THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XIII. "REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER." NUMBER 23.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, November 15, 1851.

Selected Poetry.

AUTUMN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

Welcome ye trees, in dying verdure clad,
Weeping your golden tears on all below:
Hail, lovely autumn day, whose aspect sad,
Delights my sight and softens all my wo.

With thoughtful step in woodland path,
I love to mark the year's retreating form,
When sombre as the mournful shades of death,
The sun's veil'd rays scarce tell the approach of morn.

Yes, in these autumn days, when nature dies,
Her glory gone, all beauteous things I see—
The farewell of a friend, the last two sighs
That waft from dying lips the last sweet smile to me.

So early from the shore of life to spring,
Weeping for summer days of hope long past,
I oft look back with envy's poignant sting,
And view departed joys which yet no joys possess.

Earth, sun, vales, nature, beautiful and fair,
For you, on earth's dark verge a tear I'll shed,
Scarce is the light, so pure the air,
The tones and breathings around the dying head.

Yet to the dregs this cup of life I'll drain;
This mingled cup of nectar and of gall;
Within its depth all hidden, may remain
One drop of life to compensate for all.

Perchance, all shrouded in futurity,
Some bliss, by hope unseen, I may descry;
Perchance, some sister soul my soul may see,
To read my spirit with a kindred eye.

The flower resigns its perfumes to the gale,
Breathing its latent sweetness ere it die;
My soul exhales in sorrow, like the wail
Of some low song of mournful melody.

THE FATE OF THE WASP AND HER CREW.

BY J. E. POE, ESQ.

The wind moaneth a long the wave,
The long grass bows beneath the grave,
And sighs to the reaper the brave,
Whose last green wreath is worn.

The crook-backed elm throws heaven and hell,
When overhead the midnight gale,
Far off in death the morning swell,
Shakes pennon, spar and sail. O. W. HOLMES.

It was a lovely evening in midsummer in the year 1814, when a sloop of war appeared off the mouth of the English channel, and stood to towards the shores of Cornwall. The gentle breeze of the ocean now sighed through the neatly fitted rigging of the belligerent stranger, and the faint ripple at her stem gave evidence that she was moving on her road. The waves seemed to creep away from her swells before her, and the fringe of the sunset as it glanced through the valleys of the deep, lay reposed on their dark green sunny surfaces, like the smile of dying day upon the features of a maiden.

Her light sails, from sky to water sail, swelled gracefully to the rising shores of merry England, while every ensign of the free streamed gallantly from her quarter deck; her ports were shut in; a silence equal to that of a forsaken bark, reigned upon her walls of thunder, while a solitary battle lantern gleamed at the cabin door. The tread of a sentinel on duty alone gave evidence that the gallant vessel was not a specter ship—"a some gallant ship of the dead." Hour after hour lagged away. The wind now began to grow [illegible] of morn settled deeply upon the surrounding water.

A dull [illegible] fish appeared where the [illegible] billow mingled together, and [illegible] the gleaming [illegible] vessel, and then as quick as thought [illegible] vessel was broken by the [illegible] the tapping of the drum, the [illegible] men, the tread of ports, the rattling [illegible] the racks, and the running [illegible] pieces of ordnance.

[illegible] English colors, turned [illegible] and ran up the private signal [illegible] "Stand clear," cried the immortal Blakely, [illegible] "Stand clear."

[illegible] repeat the master's orders [illegible] with the bow gun!"

[illegible] master" [illegible] said the old salt at the helm.

[illegible] —fire"

[illegible] up [illegible] gracefully at the command of [illegible] and [illegible] her ensign, which had [illegible] by the main stay of canvass that towered [illegible] A heavy roar followed a volume of [illegible] smoke from the American vessels [illegible] a sharp and crackling sound from [illegible] as though a heavy body had fallen from [illegible] lattice of laths, and had [illegible] accompanied by a cry of agony, [illegible] over the still waters, told that [illegible] work of bloody death had commenced.

"They have felt the sting of the Wasp," cried [illegible] American captain, as he scanned the chase [illegible] glass. "Steady your helm, quartermaster, this is but the opening of the ball."

"Aye, aye," answered the attentive gunner at [illegible] And the gallant sloop was as silent as [illegible]

And on the sea is spread one,
A [illegible] mouse [illegible] much,
As [illegible] in a [illegible] brook,
In the warm months of June,
[illegible] in the sleeping woods all night,
Singing a quaint tune.

[illegible] eight bells passed one, A. M., the Wasp [illegible] the stranger also tacked to preserve the weather-gage. At three, P. M., the enemy bore down on the Wasp's weather quarter, answered her [illegible] of defiance, and stood gallantly down to [illegible] When within sixty yards of the American, [illegible] chase fired a shifting gun from his top-gallant forecastle, and repeated the same unwelcome salute for several minutes. This destructive fire was however borne without a murmur by the Wasp, which vessel could not bring a gun to bear on her antagonist. A favorable moment had now arrived.

"Put your helm down!" shouted Blakely, from the quarter deck.

In a moment the broadside of his vessel began to show its teeth upon the enemy, and soon the stranger received his former double-shotted salute with interest.

"Haul up the mainsail!" thundered the deck trumpet.

The order had scarcely died away, before the heavy sail hung in the festoons upon the main yard.

The fire of the Wasp now became dreadful—every shot told; and feeling that any risk was safer than the one he was then running, the captain of the British cruiser, at forty minutes past three, ran the Wasp aboard on the starboard quarter, his larboard coming foul. The English commander now uttered the magic command—"Boarders, away!" and placing himself at the head of the crew, endeavored to carry the deck of his antagonist. Three times in succession the attempt was made, and three times the Americans drove the assailants back with great slaughter. At the third rush, the gallant captain of the enemy fell from the Wasp's mizzen rigging while in the act of flourishing his sword—two bullets had pierced his brain, and he was dead ere he touched the deck.

At forty four minutes past three, Captain Blakely gave the order to board in turn. The American seamen now started *en masse*, bounded over the hammock nettings of the enemy like a living torrent; and in one minute, amid the clashing of cutlasses, the sharp reports of boarding pistols, the groans of the dying and the yells of the wounded, were master of the foe. As the sword of the dying Manners was laid upon the capstan, the flag of Britain dropped suddenly upon the bloody deck of the Reindeer, and ere the spectator could mark the movement, the banner of freedom floated triumphantly in its place.

The Reindeer was an eighteen gun sloop of war, and had a complument of 118 souls. She had 25 killed and 42 wounded; while the Wasp had but five killed and twenty-two wounded.

After burning his shattered prize, the victorious Blakely shaped his course for L'Orient, where he arrived on the 8th of July, with his ensign waving above the tattered flag of England, and his vessel crowded with prisoners of war.

On the 27th of August, having undergone a thorough repair, the Wasp dropped down to the outer anchorage, and departed from the shores of France. Having made a few prizes, she stood farther out to sea, and on the morning of the first of September found herself in the midst of a fleet of merchantmen under convoy of the Armada seventy-four.

With his accustomed skill and gallantry, Captain Blakely now beat to quarters, and dashed in among the unsuspecting fleet. A vessel loaded with guns and military stores was soon captured, and while the boarding officer was busily engaged with another, the seventy-four came down upon the wind and stopped the havoc with her heavy thunder.

Evening now crept in long and dusky shadows along the silent waters, and the look out man from his airy height watched with eager eyes the horizon around.

The cry of "Sail O!" now roused the officers from their evening meal. Busy feet echoed along the cleared decks, and the shot racks received a further supply of the iron messengers of death, while the active powder boy stood with a spare cartridge in his leathern passing box beside his gun. Four sails now hove in sight, but the nearest one seeming most like a man of war, the Wasp put down to speak to her.

At twenty minutes past nine, the chase was on her lee bow within hail. A heavy eighteen now hurled its death dealing shot into the enemy's bridle aft. The shot was promptly returned by the chase; when Blakely passed under his lee fearful lest he might escape, the wind blowing high and the Wasp going ten knots. Having reached the right position, the gallant little Wasp poured in a broadside which rattled the enemy's spars and rigging about his ears, and convinced him of the true character of the stranger. It was now nine o'clock at night. Darkness rested upon the ocean; save when illumined by the bright flashes of musketry; and the heavy roar of cannon died away amid the din of the swelling waves. Furious was the fire of the Wasp, and warm was the return made by the enemy. It was almost impossible to tell the officers from the men, amid the smoke and darkness of the hour; and the seamen slipped upon the bloody decks as they ran out the long eighteens.—The wind howled mournfully through the rigging—the vessels plunged heavily along the agitated deep. As they came upon the top of corresponding waves the practised gunners fired, and when they rose again discovered the damage they had done.

For one hour this terrible conflict was kept up with unmitigated fierceness. At ten the enemy's fire ceased, and Captain Blakely leaning over the quarter, hailed them in a voice louder than the roaring ocean—

"Have you surrendered?"

No human voice replied—but a few long eighteens thundered back the emphatic "No!"

A fresh broadside was now poured into the enemy, and as the fire was not returned, Blakely hailed a second time—

"Have you struck?"

A faint "Aye, aye," now came over the waters, and a boat was at once lowered to take possession of the prize. As the cutter touched the wave, the look-out-man cried—

"Sail O! close aboard!"

The smoke having blown away, another vessel was seen nearing the Wasp. The cutter was therefore run up to the davits, and the crew sent again to their guns.

The Wasp was soon in readiness to receive the second antagonist; but two more sail heaving in sight astern, the conqueror was forced to leave his prize.

The helm of the Wasp was therefore put up and the ship ran off free, in order to repair her rigging and to draw the nearest vessel of the enemy from its consorts.

The second stranger continued her chase of the Wasp until he got quite near, when he shot across her stern, gave her a parting broadside, and beat up towards his consort, whose signal guns of distress now echoed in melancholy murmurs along the mighty deep.

The Wasp left her prize in such haste, as to be ignorant of his name and force. When the sea gives up its dead, and the crew of the Avon and the little band of Blakely, shall muster together at the final judgement, then, and then only, shall the conqueror know his vanquished foe.

The Wasp was soon lost amid the darkness of the night, while the Castilian, the vessel that came to the assistance of the enemy, and his consorts, hovered around the wreck of the prize, and endeavored to save the crew.

As the morning watch was called, the Avon gave a sudden roll to leeward, then settling swiftly by the stern, she sank with a gurgling sound, while her dead men floated in ghastly and bloody forms upon the summer sea. With heavy hearts the English cruisers lowered their ensigns at half mast and left the ocean tomb of their sister, firing minute guns in memory of their brave.

Having repaired her damages, which were principally in spars and rigging, the Wasp continued her cruise to the westward, and on the 12th of September, fell in with and took the Three Brothers.—After scuttling her, she over-hauled and took the brig Bacchus. This vessel she soon sent to a final resting place in ocean's realms. As she neared the Western Islands an armed brig hove in sight.—Crowding on all sail, the gallant Blakely fired a shot across her bows, and received her descending flag as a token of submission. The vessel proved to be the Atlanta, of eight guns and nineteen minute men. Midshipman Daniel Geisenger, now a post-captain in the service, was put on board of her as a prize-master, and at the dim hour of evening, the prize-master and his crew were the last Americans who beheld the Wasp and her gallant band, and lived to tell the tale.

On the 9th of October following the Swedish brig Adonis from Rio, bound to Falmouth, was boarded by the Wasp in lat. 48 deg. 35 min. North, longitude 30 deg. 10 min. West, and two passengers, Lieut. McKnight, and master's mate, Lyman, late of the gallant Essex, were taken from her. The Swede then pursued his course, while the American cruiser continued to the Southward under easy sail. At 4 P. M., her top-sails dropped in the Southern ocean; and when the sun set, she was seen no more.

Of the final end of the Wasp, rumor has been busy with her thousand tongues. At one time she was said to have been lost upon the desolate coast of Africa, while her hardy seamen battled with the Arabs of the desert.

At another time, she was said to have been sunk in a gale off the Spanish shore, after an action with an English frigate. At one time she was supposed to have been lost in the wild ocean alone. At another, blown up by the accidental ignition of her magazines. History being silent upon the subject, the pen of imagination must trace her last moments.

It was an awful night in the South Atlantic—the waves leapt in mighty masses, like spectre knights in dusky armor, upon their fire-tipped crests, like the crimson plumes of hell's battalion, played with the clouds and fluttered in the breeze. Loud rolled the thunder of heaven, and round the horizon the lightning like tongues of a thousand adders forked in air, or wreathed around the magazines of hail, that reared their pale blue bodies upon the bosom of the storm. The wind swept in one unbroken howl, and the din of the dashing waters completed the dreadful music of the elementary war.

The sails of the mariner's bark were no where to be seen. It seemed as though man had left the ocean in its majesty to his God, while the clouds and darkness, the whirlwind and the water-spout, the lightning and the deep-mouthed thunder gave terrific evidence of the presence of the Creator—"But hark! A cannon faintly echoes! A pale sepulchral light faintly glared upon the deep! And now with the velocity of the wounded whale, a sloop of war with her sails in strips, her spars twisted, splintered and broken, her bulwarks partly carried away, her rudder gone, comes down before the wind. She falls off from her course—now she buries her head in foam, and now her stern seems fast disappearing in the awful hollow of the deep. Sea after sea rolls over her lumbered deck, and the seamen lashed to her sides seem waiting the hour of near destruction.

The commander at the wheel, with his brazen trumpet, is silent. His bright eye flashes like that of the chained eagle, as he scans the face of the deep. A few hours more and the vessel must founder at sea. Her banner still floats in ribbons at her peak; a faint light gleams from her starboard binnacle, and the signal bell tolls sadly as the vessel is thrown from broadside to broadside upon the sidling waves.

The storm abates! The fierceness of the blast is gone! The sea rolls in gentle billows, and the heavens shower darkness instead of forked fire.—A temporary rudder is rigged—a storm staysail is set—the wreck of spars is cleared away, and the jibboows are cut adrift together. The rolling guns are choked with hammocks from the nettings, and the ports are closed.

"Ha! my brave fellows," thundered the commander, "we are safe. Really, Trilinghast and Baury, nobly have you stood the test of this war of nature. All hands save ship."

"All hands," shouted the first Lieutenant.

"Tumble up, tumble up," cried the boatswain's mate below.

And now the weary crew are upon deck. Those who are lashed, cut their seizing as if by magic.—Grasping axes, the officers spring to the tops and work with the undaunted men. The shattered topmasts are replaced, new sails are bent, and already the distressed bark begins to wear the appearance of a ship of war. But hark! from the northwest a rushing sound is heard! A bright bow rears itself from the edge of the horizon! And from the centre of that arch of fire, a flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous crash, blinds the eyes of the anxious leader and his busy crew. In a moment more, the fierce norther strikes the ship aback—from the top of a giant billow it hurls her down. A huge abyss yawns to receive her—and with her mainmast blazing with the lightning's fire, and her tattered stars gleaming midst the lurid glare, down to the ocean sepulchre sinks the gallant Wasp, with her brave Blakely and his matchless crew.

One wild wail now rings along the solitary sea; it dies in echoes far away. The wind howls sadly in its fury—the waves leap in their majesty around—the thunder peal answers the roar of the billow, and the dead sleep in their coffin of glory in sweet forgetfulness.

Who is Contented.

One day, as the dervish Almoran, the wisest of all the followers of the prophet, and the oracle of the chief mufti Stamboul, was sitting in a grove by the side of a bubbling fountain on the shore of Bosphorus, trying to find out the true road to happiness in order that he might benefit his fellow-creatures by communicating the discovery, his speculations were interrupted by a man richly clothed, who approaching, sat down and sighed heavily, crying out at the same time, "O, Allah, I beseech thee to relieve me of life or of the burdens with which it is laden."

Almorn, who was a sort of amateur of misery, because it afforded him the pleasure of administering consolation, approached the man of sorrow, and kindly inquired the cause of his griefs: "Art thou in want of food, of friends, of health, or any of those comforts of life that are necessary to human happiness? or does thou lack the advice of experience or the consolations of sympathy? Speak, for it is the happiness of my life to bestow them on my fellow-creatures."

"Alas!" said the stranger, I require none of these I have all and more than I want of everything. I have all the means of happiness but one, and the want of that renders every other blessing of no value."

"And what is that?" asked the dervish.

"I adore the beautiful Zulema; but she loves another, and all my riches and honors are as nothing. I am the most miserable of men; my life is a burden and my death would be the greatest of blessings."

Before Almoran could reply, there approached a poor creature, bowed to the earth with a load of misery. He sat down moaning, as if in great pain, and casting his eyes upward, exclaimed, "Allah! be my star, for I have no other!"

The dervish went to him and kindly said: "What aileth thee, poor man? Perhaps it may be in my power to relive thy distress. What wantest thou?"

"Everything," replied the beggar, "health, food kindred, friends, a home everything. I am an outcast and a wanderer, destitute of every comfort of life. I am the most miserable of mankind for in addition to my own sufferings, I see others around me revelling in those luxuries for lack of a small portion of which I am perishing."

At this moment the third man approached, with weary steps and a languid look, and casting him self down by the side of the fountain, stretched out his limbs at full length and, yawning desperately, cried out, "Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me? I am tired of life, which is nothing but a purgatory of wants, that when supplied, only produce disappointment or disgust."

Almoran approached and asked, "What is the cause of thy misery? What wantest thou?"

"I want a want," answered the other. "I am cursed with the misery of fruition. I have wasted my life in acquiring riches that brought me nothing but disappointment, and honors that no longer gratify my pride, or pay me for the labor of sustaining them; I have been cheated into the pursuit of pleasure that turned to pain in the enjoyment and my only want is that I have nothing to desire. I have everything I wish, and yet I enjoy nothing."

Almoran paused a few moments, utterly at a loss to find a remedy for this strange malady, then said he to himself, "Allah! preserve me; I see it is all the same whether men want one thing, everything, or nothing, and may I eat dirt if I trouble myself any more in so vain a pursuit."

Then, taking up his staff, he went on his way.

READER—YOUR DUTY.—If you desire an interesting paper, subscribe for it—pay in advance—read it attentively—write for it occasionally, and procure all the new subscribers you can. If you have a family and wish to interest your son and daughter in reading a paper, furnish them the means of becoming a subscriber, and you will have the double pleasure of reading the paper, and hearing it read.

If your neighbor borrows your paper, and don't return it, by all means get him to subscribe for one of his own. If you have a friend or neighbor, and he says he is too poor to take a family paper, tell him to drink more cold water, and less hard cider. He will thereby add much to his own comfort and lose no friends. If you have never taken a well conducted paper, you can give the publisher an agreeable surprise by forwarding your subscription by the next post.

A SENSIBLE REPLY.—During the examination of a witness, as to the locality of the stairs in the house, the counsel asked him "which way did the stairs run?" The witness, who by the by is a noted wag, replied, "that one way they ran up stairs, but that the other way they ran down stairs." The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

☞ Dont think of love till your upper lip tapers with a mustache; nor of matrimony till you have harvested you wild oats. Husbands, like wines, are all the better for a little age.

Do Animals Reason?

The Alpine hares, says Pennant, in August begin to cut great quantities of soft, tender grass and other herbs, which they spread out dry. This hay about Autumn, they collect into large heaps, and place either beneath the over-hanging rocks or around the trunks of trees, in conical heaps, of various sizes, according to the number of the society that make them. They select the best of vegetables, and crop them when in the fullest vigor, which they make into the best and greenest hay by the judicious manner in which they dry it. The common squirrel makes a nest of moss and leaves at the forks of tree's branches, with two holes at opposite sides, and, as the wind varies, shuts the hole towards it. It lays up magazine of nuts, acorns and berries for winter, never touching them till wanted. The field-man collects large stores, &c., in the same manner; the German harvester makes large chambers for grain, beans, and peas, each in a separate cell, sometimes a hundred pound weight in the whole. The tuition which quadrupeds are capable of receiving, discovers a lower degree of that improvability which distinguishes our superior race, which, as far as it extends, resembles ours, although at the same time it marks its specific difference by its unvarying limitation. Blumenbach's ape would manage wood for the stove, and put it in with as much judgment and economy as a servant. He was often at the college, and used to examine the pupil's specimens with amusing imitation and grimace. One day he found a work on insects on the table which he studied with great gravity; but a person on entering the room an hour afterwards, found that the ape had, with great dexterity, pinched out all the beetles of the large plates, & eaten them, mistaking the pictures for real insects. This was an unlucky, but not a foolish action. Vosemaer had an ourang outang which was taught to eat with a spoon and fork, and pick out his straw berries one by one from a plate. Getting loose one day, it uncorked a bottle of Malaga wine, drank it off, and put it in its place. Seeing others open its chain padlock with a key, it put a bit of stick into the key hole, and turned it about in all direction to unlock itself. A black sow was taught to find game, and bark and stand nearly as well as a pointer puppies, and the keeper resolved to try her. He gave her some pudding of barley-meal as her reward, and threw stones at her when she done wrong. By this mode he soon taught her what he wished. As soon as the game she pointed rose, she always returned for her reward. The quadruped animals, of their own will and nature, and from inborn instincts, do actions which require knowledge, reasoning and judgment in mankind. Reindeer follow a leader which they implicitly obey; antelopes run in a regular file, led by an older one. Elephants make their journeys on this plan. Many animals are found to make defensive arrangements. A Cape babboon having taken off some clothes from the barracks, Lieutenant Shipp formed a party to recover them. With twenty men, I made a circuit to cut them off from the caverns to which they always fled for shelter.—They observed my movements, and detaching about half to guard the entrance, the others kept their post. We could see them collecting large stones and other missiles. One old grey headed one, who had often paid us a visit at the barracks, was seen distributing his orders as if a general. We rushed to the attack when on a scream from him, they rolled enormous stones upon us, so that we were forced to give up the contest." When bisons scent the approach of wolves, the herd throw themselves into the form of a circle, placing the weakest in the middle and the strongest outside, and thus present an impenetrable forest of horns. The black bear's method of fishing is as dexterous as any schoolboy's could be. Seating on his hind feet on the bank of a river or lake, he continues so motionless that he might be mistaken for the burnt stump of a tree. He has sometimes deceived even the practised eye of an Indian. With incredible celerity, he seizes with his right paw the fish that pass by him. He seems to know that morning and evening are the times for fishing.

TWO PER CENT A MONTH!—We never saw the other ends of some of the wires at Wall street better designated than in the following passage from an article in the Herald, on "Sunday in New York":

"If during the week, the stranger should be surprised at the intense activity and insane eagerness to make money, which prevails among our business men, let them look at their handsome wives and daughters as they sail out to church in a full Sunday apparel, and he will wonder no longer. This vast, uninterrupted stream of twenty five dollar bonnets, fifty dollars silks, yard-wide ribbons, embroidered shawls, velvet robes, and costly feathers, bespeak an unparalleled extravagance in the families of the industrious and prosperous, many who make up the great body of the population of every large city.—The expensive and ostentatious styles of this immense class—both in their dress and manner of living—is one of the most striking characteristics of our country and our age. Nowhere else in the world can one tenth of so great a number of expensively (we do not say well) dressed women be seen in the same time or compass as in Broadway on a fine Sunday morning. When we encountered this brilliant procession, last Sunday, and remembered that money was worth 2 per cent a month in Wall street, we could not help roughly estimating the enormous interest the husbands and fathers of New York bestow upon their wives and daughters.

PHYSIOGNOMY.—The editor of the Easton Argus, Mr. W. H. Hotter, was defeated for the Legislature in Northampton county by a Whig opponent; whereupon Mr. H. briefly announces:

"The question was submitted to the people of Northampton county, on Tuesday, whether they would have a good representative or a good editor, the coming winter, and they decided by a majority of 80 that they would rather have a good editor.—Huzza for our side."

The Emperor's Body Coachman.

The Russian character for fortitude and obstinateness, and for power of endurance, is finely delineated in the following sketch:

Observe yonder stately, six foot high, comfortably full-bodied man, with his round face and goatee beard, in the kufian of fine green cloth, and the square cap of red velvet trimmed with fur.—The man's habitual mode of life is the most comfortable imaginable. The *dolce far niente* is his profession, and only from time to time lets he to make certain superhuman exertions. This is the emperor's *body coachman!* Off duty, he lives like a lord of the land. You probably imagine that the coachman's residence is the stable; but—to err is human!—our charioteer has never seen the stable since he received his last appointment. Whether carriages be in good condition, the horses fat or lean, the harness suitable—he troubles not his head. Even as a chamberlain approaches the emperor with the words, "Sire, the carriage is at the door!" so does a coachman of the second class present himself before the great chief of the stable department and say—"Alexei Iwanowitsch, the horses are put to!" Then the comedy man with the beard rises from his chair, empties his glass, and descends deliberately into the court-yard. There a groom offers him his arm, leaning upon which, he gently attains the coach box, seats himself comfortably, and nods. At that nod the reins are handed to him, he winds them around his hands, stretches out both arms straight before him, settles himself firmly against the box—he neither can nor will sit—and, proud as the emperor on the throne, he drives off. It might really be said that he does his work without moving hands or feet. The latter he hardly can move, for he is firmly planted upon them, and of the motion of the former you are not aware, for he guides the fiery horses with the pressure of his little finger. It is only out of affection that, when he suddenly pulls up, he throws his body backwards, clasping both arms to his breast like a person swimming. A quarter of an hour before he returns home; the emperor alights and drives to the court-yard. A groom runs to the leaders' heads, another helps him off the box, he throws the reins to a coachman, and walks away. His day's work is done. He has driven the emperor, that is the whole of his duty. For this he has officer's rank, several thousand rubles in salary, and lives in clover. But the medal has its reverse—for it may happen that the emperor, on getting up to his carriage, instead of bidding him drive to Kamina Ostrow, gives the word "to Moscow;" and, just as he would have driven seven versts in the one case, so he drives 7263 versts in the other without pause or refreshment, without closing an eye or leaving his box. At certain distances along the whole road, there are little houses built as halting-places for the Emperor Alexander; but Nicholas does not use them. He seldom alights till he reaches Moscow, and the changes of horses being effected with lightning swiftness, the coachman has hardly time to toss off a glass of vodka. At every post a fresh postillion gets upon the box with him; but the most the postillion is allowed to do, is to urge on the horses. The reins never leave the coachman's hand, and thus he gets over the one hundred and fourteen German miles, standing with out-stretched arms, without food, his attention unceasingly upon the strain, exposed to every possible variety of temperature—on the box of the carriage with twenty four degrees of heat, and on that of the sledge with as many of cold.

It has happened that on his arrival in Moscow he was unable to leave his box. Four men lifted him off. He was perfectly stiff, his eyes were starting from his head. He had to be bled and put into a bath, before his stiffened limbs and strained nerves resumed their natural suppleness. No German could endure such enormous fatigue. The Russian endures it with ease, when occasion requires, he also would do nothing his whole life long if he might.

☞ TO MEASURE AN ACRE OF GROUND.—In measuring land, 30¼ square yards make one square rod and 40 square rods make one square rood, four of which, or 160 rods, make one acre. It is evident, therefore, that 40 rods long by 4 rods wide will make an acre. The same area may be marked out by measuring 220 feet on one side and 198 feet on the other, making 724 yards in length by 60 yards in breadth. The diagonal in an acre is 208 feet on each side—the diagonal of which, that will make an acre, being 146 feet each way over the square of the acre [43560 square feet, or 208.95—it is seen, on each side, one side of an acre of ground.

THE MILLIONAIRE.—If there is a position truly enviable, it is that of the man of business, who by his unaided exertions has established for himself a respectable place in society; who, commencing in poverty, has been able by his skill and perseverance to overcome every obstacle which stood in his path, and has built up for himself a reputation whose value is enhanced by the difficulties which he has overcome. It will be found, too, that the success of such a man will be remembered that the success of such a man will be found by all who have been in the habit of taking advantage of the business. It is a mistaken idea that a fortune dealt out by fortune, is in the hands of a lucky hand—fortune and fortune [illegible] exerted in vain.

TWO Irishmen passing through the woods found a gun. They never having seen anything of the kind, thought that it was a musical instrument, and determined to practice. Pat took it and used it "Jemmy" to lock in the muzzle, while Mike played on the keys. The result was, that "Jemmy" lost his brains.

DISTRESSING.—An editor said, says he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death, as original matter for his columns; but a row broke up the wedding, and the doctor fell sick so the patient recovered.

☞ Keep clear of the law; for when you gain a case, you are generally a loser of money.