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" ERGENDANCE OF DEBURCATION VIOLE ANY QUARTER."

.01 ALEMYANDORUCH, EDITOR

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TOWANDA:

Saturdan Morning, October 12, 1850.

THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We hear no more the clanging boof, And the stage coach rattling by, For the steam-king rules the traveled world And the old Pike's left to die. The grass creeps o'er the flinty path, And the stealthy daises steal. Where once the stage-horse day by day, Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary stagers dreads The toil of the coming morn; No more the bustling landlord runs, At the sound of the echoing born; For the dust lies still upon the roof, And bright eyed children play.
Where once the clattering boof and wheel Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip, Or the strong wheels rumbling round,-Ah ha, the water drives us on. And an iron horse is found: The coach stands rusting in the yard, And the horse bath sought the plough, We have spanned the world with an iron rail, And the steam-king rules us now,

The old Turnpike is a pike no more. Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our borse to stride, Which we ride at a flying rate. We have filled the vallies and leveled the hills. And tuneled the mountain's side. And round the rough crag's dizzy verge, Fearlessly on we ride!

On-on-on-with a haughty front! A puff, a shrick, and a bound; While the tardy echoes wakes foo late. To bubble back the sound; And the old Pike-road is left alone, And the stagers sought the plough; We have circled the earth with an iron rail. And the steam-king rules us now.

BATTLE WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

It was daylight when I awoke-I road daylight. My companions, all but Clayley, were already astir, and had kindled a fire with a species of wood known to Raoul, that produced hardly any smoke, They were preparing breakfast. On a limb close hy, hang the hideous, human like careass of an ig uana, still writhing. Raoul was wherting his knife to skin it, while Lincoln was at some distance carethis reloading his rifle. The Lishman lay upon the grass peeling banan and roasting them over the

The ignana was soon skinned and broiled, and we commenced eating, all of us with good ape-

Br Sunt Patrick," said Chane, " this bates fog aim' all hollow. Its a little meself dhramed. in the old soil, hearing of thim niggars in furrin parts, that I'd be turnin' kanny bawl meself-some

* On indude, yes; its better than an empty bread msead of this brown sop, yez---"

Hist" said Lincoln, starting scholenly, and waing the bite half way to his mouth. "What is it!" I asked.

"I'll sell yer in a minit, eap'n." The hunter the edge of the glade, jell flat to the ground . We knew that he was listening, and waiting for the rewith We had not long to wait, for he had scarcehe wrong suddenly up again, exclaiming;

Hounds trailin' us, by the Eternal God!"

It was seldom that Lincoln uttered an oath, and when he did there was somethin-awful in his manher He wore a despairing look loo, unusual to be bold character of his features. This, with the appalling statement, acted on us like a galvanic we' leaped from the 4 word was spoken as we strained our ears to lisin. At first we could distinguish a low mouning found like the sound of a wild bee, it seemed to ome out of the earth. After a little it grew louder and sharper, then it ended in a yelp and ceased allogether. After a short interval it began afresh. this time still clearer, and then the yelp, load, sharp and vengeful. There was no mistaking that sound. It was the bark of the Spanish blood bound. We from up simultaneously, looking around for weapons, and then staring at each other with an expression of deepsir. The rifle and two care Listes were all the weapons we had.

"What's to be done?" cried one, and all eyes were turned upon Lincoln.

The hunter stood motionless, clutching his rifle and looking to the ground. How fur's the crick, Raoul F' he saked after at

"Not 200 yards; this way it lies." "I km see no other chance, cap'n, than to take

the water; we may bamfoozie the bounds a bit, if there good wadin. Nor. I. I had thought of the same plan."

it we had bowies, we mouter fit the dogs whar we ir; but yer see we kin't; an'l kin tell by

the growl, that ain't less nor a dozen on 'em." "Its no use to remain here; lead us to the creek Baoul!" and following the Frenchinan, we dashed extlessly through the thicket. On reaching the steam, we plunged in. It was one of those maps thin torrents-common in Mexico-spots of still water, alternating with pascades that dash and foam prer abapeless masses of amygdaloidal basalt.il's waded through the first pool, and then frambering among the rocks, entered a second.-This was a good stretch, a hundred yards or more, of crystal water, in which we were waist deep.-We look the bank at the fower end, on the side; atriking back into the timber, kept on parallel 1. the course of the stream. We did not go far l'other side; hee, whoop-hoo!"

away from the water, lest we might be pushed igain to repeat the ruse.

All this time the yelping of the blood he and been ringing in our ears. Suddenly it ceased. "They have reached the water," said Clayley. "No," rejoined Lincoln, stopping a moment to listen, " thy're chawin' them bones."

"There, again," cried one, as their deep voices rang down the gien; in a choras of the whole pack. The next minute the dogs were mute a second time, speaking at intervals in a fierce growl, that told us that they were at fault. Beyond an occasional bark, we heard nothing of the bloodhounds until we had gained at least two miles down the stream. We began to think we had buffled them in earnest, when Lincoln who had kept in the rear, was seen to throw himself flat on the grass. We all stopped, looking at him with breathless anxiety. It was but a minute. Rising up with a reckless air, he struck his rifle fiercely upon the ground, exclaiming-

"Swamp them hounds, they're arter us again !" By one impulse, we all rushed back to the creek, and scrambling on the rocks, plunged into the water and commenced wading down. A sudden exsoon learned the cause, and to our dismay-we had struck the water at a point where the stream cononed. On each side rose a frowning precipiece, straight as a wall. Between these, the black torrent rushed through a channel only a few feet in width, so swiftly, that had we attempted to descend by swimming, we should have been dashed to death against the rocks below. To reach the stream farther down, it would be necessary to make a circuit of miles, and the hounds would be on our heels before we could gain a hundred yards. We looked at each other, and at Lincoln-all panting and pale.

"Stumped at last," cried the hunter, gritting his eeth with fory,

"No." I shouted, a thought at that moment flash ed upon me. "Follow me, compades. We'll fight the bloodhounds on the clift."

I pointed upwards. A yell from Lincoln an nounced his approbation.

"Hooray !" he cried, leaping on the bank, " that dee's just like yer cap. Hooray! Now boys for

The next moment we were straining up the gorge that led to the precipice. And the next we had reached the highest point, where the cliff, by a bold projection, butted over the stream. There was a level platform covered with tufted grass and mon this we took a stand. We stood for some momenter gathering breath and nerving ourselves for the desperate struzzle.

I could not help looking over the precipice. was a tearful sight. Below-in a vertical line, two hundred feet below-the stream rushing through the conon, broke upon a bed of sharp, jagged rocks, and then gliding on in seething snow-white foam. There was no object between the eye and the fall-nothing but the spikey boulders and the foaming torrent that washed them. It was some minutes before our unnatural enemies made their bushes, but it you could only taste a small trifle or lappearance, but every flowl sounded nearer and a Wicklow ham this mornin', and a smitting pratie, Learer! Our trail was warm, and we knew they were scenting it on a run. At length the bushes crackled, and we could see their white breasts gleaming through the leaves. A few more springs, and the foremost blood bound bounded out upon the bank, and throwing up his broad jaws, uttered wave his hand to enjoin effence, and striding to a hideous growl. He was at tault where we had entered the water. His comrades now dashed out of the thicket, and joining in the chorus of disap pointment, scattered among the stones. An old brought his ear in contract with the earth, when doz-scarred and curning kept along the bank. until he had reached the conon. This was where we had made our crossing. Here the hound entered the channel, and springing from rock to mak. reached the point where we had dragged ourselves out of the water. A short yell announced to his comrades that he had lifted the acent; and they all threw up their noses and came galloping down -There was a swift current between the boulders and he, and threw ourselves flat upon the grass. Not the barait. We had leaped this. The old dog reached it and stood/straining upon the spring, when Lincoln fired, and the bound, with one short wough, dropped in upon his head and was carned off like a flash.

"Counts one less to piloh over," said the hunter. hastily reloading his rifle.

Without appearing to notice the strange conduct of their leader, the others crossed in a string, and striking the warm trail, came yelling up the pass. It was a grassy slope, such as is often seen between two tables of a cliff-and as the dogs strained upward, we could see their white fangs, and the red blood that had basted them slotted along their jaws. Another crack from Lincoln's rifle, said the foremost beand tumbled backward down the gorge, "Two rubbed out," cried the aunter, and at

same moment I saw him fling his rifle to the ground.

The hounds kept the trail no longer. Their quarry was before them, their howling ended, and they sprang upon us with the silence of the assassin.-The pext moment we were mingled togetherdogs'and men-in the fearful strumle of life and death. I knew not how long this strange encounter lasted. I felt myself grappling with the tawny monstey and harling them over the stiff. They sprang at my throat, and I threw out my arms, thrusting them searlessly between the abining rows of teeth. Then I was free again, and seizing a leg or a tail, or the loose flaps of the neck I dragged a savage brote toward the brink, and summoned all my strength, dashed him against the brow, that he might tomble hawling over. Once I feet my beisace and nearly staggered over the precipice, at length bleeding and exhausted, I fell to the earth. I looked around for my comrades. Clayley and Receil had sunk upon the "grass and lay torn and bleading. Lincoln and Chane, bolding a hound,

were belancing him over the bluff. "Now, Murther," eried the hunter, s good heist, and see if we can pitch him clar on winds of sutamn; and the bland, reviving air of bead with the burning wood; but the brute did not

And with this ejeculation, the kicking animal was launched into the air. I could not resist looking after. The yellow body bounded from the face of the opposite chilf and fell with a heavy splash into the water below. He was the last of the pack.

OLD TIMES.-The Romans of the Empire delight ed in the shows of animals. In the days of the Republic, Pompey was drawn in triumph by elephants and Anthony by tions. Agrelian was drawn by deer; Firmus, by ostriches; Heliogabalus was sometimes drawn by four lions, then by four tigers; now by four elephants, then by four mastiffs, not unfrequently by four camels. At one time-he caused to be collected a thousand rats, at another time a thousand weasels, and at another ten thousand mice, all of which he exhibited to the Roman people. And for the purpose of estimating the magnitude of the city he caused to be collected such a number of spiders as were never collected before, nor have ever since been seen by human eye. They weighed unwards of ten thousand pounds! He would also give most curious presents to those he called his friends. Ten bears to clamation burst from Baoul, in the advance. We one; ten cricklets to another; to some ten camels; the was finished, I turned my attention to the makto others ten flies; ten ostriches; and ten pelican's eggs. To some dead dogs; to others, dead buils; and to some vessels full of worms, of frogs, of toads, of serpents or of scorpions; and frequently at his feasts he would introduce bears and leopards, lions and parthers deprived of their teeth and

> QUESTIONS FOR THE ROCHESTER KNOCKERS.—Will Saltpeter explode on its own book alone?

Who struck the lamented William Paterson How are you off for soap?

Can you account for the milk in the How did it kim there !: What's the price of putty !

How long will 't be before that good time comwhich has been so long coming?

What was the secret of Lord Byron's ing him, and why did his Londship imbibe gin? How many broken-hearted men are there now u California, utterly cursing the hour they ever

heard 'it named! What is your opinion of the gulf of Hamlet's maemai parent?

Do serpents hise! Is it advisable to go it while you're young? Is there a warm place down below for wicked cost to fence it in !

Will Paine's invention enable one to light one's pipe at a pamp! Eh!

DEPRAYITY.—That social deprayity and crime ave been so common among men, even in civilezed society, is owing to their victors education, rather than to their originally victors natures. [[not invent the practice any more than they would speak a strange language which they had never the Hostentots. Again and again the murderous heard spoken. Nor would they be given to lying mar of attack was repeated. We heard John and and theft, if they had not opportunities of fearning | Ruyter shrick "The hon! the lion!" still for a few the uses and advantages that may be gained by these means. A child, we assert, would never frame a lie, it and not previously learned the advantage to be expected from the lie. Not can we believe that children would thiere, if there were not old thieres to leach them, or from whose example they could learn. Why, if this viring was a natural propensity of human nature, all children would be thieves, but we do not find that they are. On the other hand, we find that among children properly educated that is rarely found a single tenency to dishonesty. Bad parents and had children make the bad children, who grow up to bad men and women, and these again add to their numbers by their continual efforts to make every one with whom they come in contact, bad like themselves

WRONG ACTIONS.—Remorse does but add to the vil which bred it, when it promotes, not penitence, but despair. To have erred in one branch of our duties does not unfit us for the performance of all the rest, unless we suffer the dark spot to spread over our whole nature, which may happen almost mobserved in the torpor of derpair. This kind of despair is chiefly grounded on a foolish belief that individual works make or constitute the whole life of man, whereas they are often not fair representatives of portions even of that life. The framments of rock in a mountain stream may tell much of its history, ere in fact, results of its doings, but they are not the stream. They were brought down when i was turbed; it may now be clear; they are as snuch the result of other discountances as of the action of the stream; their history is fitful; they give us no sore intelligence of the fature course of the stream, or of the saters of its waters; and may scarcely show more than that it has not been always as it is. The actions of men are but linle better indications of the men themselves.

Taug as Pagacuage-A colored elergyman reaching recently to a black andience, at the South, mid; "I spose, indeed I s'pect dat de reason de Lord made us brack men was, 'cause he use all de white men up fore he got to de brack man, and he had to make him brack. But dat don't make no odds, my bredreu : de Lord look aster brack men, too. Don't de scripture say dat two sparrer hawks am sold for a farden and dat not one ob 'em shall fall 'pon de ground widom der farder! Weil, den, my bredren, if your hebbendly farder care so much for a sparrer hawk, when you can buy two ob dem for a farden, how berry much more he care for you. dat am with aix or seben hundred dollars a piece; if that argument isn't a colored non sequiter, we never saw a colored non sequiter.- Knickeracker.

If we would enjoy ourselves, we must take the world as it is mix up a thousand spots of sambine -a cloud here and there—a bright sky—a a

(Prom Comming's Hunting Adventures in Africa.) A MAN-EATING LION.

On the 29th we arrived at the small village of Bakalari. These natives told me that elephants were abundant on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly resolved to halt here and hunt, and drew my wagons up on the river's bank, within thirty yards of the water, and about one hundred yards from the native village. Having outspanned, we at once set about making for the cattle a krasl of the worst description, of thorn-trees. Of this I had now become very particular since my severe loss by lions on the first of this month; and my cattle were, at night, secured by a strong kraal, which enclosed my two wagons, the horse being made fast to a trektow stretched between the hind wheels of the wagons. I had yet, however, a fearful lesson to learn as to the nature and character of the lion, of which I had at one time entertained so little fear; and on this night a horrible tragedy was to be acted in my little lonely camp of so very awful and appalling a nature as to make the blood curdle in our veins. I worked till near sundown at one side of the kraal. When the kraal for the cating a pot of barley broth, and lighted a fire between the wagons and the water, close on the river's bank, under a dense grove of shady trees, making no sort of a kraal around our aitting place for the

The Hottentots, without any reason, made their fire about fifty yards from mine; they, according to their usual custom, being satisfied with the shelter of a large dense bush. The evening passed away cheerfully. Soon after it was dark we heard elephants breaking the trees in the forest across the river, and once or twice I strode away into the darkness some distance from the fireside to stand and listen to them. I little, at that moment, dreamed of the imminent peril to which I was exposing my life, nor thought that a bloodthirsty man-eater lion was crouching near, and only watching an opportunity to spring into the kraal, and consign one of us to a most horrible death -About three hours after the sun went down I called to my men to come and take their coffee and supper, which was ready for them at my fire; and alter supper three of them returned before their comrades to their fireeide, and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendric, and Ruyter. In a few mi nutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal and walked round the back of it. Hendric got eople; and, it sp, when are you going back to it ! up and drove him back again, and then went Is this a great inked ntry!" and, it so, what will back to his fireside and lay down. Hendric and Rayter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stolohus on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley broth; our fire was very small, and the night was night dark and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village the wood was very scarce, the Baka-

tari having burned it all in their fires. Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of in a few yards of us, followed by the shrinking of moments, we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, next instant, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of as almost speechless with feat and terror, his eyes burning from their sockets, and shrinked out, "The liqu! the tion! He has got Hendric; he drawed him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands but he would not let go his hold. Hendric is dead! Oh God! Handric is dead; bet us take fire and seek him." The rest of my people rushed about, shricking and yelling as if they did not stand still and keep quiet the lion would have another of jus; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dags, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire inrreased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendinc's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendric was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him, and hunting my dogs forwand, I had every thing brought within the cattlekrast, when we lighted out fire and closed the en-

trance as well as we could. My terrified people sat round the fire with many in their bands till day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return and spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got wind and, going at him, disclosed to us his position they kept up a continued backing until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them and driving them in mon the kraal. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us consuming the wretched man whom he had choeen for his prev. He had dragged him into a fittle hollow at the back of the thick bush beside which the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity."

It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendric ose to drive the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had acarcely laid down when the brute sprang upon him and Royter (for both lay under one blanket.) with his appalling, murderoes roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his seck; having got hold of which, he at ouce drag ding great works. Some men have employed their ged him away backward round the bosh into the

As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man, he faintly cried, "Help me, help me! Oh God! men belp me!" After which the féarful beast gos hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stololus had lain with his back to the five on the opposite side and on bearing the lion he sprang up, and seizing to-day-a calm to-morrow-the chill, pienting a large flaming brand, had belabored him on the take any notice of him. The Bushman had a nar- ing printer's bills.

row escape; he was not altogether acathless, the lion having inflicted two gashes in his seat with his claws.

The next morning, just as the day began to dawn we heard the lion dragging something up the river side under cover of the bank. We drove the cattle out of the kraal, and then proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragely. In the hollow where the lion had lain consuming his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendric, below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes all stained with blood, and fragments of his pea-cost lay around. Poor Hendric! I knew the fragments or that old coat, and had often marked them banging in the dense covers where the elephant had charged after my unfortunate after-rider. Hendric was by far the best man I had about my wagons, of a most cheerful disposition, a first-rate wagon-driver, fearless in the field, ever active, willing, and obliging: his loss to us all was very erious. I felt contounded and utterly sick in my heart: I could not remain on the wagons, so I tesolved to go after elephants to divert my mind .-I had that morning heard them breaking the trees n the opposite side of the river. I accordingly told the natives of the village of my intentions, and having ordered my people to devote the day to forifying the kraal, started with Piet and Royter as my therefulers. It was a very cool day. We crossed the river, and at once took up the fresh spoor of a troop of bull elephants. The bulls aufortunately oined a troop of cows, and when we came on them the dogs attacked the cows, and the bulls were off in a moment, before we could even see them. One remarkably fine old cow charged the dogs, I hunted this cow and finished her with two shots from the saddle. I did not attempt to rollow the troop. My followers were not a little gratified to see me etoming, for terror had taken hold of their minds, and they expected that the lion would return, and emboldened by the success of the preceding night, would prove still more during in his attack. The ion would most certainly have returned, but fate has otherwise ordained. My health had been setter in the last three days; my fever was leaving ne, but I was, of course still very weak. It would tall be two hours before the sun would set, and. feeling retreshed by a little rest, and able for furher work. I ordered the steeds to be saddled, and went in search of the lion.

I took John and Cary as after-rulers, armed, and party of the natives followed up the spoor and led the dogs. The lion had dragged the remains of poor Hendric along a native foot-path that led up the river. We tound tragments of his coat all along the epoor, and at last the mangled coat itself. About eix bundred wards from our camp a dry rirer's course joined the Limpopo. At this spot was much shade, cover, and heaps of dry reeds and trees deposited by the Limpopo in some great flood. The lion had left the foot-path and entered this secluded spot. I at once felt convinced that make loose the dogs. These walked suspiciously forward on the spoor, and next minute began to spring about, and backing angrily, with all their hair bristling on their backs: a crash upon the dry reeds immediately followed-it was the lion bound-

Several of the slogs were extremely afraid of him, and kept rushing continually backward and springing sloft to obtain a view. I now pressed forward and urged them on; old Argyll and Bess took up his spoor in gallant style, and led on the other dogs. Then commenced a short but lively and glorious chase, whose conclusion was the only small satisfaction that I could obtain to answer for the horrors of the preceding evening. The lion held up the river's bank for a short distance, and took away through some wait-a-bit thorn cover, the best be could find: but nevertheless open. Here, in two minutes the dogs were up with him, and he tarn ed and stood at buy. As I approached, he stood, his horrid head right to me, with open jaws, growl ing fiercely, his tall waving from side to side.

On beholding him my blood boiled with tage. wished that I could take him alive and torture bim, and, setting my teeth, I dashed my steed for ward within thirty yards of him and shouted "Your time is up, old fellow." I halted my horse, and placing my rifle to my shoulder, waiting for broadside. This the next moment lie exposed. when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot. He tote, however, again, when I finished him with the second in the breast. The Bakalari cow came up in wonder and delight. ordered John to cut off his head and forepaws and bring them to the wagons, and, and mounting my horse, galloped home, having been absent about adversary. filteen mitutes. When the Rakalari women beand that the man-eater was dead, they commenced dancing about with joy, calling me their father.

sons discouraged. If they my some project for an hour without success, they fret; get angry, and give up. Such characters never did accomplish any thing worth naming and never will. Hireland states that he was three days and a half on a single stanza, which he was endeavoring to translateone word only was wanted, and that he could not supply. It is said that Gray was ten years in writing the, "Elegy in a Country Church Yand." Yet sible," and a life of integrity and virtue will asyou are discouraged in an hour. Shame on you. What can be accomplished in a lew moments l'ears of nationt industry are often spont in project whole lives in important modertakings, and, when inst completed, have died of old age. I mitate them and never yield for a moment to discouragements, If you are made of the night material, you never

Easily Discoveragen -How easily are some per

Some sensible chap says truly, that a person who trice to raise himself by scandalizing others, might did not discover fier error fill she had scalled a just as well set down on a wheelbarrow, and undertake to wheel himself.

UP HILL WORK .- Chasing ballgons and collect-

SHENT OREF.

NAZ, cease to ask the reason why cannut gaily smile to-night,-Why gloom alone affects mine eye.

hen all around are glad, and bright. My bosom owns a silent grief,

That even thou caust never shar Too steen for smiles to give relief. Bince thine must pass unbecded the

But dim not, love, that eye for me, On others happier let it shine, The last—worst pang must prove to see One cloud reflected there from mine!

Bill Myer's Mare,

Holden's Magazine for August, contains that lollowing anecdote of Rev. E. P. Wunt, famous south nd west as a temperance lesturer:

A small temperance society had been started in community very much under the course of a rich distiller commonly collect. Bill Myors. This man had several sons who had become drunkards on the facilities afforded by their education at home. The whole family were arrayed against the movement, and threatened to break up any meeting; callad to promote the object. Learning this Mr. Hunt went to a neighboring district for temperance volunteers for that particular occasion. He then gave out word for a meeting, and at the time found his friends and enemies about equal in number. This fact prevented any outbreak, but could not I sevent the noise.

Mr. Hunt mounted his platform, and by a few harp anecdotes and witty sayings, soon silenced the noise except the sturdy Bill Myers. The old Dutchman crying out, " Misther Hunt, money makes the mare go.". To every shot which seemed ready to demolish him, the old fellow presented the one shield, " Misther Hunt, money makes the

At last Mr. Hunt stopped and addressed the imperturbable German. "Look here, Bill Myers, you say that money makes the mare go, do you."

" Yes, that is just what I say, Misther Hunt." " Well, Bill Myers, you own and work a distillery, don't you?" inquired Mr. Hunt.

" Dat is none of your business, Misther Hunt -But, den, I ish not ashame I of it. I has got a still, and work it too."

"And you say " money makes the mare go," do you mean by that I come here to get money from "Yes, Misther Hunt, dat is just what I mean."

"Very well; you work a distilery to make noney, and as you say, " money makes the mare go," Bill Myers, bring out your "mare" and I'll oring out mine, and we'll show them together."

By this time the whole assembly was in a lifter of delight, and even Myers' followers could not repress their merriment at the evident embarrass. ment of their oracle. In the meautime, we must premise that Mr. Hunt knew a large number of the drunkards present and among them the sons of

" Bill Myers, who is that holding himself up by that tree !" inquired Mr. Hent, pointing to a young man so drunk that he could not stand alone,

The old man started as if stung by an adder, but was obliged to reply. "Dat ish my sen; but with of dat. Misther Hunt?" "Good deal of that, Bill Myers, for I guess that

on has been riding your mare and got thrown." Here there was a perfect aproar from all parts of the assembly, and when order was restored, he proceeded, as he pointed to another son:

"Bill Myers, who is that staggering as if his lega were as weak as potatoe vines after frost !"

"Well, I suppose dat is my son, too," replied he old man with a very crest-fallen look. At this point the old man put up both hands in a nost imploring manner, and exclaimed: "Now,

This announcement was received with a root of applause and laughter, and from that moment Mr. Hunt had all the ground to himself.

Mr. Hunt, if you wont say any more, I will be

KEEP FROM TEMPTATION -The only mie course for a young man who would retain his virtue and his correct principles, is to keep away from temptation. How many have fallen who merely ventured to look at vice in her gandy colors! Her temptation was too strong for them to resist.

They partook of the fatal glass enatched the gilded treasure, or gave themselves up to unclean-

None are secure who run in the way of sin ; we ree how near they can venture on the threshold of vice, without entangling their feet in the net of the

In regard to vice, he only is safe who keeps away from templation. Those who venture make are often upset and destroyed. We can pointe to individuals who are lost in virtue; who, when they wok the first wrong step, resolved never to take another. It was a voice of a pretended friend, it may be, which arged them on, only for once; but at proved their destruction.

Ye who are now sale, whose hearts are uncontaminated, listen to the voice of wisdom, and go not where there are strong allurements to vice.-Keep away from the gaming table, the grog-shope, and the midnight party. "Keep as far off as possoredly be yours.

LIST CASE OF ASSENT MINDRESS -The N. O. Delta says that one of Carondelet street inhabitants. of the gender femining, who has been for some time, suspected of being affected with the tender passions in the neighborhood of her heart, lately, made assurance doubly said by walking out into the street with a very tall specimen of a broom rained over her head! Sha had mistaken the broom in a fit of absent mindedness, for her parasol, an square and abalf. This case is certainly, the last

Sioth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears. whilst the used key is always bright.