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TOWANDA:

Mednesdan Morning, January 9. 1839.

"Nine Cheers for Old Zim.!" Or, Breaking down the System.

BY U. J. JONES.

In a remote county of Pennsylvania the scene is laid. The time was the year 1842, when party appril rose to 102 deg in the shade, in every hamfer the ength and breadth of Uncle Sam's glorious dimain. The respective political parties met in convention at Bugsburg (the 'county seat.) and made their nominations for county officers. As there were many aspirants for the nominations, it follows as a matter of course that there were some biller disappointments-to no one more so than to wold Zim," who was confident of getting a nomination for Sheriff.

\Zimmerman, or " old Zim," as he was familiar ir called, was a miserly old codger, who was well odo in the world yet he had an almighty thirst for office, and he was up at every convention for nomination for something, from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." He was reputed wealthy-that is, he owned a farm, and had money, but he never showed the color of it, except he unfortunately got on a spree, then he would sow it broadcast-but that was only a biennial occurrence.

A few evenings after the nominations above noted, a knot of the dissatisfied and disaffected were congregated at the Black horse Tavern, discussing the ments and demerits of the fortunate candi-

"Gentlemen," said old Zim, "merits and long service to the party is no recommendation in this county. The wire workers and schemers have i

"Ave." responded one of the bar room loafers. they does the pickin' out, and they expects us to do the wotin-"?"

"But, gentlemen," continued Zim, "they will felch up against a snag or a sawyer one of these days of Yes, gentlemen, by the eternal, I'll upset their applecant and spill their peaches. I'll see whether it's the people, or a set of broken down em out, then my name ain't Zimmerman, that's

This determination was received with favor by the crowd, and Zim sealed by spending a "half"

Full soon he was in the field, announced through a card in both papers to his fellow cutzens, pledeing bimself to discharge the duties of the office with m minutary - in case he icas elected.

speared to go on swimmingly He canvassed e county, and the people were profuse in their comises of doing their best for him. In one of Lim's party, who was also on an electioneering

"Ha Waples," said he, "my fine fellow, I'm fairt to see you allow yourself to be the tool of the whom and corrupt cabal-I say I am sorry to see von sacrificed, but you're bound to be treat. I'll Sax them that the beenten of this doubty will not bear dictation, so, my friend, if you wish to save souself from the disgrace of a defeat, you had better resign in my, laybr "

Wattles expressed his conviction that he should feel very much used up in such an event-but at he same time he had made up his mind to stand

Election day at length came, and my worthy friend, armed with a hat full of tickets, stationed himself on the ground of his own precipet and commenced dealing out his tickets, and urging his laims in the stionnest kind of a way; miser as he was he made his friends swim in Monongahela ing felore the polls were closed.

The election over, evening came on apace, and the rager expectants, gathered in the bar-rooms to was the counting of the voies, and the returns to tome in from the different townships. Old Zim 345 flow 1-hing about, treating the crowd, express ing his full-confidence in the people and the sucresi of mis efforts " to break down the system."

Spated in a remote corner were a number of 354 ra low but earnest conversation, and any one the might have chanced to see them would at once lave concluded that something was to follow. The ousulation soon broke up, and the plot began in about fifteen minutes to develope itself. The clater of a horse's hoofs were heard on the frozen ground-a solitary horseman rode up to the door, and flugging the rems over a post, rushed into the bar-room, where he was soon raised on a table, and silence commanded.

"He e." said he, drawing a strip of paper from his pocket, ware the returns from Lower Buffalo Ownship-Wattles 50, Macgregor 40, Zimmerman 160 '-majority for Zimmerman, 110!"

"Note cheers for Old Zim."

"Huzza! huzza! huzza!" "Gentlemen," said old Zim, taking off his hat I'm obliged to you for this expression of yourhat is to say, let us take a horn all round?"

Of course the crowd acquiesced in this proposiwn, and the welkin rang with loud huzzas. But harl scarcely had the eager crowd imbibed before another houseman came galloping up to the

"Beegum township one hundred majority for

16 Name cheers for old Zim!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah !"

Again the glasses jurgled as the excited mul- eyes. Tis a charmed draught, a cup-of blessing. ery on his lips, and a hellish expression in his led me from the devouring flames.

timde wedged themselves towards the bar-and again was beaut the clutter of a horse's book. "Dublin township, one hundred and thirty ma-

jority for Zimmerman !" "Nine cheers for old Zim!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" The excited candidate was wild with joy and excitement, and he again invited the party up to

Another horseman came!-another, and still another | each one bringing an overwhelming majority for old Zim from the township he represented. Alas! that it should be the same horse, who performed the feat of a quarter race every hour that night, and that it should be the same mad wag un-der various disguises that brought old Zim the glorious news. The column, as footed up, gave Zim a cool thousand majority. Didn't he rave and pitch? Well, he did! Didn't ne spend a cool thirty?-the landlord's till groaned under the weight of old Zim's deposits.

"Gentlemen," said old Zim, "my heart is full (his head wasn't anything else), and I can only say that the glory of this contest belongs to you: but I feel a (brick in your hat, said a wag.) pride that I have been the humble instrument in breaking down the system." [Nine cheers.]

Thus matters progressed until those who were completely "sowed up" were laid out, and the re mainder found their way home-some charitable friends of the Sheriff elect toting him on a shutter to his domicile.

Early in the morning, the village wags, with throbbing temples, met at the tavern to take "a hair from the dog that bit them," as well as to laugh over the "saw" played on old Zim; but scarcely had they commenced worship before in stalks the old gentleman, still under the delusion that he had carried the day-nay, more, he insists on spending a V by way of a morning whet,-The wags were determined to keep it up as long as possible, and again drank and congratulated him on his success. In the midst of the "noise and confusion," in bounded an inky printer's devil. who deposited an extra on the table, containing the returns. Eagerly did old Zim seize it, and hover over it but a minute. The conclusion of it is all sufficient for the reader. It read as follows:

"By the above it will be seen that Democracy has again triumphed, as Wattles' (Dem.) majority polytical backs as makes the county nominations .- | over Tibbets (Whig) is one hundred and filty.-Bi Judas, I'll break down the system. I'll run as Zimmerman, volunteer, had three votes in Beegum. a volunteer candidate for Sheriff, and if I don't lay two in Dublin, one in Lower Buffalo, and one in this borough (supposed to be cast by himself,) making a total of seven votes."

The extra dropped from Zim's hand; he raised ng around full at the gaping crowd, he said leis-

"Gentlemen you may all go to h-1!" and rushing from the bar-room, he was never again heard

WINTER IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.- The approach of winter in the Arctic Circle is attended with many interesting changes. Snow begins to fall as early as his peregrinations he met Wattles, the nominee of August, and the whole ground is covered to the depth of two or three feet before the month of October. Along the shores and bays the fresh waterpours from the rivulets, or drained from the thawing of former collections of snow, becomes quickly converted into solid ice. As the cold augments, the air deposits its moisture in the form of a fog. which freezes into a fine gossamer netting, or soicular icieles, dispersed in the atmosphere, and extremely minute, that might seem to pierce, and excoriate the skin. The hear frost settles profusely. in tantastic clusters, on every prominence. The whole surface of the sea steams like a lime kiln, an appearance called frost smoke-caused, as in other instances of the production of vapor, by waters being still relatively warmer than the incumbent air At length, the dispersion of the mist, and consequent clearness of the atmosphere, announces tim the upper stratum of the sea itself has cooled to the same standard; a sheet of ice spreads quickly over the smooth expanse, and often gains the thickness of an inch in a single wight. The darkness of a prolonged winter now broads impenetrably over the frozen continent, unless the moon at times chan ces to obtrude her faint rays, which only discover the horrors and wide desolation of the scene. The wreiched settlers, covered with a load of bear skins, remained crowded and immured in their hots. every chink of which they carefully shut against the piercing cold; and crowding about the stove or the lamp, seek to doze away the tedious night .--Their slender stock of provisions, though kept in the same apartment, is often frozen so hard as to require to be cut by a hatchet. The whole inside of their hat becomes lined with a thick crust of ice; and if they happen for an instant to open a window, the moisture of the confined air is precipitated in the form of a shower of snow. As the frost continues to penetrate deeper, the rocks are heard at a great distance to split with a loud explosion. The sleep of death seems to wrap the scene in utter ob-

> FREEDOM OF MIND .- We call that mind free, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sectwhich recognizes in all human beings the image of God, and sympathises with suffering, wherever the subject of it, as it was sold at auction, in the city they are seen, which conquers pride and sloth, and of Philadelphia, some years ago, and connected offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of with which-" mankind.

We call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of human society; which does not cower to human opinion, which respects

How to IMPROVE THE HEART.-Never lose at opportunity of seeing anything beautiful Beauty is God's handwriting-a wayside sacrament. Wel- in the year 1306, from an original painting, which Again did old Zim attempt to speak, but his feel- come it it in every fair sky, every fair flower, and I brought from the Holy Land!" overcame him-and he ended by inviting the thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness, and the company to just call for whatever they want- drink it in, simply and earnestly, with all your in awe, but not in reverence; for there was mock- That worm was myself, and it was Jesus who sav-

The Mysterious Stranger, BY JAMES REES.

"Still seems it strange, that thou should live forever: This is it miranis." Yours:

In the year 1783 a stranger made his appearant in Philadelphia, whose singular manners and somewhat mingled style of dress attracted general attention. He kept no company, associated with no one none-knew his lodging place; he was never seen to eat or drink; a strange mystery surrounded him, which none could penetrate or solve. He was evidently in possession of great wealth; this was ascertained in a manner equally as mysterious as were his actions and manner, the nature of which we will not detail here.

A sale of old paintings in Second street, in one of those old fashioned houses, whose age is indentified with that of our city, attracted an unusual crowd and among the number was seen the mysterious stranger. No common motive or idle curiosity, seemed to have drawn him there, for as the various pictures were put up, he eyed them with the most critical, and it was observed at the time. equal attention. Among the paintings was one of the original portraits of Oliver Cromwell, at the sight of which the stranger laughed outright; but it was so wild, unnatural, and sepulchral, that a shudder as at the presence of something awful thrilled the crowd.

Picture after picture was sold, without exciting any peculiar notice, beyond the expressions of approbation which some beautiful specimens of art elicited, until one was announced as being the likeness of Pontius Pilate! The stranger's eyes glared, his countenance changed from a pale cadaverous hue to the complexion of as expressed by a gentleman present, "a painted devil !" So intense was his gaze upon the picture, that he scarcely noticed the curiosity his own conduct excuel, and the words, " It is he ! it is he!" escaped him rather as a mental thought than as an exclamation. He nitered no other words, his lips moved as from convulsive emotion, and when the auctioneer demand ed "Who was the purchaser?" the sudden announcement "I am !" from the stranger star led the whole company and when he seized the painting and rushed from the room, it seemed as if the atmosphere had been relieved from some noxious vapor, for all who were present felt as if something oppressive had been taken from their breasts, and they breathed more freely, and as the auctioneer observed, " bid equally so."

I heard this vivid and fearful legend in my youth and it left an impression on my mind, time could not obliterate, and even after circumstances had up his hands, moved towards the door, then look. not added to the interests and wonderment of the In 1822, I was travelling in the South of France

It was evening when I arrived at a wretched hove near the village of L---. A storm was an proaching; dark and portentous clouds were carolling and rumbling and rolling in the distance.-Vivid flashes of lightning shot across the intensity of the darkness, like a firked messenger of the low er regions. Noticing a sort of a shed, I immediately rode up to it, knocked at the door, which being ilmost immediately opened. I entered what appeared to be a somewhat comfortable room. But what attracted my attention the most was the appearance of the host. There was something wild, girls, who came aboard the steamer-, at the fearful, and strange in his looks. His dress and little town of Mt. Vernon, Ind They had evident style were different from anything I had ever seen before. He spoke not, but pointed to a stool. I seated myself, without as yet exchanging a word; indeed I could not bring my tongue in connection with the words I wished to speak. It seemed palsied but not with fear; a sort of indescribable fulness about my throat and head left no room for the feeling passed away, and a few words from the stranger lessened the pain of oppression I had suffered. Casting my eyes around the room, they restappearance. I examined it somewhat minutely, ticed in pencil mark: Let No. 22, J. J. P., Philadelphia. "Pontius Pilate."

"This painting:" I observed, "appears to have been in Philadelphia,"

"It was; and what is there remarkable in that?"

vas his reply. " Nothing, sir."

"I parchased it there myself, at public auction."

"You purchased it." Heavens! what a thought flashed across my brain Thir, perhaps, was the same individual the same dress, age, and appearance, as described by those who saw the "Mysterions Stranger in 1783." While these thoughts were vividly calling up the various tales connected with the stranger's history, his eyes were fixed on me. Such eyes never glar-

ed on a human creature! "Stranger things than these, young man, have occurred," he observed, " without exciting especial wonder. The mere existence of a painting, and in my possession, has nothing mysterious about it, as your looks would imply."

"I must confess, air," I remarked, "there does seem something curious in this picture, apart from

there is a mystery attached to it, which if explained, would startle you far more than could all the imaginary horrid ones, horrified into seeming realitself too much to be the slave of the many or the ity by the pen of a Lewis. The painter of that picture was a Flemish artist, and this work was produced by him when only twenty years of age; his name I will no: mention—he died in a mad house! He painted it in the aisle of the cathedral at R---x

safety, any attempt with all the power I was master of, and I faithfully capable of doing so, even against odds. With this resolve, I observed-

". You must have erred, sir, when you said this picture was painted in 1307, from an original you produkt from the Holy Land !"

"Young man, you are critical. Yet I have no erred. Time and space are not linked to me, nor to my fate, nor I to them. I live for one coming event! Until that occurs, the common events of life are to me as passing clouds. Blatter and motion are the secondary causes which in me, produce ef fecis. Look at me, young man, nay, start not-"1 shuddered as I gazed. "And I will tell you more ave more than mortal ears ever heard before! Listen-" he placed his mouth close to my ear and whispered.

"Gracious heavens" I exclaimed.

"Silence-listen again-" Again he whisper ed-I started back-there stood before me the Man

"Aye," he went on, "I have seen whole cities consumed; men, women, and children butchered -all-all but myself swept away from the earth.-Nations, empires kingdoms, r 8 e and fell; towers, palaces, and sculptured marble, have all crumbled to dust, and left me a living monument of their histories. Yes they are written here-here in characters of blood !"

"And you are---"

"Listen," and as he spoke he drew from his inner vest a small miniature, " look at that; view it well-aye, gaze again-did you ever see a face like unto it? Is there not heaven in every lineament? Ah, you start-gaze again-look at that mouth, those eyes, the flowing locks. Ah! I see him now as I did that awful moment, when bending beneath the weight of the cross, our Saviour was on his way to Mount Calvary?

I could not hear no more-my hair stood on end -my limbs shook-my eyes became fixed-the fearful being stood like the Arch-fiend before me; his height was towering, and it seemed as if it was growing and expanding in my sight. I grasped for breath and shouled, in accents of horror.

The Wandering Jew! was his response.

I fell back in a swoon; how long I remained new not, but when I came to myself all was darkness, the thunder rolled in fearful loudness, the lightening flashed, and the rain was pouring in torrents-The Mysterious Stranger and the picture were

Note. The legend connected with this most extraordinary character is to the following effect:

"Acheverus was a porter at the gate of Ponting Pilate, and when our Saviour passed out bearing the cross. Acheverus struck him with a stick, and exclaimed in bitter mockery, " Go foster Jesus !"

" Aye" answered our blessed Redeemer " but thou shalt remain until I come again!' From that every land, and in every age. Voltaire and Volney both speak of him, and if it be that an individual has so been curse I, then indeed, have I seen and conversed with the Waxnesing Jrw.

HOOSIER GIRLS ON A STRANBIAT.—We were not long since much amused by a couple of Hoosier ly never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned, with regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness. At dinner, our ladies were honored faculties to operate, I was literally lockjawed. This with a seat at the head of the table, and the eldest one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces and with her fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on plaining, bad temper. To borrow a description of others, are able to furnish the country with the ed upon a painting of a peculiar and very antique a plate of beet steak before her. The passengers it, "it is a most irreligious state of mind. It is a most valuable information. We should be pleased preserved their gravity during this operation by oo much so, perhaps, for the rules of etiquette, but dint of great effort: Perceiving that her sieter was could not resist the temptation. On a corner I no. was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the persons at the table-" Sal, dip into the gravy. Dud pays as much as any on 'em !"-This was followed by a general roar, in which the destination before supper, and when they left the ling that is good." boat, all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.—Cin Nonpared.

COMPORTS OF AN EDITOR.-If he does not fill his paper with news of importance, whether there be any or not, it is condemned for not being what it purports to be a newspaper.

If he does not fill at least one column every week with something langhable, his olio is denounced uninteresting. If a public nuisance should exist, notice of it

would offend, and to not notice it would be cendeaths that occur, "in the world for twenty miles

around," whether he hears of them or not, he is If every paper does not contain a goodly number of " Suicides, Horrible Murders and Melancholy Accidents," it is a dull unwelcome sheet.

If half the horrible transactions are recorded, it is not a fit paper for a family. If his paper contains advertisements, the general eader murmurs; if it does not, the man of business will not patronize it, and the printer starves:

An Indian's Experience.-An Indian, who found it difficult to express his Christian experience in words, cutting up a piece of fat pine, built with it a small pen, into which he put a worm, and then set it on fire. The worm feeling the heat, tried on a necessity of our state, like dress with women. every side in vain to escape, and then curled itself and like dinner or supper. And, indeed, I do not up in the centre to die. At this moment the Indi-I started at the individual as he stood before me, an thrust in his hand and gave him liberty, saying, commit sin, it is not the fault of the dance, which

countenance, that awakened fears for my personal | Lines Written on the Death of Eard Allen, . Who died April 7th, 1949.

It is ended, all is over, He has gone from earth to dwell; Spirits kindred round him hover, While he joins God's love to tell,

He has left you, gone before, To receive you when you go; Like a husband, like a father, When like him you leave below. When his spirit took its flight.

How kind he bade you all farewell, Gently wafted out of night By waiting angels high to dwell. Ever loving, ever kind,

Ended now his pilgrimage, In heaven, he thy father friend. Mourn, 'fis right that grief should swell' Hearts so dear to him and kind.

All his tender love and counsel Engraven be on every mind. Mourn thou sharer of each joy

Of every woe a partner too And solace of the whole. Mourn, thy near and dearest friend Thy dearest ties are severed here

Companion of his inmost sor

Though his body bath departed, Perhaps his spirit lingereth near; Ever watching o'er you kindly, Praying blessings crown you here.

Let the thoughts of former kindness And in heaven that now he's waiting To meet thee where thou'lt no more part.

Taking Tell.

The St. Louis Reveille is publishing a tale purport ing to give some adventures in the life of a young physician, from which we take the following ex-

A snow having fallen, the young folks of the village got up a sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance; and the interesting Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, and under the same buffalo robe with myself.

"Oh, oh-don't!" she exclaimed, as we came o the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning ber veiled face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through the gauze in the moonlight. "Don't what !" I asked, "I'm not doing any-

"Well, but I thought you were going to take

toll," said Mrs. Lambkin. "Toll?" I rejoined, "What's that?"

"Now do tell!" cried the widow, her clear augh ringing above the music of the bells, "Dr. Mellow pretends he don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed I don't then," said I laughing in turn. "Don't know that the gentlemen, when they go sleighing, claim a kiss as a toll, when they cross a bridge! Well, I never!"

But shall I tell all? The struggless of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it, and somehow, when the veil was removed her face was turned directly towards my own, and the snow glistening in the moonlight, and the horse trotting on of himself, the toll was taken for the first time in the life of Dr. Mellows.

Soon we came to a long bridge, but the widow said it was no use to resist, and she paid up at soon as they reached the bridge.

"But you won't take toll for every span will you, doctor?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practical regative to the question.

Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow. and take toll at the bridge !

WHAT A TEMPER.-One of the most mischievons and troublesome vices ever let loose to plague see so little emanating from that worthy and numen and mar social happiness, is a fretful, comblasphemy against Providence. It violates the to see our country friends turn their attention, dufundamental principles of Christian duty. Hard to ring the approaching winter evenings, to writing he nleased, easy to be offended, it inverts precept, out their experiments, their products, their mode of It turns Paul's description of charity like a witch's prayer, end for end. It seeks her own, is easily eral experience in their honorable vocation, during provoked, thinks all sorts of evil, employs itself in the past summer. There is scarcely a farmer in hunting out iniquity, beareth nothing from others, the land who could not furnish some item of intercaptain led off. The girls arrived at their place of believeth all things bad of them, and hopeth noth-

> a complaining temper. To hear the eternal round matically or orthographically, or something else.of complaint and murmuring says a cotemporary, This is no objection, and no reason why you should to have every pleasant thought scared away, by this not apply yourself to so commendable a task. Send evil spirit, is in time a sore trial. It seems nothing, on your communications to the nearest publisher, but it is like a perpetual nettle, always rubbing and he will not only corret all errors in your comagainst you and irritating and annoying you more than the severest injuries.

> Worst of all is a bad temper in the home. Its dignified profession of man-Agriculture. influence is irresistably diffused through all its members. The sunniest temper is by degrees soured by such a person. You may say that one would be equally reasonable to lay a plaster of are in the dashing charger, whose beautiful propor-One string out of tune will destroy the music of an has to do is to set on his horse with ease, and to be temper in a family will put ajar the whole household. Its presence is like a raw northeast wind and seems to have power to penetrate into every room of the house.

> LUTHER ON DANCING .- In the life of Martin Luther, by Mr. Audin, an elegant French writer, the dy happens to be poor, however, they say :--- A perfollowing opinion of dancing is quoted from the feet Bird of Paradise, with the exception of the great reformer: "Is dancing sinful !" his disciples feathers." asked him. He replied, was not dancing allowed by the Jows? I am not able to say : but one thing is certain-people dance now-a-days. Dancing is see how dancing can be prohibited. If people does not offend against falth or charity. Dance, make 'em think this youth is pumpkins with some then, my children."

Herrible Adventure.

Extract of a letter from Eirkee near Poonell The writer having been out shooting lay down to rest under a tree, when suddenly he was aroused by the furious baying of his dogs. On turning round I beheld a snake of the cobra de capella species, directing its course to a point that would approximate very close upon my position! In an instant I was on my feet. The moment the reptile became aware of my presence, in nautical phraseology, if brought to, with expanded hood, eyes sparkling and neck beautifully arched, the head-raised nearly two feel from the ground, and oscillating from side to side in a manner plainly indicative of a resentful foe. I seized the nearest weapon, a short bamboo, left by one of the beaters, and hurled it at my opponent's head; I was fortunate enough to hit it beneath the eye. The reptile immediately fell and lay apparently lifeless.

Without a moment's reflection, I seized it a littie below the head, hauled it beneath the shelter of the tree, and very coolly sat down to examine the mouth of the poisoned fangs, of which unturalists speak so much. While in the act of forcing the mouth open with a stalk, I felt the head slitting through my hand, and to my astonishment I became aware that I now had to contend with the most deadly of reptiles, in its full strength and vigor. Indeed I was in a moment convinced of it, for as I tightened my hold on the throat its body hecame wreathed around my arm and neck. H the reader is aware of the univer-al dread in which the cobra de capella is held throughout India, and almost instant death which invariably follow its bite he will in some degree be able to imagine what my feelings were at the moment; a faint kind of disgusting sickness pervaded my whole frame as I felt the cold clammy folds of the reptile tightening around my neck. I still held the throat, but to hold t much longer would be impossible.

Immediately beneath my grasp there was an inward working and creeping of the skin, which seemed to be assisted by the very firmness with which I held it-my hand was gloved. Finding, in defiance of my efforts that my hand was each instant forced closer to my face, an idea struck me that were it in my power to transfix the mouth with some sharp instrument, it would prevent the reptile from using his fanga, should it escape my hold. My gun lay at my feet, the ramrod appeared the very thing required, which, with some difficulty I succeeded in drawing out having only one one hand disengaged. My right arm was trembling from over exertion, my hold becoming less firm, when I happily succeeded in passing the rod thro the lower jaw up to its centre. It was not without considerable hesitation that I let go my hold of the throat, and seized the rod in both hands at the same time, by bringing them over-my head with a snddenly jeck, I disengaged the fold from my neck, which had latterly become almost tight enough to produce strangulation.

arm and ultimately to throw the reptile from me to the earth, where it continued to twist and writhe itself into a thousand contortions of rage and agony. To run to a neighboring stream, to lave my neck, hands and face in its cooling waters was my first act after despatching my formidable enemy. This concludes a true though plainly toki tale. As a moral it may prove, that when a man is possessed of determination, coolness and energy, combined with reason, he will generally come to triumph, though he may have to circumvent the subflety of the snake, or combat the ferocity of the tiger.

FARMERS.—We have often wondered why practical farmers do not write more for the newspapers and periodicals published in their midst. It cannot be argued that our agriculturists in general are unable to compose an article for the press, and yet, we merous portion of our people, who, more than all ploughing, sowing, tilling, and harvesting, and genest, relating to the tilling of the soil. Many are no doubt deterred from this otherwise pleasing tack, It is many rhom to be obliged to live with one of by supposing they cannot write sufficiently gramposition, but will also cheerfully publish every correspondence relating to the most honorable and

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES .- "The lavorites of For tane" are like men on horseback. The powerought not to feel the bad temper of another, but it the speed—the activity—the curving and prancing, Spanish flies on the skin and not expect it to draw. tions and gay trapping set off the man. All the rider instrument otherwise perfect. One uncomfortable carried about to admiration—who if he happens to catch a fall-ten chances to one, he breaks his nech. -American Cabinet

> THE DIFFERENCE.—When a gentleman marries a lady, beautiful and rich, his friends say-"He has married a perfect Bird of Paradise." If the la-

THE RISING YOUTH GETTING AHEAD,-" I SAY. cousin Kate, give us a lock of your hair, won't you, just a curl ?"

"What for, Charley!"

"Oh so that I can come it over the galls in our school, it will make 'em jealous and besides that,