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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, April 23, 1846.

THE ORPHANS' PRAYER.

It was the holy hour of midnight,
The stars shone forth from high,
The dusk of eve had fallen,
Midnight's light and cloudless sky.
The moon shone forth in splendor
Upon a scene so fair,
'T was a maiden robed in beauty
Who knelt in silent prayer.
She knelt upon the greenward,
Her hands were gently clasped;
Her eyes were raised to heaven,
As she her petition asked.
I pray thee, heavenly Father,
That thou wilt be beside,
Though storms are dark and heavy,
That thou wilt be my guide.
I thank thee, heavenly Father,
For all thy blessings here;
I thank thee, for thy goodness,
Thy watchfulness and care.
A simple note o'er her feature—
Her thoughts soared far away,
To that land of heavenly spirits,
That realm of endless day.

A Night Storm on Vesuvius.

Italian Correspondence of the Tribune.

Naples, March 2, 1846.

I have visited Vesuvius twice, within a few days—the first time with a party and annoyed by a crowd of guides—the second with a single companion and in the night. I picked my way by the light of a torch, over the masses of scoria, and followed a stream of lava from its source, as it poured slowly down the side of the mountain—now scrambling along a ridge of loose stones and ashes, which formed a bank twenty feet high, for the molten current; now actually riding on the burning river at the rate of at least a mile per hour, and now picking my way over a thin crust, and peeping through the cracks in the hardening stone at the glowing mixture below.

On the first occasion we rode to the "Hermitage," an edifice erected for the accommodation of visitors, some two-thirds of the distance to the crater. A winding road conducts you amid the vineyards and by the side of fearful ravines, and from every turn some new and varied prospect of the Bay and City of Naples, the island and the shore, opens before you. At the Hermitage, crowds of zaire-able fellows offer the visitor canes, donkeys, and less agreeable still, their own company and assistance up the mountain. I took them off, and trusting to a good stick and a tried pair of legs, set out on foot. The region which succeeds is desolate beyond expression; heaps of scoria and ashes spread out on every side, and not a living thing shows itself among them. No Phlegæan fields could ever be so scorched or desolate. After two or three miles amid this scenery, you come to the cone, where the real labor of the ascent commences. It is in a word a scramble up heaps of loose ashes, at an angle of some forty-five degrees, to a height of a thousand feet. A small cone, steeper than the first, rests upon a comparative level, and surrounds the mouth of the volcano, which emits a constant stream of smoke. It is a most appalling and yet fascinating sight to gaze into the depths of the crater. You hear the hissing and seething below, and strain your eyes to find amid the irregular cavities which appear on every side, some evidence of the strange process, when suddenly an immense column of smoke pours up, hides everything from the view, and rolls away over the distant hills, while you start back blinded with ashes, choked with a sulphurous blast, and almost ready to turn your back and flee for life.

Faith descends Averno, for it is from Averno here. The descent is really a pleasure; we bounded down the steep declivity like goats, leaping at one bound ten or twenty feet in the loose ashes, shouting like school boys, and exhilarated, either by the mountain air or the Lacryna Christi, till we hardly knew whether feet or head supported us—a mistake not pardonable when moving over a surface inclined like the cone of Vesuvius.

My second visit was more full of adventures. I set out on foot from my hotel and escaped from the city after having been pursued, without exaggeration, for at least a mile and a half by two rival cabmen. Since I have been in Naples I have learned to think New York hack drivers quiet and forbearing. Here at every step they call to a pedestrian, beckon to him, solicit his attention by a most insinuating crack of their whips, and even sometimes drive directly across his path. On this occasion my friend esen struck one of the rascals with his cane. We threatened them, told them we preferred to walk, without any success; still they followed, crying "Signori, Signori, carriage, carriage." At last the insulting offer of one, for a drive of 5 miles, seemed to produce an effect, and they left us.

At the foot of the mountain we took some asses. While making our bargain, for one makes a bargain for everything in Naples, even for an orange, we were surrounded by a crowd of most nefarious wretches, cut-throats to a man. It was nearly night, and I stipulated that only one man should accompany us. As we crawled slowly up the hill at a donkey pace, the night came on, the moon was covered with clouds, and we met numbers of laborers returning from the vineyards. I was reminded of the evil stories I had heard of the mountain, and of the soldier who always ascends with a party to guard them. One man passed us and took a path across the hills, and so less than four times did our guide attempt to make us turn from the beaten track into the mountains, where we felt sure there could be no road; but we kept a good watch, and trusting to our knowledge of the way kept steadily on. At last it began to rain, and as our only resource we crept under a gateway and looked out on the clouds, and wondered what was coming next. But we reached the hermitage safely—made our bargain for a night's rest on a settle—provided a

bottle of Lacryna Christi, four eggs to roast upon the lava, and after inscribing our names on the album and drying ourselves before the fire, we laid down to rest. At 3 o'clock we set out. The first part of the walk was not a little gloomy. We picked our way through the barren region of which I spoke, over the scorine by the light of a torch and alone—now losing the path, now seeking for the tracks of donkeys and men, which the heavy shower had almost effaced. Once our torch suddenly went out, and for a moment, both literally and figuratively, the prospect was gloomy enough; but we succeeded in reviving it and in regaining the path after all our errors.

When we reached the other side of the cone, the torch began to pale before the glow of the lava, which lighted up the sky and the heavy cloud of smoke which rose and hung above it like a burning city. The whole scene was striking in the extreme. On one side was the cone, dimly defined against the black sky, its summit concealed by a heavy mass of dark clouds; on the other the companion hill, shutting us in; behind, the only object visible was the distant line of lights, along the shore, which marked the City of Naples; while before us the ruddy glare of the red hot lava lighted up the sky. Soon we stood by the side of the current, at the orifice where it first escaped from the interior of the mountain. There it flowed slowly and steadily, seeming to press up with great force in a current about ten feet wide and, judging from the vast quantity visible below, where the stream grew wider, 25 or 30 feet deep. Although liquid and flowing, it was much harder than it appeared, and heavy stones thrown upon it bounded off and rolled over the surface, or remained and were borne along without sinking in. Not only, too, was the central portion the highest, but it ran several inches above the rock through which it forced its way, without flowing over it, presenting the singular spectacle of a current higher than its banks.

Hardly were we suitably placed to enjoy the spectacle, when drops of rain began to hiss and sputter upon the lava and to strike upon our heads. There was no shelter within miles; we looked in vain for a cave, and at last seated ourselves close to each other by the side of a perpendicular rock, with no protection but a thin blouse, made as merry as we could with our own mishaps. For a time, I assure you, it was no laughing matter: the rain came down heavily; thick clouds covered the mountain above and below us; and every minute or two—for we were unfortunately on the leeward side of the lava—a strong wind blew the heavy sulphurous smoke and steam towards us, until we were well-nigh suffocated; and I was not without a few forebodings. Only a few days before, the side of the mountain had suddenly burst open and thrown out a new current of lava, without any previous warning. Why might it not be so again? The roaring of the wind as it whistled over the rock, the hissing of the rain on the lava, seemed to me every now and then like some noise deep in the mountain—the rumbling of an earthquake it might be—and when I looked at my watch and found that, although an hour after the hour for sunrise, no light had reached us, it occurred to me that the darkness might be produced by the heavy clouds of smoke from the crater.

The rain manifested no disposition to cease and weary of our comfortless position, we determined to have our breakfast in spite of it. We crawled on the crust, yet hot, though tolerable to our feet, and finding a spot where the heat from below still kept the rock red, placed our eggs upon it to roast, toasted our bread, and cracked the bottle of Lacryna Christi. I have eaten breakfast in a more comfortable place and under brighter auspices, but I never tasted better eggs nor ate them with a better appetite. It will be a long time before I forget that meal by the light of the burning lava on Vesuvius, of a Winter's morning, before day break and in a heavy storm of wind and rain.

At last we determined that it would be as well to die by fire as by water and attempted to place the two elements in opposition to each other and see if fire would not dry faster than rain could wet. The heat was almost intolerable but our plan succeeded to perfection. We placed ourselves by the side of the fiery stream and ere long learned to laugh at the storm, for although it continued, our clothes dried rapidly. To be sure we were almost roasted and once or twice, when the wind blew the smoke upon us, it singed our hair and eye brows. My blouse was burnt when I laid it for a moment upon the rock where I had been standing, but it was dried. As the day advanced, for day did come at last, we satisfied our curiosity by examining the spot from which the lava flowed; just above it was a steep cone, yellow with sulphur, containing three craters, one choked up but too hot to remain in, although we entered it; the others emitting blasts of hot air, while from one rose the sound of the roaring furnace. Meanwhile the rain turned into snow, and while we were crawling out of an opening in the mountain too hot to hold us, and walking over a surface, which nearly burnt our shoes, a heavy snow storm was whitening the rocks and falling upon our heads. But we were at last obliged, though unwilling, to leave so many delights and set out to descend the mountains by the side of the burning river. We had become familiar with the apparent danger and ran over the crust, which sounded hollow beneath our feet, and upon which the rain hissed as it fell, stepped across the flood and picked up masses of soft lava to stamp with a coin.

The current flowed a large part of the way beneath a thin crust, occasionally appearing again and then retiring. At one point we observed what seemed to be a new influx from the primary source, where a new current flowed in, more liquid than the other and so brilliant that it was impossible to look at it steadily. After walking by its side some distance, now scrambling over loose scorine, now walking upon the smooth level rock, we came to a portion where the stream broke with it and on its surface huge masses of stone which rolled along and jostled one another like something living—We

thought of "living rock" and of the fables of Orpheus. After a moment it occurred to our minds, that we too might be borne along like the lava, and set stepping upon a large mass at the risk of burnt shoes and scorched garments, for in five minutes we rode down the mountain as no Emperor had ever done; but it was not a method of conveyance that one could enjoy for a long time, and when it grew too hot and our carriage began to threaten an overturn upon something worse than a snow-bank, we jumped off.

The scene became more and more majestic as we descended; the current grew wider; the banks, so to speak became higher; the descent more precipitous, till the stream of lava with which we had made so familiar was now a river twenty or even fifty feet wide, flowing between banks thirty feet high, bearing huge masses of rocks and scorine upon its surface and sending out a heat intolerable at a distance of thirty or forty feet. The banks also were hot, and at last so much so that we were forced to leave them. At one point the spectacle was most striking. A new branch united with the one we had followed and formed at the confluence a lava cascade some twelve feet in height. The molten mass still preserved its slow and majestic motion but bent with a graceful curve over the slope. We could perceive the line of the stream marked by ascending smoke far down the mountain and into the valley but we had seen the most interesting portion of it and were glad to relieve our burnt and weary feet by stepping upon the sand, and continuing our walk among the vineyards upon which the lava here and there intruded.

We lunched at a peasant's hut upon a cake of Indian meal seasoned with a draft of Vesuvian wine, and after a few miles more among fields green with the springing wheat were glad to terminate our excursion at the Rail way Station near Pompeii. I am told that for many years no eruption of lava has occurred so extensive as this, and after my experience of its extent can well believe it. I remain your ob't serv't.

G. S. H.

AN OPIUM DEBAUCH.—One of the objects at this place that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium smoker in his heaven; and certainly it is almost fearful sight, altho' perhaps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute and wallowing in his filth. The idiot smile and deathlike stupor, however, of the opium debauchee, has something far more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the latter.

The room where they sit and smoke is surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side room is devoted to the gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch or so in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it; one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling; and from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the performer of the office. A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when under its influence that their faculties are alive.

In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all the different stages: some entering half-distracted, to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effect of a first pipe while the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid with an idiot smile upon their countenance too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events and fast merging to the wished for consummation.

The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of the dead-house, where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker meekly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.—*Six Months in China* by Lord Jocelyn.

DANIEL MORGAN.—General Morgan was a native of New Jersey. He was appointed a Captain, by Congress, in 1775, and directed to raise a company of riflemen, and march them to Cambridge. In September of that year, he was sent to Quebec, under Montgomery, where he was taken prisoner.—He was afterwards exchanged; and in the battle of Stillwater he commanded a regiment. He shared in the glories of the capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga; and commanded at the battle of the Cowpens, in South Carolina, where Tarleton was defeated, January 17, 1781. He commanded the Virginia militia ordered out, in 1764 to quell the "whiskey insurrection" in Pennsylvania.—He was soon after elected a Member of Congress. In 1786 he published an address to his constituents, vindicating the administration of Mr. Adams. He died in 1802, aged 69.

COVETOUSNESS.—A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately around her little finger; while the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but he left with nothing but her wits at her finger's end.

GOING BY WELL.—A person who had been listening to a very dull discourse remarked that everything went off well, especially the audience.

Perils of Hunting.

Ben. Wheaton was one of the first settlers on the waters of the Susquehanna, in Otsego Co., N. Y. immediately after the revolutionary war, a tough, unrefined and primitive man. As many others of the same stamp and character, he subsisted chiefly by hunting, cultivating the land but sparingly, and in this way raised a numerous family among the woods, in comparative nakedness. But as the Susquehanna country rapidly increased in population the hunting grounds of Wheaton were encroached upon; so that a chance with his smooth bore, among the deer and bear was considerably lessened. On this account Wheaton removed from the Susquehanna country in Otsego county to the more unsettled wilds of Delaware county, near a place yet known by the appellation of "Wat's Settlement" where game was more plenty. The distance from where he made his home in the woods through the Susquehanna, was about fifteen miles, and was one continued wilderness at the time.—Through these woods this almost aboriginal hunter, was often compelled to pass the Susquehanna for various necessities and among the rest a small quantity of whiskey, as he was of very intemperate habits. One of these visits in the midst of summer, with his smooth bore on his shoulder, knife, hatchet, &c. in their proper places, he had nearly penetrated the distance, when he became weary, and in the afternoon to the summit of a ridge (sometimes in the hollow) which overlooks the vale of the Susquehanna, he selected the convenient place in the shade, as it was hot, for the rays of the sun from the west poured his sultry influence through all the forest, where lay down to rest while among the leaves after having first taken a drink from his pint bottle of green glass, and a mouthful of Johnny cake from his pocket.

In the situation he was soothed to drowsiness by the monotony of the passing winds around him, when he soon unwarily fell asleep with his gun folded in his arms. But after a while he awoke from his sleep, and for a moment or two lay still in the same position, as it happened, without stirring when he found that something had taken place while he slept, which situated him somewhat differently from the manner in which he first went to sleep. On reflecting a moment, he found he was entirely covered over head and ears, with leaves and light stuff, occasioned as he now suspected, either by some sudden blowing of the wind, or by some wild animal, on which account he became a little disturbed in his mind; as he well knew the manner of the panther at that season of the year, when it hunts to support its young, will often cover its prey with leaves, and bring its whelps the banquet. He, therefore, continued to lie perfectly still, as when he first awoke; he thought he heard the steps of some kind of heavy animal near him; and he knew if it was a panther, the distance between himself and death could not be far, if he should attempt to rise up. Accordingly, as he suspected, after having lain a full minute he distinctly heard the retiring tread of the stealthy panther, of which he had no doubt from his knowledge of the creature's ways. It had taken but a few steps, however, when it again stopped a longer time; still Wheaton continued his silent position knowing his safety depended much on this.—Soon the tread was again heard, farther and farther off, till it entirely died away in the distance.—He still lay motionless a few minutes longer, when he ventured gently and cautiously to raise his head and cast an eye in the direction the creature, whatever it was had gone, but could see nothing. He rose with a spring, for his blood had been running from his heart to the extremities, and back again with uncommon velocity, all the while his ears had listened to steps of the animal on the leaves and brush. He now saw plainly the marks of design among the leaves, and that he had been covered over and the paws of some creature had done it.

And as he suspected that the animal was a panther, he knew it would soon return to kill him, on which account he made haste to deceive it, and put himself in a situation to give it taste of old smooth-bore. He now seized upon some piece of wood which lay all about, and placed as much as was equal to his own bulk, exactly where he had slept, and covered it over with leaves in the same manner the panther had done, and then sprang to a tree near by, into which he ascended, from whence he had a good view at a distance about him, and especially in the direction the creature had gone.—Here in the crotch of a tree he stood, with his gun resting across the limb in the direction of the place where he had been left by the panther, looking sharply as far among the woods as possible in the direction he expected the creature to return. But he had remained in this condition but a short time, and had barely thrust the ramrod down the barrel of the piece, to be sure the charge was in it, and to examine its priming, and to shut down the pan, slowly, so that it should not snap, and thus make a noise, when his keen Indian eye, for such he had, caught a glimpse of a monstrous panther leading two kittens towards her intended supper.

Two matters were hastening to a climax rapidly when Wheaton for the panther thus situated his hunting on the mountains of the Susquehanna, for if old smooth-bore should flash in the pan, or snap her aim, the die would be cast, as the second lead would be impossible, she her claws would have sounded his heart-strings in the tree where he was, or if he should partially wound her, the same must have been his fate. During these thoughts the panther had hid her young under some brush, and had come within thirty feet of the spot where she supposed her victim still lay sleeping, and seeing all as she had left it, she dropped down to a crouching position; precisely as a cat, when about to spring upon its prey. Now was seen the soul of a panther in its perfection; emerging from the recesses of nature, hidden by the Creator along the whole nervous system, but rising chiefly in the brain, from whence it glared in bright horror, from its burning eyes; curled in its strong vibrating tail;

pushed out from its sharp white and optical lenses its broad and powerful jaws ready for rending glittered on the points of its uncrowned teeth, and smoked in rapid issues of steam from its open jaws, while every hair of his long, dun back, quivered in savage joy, denoting that the decisive moment had come.

Now the horrid meeting of his broader jaws drawn under his belly was distinctly heard, and the bent ham strings were seen but a half instant, by Wheaton, from whence he sat in his tree, as the tremendous leap was made.—It rose on a long curve into the air, of about ten feet in the highest place, and from thence descending, it struck exactly where the breast, head and bowels of its prey had lain, with a scream too horrible for description, when it tore to atoms the rotten wood, filling the air for several feet above it, with the leaves and light brush, the covering of the deception. But instantly the panther found herself checked, and seemed to drop a little with disappointment when however it resumed an erect position, and surveyed quite around on every side on a horizontal line, in search of its prey, but not discovering it, she cast a furtive look aloft, among the tops of the trees, when in a moment or two the eyes of Wheaton and panther met. Now for another leap; she dropped for that purpose, but the bullet and two ducks shot off almost before she was as she lodged them all exactly in the brain of the savage monster, and stretched her head on the spot where the hunter had slept a short time before in the soundness of a mountain dream.

He marked the spot where the young were hidden, at the report of the gun were frightened and ran up a tree. Wheaton now came down and found the panther to measure from the end of its nose to the point of its tail, eight feet six inches in length; a creature sufficiently strong to have reached him off on a full run, had he fallen into her power. He now reloaded and went to where the kittens or young panthers were, and soon brought them down from their grapple among the limbs, companions for their conquered and slain parent. Wheaton dismissed them of their hides, and hastened away before night should set in, lest some other encounter might overtake him, of the same character, when the darkness night decide the victory in a way more advantageous to the manners of the forest. Of this feat Ben Wheaton never ceased to boast; reciting it as the most appalling passage of his hunting life. The animal had scented him while asleep, and had left him as, as he supposed; intending to give her young a specimen of their future life, or if this be too much for the mind of a dumb animal, she intended at least to give them a supper.

This circumstance was all that saved his life, or the panther would have leaped upon him at first, and have torn him as it did the leaves for the sake of her young. The panther is a furious and untamable animal, whose nature and habits are the same as the cat; except that the nature and powers of this domestic creature, are in the panther immensely magnified in strength and voracity. It is in the American forest, what the tiger is in Africa and India; a dangerous and savage animal, the terror of all other creatures as well as of the Indian and white man.

WIVES OF THE ANCIENTS.—The Grecians had a custom that when the new married wife was brought home to her husband's house they burnt the axes of the wagon before the door, to show that she must dwell there and not depart thence; and the Romans had a custom that when the bride came to the entry of her husband's house the bridegroom took her by the wings of her gown and lifted her so high that she struck her head and the doorpost together, and so set her within the doors to teach her by the remembrance of that blow not to go often forth out of her husband's house; and the Egyptians did give no shoes unto their wives but suffered them to go barefoot, because they should abide at home; hence it is that a woman is compared to a snail, that never goes abroad but with her house upon her head; when the husband provides things necessary, she must be careful not to be gauding abroad, but to keep at home, her greatest virtue being not to be known of any but her husband.

GHOST-CRAFT.—A writer in 1766 thus expresses himself as to ghost-craft—"Does not every fool of superstition limit his apparition to time, place and person,—to night, to a corner, to a corner?—Why are ghosts eternally banished from sunshine and a crowd?—What mighty causes restrain their stalking in daylight and in company? If they are benevolent to mankind, why should they decline opportunities of at once securing substantial testimony of their existence; of accepting that reverent their nature would excite?—The delusions of ghost-craft arise from a variety of causes. Some of them are accidental and natural; others are brought about by morbid agency; and a few by imposture; more by fear, and many by the willingness of credulity to be ghost-seers themselves.—*Discourses of the Magicians*."—

SARAH AND HER MOTHER.—The late Professor Caldwell of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, addressed his wife as follows:—"You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. You will not mourn for me when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of the evening, or in the dark night. There are so many times to visit the grave of the Christian; but go in the morning in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

LOVE'S SURPRISE.—A young woman, alighted from a stage-coach, when a piece of ribbon flew from her bonnet and fell into the street. "You have lost your bow behind," said a lady passenger. "Oh, no; I haven't the bow a falling!" innocently rejoined the damsel, proceeding on her way.

A Hot Topic.

You remember Jack O'Flaherty, the O'Flaherty who said, "you wouldn't take him for an Irishman to hear him speak?"

Jack was passionately fond of smoking, and was always in the habit of smoking an individual whom he saw enjoying the weed. "All he had story of the same sort!" On one occasion in a street to this question he received a reply of "Certainly, Jack, there's one on the desk that you're welcome to." Jack seized the delicious article (a huge regular, which he had heavily charged with powder, for his special benefit). "A light, if you please," said he to the donor; "don't bother me; was the reply: 'There's a man who will accommodate you,' pointing to a full blown, venerable, who stood on the pier with both arms leaning comfortably over a huge post, and enjoying the rays of the sun, and a short black pipe at the same time. Jack stepped briskly over, and the venerable scooped to his request, with a nod, and without removing the pipe from his mouth, Jack inserted the end of the cigar into the bowl of the pipe (bringing the nose of the smoker almost in contact) and began to draw vigorously. In a moment, the venerable, who had been smoking, saw an explosion (such a place, which sent the pipe in one direction, and the cigar in another, filling the olfactory organs and eyes of the two worthies with a quantity of gunpowder, smoke, and fragments of tobacco. When the smoke blew aside, we beheld Jack and the accommodating Hibernian engaged in a regular net-to-each thinking the other the aggressor. The steps of laughter, however, succeeded Jack; who stepped over with a bloody nose, and a savage demeanor to where we were standing; this consequence was soon hushed however, by an individual known as the "Doctor," from the fact of his keeping some "stuff" in the Jack part of his store, which he sometimes served out on "particular occasions," to his "particular friends" in "small doses."

"Step in here with me, Jack," said the Doctor with a mysterious wink, "step in here and make it up with a glass of old brandy." Jack, nothing loth, accepted the invitation and followed the Doctor; arrived at the place of deposit, the Doctor poured out half a tumbler full of the ruby liquid, and under pretence of adding a little sugar, the slyly slipped nearly half a handful of cayenne pepper from a box near by into the tumbler. "Drink quick, Jack, before the others come back here," said the Doctor, stirring the fiery mixture and handing it to Jack, who quaffed it off without taking breath; scarce had he taken his lips from the tumbler, ere his countenance began to undergo the most ludicrous contortions. "Whether for the sake of mercy! whether?" gasped he, his mouth raw with the burning draught. Just at this moment one of the Doctor's friends happening accidentally to walk near the two and seeing the bottle from which the liquor had been poured standing on a barrel in front of Jack, he exclaimed with an anxious look; "Why Doctor, you didn't let the man drink from that bottle?"

"Yes I did," was the reply. "Then you're a dead man!" for I prepared that bottle of poison to kill bed bugs with."

Jack turned ghastly pale, he gasped for breath, "O murder! I'm dead I run for a Doctor! O! I'll be dead before you can help! Holy mother of Moses, what did I do the dirty, bloody brandy! O! the poison, burn the inside of me! For the love of heaven fetch a Doctor! I'm dyin'!"—Lord have mercy on my soul!—And like exclamations did Jack pour forth with astonishing rapidity.

"What's to be done for the poor man?" said the Doctor. "I'll run and get him a dose of Trinitro-Hokeepokee," said his friend, "it is the only thing that'll save his life;" and away he went and shortly returned with the Trinitro-Hokeepokee, as he called it, which was nothing more or less than a rochelle powder. Almost every one knows, or ought to know, that a rochelle powder is put in two papers, one blue and one white and taking it, the contents of the blue paper are dissolved in about a gill of pure water in one tumbler, and that of the white paper in another; the two are then poured together when a lively effervescence takes place, making a foaming and sparkling drink."

Well, two tumblers were arranged, the rochelle powder dissolved in them, and Jack was told to drink first one, and then the other immediately after it; he followed these directions implicitly, and the result was, that the two doses met mid-way in his throat; the effervescence took place; and for a moment or two he was a perfect living volcano; he literally foamed at the mouth.

The bystanders could keep silent no longer but gave vent to their feelings in a laugh, loud and hearty. Jack started off from his persecutors without his hat, his hands clasped over his abdominal regions and his hair, straggling in the wind. The next day, one of Jack's friends, seeing him, inquired respecting the occurrence. "O! but Jack, to that scamp, the Doctor," said Jack, "he gave me such red hot brandy it set my insides a-fire and when I drank cold water it blew over, and I'm dyin'!"

A FAVORITE RECREATION.—A gentleman, who had followed well up an old gentleman's name, and holding out his hand, remarked that he had never seen him. "My dear sir, I cannot possibly say so, but I am sure we have been together somewhere." "We may have," said the old gentleman, "for I have been in some very bad company in my days."

AN ANTI-CRISTIAN'S WIFE.—My dear, the wife has nearly destroyed the garden. Did you not see them there whiled what about? "Yes, love, but I could not bear the thought of driving them away; they seemed to take so much pleasure in everything."

DEAR TANCY.—Dear Tancy, whose name is one of the brightest in the annals of Science, was, like Ferguson, the Astronomer, a self-taught man. He analyzed the whole manual, chemistry nearly. So also were Sir Humphrey Davy and Professor Leslie—all self-taught.