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Poetry.

To a Coquette. Lady, would'st thou learn of me Love's designing witchery? Listen, I have learned of thee:-

Choose the youth whom thou would'st win, Woo him with thine eyes' sweet sin,— Wherefore wait till he begin?

If he ask thy hand to dance, Yield thou with a dazzled glance,— Talk to him of old romance.

Let the voice be low and meek, That he scarce may hear thee speak,— Listening, he may touch thy cheek.

Feign a sad unhappiness, Something thou may'st not confess,-Sympathy may soothe distress.

Tell of walks by soft moonlight,-Should he say, "wilt walk to-night?"
Start half wishful, half in fright.

Wile him into window-nooks, Flatter him with fervid looks, Lean with him o'er pictured books Languish if he stay away,

"Aye be with me," seem to say,---Man will never say thee nay. Dear, deceitful strategy!

Thus may hearts ensuared be

Selections.

The Hanging Guest. A RUSSIAN STORY.

Two versts from W---a, upon an emi nence between a wood, a morass, and a riv er, at some distance from the high road, stands a wooden country house, with a green and antiquated roof. Here usually throughout the summer, and sometimes, too, in autumn, resides Gaurilla Michailowitch P., a retired captain, and at present district justice, a very worthy man, as are all district-justices in the W---a depart-

of August,-, his worship Gaurilla Michailowitch, with his honored lady, Parskovya Vegerovan, set out for the city in a britschka, to transact sundry urgent matters of business, viz: to go to church, to drink with his reverence and prototype, to cat and be convivial with the district attorney, to hear the town news from the commandant's lady, ad the St. Petersburg papers at t district treasurer's and to play boston at tor was making sport of her uneasiness, she the governor's. Scarcely had the master rallied herself a little, and cried out hurand mistress driven from their door, when riedly, but with a tremulous voice: "A roball the servants followed their example and ber? Poh! what a horrid life!" quitted the house. The butler went to see his cousin in the village; the cook betook other once: but now, I say, my pretty lass, himself to the public-house: the cook-maid to the river to catch crawfish; Procher and a bit in my mouth these three days. We Daria went nutting in the wood: Vaska and Matasba strayed to the heath to gather cranberries, &c.; Duna alone remained in the house. Duna, the pearl of the whole chin and formidable mustaches charging so W-a department, a sprightly, virtuous fiercely upon her, the sight of his ugly red damsel: by her calling a housemaid; by nose that nearly touched her cheek, put her her natural good qualities the favorite of in a downright passion; and with the her mistress; for whose sake the governor's strength that makes heroes of us in movalet-who, like herself, had been brought ments of extreme peril, she pushed the auup in the great world in the Nevska Perspective-neglected the polishing of his master's boots; to the great scandal and I'd thank you not to frighten me for nothindignation of the whole provincial administration; none but he could appreciate her feelings; none but she could duly estimate the graces of his deportment. They mutually adored each other, as only hearts can adore that have taken fire by the Kasan bridge in St. Petersburg, and they were as happy as none can be but in the country.

Girls shut up in a house by themselves are always afraid of thieves. Duna, therefore, carefully fastened the outer doors, and to avoid thinking of thieves, she went to look at herself in the glass while she waited for the valet, whom she had given to understand that her master and mistress were to spend the whole day in the town. In the pleasantest possible mood, Duna arranged her curls, set her kerchief in order, tightened her girdle, and hummed a tune, when suddenly there was a gentle tap at the door. "That is hel" and like an arrow, she flew and opened it to let him in. "Ah! it is not

"I am your man," replied a deep, husky voice, as there cautiously entered through the open door a big-built fellow, in a tattered frieze cloak and faded cap, with a swarthy face much in want of the barber's office, terribly foxy mustaches, a dusky red nose, and a scarlet forchead, blue line, and blood-thirsty eyes; the very type of the chairman of a city pot-house, or one of those figures that are only to be seen in one of Salvator Rosa's naintings.

The astonished Dung recoiled some stens. and repeated with a sigh from the bottom of her heart. "It is not he!" Mcanwhile cupboard in the ante-chamber. He stuck Are these all crumbs of office?"

the stranger had stepped in, and with the the knife in his boot and followed her step utmost coolness closed the door again. locked it, and put the key in his pocket. "What do you want? Who are you?"

cried Duna. "Why do you put the key in-

to your pocket?" "Don't be alarmed, my little dear," he said, smiling. "I am come to pay you a visit. The time must have hung heavily on your hands, all alone here."

"Not at all. But what do you mean by ocketing the key?"

Instead of answering, he went up to her, and patted her on the cheek. She sprang from him.

"Why do you lock the door? Give me the key or I will cry out."

"That will do you no good. I know very well there is no one in the house." "A pretty thing indeed! Come in with-

out 'With your leave' or 'By your leave,' and lock the door as if you were in your own house!" "I always lock the door when I have the

luck to be with so pretty a girl as you," and once more he patted her cheek with his coarse, dirty hand. The angry Duna retreated into a corner.

"But who are you? It is very unhandsome, so it is, to make fun of a girl, and tease her so without any acquaintance."

"I never visit acquaintances," he replied, with an altered look, and a tone that froze the poor girl's blood.

In every ante-chamber and chancery office Duna bore the reputation of a girl of spirit. She was no easy conquest. Many a presumptuous clerk had felt the print of her nails in his face to that degree that he was not likely to forget it, though he should inky fingers, is a trifle to a girl who has trict court. Is not that true?" been brought up in the best milliner's shop in the Nevska Prospective; an unshaved, broad shouldered, ugly vagabond, in a frieze cloak, with red mustaches and a violet nose, is quite a different sort of thing, and enough

to frighten anybody. Duna began to cry. "Don't cry my ltttle duck! I won't do you any harm," he said, in a softer tone, as he drew near her. Now, this softer tone alarmed her even more and she involunta-

rily stretched out her arms to keep him off. "Who are you, I say?" she cried in despair, but with an assumption of courage, with a fire that was gradually extinguished by her gushing tears. "You shall tell me on the spot who you are?"

"Who I am?" "Yes, who are you? Your calling and vour name?"

"I am a thief." "A thief!" she echoed, falteringly, turn-

Early one Sunday morning, in the month ing white as snow. "I am a thief by name, and a robber by station," he said, with a smile and looking tenderly into her blue eyes; but the smile on his face resembled the ghastly glimmer-

> morass. Duna was terrified (not at the phrase, but at the smile,) and a cold tremor ran through her frame; but seeing that her visi-

> ing of the moon upon the foul waters of the

"Every man to his calling. I had angive me something to eat. I have not put will breakfast together, and then-

With a sudden gesture he threw his arms around her neck. The sight of his bristly dacious fellow back.

"Hands off, if you please, Mr. Robber!

"You know, do you? Well, what is it, "Oh! I know very well: but allow me to

tell you it is a very great shame. I will have you up for it. Give me back the key this moment, and be off."

"Some breakfast," growled the stranger. "I have no breakfast for you; there is nothing to eat in the whole house. Go breakfast in the public house, if you have a mind. By the same token you smell of brandy enough to knock one backward; I dare say you have made a very good break-

fast already." "What! nothing to eat?" he muttered, knitting his brow, and bending a penetrat- be glad to know-whether you-would ing glance on the girl as he put his right rather-be hanged, or-O ho, Gaurila Mihand down towards his boot. "De you see chailowitch keeps his money under two this?" said he, showing her a broad-bladed locks, does he! Stay a bit; it is not the first knife with small speckles, traces of recently | we have coaxed open." So saying, he took shed blood he had somewhere hastily wiped an iron instrument out of his pocket, and off on the grass. "I have no time to joke immediately began to use it upon the lock. with you."

Poor Duna stared with open eyes, and seemingly petrified by his basilisk glances. "Breakfast!" he shouted.

"Immediately." "Be quick; I have no time to lose." "Take whatever you please; there is

some roast meat of yesterday in the cup- many a day. Will you speak or no?" board." "Show me into the parlor, put everything you have got on the table, and stir your-

by step. Bread, brandy, salt, butter, cheese and cold roast veal, were placed on the same table where the proprietors of the house had recently breakfasted, before setting out for town. He scated himself, seized Duna's arm, and forced her down beside him .--'Well, I say," said he, bolting the fat veal with ravenous voracity, and squinting sideways at his companion, "I gave you a jolly

start, did'nt I!" "I believe you did! I wonder who would not be frightened sol"

"You did wrong to stand out against me. If you had done what I wanted at once-Your health. Drink a little drop to keep me company."

"I never touch brandy."

"That's a pity; it's capital brandy .-What's your name?"

"Catherine Nicola."

"That's a lie," he said, with a mouthful, and scowling on her; "I know your name is Avdotya Yeremeyevna." "Then why do you ask if you know?"

"To try your candor. Capital brandy, to be sure; is there any more of it!" "There's another bottle in the cupboard."

"Have the goodness to bring it here." "There it is."

"Thank you. By your leave I'll give rou a kiss for it."

Duna no longer dared to resist: she submitted with the best grace she could to the rude kiss, contenting herself with wiping the place where his sharp beard had scratched the skin till it almost bled.

"To let you see that I am up to a thing or two," he went on, after he had gulped his third glass of brandy, "I will tell you live to be a master in chancery. Duna, in that a clerk brought your master 1,500 rufact, did honor to St. Petersburg. But a bles yesterday from Ivanovitch F., whose bashful provincial chancery clerk, with his case was brought last week before the dis-

> "May be so." "Well, where does your master keep his

noney?" "Really I do not know."

"But I do; we shall soon find it. Avdotya Yeremeyevna, my pet, my darling!"

"What is your pleasure?" "I wish you would be sociable?"

Poor Duna was forced to make a show of being sociable. The guest was in the happiest humor; he laughed and joked with her. Duna gradually forgot her terrors, grew bolder, defended herself becomingly, nay, laughed aloud, and endeavored to disguise her intense anxiety under a show of cheerfulness, while in secret she prayed fervently to heaven that the red-nosed guest might soon eat and drink his fill, and take his leave, and the incomparable Ivan might soon arrive to indemnify her sensitive heart for this fearful torment

Alas! Ivan, who had got leave from the governor, left the town, and sped with hasty steps, and a heart brim full of tenderness and hope, to meet her. He walked nothe flew. Cupid had fastened his own wings to his boots. He flew like an arrow. But on his way lay a brandy shop; there is no road without them. He would have flown by it; but in the brandy shop were his acmaintances, his beloved friends. He made a halt with them for a moment, only a moment, and got tipsy with them. It happened quite against his will; he was even n despair at it. Altogether, it was one of the most memorable victories ever achieved by Friendship over Love.

Meanwhile the ugly vagabond had emptied his sixth glass of brandy. At the sevyou-I love you so much-Just tell me her in life. what sort of death you would like to die .-Shall I cut off your head, eh? Or would

be in earnest. Why don't you answer?" he said, examining the secretary and lock. "I should Duna stood as if spell bound in the middle of the room, trembling in all her frame."

"Well, what is it then? Speak out, Avdotya Yeremeyevna. Can't you make up your mind? Hang the lock! Avdotya Yeremeyevna, I wait your answer my precious. This is the strongest lock I've seen this

The secretary burst open with a crash. "Whoo! what a lot of fine things! Bank don't go: spoiled most likely. A ring. I

me, what death will you die?"

"Well, I'm sure! Aren't you ashamed, sir? It is a very ugly joke, this."

"I am not joking at all, my sweet one." "What have I done to you? You have taken whatever you pleased; I did not one-the last. He collected all his strength hinder you."

"That's very true; but do you see, I can't abide leaving eye-witnesses behind me; I wash my hands of them by all means. With others I don't stand on ceremony; but as you, my love, are such a nice, good natured, amiable little dear, I will give you your choice of death. I love politeness-I who have been brought up in St. Petersburg."

Still she would not believe that he was in earnest.

"Now, then, let's have it at once: I have no time lose. Let us put compliments aside. I am extremely sorry, but you must die by my hand. I am not going to be such a fool as to let you live to tell what sort of went. Now, Avdotya Yeremeyevna, anwer quickly."

Every word of her cold-blooded torturer was a dagger-stroke to her; her whole blood, all the warm current of her life, curdled back upon her heart; her limbs grew icy cold, and floods of tears poured over her inanimate face. She tottered and fell to stand what he was doing, and made no atthe floor. In her fall she caught the rob tempt to understand it. True, she was Run to the house. Take forks, hatchets, ber's foot and kissed it. "Have mercy on still standing upright like a living thing, guns-a thief-a murderer, with great me!" she shricked. "Oh, spare my life, I but living she was not. The involuntary mustaches and a red nose. He said he lapsed into his usual cool and decorous beimplore you! I swear to you, I will not cry of the murderer waked her, however, say a word to any one. For the sake of from her trance. She saw him bleeding, the blessed St. Nicholas-have compassion as if it were half a dream: she saw blood on upon me! I will pray all my life for you the floor, a hideous gaping mouth, with

touch his stony heart with all that intense liverance. dispair and the clinging love for a youthful, it in her throat.

"Oh, oh! for the love of heaven!" sobbed me! No bloody death! Mercy!-mercy! Hang me rather!"

Ay, ay," he said, with a hideous grin; so you can speak at last. Why did you not say so at once? I have lost a great deal of time already; still I can't refuse you the favor, for you are such a nice girl! Don't be afraid, Duna! You shall die in the pleasantest manner. It is an ugly death, table; until my arm—pray do! I will not subject of the orchestra, when unreliable wretched beast over the head with iron bars, that of the knife. If I might choose myself kill you; I only meant to frighten you. I would rather be hanged than knouted, Oh! how my head swims!" when my time comes. We will look about for a cord."

The wretched girl, powerless in mind and body through terror, cold as ice, trembling and almost lifeless, submitted to all his commands. The rope was soon found. and the murderer returned with his victim to the same room where the remains of the enth he grew pensive, pursed his brows, and breakfast still stood upon the table. He bit his lips as if a pang shot through his vi- threatened to kill her instantly if she stirred tals; a dark shadow passed like a cloud from the spot where she stood-placed a over his countenance; suddenly he sprang chair on the table, and sprang nimbly upon from his sent, and, without intending it it. Having fastened the rope round the pushed so strongly against his companion, beam, he drew the knife from his boot, cut that she almost fell between his feet. He off the projecting part of the rope, stuck looked round uneasily, took the brandy the knife into the beam, and set about bottle, the bread and a piece of meat from making a double running knot in the rope. the table, put them all into the fathomless Duna stood motionless in the middle of the pockets of his clonk, and said: "Thank you room; heat and cold rushed alternately for bread and salt-your hospitality. Gau- through her whole frame; sparks of fire rila Michailovitch keeps his money in his danced before her eyes; she saw nothing; table on which the robber rested his foot, secretary, eh? Why don't you speak? You she did nothing but pray, confess her sins, see I am not such a bad fellow as you commend herself to all the saints, and menthought at first, my pretty chick. I love tally bid farewell to all that was dear to

"Presently, presently, my precious!" said the murderer, going on with his work: "you Duna stopped short at the door. His hideyou rather I should hang you-from that shall see how nicely I will hang you. I ously distorted face struck her with involbeam, for instance? Don't be afraid—only am not a new hand at the job. Do you see sny what you would like best, charming now, all is ready; only we must see whether own features she beheld. The sight rivited Duna."

the rope is strong enough. I would not for the world you should fall to the ground and dered, and dared not not move a step forme so cruelly?" said Duna, not crediting break your ribs. It is for your own inter- ward. that the ugly jester with the red nose could est and my own that-Draw the chair away from under my feet.

and drew away the chair; while the robber held the rope fast in both hands, having fully he screams! The rope must be cut. slipped it over one arm up to the elbow, to Duna advanced a few steps. That horrid pretty nearly hungry enough to eat each whinnied for mercy, the blood all the while convince himself of its strength by swinging on it with the whole weight of his body.

"Push the table aside."

"All right; it is a capital rope; it will old more than you—you and me together." him fast by the wrist. Duna's executioner window. had, in fact, hanged himself by the hand. Though experiencing the most intense

pain, he wished to conceal his critical posinotes, and ducats, and watches! They tion from the girl, that she might not avail en's." herself of it to escape. He tried to reach These words, uttered in unspeakable animals, as you call them, are trained upon ness she now assumes with so much appa-Pale and bewildered she tottered to the don't want it, Oh, I'll take these diamonds. the imprisoned hand with his left; but the agony and despair, suddenly rallied the a system of tender kindness, and mild rent ease. She was a pretty girl, and ocweight of his body prevented his bringing girl's energies. She ran to the gate. The coercion only to be equalled in a first-class casionally there would be remonstrance;

Chatting in this fashion with himself and his shoulders parallel. Suddenly he began monster's horrid jest had proved his horrid ladies' school, conducted on the moral Duna, he crammed his pockets with money, to whirl and fling himself wildly through punishment. Could he have supposed that suasion principle? Don't you know that watches, and trinkets, and then turned ab the air, hoping the rope would snap; but in he tied the knot for himself? Could he have the 'talking horse' is induced to ascend and ruptly to the half dead girl: "Well, my vain! If he had but the knife in his boot love, your choice? waste no time; but tell he might have severed it; or, at the worst, foot hung over the grave, should be the mo command, entirely my means of pieces of have cut off his hand, and saved himself by flight. But unluckily for him, the knife was sticking in the beam. How was he to got at it?

He thought of one means-a desperate to shake the knife out with a powerful spring. The effort failed.

The weight of his heavy frame dangling in the air by one hand only, his violent efforts, the pressure of the tight-drawn knot, occasioned the villain intense torture: the joints of his arm cracked and began to part: the blood oozed out under the rope from the lacerated skin, and trickled into the sleeve of his cloak; while that of the rest of his them." framerushed from the extremities to his arm would be torn off. He even wished that it might. His anxiety lest the peo; le love songs, cracking jokes upon their mas- may entertain?" of the house should return; his dread of ters, with their caps set jauntily on one being taken in this predicament; impatience, side, and tacking along the road in easy the discussion, our friend suddenly explorage; the thought of his misdeeds, of his zig-zags. Duna ran towards them, pale, ded into a paroxysm of powerful-not to a moustache, cyes, nose, clothes, &c., I have punishment all his guilty life; all this with staring eyes and flying hair; her neck say slightly blasphemous-denunciation of got-what I did here, and which way I possessed his tumultuous imagination, and brought his dark soul to dispair. Cold his tiger like endurance, a cry of agony ing! faster! faster!" burst at last from his iron bosom.

Duna, petrified, and thinking of death, had hitherto looked on in idiotic indifference. For a long time she did not undergreat mis-shaped teeth, red fiery eyes startfrom his foot, kicking her in the breast. In in his ghastly distorted features, and

"Avdotyal push the table nearer," said into the hands of justice. joyous existence, could breathe into the the robber, in altered, but still harsh and words, the voice and tears of a helpless commanding accents, that terrified her being. The villain, harder than granite, again; and compelled her to blind obedience. grew every moment more cruel and savage. Once more she lost her presence of mind, Raging with impatience, he caught her by and pushed the corner of the table towards the hair, forced back her head, drew his him. The villain reached it with the toes knife from his boot, and was about to plunge of one foot; he raised himself up a few lines. It was for him a moment of enjoy- had for "Sports of the Arena," coupled animals and children, roused me to such ment. Never in his whole life had he with the confession of our just having come pitches of horror and indignation, that it the unfortunate girl, beside herself at the known one like it-not even after the most from enjoying the same. sight of the terrible knife; "hang me!-hang successful murder. His agony was less intolerable; he drew breath again; but his right, was benumbed and powerles. The mal." knot, too, had grown too tight; the reprobate felt that he could do no more without

"Avdotva Yeremevevna!-kind friend!good girl! do me the favor! jump upon the

hearted girl. The feeling of compassion the thought of their own danger. Thatwoman thinks with her heart has been said thousands of times since the invention of printing. In Dung's bosom compassion prevailed over fear, and stifled the voice of self-preservation. She sprang upon the table, and labored long and hard at the knot She could not undo it

"Do me the favor, sweet, sweet Dunn! Fetch me a knife-cut the rope-I am dying with pain."

The girl jumped off the table, and ran to pantry. Poor creature! she little knew the return the red-nosed guest was prepared to make for her kindness of heart. She found a knife: she burried back: she was on the threshold of the scene of torture, when the turned over with a loud noise. He had upset it in endeavoring to change his feet.

Once more he was swinging with all his weight in the air. A piercing yell told the sudden renewal of his former tortures. untary horror; she thought it was Satan's

She looked round and saw a window onen The thought flashed upon her that she Duna unconsciously went up to the table, | might avail herself of the circumstance. But he sufferes so dreadfully! How frightgaping mouth. Duna tottered back, and other, and not by any means in the humor bursting out of her ears, eyes and nostrils." mechanically unconscious of what she did dropped from it into the court yard.

When she was in the court-yard she knew not what she had done or what she it is, I'd give fifty dollars any time to see a He now let go the rope, intending to had to do. She had escaped the sight of the 'talking' or 'dancing' horse kick his teachjump to the ground. Apparently it was ferocious mouth, but not the influence of er's brains out; and I'd walk as many miles his purpose to startle the poor girl by the her tormentor. He had fascinated her. He to have the pleasure of watching a sagacious bold and sudden leap; but the noose intend- was still lord of her life. Her knees elcphant trample into a pancake the wretch ed for her, gliding along his arm, caught trembled, she dared not withdraw from the

> miscreant, savagely; "you have done clever- riding-whip." ly. I'd have slit your throat like a chick-

tottered; she dared not look round, lest she very young, and are gradually lod-by beshe should again full into the hands of her scratched behind the ears by their keeper's persecutor. Nowhere a living soul.

She struggled up a rising ground.

head. Every moment it seemed as if his governor's valet. They were all returning them to interpret and anxiously desire to home together, careless and happy, singing execute the slightest wish their keepers uncovered-her wits bewildered. "Come all things equstrian, acrobatic, or in any along! quick! quick!" she screamed. "He way connected with the circus business, desweat broke from his forehead. In spite of is hanging! hanging!—the villain is hang- claring that every traveling show was no

> cried to her; "who is hanging? Where is people, gymnastic professors, clowns, huhe hanging? Give us a kiss; Dunushka. morists and all other persons, whatsoever. 'Tis a merry world."

"He is hanging, I tell you! Don't laugh. devils. would slit my throat like a chicken's-that he'd hang me!"

They hastened their steps, armed themselves as well as they could, broke the house door open and went into the parlor. The The inexorable miscreant shook her off ing from the socket; she read his anguish robber had fainted; blood streamed from his summer campaign. I had considerable mouth and nose. They took him down and power of imagination, and enough literary vain she raised her imploring looks and guessed at last what had happened. Hope bound him. After the return of the master ability to write puffs and advertisements; arms toward him: in vain she sought to animated her; she began to think of de- and mistress of the house, he was conveyed so I accepted the situation. We hadn't the same evening to prison, and delivered been three weeks out, until I wished I had

Circuses:

AND WHAT IS DODE IN THEM. Subsequently to visiting a theatre the other night, we met a friend to whom, in the course of a conversation, we confided the important secret of a weakness that we

"We only wish, though," we remarked by way of finishing a sentence, "that they the brains of certain parties, whose names left hand, which he tried to use to free his would do away with the performing ani-

"Oh! you do wish that?" said he, in a having done something wrong.

"Why, yes," we resumed rather hesitatingly; "we never feel quite at case on the quadrupeds, like elephants and rhinoceroses, till they bent, was one of the mildest are allowed to run loose about the ring forms of persuasion adopted by Buggins .-within a few feet of the musicians' heads. Running iron goods three inches long, int There's no knowing what dangerous senti- the soft flesh behind the car, was regarded not unfrequently extinguishes in woman of hostility might suddenly be provoked in by Buggins as little more than an impresthe minds of such beasts, against the pro- sive mode of tickling the intelligent monsceedings of the cornet a viston. or what ter. But Buggins' great feat in the torturmight be their opinion regarding a pecu- ing line of business was a dextrous way he liarly brilliant solo on the onbecleide."

same unpleasant manner as before. "Well, yes," we replied, "there's the dan- ances, in the presence of the public." ger to the exhibitors, you know. Some months ago, if you remember, a certain we exclaimed. well known circus proprietor and self-styled voring to stand in a state of triumphant harm in a circus, care about."

tableau." "I only wish it had killed him!" exclaim- such miscreants as Buggins." ed our friend, with an excitement that he

strong emotion. "Good heavens!" cried we, "killed whom -which-what?" "Why the human brute, I mean," said

he, "of course." ruffian-that you wish that the rbin-that

rainer?'

"I do, by Heaven?" replied our friend; to besitate long about experimenting on the she raised herself to the window-ledge, and qualities of the human body as an article to stop the wretch?" of food, even though it might be the body of their familiar tyrant and torturer! As who amuses himself by driving a three-inch spike into the poor animals flesh, or by "Ha! you young jade!" howled the cutting him in the open mouth with a heavy

"But you are mistaken," we be began

supposed that awful moment, in which her descend a flight of steep stairs at the word ment of deliverence to the innocent, and of carrot and apple; and that when he is being exemplary punishment to the guilty? Here put through his rehersals, his master inwas the finger of Providence. It is every- variably locks up every whip in the place, where. It is a falsehood to maintain that to avoid being betraved by sudden irritavice and crime alone prosper in this world. | tion, into anything like harshness tewards She ran, and ran, till her strength was the docile creature? Don't you know that nigh exhausted; no one was in sight. She the elephants an rhinoceroses and camels ran further; her breath failed; her limbs and lions and tigers, are captured when should again see that fearful mouth, lest ing nursed in their keeper's laps, softly fingers, rewarded by good behavier with choice fruits or extra allowance of beef, "Ah! there is our butler; and there is and punished only with a switch that our Vaska; and Prochei. Ah! he too is with own children would laugh at as an instrument of torture-to regard their keeper He, to wit, the incomparable Ivan, the with an absorbing affection that enables

We are sorry to say that at this point of better than a circulating Pandemonium, "Hey, little dove of the woods," they all and that the daring horsemen, menagaris engaged therein, were so many incarnate

"I traveled with a circus, once for over six months," he went on to say, as he rehavior; "I was infernally hard up when I happened to have thrown in my way a chance for an engagement to do part of the agency business of a large concern, just starting for the West and North for the tried to get a place as light porter in a dry goods store, or something of the kind-anything, indeed, I should have prefered to associating with the people I found myself thrown amongst.

The life was a very hard one in the first place, though that I did'nt mind. But the horrible cruelties I saw daily practised on was only by painful efforts of self-control, that I restrained myself from dashing out you are well acquainted with through the medium of gorgeous posters, with an iron tent-pin, or anything else that came to hand. way that made us feel vaguely guilty of There was Buggins, the excruciating jester, comic equestrian, and 'subduer of the wild denizens of the forest.' Do you know how Buggins tamed his rinoceros? Hitting the had of flicking his whip into his unwieldly "Have you no other objection?" asked victim's eve. That he regarded as a masour inquisitorial acquaintance, with the ter-piece of ingenious punishment, and he used to practice it even at evening perform-

"But it must have destroyel the sight,"

"Of course it did," rejoined our friend; 'Tamer of the Brute Creation' was tossed "but it made the rhincerous mind; and and severely injured by the 'Intelligent that's all Buggins, and the pious folks who Mastodon,' on whose head he was endea- won't go to a theatre, but think there is no

"But," we ventured to say, "all were not

"Buggins was a paragon of friendliness never exhibits, unless under the inflence of and mercy, compared to Bill Jones, one of the proprietors." was our friend's reply --"I recollect one morning, Jones was trying to teach a gray mare-such a pretty creature-to keep in the circle. She had never seen sawdust before; was a little skittish-"What!" we rejoined in a burst of indig- intrictable. Over and over again did Jones nation, "do you mean-you sanguinary lash her with a heavy whip, till you could see little streaks of blood showing up through is 'Intelligent Mastodon'-had killed Mr. the glossy hair of the coat. Frightened to ---, we should say his talented and popular death at such treatment, she jumped round just as he started her off again, and fell out of the ring. Jones rushed up to her like a "and what's more, if I had it in my power, demon, beat her over her head and neck I'd throw every 'Lion King' into the cage with the butt end of his whip, and afterwith his beasts, just at the time when the wards with an iron bar as thick as your two monarchs of the forest and jungle were thumbs, till she got down on her knees and "Good God!" we cried, "did nobody try

> "Stop him! Why, his father-in-law stood by, applauding him; hounding him on with

'Give it to her, Bill! give it to her!'" "Well, not his father-in-law then; but since that time, Bill married the daughter. Ah! you should have seen that noor child trained. I have been told by those who traveled with the family, that she was naturally timid. She is considered to-day one of the most daring horsewomen in the world. Her courage was flogged into her. She was whipped up to the balancing point-lashed to urge. "Do you know that all these poor through every position of classic graceful-