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(For the Bradford Reporter.)  
Fragments from a Portfolio.—No. 5.

INES TO A MAGNOLIA.

Magnolia so lovely,  
So gently and fair—  
In green-mantled forest  
Thou art darling of Nature  
Thou summer's bright hours  
And pride of the South-clime,  
This land of gay flowers!

The rose may exhibit  
Its beautiful hue,  
Like a maiden's soft cheek  
Which a blush doth suffice;  
The violet and blue-bell  
May pride on their dyes,  
Which will rival the depths  
Of clear summer seas.

The pink and the daisy  
And dahlia may tell  
Of delicate tints,  
Like those of a shell,  
Though gleaming with beauty,  
Their rainbow-hues bright  
I would choose the Magnolia,  
Arrayed in pure white.

How rich is the perfume  
Thy robust breath  
Sends forth as I find thee  
The queen of my wreath!  
Twas thus that adorned me  
Fast gay ones we seek  
For thy charms, where so bright  
Thou art in the heart.

With angel-like breath,  
Of all flowers in this flow-  
er-land, thou art the sweetest;  
Thy fragrance the path  
Of the soul, and the heart  
I've strayed through the par-  
adise of thy bloom, in thy  
sweetest day.

And thought as I lured thee,  
How art thou so sweet,  
Sweet as an angel,  
Sweet as a saint,  
Sweet as a saint,  
Sweet as a saint,  
Sweet as a saint,  
Sweet as a saint.

Written at New Orleans.

A Legend of the Grave-Yard.

In the year 1571 there lived at Cologne a rich burgomaster, whose wife Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They lived very happily together, and throughout her fatal illness her devoted husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter part of her sickness she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city, which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome—on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roman Germania*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after times, it wished to compensate by piety for the misfortune of having been the birth place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter, one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany; though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from the Numur upon the Mass. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy three kings inscribed—Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Casper and Balthasar—the third, black, for Melchior.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendor. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the soul than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving she was dressed as a bride, in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers gored with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows—Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and with their mummy figures, afforded a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and imperishable. The custom of embalming was in the present instance, given up; and when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With a heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks carrying tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a year, and shows the course of planets as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound of motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening when Peter Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and she was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out, with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!" a piece of information more expected than agreed to, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law, with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress, he behought himself of the old Jew Isaac who had advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch, but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to

pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his fate amid tears and sighs; to all of which Isak listened with great patience—so much so that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favorable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed; the Jew having heard him out, coolly replied that "he could lend no moneys on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hard-heartedness, poor Bolt rushed from the door, when to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that in a short time the house-tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market place, and when he least expected such a thing, found himself in front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three-quarters; it wanted then a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour—or, indeed at any hour! He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly a thought struck him like lightning: he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels it could not grasp. "Oh what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself—"is there any sin in robbing the dead, to give to the living?" I would not do such a thing for myself, if I were starving—no, heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quitting his conscience as well as he could with this epistle, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight of his wife's distress, however wrought him up again to the sticking place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him; the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs; a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp light flickered in the night wind. But still the thought of home, and even the badness of the weather, carried this consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the street clear and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt snapt back at the slightest touch of the key and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest it being opened should be noticed by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion; and as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had real been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but, in his hurry and trepidation, he stuck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropped down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave; and as the light successfully flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim light of the lantern. He even fancied that he already felt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun its work. A sickness seized him at the thought; and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin; when—was it real or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on it.

"If I had only time," he said to himself—"I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these gummies; they have lost that resemblance to life which make the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones." It is all nonsense though; one is as harmless as the other; and since the lady Adelaide's is the easiest for my work, I must even set about it."

But the coffin did not offer such facilities as he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass windows were secured inwardly with iron wires, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labor. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him; now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind him, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clench him; and so strong had been this illusion, that when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, "Forgive me, lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family as happy. It is not for myself. Oh, no!—it is for my wife and children."

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him

as he spoke thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from his finger; but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp! His hand was clutched, and firmly clutched, though that rigid face lay there as motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not so much presence of mind as to think of the light, which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not in his hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil Stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which according to the legend, was cast there by the devil. This much is certain—it had fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a deathlike swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again felt, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the forgiveness of her family, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place to the burgomaster's house, where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who sat alone on the sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might be said rather to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he drew upon it the more intently, even from the pain it gave him, and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last he opened the window, and inquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unreasonable hour?

"It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.

"And who are you?" again asked Adolph.

"Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you."

Naturally, associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and taking up the wax light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaimed.

"Not here, Mr. Burgomaster, replied the anxious sexton—"not here; we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the abolition which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject toward every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences; it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial. "I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead." On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into the mysterious business; on the other, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident was laboring under the influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself passed for a church yard specter. The burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants sent him to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question, "Do you fear the dead?" Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living."

"Indeed!" said the burgomaster. "Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go to the church at night?"

"In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans; "not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph.

"Yes, Mr. Burgomaster.

"Do you fear them?"

"No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds me up; and God is the stronger."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night. It seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple window."

"I see how it is," answered Hans; "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to his observation of the old man; "be silent, and follow me."

"If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

He then lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without further objection.

Adolph hurried into the church with heavy steps; but the old man who went before him to show the

way, delayed him with his reflections—so that the progress was but slow.

Even at the threshold he stopped, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is a custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed as simple men."

Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lantern light, and requesting the burgomaster to explain its inscription, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no misrepresentations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humors of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbled with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" asked Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master; "I see nothing; hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man; "there sits our deceased lady, on the altar, in a long white veil—and she drinks out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church, and holding the silver goblet to her lips with her long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver.

"Adelaide!" he cried, "I conjure you, in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph; I am no shadow; but I shall soon be with shadows, unless I receive speedy succor."

"Do not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, who has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you!"

"A way, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the table grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was indeed Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of the sexton of Cologne.

These "girls" are all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion gives;  
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,  
There's not one true in heaven!

**EARTH THE NATURAL FRIEND OF MAN.**—The great Roman naturalist, Pliny, in one of the most beautiful passages of his elaborate history of nature, observes—"It is the earth that like a kind mother, receives us at our birth, and sustains us when born. It is this alone, of all the elements around, that is never found an enemy of man. The body of waters deluge him with rains, oppress him with hail, and drown with inundations; the air rushes on in storms, prepares the tempest or lights up the volcano; but the earth, gentle and indulgent, ever observes the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty; returns with interest every good committed to her; and though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote, though constantly teased to furnish the luxuries of man rather than his necessities; yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and when life is over, she gloriously hides his remains in her bosom."

**WOOLEN RAGS MANURE.**—The waste of woollen factories and woollen rags make a valuable manure. They may be made up into compost and remain till rotted, or may be used by themselves. A correspondent of the *Ag Gazette* gives his mode of using the rags. He runs them through a straw cutter and then spreads them on grass-land. On some adjoining land he had applied lime, and also bone-dust at a greater cost than the rags, but the latter produced the greater results. He has tried mixing them with lime but finds they are not so good as the greasy matter, and injures their fertilizing qualities. Perhaps ashes, or potash, by forcing a soluble soap, would do better.

**THE FOLLY OF REVENGE.**—There is no foolishness so productive of misery to yourself as revenge. Banish all malignant revengeful thoughts. They make the best face look ugly. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be satisfied, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and revengeful person who turns the poison of his own temper upon himself. The Christian precept in this case, is, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath;" and the precept Plutarch tells us the Pythagoreans practiced in a literal sense—"If at any time, in a passion they broke out into opprobrious language, before the sun set they gave one another their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries, and so with a mutual reconciliation parted friends."

**A LADY'S BEAUTY DEPENDS SO MUCH ON EXPRESSION,** that if that be spoiled, farewell to all her charms; and which, nothing tends more to bring about such a consequence as a cold by imaginary care; instead of being lighted up with thankfulness for innumerable blessings.

**Anecdotes of Madmen.**

One of the oldest inhabitants of Boston has furnished the following anecdotes of old Governor Leverett, as an illustration of the force of courage and ingenuity upon a madman:

One morning, many years ago, a stout burly built maniac, in a paroxysm of insanity, burst out of the asylum, and on his way a loaded gun fell into his hands. With this formidable weapon, mounted with a terrible bayonet, the madman rushed out into the city, and pretty effectually cleared the street as he was marching along. Turning a corner, he suddenly came upon Governor Leverett, and was on the point of making a point blank charge upon the vitals of the old governor, who comprehended his danger, in a single glance at the fellow, and drawing himself up square and firmly before his antagonist, he bailed him thus:

"Ho! brother soldier, have you learned your exercise?"

"Yes I have!" said the fellow with a terrible oath.

"Then, brother, said the Governor, "stand to your arms, like a vigilant soldier, while I give thee words of command."

The madman seemed pleased, and stood bolt upright, with his musket fixed up close to his shoulder in regular drill order.

"Praise you, freckle!" the fellow did so; "Rest your firelock!"—the fellow obeyed—"Ground your firelock!"—this he did; "Face to the right-about—March!" says the governor, and the madman wheeled and stepped away. The governor quickly ran up behind him, seized the powerful fellow and the musket, and held him, until several lookers-on—standing at a safe distance and watching this curious scene—came to the Governor's assistance, and the madman was secured and carried back, in an awful rage, to his quarters.

This anecdote reminds us of a similar one, that happened to the famous Dr. Physic, an eminent medical man, now dead and gone of Philadelphia.

The doctor was visiting physician at the Insane asylum, near that city; and one morning going his rounds among the patients of the institution, the doctor strolled up stairs into the top gallery of the large rotunda of the building to view the city and the surrounding country. While absorbed in the view from his high elevation, a robust mad man who had eluded his keepers, came suddenly upon the doctor, to his little astonishment and bodily fear. But keeping it perfectly cool, he hid the maniac "good day," and was turning about to go down stairs.

"No you don't," said the madman clutching the doctor as firmly as a vice—"I want you to show me something; they say you do everything—cut off heads, legs, arms—put them together again—take a man all apart, and then mend him up as good as ever; and I know you can too, but I want you just to jump down this hole—(the opening of the rotunda, surrounded by the long spiral stairway) away down to the pavement. Come on—do it you must!" And the fellow exerted himself to drag the doctor up to the railing, to which the poor doctor clung with the tenacity of a tick. The moment was one of peril to the doctor, but his presence of mind completely floored his antagonist.

"It would not be very hard for me to jump down there, sir," said the doctor; "but I can do a greater feat than that for you, if you wish to see me try."

"Can you; eh, old fellow! Well try it. What is it?"

"Why, sir, I will go down there to the bottom, and with one good spring, sir, I'll jump clear up here."

"Ha, ha," laughed the maniac; "that would be worth seeing; go down, doctor, and jump up—I'll catch you when you come up."

The doctor lost no time in going down, and sending the keeper, who nabbed the poor deluded.

A similar instance to the one just related, occurred some years ago in England. A lady was sitting in a well furnished apartment, when a madman rushed in with an axe in hand, and told her he was going to cut her head off. Knowing that resistance was in vain, she told him to wait till she would get a cloth to lay her head on, to prevent the blood from soiling her beautiful carpet. The madman willingly consented, and she retired leaving him in possession of the room. The lady immediately gave the alarm, and he was secured, and confined in his proper apartment.

The moral of these anecdotes shows that is far more wise to manage Maniacs by an act of kindness and innocent stratagem, than by compulsive threats and acts of violence and that a man can hardly be placed in any situation in which he cannot, by coolness and courage extricate himself.

**TO EAR IN HUMAN.**—A clergyman having indulged too freely in filling up his glass, went one Sabbath into a pulpit and having given out the hymn to his congregation, sat down; and the melody of the sacred song soon lulled him to sleep, and he continued to play a treble bass symphony with his nose. At length one of the deacons accented the sacred desk, and told him the hymn was out—"Well," says he, "fill it up again."

**No.**—John Randolph, in one of his letters to a young relative says—"I know of nothing that I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying no. You must calculate on unreasonable requests being preferred to you every day of your life, and must endeavor to deny with as much facility as you can."

**REMEDY FOR "BLOODY MILK."**—This disease is produced by a rupture, from some cause, of the blood vessels in the lacteal glands, where the milk is secreted from the arterial blood.

Milk with curds, three times a day, and wash the udder in cold, pure water. A little salt added to the water, will increase its coarseness, and its efficiency as an application in the case.

**A Dream Realized.**

The following dream, forecasting the fate of the famous Major Andre, is of an old date, though but little known. The truth is vouched for by a writer in *Amisworth's Magazine*, of a recent date:

"Major Andre, the circumstances of whose lamented death are too well known to make it necessary for me to detail them, was a friend of America, he made a journey into Derbyshire to pay her a visit; and it was arranged that they should ride over to see the wonders of Peak, and introduce Andre to Newton, the Minister, as he called him, and to Mr. Cammisham, the Curate, who was also a poet.

"While these two gentlemen were awaiting the arrival of the guests, of whose intentions they had apprized Mr. Cunningham mentioned to Newton that on the preceding night he had a very extraordinary dream, which he could not get out of his head. He had fancied himself in a forest; the place was strange to him, and whilst looking about he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed, who had scarcely reached the spot where the dreamer stood when three men rushed out of the thicket and seizing his bridle, hurried him away, after closely searching his person.

"The commencement of the stranger being very interesting, the sympathy felt by the sleeper for his apparent misfortune awoke him but he presently fell asleep again, and dreamt that he was standing near a great city, among thousands of people, and that he saw the same person he had been seized in the woods brought out and suspended on a gallows. When Andre and Miss Seward arrived, he was horror-struck to perceive that his new acquaintance was the antetype of the man in the dream.

**A LECTURE ON THE ELEPHANT.**—Ladies & gentlemen! Allow me, this evening, to introduce an animal called the Elephant. He is the greatest of all tamed mill animals that helps to keep the globe in motion. Among the Anglo-Saxons he is known only by the name of elephant; but with all barbarous and half-civilized nations he is unanimously dubbed the *bulphant*. He is about the size of a two year old omnibus, and in color approaches as near to a black as he possibly can without absolute infringement. To look at him not too severely one naturally supposes him to be a small mountain of India rubber, or a huge composition of glue and molasses.

The elephant is one of the natives of the East Indies but he has been met with in various parts of Mexico, and is frequently seen in the great city of New York. It has been asserted upon both righteous and profane authority, that he is indigenous to the diggings of California—however, assertions as yet, goes at begging for confirmation. It is my private opinion though, that the animal exhibits himself to travellers in all parts of the world only they entertain a monstrous reluctance to confessing the fact.

He always carries his trunk with him wherever he goes but never keeps anything in it, not even a change of shirt. When cousin Ichabod first saw him at a show he exclaimed with some astonishment: "Then that's the rale Managesser—the identical critter himself! I sware would'n't two of 'em make a team to draw stin with! Colley, nait he a scronger?" Ichabod went home and related what he had seen. "I seen," said he, "the genuine Managesser, the deendest biggest lump of flesh he ever stirred. He had low tails, low, one behind and other before. He put one of his tails in my coat pocket, and hauled out the ginger bread—every booter. What dy'e you think he done with it. Why he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to fumble for mack-dan him?"

**OLD MAIDS.**—Though less young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest, truest and best women we have ever known were old maids. It is a pity—say, it is ever cruel to wound the feelings of any one whose heart would not stoop to be more especially if that one be a woman. How little do we know of the trials and sufferings of many who are sneeringly denominated old maids! Perhaps the constancy of youthful affection—the pure and deep devotion of a first and only love has kept many a woman single of life.

**A CHALLENGE.**—A little top conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman who had ventured to give him a little wholesome advice, started up to him with an air of importance saying—"Sir, you are no gentleman—here is my card; consider yourself challenged. Should I be from hence when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle the preliminaries to your satisfaction."

To which the other replied—"Sir, you are a fool—here is my card, and should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find that I have left orders with my servant to kick you into the street!"

**THE COOLEST MAN EXTANT.**—We heard of a man the other day, who, while the California fever was at its height, very gravely and deliberately pronounced his sentiments somewhat in this wise "If I was a poor man, without a family, and didn't own any house or a spot of land, had no business, and was without a cent in the world, and no father nor mother, nor sister, nor brother—I wouldn't go to California." He may safely be considered as in no danger of catching the infection.—*Salem Register.*

(C) It's quite too bad for you Darby, to say that your wife's worse than the very devil.

"An please your reverence, I can prove it from Scripture. Didn't your reverence yesterday, in your sermon tell us, that if we must the devil be driven from us! Now if I resist my wife, she drives at us."

The population of Baltimore is estimated by the American at 144,000.