly eyes, Ben Chudleigh, found, and that it had not been intrust | her own husband. He held out his ed to her keeping. Ben opened his arms, but she went down prostrate at

On, Ben! Oh, my husband! my ross, only decided, 'you know I gave | darling! forgive me! I know that God

And Ben, sobbing like a woman eathered her up in his strong arms. kissing her lips wildly.

'There's nothing to forgive, Berry, e said at last, when he had command shouldn't have gone off in a pet. But I meant to come back : but our vesse failed to put in at any of the ports, and when she took fire, I just did escaps me up, and took me to Calcutta. At last, thank God! I am at home."

Bernice did not speak; she only clung to him with her radiant eyes fixed upon his face. Little Bennie, his bare, brown legs

had done, but with the perversity of a showing beneath his scanty night robe, looked on wistfully for a moment; the he stole forward, and threw his biggest pine knot on the fire. The blaze went dancing up the chimney, and Triton shaking the silet from his shaggy rides, stretched himself before it. Bennie smiled with satisfaction, and crept to his mother's side. 'Mother,' he whispered, 'shall

make another tea now, for father?'
Then lingering a moment, and resting her, but strode from the room, and out his sunny head against the seamen's shoulder, he said, 'I didn't ever forget fore the doorway, and Bernice standing your last words, father; I have been a breathless, heard him kiss the child good boy to mother. It was grieving so for you that made her look so white and sorry.' And his father, gathering him to his

> and embraced him. nother and you have done grieving for all the rest of your days, if father can

they drank it together, and the storm lulled, the wild, mid-winter night givthe March sunset, a sailor came up for ing birth to a morning of unspeakable

## FRANCIS I.

Francis, king of France, su the throne in 1515, on the death of Louis XII., who died without male issue.-Scarcely had he ascended, when he, grandson of Valentine of Milan nut himself at the head of his army to askert his rights over the Milanese. The Swiss, who opposed him in his entry into the were plercing it; and through all the duchy, were defeated at Marignano (or Melegnano) Sept 18, 1515, and Milan fell did not abate. But a letter would come! Immediately after this victory, After a hort war with England, the famous in terview between Henry VII. and Franci pricious April; and May hupg her took place, in Flauders, and which for the magnificent display on the occasio was called 'the field of the Cloth of Gold.' In the same year, Charles V. of Spain having inherited the empire after the death of Maximillau, Francis laid claim o the imperial dignity, and declared war against his rival. In this struggle however, he met with nothing but reverses. After the defeat of Marshal Lautroe at Bicocca, in 1522, and Bayard's death. Francis, was himself, in 1525, beaten at Payla, and taken prisoner. The fight had been a stout one, and the king wrote to his mother, All is lost, except honor.?— Led captive into Spain, he only recovered his liberty at the cost of an onerous treaty, signed at Madrid in 1525; but which was not entirely carried out. He immediately ced war in Italy, he met with awed and frighted, and crept away to fresh defeats, and concluded a second treaty at Cambral in 1528. He once more invaded Italy in 1586, and, after various success, consented to a definite arrangement at Crespl in 1544, by which the French were excluded from Italy, though Milan was given to the Duke of Orleans, the second son of Francis. Francis died at the Chateau de Rambouillet, 1547, and was succeeded by his son,

A QUICK-WITTED | WITNESS .- In Court, once upon a time, a very pretty young lady appeared as a witness, Her ably for the client of a pert young law-yer, who addressed her very supercliously with the inquiry:

'You are married, I believe?' €No, sir.'

Only wish to? Really, I don't know. Would you advise such a step?

yself. Is it possible? I never should have myself. thought it. Is your wife blind or deaf? the discomitted attorney did not youch

sales reply. ·nan Jestin Julius s'posé dere are six chickens in a coop, and the man sells tree, how muny are dere left?"

What time ob day was it?', Why, what de debbil hab dat got to do wid de A good deal, honey. If it were ar-

ter dark der would be none left ; dat in, if you happened to come along dat Look here, niggah, just you stop

them personalities." CHARITY gives itself riches, but cova-

Did you ever, gentle reader, visit a printing office f If so, did you not notice there in some corner a pile of wasted or worn out type? Did you then think how mitch of gride, of Joy, of care, of fortune and of all the fifty-thousand bjects these old type have given to the world In our office—in every office—you dan see then—see the old and east-off type—messengers of thought, once bright and beautiful, now worth

I'm sitting by the deak, George; Before me'on the door There lies a worn out fon of type. Fall twenty thousand score. And many mouths have passed, George Bluce they were buggle and new i And many are the tales they told-The false, the strange, the true.

What tales of horror they have told! Of tempest and of wreck; Of murder in the midnight hour, Of war full many a "Speck!" Of hips that lost away at sea— Went down before the blast, Of stiffed ories of agony Of life's last moments passed?

Of earthquakes and of suicides,

Of failing crops of cotton, And hanking system rotten. Of riots, duels fought. Of thleves, their booty caught.

Of flood, and fire, and accident,
Those worn out types have told;
And how the pestilence has swept
The youthful and the old;
Of marriages, of births and deaths,
Of things to please or vex us,
Of one man's jumping overboard,
Another gone to Texas.

They've told us how sweet summer days

Have isded from our view.

How antumn's chilling winds have swept The leaf-crowned forest through; How winter's snow hath gone and co and how the smiling spring hath warm The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half My inky friends have told, Since shining bright and beautiful, They issued from the mold— How unto some they joy have brought, To others grief and toars; Yet faithfully the record kept Of fast receding years.

#### A MARVELOUS EVENT.

Mrs. Janet Mowbray and her sons lived in 1828, at Harwick Hall, in the county of Durham, England. Mrs. Mowbray was a tall, powerful woman, of great energy and bravery, in her fiftyfourth year. Her sons were sged respectively thirty-four, twenty-seven, twentyfour and twenty one. Her husband had been dead many years. Her two eldest sons were married, and their wives and families lived with her. The youngest, George; was wild and dissipated, and had given his mother much trouble. He breast, as if he were a babe, wept over was deeply in debt, and had been repeatedly threatened with arrest. Mrs. Mowbray was wealthy, and kept in her bed-room, beside a quantity of valuable plate, a large sum of money.

On Christmas eve Mrs. Mowbray's son and daughter in law paid a visit to the residence of a relative, Mr. Chaker, of Chatersbaugh. The domestics, relieved rom duty, were in their own portion of the dwelling, enjoying the festivities of the season. The watchman, who was ordinarily on duty in the kitchen garden took a hasty survey of his beat, and joined the revellers in the kitchen.

a small gathering of friends and neighors, and Mrs. Mowbray began to: consider the arrangements necessary. She would require the old punch-bowl, and the ladies and goblets, which she kept in the closet of ther bed room. She would go and get them out at once. She went accordingly, and entering the closet took ont the silver and laid it on the shelf. ready for removal next morning. At the same time she took out a large, oldfashioned carving-knife and fork of quaint pattern, and deposited them also on the shelf. She then returned to the parlor. After sitting and musing for some time, she took up the bible and fumbled for her speciacles. She could not find them; and at length remember ed that she had left thom on the shelf in the closet. She at once returned for them. Entering her bed room, she placed the candle on the dressing table and lighted a small lamp with which

she entered the closet. As she took the first step inside the loset, she heard the sound as of some one breathing heavily. She looked up. and saw right before her the face of man. She was a brave, resolute woman. She advanced a step, and observed that the man's head, arms and body were through the small window at the end, s though in the act of wriggling himself through the opening. In the man's right hand was a pistol, and his left had old of a shelf which ran along the side of the closet. The man raised the pistol and fired. Mrs. Mowbray in an instant selzed the huge carving knife which lay on the shelf, and advanced toward the rufflan. He was struggling to withdraw himself from the window. His hands vere on the sill and his head somewhat raised, leaving his throat somewhat ex-

Being unable to work himself out of the aperture, he raised the platol as though to hurl it at Mrs. Mowbray! The ourageous old lady made one step forthe man's throat, laying it open from ear to ear. She then calmly retired, closed the closet door, blew out the lamp, and taking up her candle returned to the parlor, first having satisfied herself that trova drop of blood had stained her dress

or hands. Half an hour after midnight ber chil dren returned home. They found their nother seated by the fire, serenely reading her bible. They greeted her affec-It is scarcely necessary to add that itlonately, and prepared to retire for the light. Mrs. Mowuray said :

Boys, remain behind a little. I wish to speak with you. You, my dear daugh-When she was alone with her children, she said, with dignity and calm-

My children, I have killed a man! You will find his body fast in the small window of the closet off my bed room. Her sons stared at her in amazement. They at first imagined that she must be laboring under some mental disorder; but when she related to them plainly and rationally, and in her own straightorward, terse fastiton the story as just told, they saw that she was telling them

a simple fact. 'Go,' said she, 'and make what arrange-

lowed the sea all life, was starting against, the pale, winter sky, she saw THE WORN OUT FONT OF TYPE | you can tell me what course it is best to A STRANGE CREATURE IN GEORGIA. purage in this matter. The sons took the light and: went to Man Who has Lived with Snakes

their mother's room. They opened the door, and there sure enough was the body of a man hanging half through the window. The floor was a pool of blood. With difficulty the eldest son got near enough to the body without stepping into the gore, to raise the head, which was drooping on the chest. He grasped the hair, and lifted the head so that the light might fall upon the face. As he did so, a cry of horror escaped from all.

'Great God ! it is our brother George!' What do you say ?' asked Mrs. Mowbray, in a voice horribly caim, from the doorway, whither she had followed unerceived. George! what do you mean? The oldest son dropped the head to prevent, if possible, his mother recognizing it, and all of them endeavored to explain their exclamation, and get their mother away from the spot. It was in

Boys, she said, in her old, wellknown tone of authority, stand saide.-Let me see the face of the murderer

With that she put her sons on one side as though they had been mere lade, and walked through the slippery gore that lay upon the floor up to the body. She took the candle from the unresisting grasp of her first-born, and with a hand that trembled not, lifted the head of the dead man so that the light shone full upon it. She gazed at it steadily for half a minute, then she said, gently lowering it until it rested upon the breast again : 'It's my boy George!'

Mrs. Mowbray was the only one in

that household who remained calm and emotionless. The family were in the wildest state of sorrow. The three brothers with difficulty extricated the body from the window. The authorities were notified, and everything was kept as quiet as possible. The inquest was duly held, Mrs. Mowbray was fully exonerated, and the body was tenderly prepared for burial. The real story was known to a few outside, the family and the authoritles. It was believed by them that George, instead of going to Devonshire, had remained lurking in the neighborhood, and had planned the robbery, and if need be the murder of his mother.-He knew that she would be alone on that night, and that she had a large sum of

She dwelt tenderly on the familiar narks upon the limbs and face which she knew so well, each of which had a story of youthful daring or folly connecled with it. In due time the funeral took place. The corpse was laid in the family vault. Only the family and one or two relatives attended. Mrs. Mowbray spent the best part of each day by the side of her dear son. She showed externally no signs of emotion. Before the lid was closed she kissed the forehead and cut off a look of the hair.

The old nurse who had held George in

The day after the burial she gave directions to her eldest son to pay all the dead man's debts, which was done at once so far as known. Gloom settled over the hall. The wing of the building in which the tragedy occurred was closed up, and Mrs. Mowbray removed to a bed-

room up stairs. On the fifth day after the funeral a post chase drove up to the door of Harwick Hall, and from it stepped George Mowbray, looking better than he had looked for many a long day before he left home. The servant who opened the hall door started back, and almost dropped with fright. His exclamations caught the ears of Mrs. Mowbray and her sons. who hastened back into the entrance hall, only in their turn to be dumbfounded .-George was as much astonished as any of them, and gazed from one to the other, perfectly, lost in bewildered surprise There was no doubt about it. George Mowbray, whom everybody believed dead and in his grave, was living and before them.

'Mother,' said George, advancing toward her, 'what is the matter? My return is easily accounted for. On reach ng Tawvale, I found that my uncle' family had been unexpectedly summoned to London, as my eldest cousin, Si John Gray's wife, was thought to be dystarted home again, and here I am!

ing. I took a night's repose and then Mrs. Mowbray walked up to him, gazed into his face, and then, without a word, folded him in a passionate embrace Each of his brothers grasped his hands and kissed him as they had been wont to do when he was a boy and the pet of the family. The old nurse laroused from her noon-day slumber, embraced and wept over him, and the servants gathered round with wet eyes and congratulatory explanations.

All this time George knew nothing of the true reason for this singular reception, Soon, however, the mystery was explained to him. The effect upon him

cannot be described. Messures were immediately taken to have the body of the man who had been burled as George Mowbray disinterred This was soon done, and, as the living George stood beside the dead man, the resemblance was seen to be the most extraordinary. The marks on the face and hands corresponded with those on George's, the scars on the lege were simifar, also; and the hair, eyebrows and finger nails were marvelously alike. Who the dead man was, was never asdertained. After George's return, however, inquries were made, such as it was never deemed needful to make so long as the dead man was supposed to be Mrs. Mowbray's youngest son.

These inquiries led to the discovery that the day before the travedy three men, supposed to be from London, took up their quarters at an inn in a neighboring village, one of whom the landlord thought he recognized as having been in Mrs. Mowbray's service as a groum. The footsteps of three persons were also discovered in the garden, and sometime after a rope-ladder and a horse rough, which had apparently been used to lay upon the spikes at the top of the garden wall, were discovered in the neighboring copie; but the name of lead man was never discovered,

THE Boston Herald has the following infallible recipe : — To make pie, play

[From the Mason (Ga.) Messenger.] In the eld town of Suppury on the coast of Georgia, now a melancholy ruln tice, was born fifty one years ago. His parents emigrated from the Island Bermuda over a century since, and are u part responsible for the introduction of that beautiful grass which is the bane of

planters on the seaboard.... oripple, and his mother kept a small ba, ker's shop. They had one other son be sides James, and were very poor. The farmer from his earliest childhood was utterly unlike his kind, and developed habits of the strangest and most abnormal

Once, at a very tender age he was mis sing for several days, and finally torned up fast asleep upon a tomb stone in the

Fond of solitude, he ever lived in the thick recesses and tangled forests of that semi-tropical clime. A passion for natural history was thus engendered, which afterwards produced, we venture to say, the most complete works, (in manuscript)

Skilled in snaring birds, his home was strung around with ingenious cages of his own manufacture, filled with feathered known to the residents of the country .-He has been known to watch, and follow up day after day, without ceasing, a parpaquet or some other strange bird until he had secured his prize. Nets, bird limetraps, and robbery on the roost, were the means employed by him in capturing his feathered treasures. And never were they known to fail.

This protracted life in the woods, and close association with beasts and birds, gradually transformed this wonderful creature into a regular satyr, or wild man, and, strange to say, his very physical appearance underwent a change, and his natural tastes and appetites also. The writer has seen him with a pocket full of live grass-hoppers, which he would eat like sugar-plums or bon-bons. Lizzards, locusts, and even serpents were despatched in the same way. Indeed, among his other silvan pursuits, the capture of suakes noney and valuable jewels in her room. was a favorite pastime. Armed with a forked stick only, we have seen this man crawl on all fours through a covered ditch her arms when he first saw the light, took care of the body, and prepared it for the forty feet wide, filled with coze and slime, in quest of the deadly moccasin. When encountered, after pluning the reptile's head to the earth, he would seize it by the neck, and inserting a coarse cloth into its mouth so as to cover the fangs, forcibly extract them with a sharp jerk. They were then carefully placed in his bosom for shelter and safe keeping. We have seen him stand with the heads and forked tongues of several huge serpents thus bestowed darting shout his cheek and face. with a broad grin upon his semi-barbar ous countenance.

But this was not all ; our carniverous biped would devour these writhing monsters, with horrible gusto, alive and in New York will produce no less than squirming as he tore the flesh with his four thousand tons every day; and, the teeth-scores of living witnesses will at world over, animal lungs produce fully test this fact. He was even tempted to twice as much as the human. Still furthprofit, and actually advertised to sat living serpents in the cities of Charleston and Savannah, in the latter of which he was arrested for the brutality of the performance.

The dwelling of this man monster was visited by every stranger and antiquary who made a pligrimage to Sunbury to view theold fort, and the enchanting water scenery of the dilapidated town. It presents a unique appearance. Hung ound the walls were the cages of a multitude of birds, embracing many of every variety to be found in this latitude, and long chest upon the floor contained his collection of serpents. On one occasion the writer, anxious to get a peep at the hideous reptiles within, partially removed the lid, but quick as thought out glided a huge thunder snake, and he fled inconti nently. Twisted together in huge rolls these nauseous creatures, embracing rat tleanakes, moccasins, vipers, black snakes coach whips, the anaconda-like blue snake and many other varieties, existed, without food for long months, their prison floor being covered with the eags of the several

But who would suppose this snake man courted the muses and is the author of quite a collection of poems, mostly of the morous class, which were published, we believe, in Charleston. Several of these are in our possession, and form a curious melange of sentiment, vulgarity and nonsense. Occasionally, however, he wrote quite respectable doggerel, and his doting mother proclaimed him to be, not quite the equal of Byron, but the superior of

These pieces, when called upon, he would sing, or rather chant, in a monotonous guttural accent, the same tune fit-

ting all alike. The writer and Mr. James Seymour,or this city, were classmates at school with this curious genius, At quite a tender age he astonished his teacher by declaim ing the whole of the inimitable race of John Gilpin.

Previously regarded as a dunce at school, he was forthwith put into Murray's grammar, and never, we believe, learned the difference between a substan tive and a verb though beaten with many tripes almost every day. His first teacher who essayed to teach

im the alphabet had a though time of i When he would say, 'James say B,' the precoolous youth would reply, 'James av B. It was like the task of Sysinhus Dolt as he was, however, the miserable fellow, as before mentioned, did write quite a volume on the natural history of Georgia, which, despite its defects, was really instructive and interesting. In person, Somersall was a most disgusting object. He was callow-looking,

coloriess and cadaverous, recembling beast as much as a man. Strange to say though regardless of hobgoblins and polsonous reptiles, he was the veriest coward in the town. The smallest boy could impose upon or whip him at will, with impunity. The limits of a newspaper article prevent us from recalling many queen aneodotes and incidents in the life of this wonderful individual. He died about alx years since, and is still regarded, like the black dwarf of Bir Walter Scott, as one mients you please. I will wait here, and blindman's buff in a printing office. " of the celebritice of old Liberty county.

A POISON AND ITS. ANTIDOTE. The traveler London gives the follow-

ing interesting account of the famous poisonous valley in the island of Java .-We took with us some dogs and fowls, to try experiments in this poisonous hollow. # .\* When within a few yards of the valley we experienced a strong nauseus smell, but in coming close to its edge this disagreeable odor left us. The valley appeared to be about haif a mile in oference, oval, and the depth from thirty to thirty-five feet; the bottom quite flat: no vegetation; and the whole covered with the skeletons of human belogs, tigers, pige, deer, peacocks, and all sorts of birds. \* \* We now fastened a dog to the end of a bamboo, eighteen feet long, and sent him in-we had our watches in our hands, and in fourteen seconds he fell on his back, did not move his limbs or look around, but continued to breathe eighteen minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose and walked in to where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still, and in ten fell on his face and never afterward moved his ilmbs. He continued to breathe seven minutes. We now tried a fowl which died in a minute and a half. We threw in another, which died before touching the ground. " \* On the opposite side of the valley, near a large stone. was the skeleton of a human being. who must have perished on his back, with his right hand under his head .-From being exposed to the weather, the paes were bleached as white as ivory.-I was anxious to produce this skeletonbut an attempt to get it would have been

The old legend in regard to this valley was that a poisonous tree grew here named the Upw, and If any one approach it, the result was sure death. Subsequent investigation, however, proved the incorrectness of the legend in regard to the tree, but not, as it seems, in regard to the deadliness of the place. Nor was this latter exaggerated; but its cause on examination proved to be merely the overloading of the air with carbonic acid gas. The origin of the gas has not been so clearly ascertained, but has been supsed to be from some vent in the earth supplying the gas faster than it can be ilssipated in the air, though the traveler just quoted says. " we could not perceive any vapor, or any opening in the ground. Nevertheless this gas is known to be an abundant product of volcanic action, and from some such interior source it may be conveyed to this spot faster than it is conveyed away. But why are there not many such oisonous, valleys in the world? The

number of volcanic vents is great, and they are continually sending forth this same deadly product. Yet farther, so far as this material is concerned, every fire is a volcano continually emitting this gas as its chief product; and the amount of the whole may be judged by the fact that an average sized blast furnace will send forth at least two time every hour. Still farther, every pair of lungs is a little furnace adding no inconsiderable quota; for the breathing of a population like that and decay are pouring into the air four times as much of this gas as the human lungs produce. Altogether, the best computation makes the daily production of darbonic acid gas from these latter sources no less than eleven thousand mit lion pounds; and this in addition to what may be produced from any sources within the earth. Surely, in view of such numhere we might ask why should not the whole surface of the earth be made at length a Upas valley? Such Indeed it would have become, not within the pe riod since man's creation, but since the earth's first creation, had it not been for wonderful provision which has been nade for the consumption of this gas a fast as produced. A poison to all animal life it is indispensable food of all vegetable life. However much therefore, the former may send forth into the atmosphere, the latter is ready to absorb it all. We are amazed at the immense sum which represents the amount produced but we are no less surprised at some of the figures which tell of the amount required to sustain all the plants which are growing upon the earth. These all are provided with little mouths, scattered thickly over their leaves, which suck in the narbonic acid from the air, and, un der the influence of the sun-light, remoive it again into its elements, retaining the carbon to build up the plant, but sending out the oxygen to be breathed over by man or animal, or to sustain a flame will freight it again with carbon for still another use of the plant. And thus the endiess interchange goes on. The respiration of man is kept up by this distillation of the plant, and the plant is sustained by the waste from the system o the man or the animal; or else by the destruction of some other plant.

The number of these little hungry mouths, which the vegetable world opens to take up man's poleon, but its food is perhaps the most wonderful thing in all this story of beneficient wonders. "A single common illan-tree has a million leaves, and about four hundred thousand millions of pores or mouths at work sucking in carbonic acid: while on a single oak tree as many as seven million leaves have been counted." With such consumption even the immense pro duction does not seem too great. The two are equally balanced. The acid remains pure; the plants are all fed.

ASPARAGUS. -Sow early in Spring. in rich soll, in hills a foot apart, and one inch deep, thinning the plants to 8 inches apart in the rows; when one or two years old transplant to a well trenched and enriched ground planting in beds four feet wide, with path two feet wide between, and setting plants one foot apart each way and four inches deep; late in the fall mow off the manure, which fork in early in the spring and give a good dressing of sait; allow two seasons of growth before cut ting from the bed.

THE hog may not be thoroughly posted in arithmetic; but when you come to the square root he is there-the

Rates of Advertising. y 10 00 15 00 120 00 120 00 15 VOL. 58.--NO. 45. Double column advertishmente extra.

#### A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Jones came! home to tea! very : crose :: ndeed. Mrs. Jones, was not rit must " og confessed the most fudicious of helpmates, produced her milliner's bill.

Jones was furious. The bill was out. areous. No woman of self-respect would exhibit such a catalogue to a doting husband. He raved! He stormed. He'd leave it to anybody if the bill was not outrageous lups eno. 'Very well,' says Mrs. Jones, tarny,

eave it to Sally. Very well, says Mr. Jones, eagerly, leave it to Sally !" Sally was Jon s' cousin, who had

dropped in to sup; 3r. Read the bill says Jones, in his rand style, 'and !st Sally hear it.' Mrs. Jones bega .. 'Stop reading that bill,' says Jones,

I won't have tha read; those are the very items I object to! 'But,' urged Mrs. Jones, 'onless I read the whole bill, how can Sally de-

ermine?' 'Settle it as you can,' said Jones, 'If hat part of the bill is read, I throw rockery. You can't fail to see, dearst, that my object is harmony. I desire peace. If those items are read, there is no peace! Of course, Sally won't listen to the absurd charges at the top of that bill! They are preposterous! Anybody can bee at a glance hey are simply outrageous. I have unbounded confidence in cousin Bally : A he would at once pronounce themsel ridiculous. Therefore, Mrs. Jones, 7 they shan't be read, and if you attempt t, I will not only smash things, but Film: ttack Sally, and it will be your fault if I hurt her! Do you hear me? I will attack Sally, I say, and a breach of the peace will be upon your shoulders!

Mrs. Jones remonstrates once more My dear Jones,' she says if you have faith in your umpire, why insult her? If she will declare the bill too big, up-on seeing it, your point is gained. If she gives an opinion only on part of the bill, we shall still differ on the other part, which it is plain, from your conduct, is the most troublesome part, and we might as well/ not call in Sally at all. Nothing will be settled It not no us

'Madam,' resumed Jones, 'the situaes; tion is grave! In the interests of hare nony, what compromise, let me ask, have you to offer? I desire peace. I have already made a concession such as no married man can make with safety, in offering to refer this whole matter to cousin Sally. Having yielded this I do not expect to find you ready to take such an advantage as to hold me to her decision should it be against me. This, madam, was not to be expected. Della: cate as our relations are, I still hope for peace. I hold to the original proposition, as I understand it. I still agree to abide by Sally's decision if it shall be in my favor, provided she shall never ee these items o which I objected first, last and a ways. I make this concession for the sake of harmony.bracing, and of course, after such maghusband, you vill not insist upon eading any it m in that preposterous bill which I do consider preposterous! And I do trust hat, though she, by any chance, decid that the preposter ous bill is just, and ought to be paid, you will have womanly instinct enough o pay it yourself. This I urge in the interest of peace. It will save crockery and Sally's feelings.'

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND CHETOM --The Springfield Republican contains in extract from the town records of Hartford, Mass., dated April 80th, 1680, as follows: 'The select men have agreed with benjamin Barratt to hoop the town horne all the next somer and ad. benjamin Barrett hath agreed also to hoop the horne carefully and well and to drive the horne out at the towner. End every morning by the time the begin to hoop the horne the third day of March next, and from thence to hoop ill the twenty-ninth of September next and the pay to be delivered the sd. benjamin Barrett for hooping as above ed at or before the tenth of January next.

The pay of the aforesaid benjamin Barret' was to be as high as twelve shillings per 'weke' to be taken out in rain. But the method of hooping he horne' may not be so plain to all conders. It was the custom in those days to have a horn-blower in all New England villages and settlements as a public signal for beginning and ending public signal for beginning and ending the day's work or to call the menhome from labor at noon to their dinner; this was called 'hooping' —or whooping—the horn. This music was succeeded sometime afterward by the sunrise, noon and evening bells—which practice is kept up in some places till the present day. What is meant by driving the horn was; that benjamin was to blow his horn on the towner. necessary, even out of the towner and as required.

## A Strange Story.

About five years ago a youth, apparently fifteen or sixteen years of age, called at the publishing house of John E. Potter & Lo., in Philadelphia, and offered a manuscript, story, fer, publication. Mr. Potter—the head man of the firm—who happened to be in at the time; similed at the time of the manuscript. the idea of one so youthful apiring to he dea of one so youthful apiring to appear, in literature, as the author of a book; but finally at the urgent request of the boy, consented to keep the manuscript a few days; ad look it over. When earlist a few days; id look it over. When he had done so, a was convinced that the story, while wincing a lack of pollished education of the part of the boys is author, possessed considerable misrit as at exciting no. el, some of the spenges being described with wonderful power; and after consulting with the other members of the firm, lecided its publish it. When the youth alled a few days afterward is told bran of his conclusion, and it was agreed that the anthor should receive a royalty of ten entite a copy on the story was published in book. It is not that time one and develop thousand copies have been sold. Buy thousand copies have been sold. Buy what is singular about it is that the though of since; and there is now due him the sum of \$17,000 as copyright on his story.—Boston Times, 22th uit.