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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, March 13, 1852.

Selected Poetry.

(From the Pittsburg Commercial Journal.)

SONG:

OH! COMRADES FILL NO GLASS FOR ME.

BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Oh! comrades fill no glass for me:
To drink my soul in liquid flame:
For if I drink the toast should be—
To blighted fortune, health and fame.
Yet though I long to quill the strife
That passion holds against my life,
Still boon companions may ye be:
But comrades fill no glass for me!

I know a breast that once was bright,
Whose patient sufferings need my care;
I know a heart that once was bright,
But drooping hopes have nestled there.
Then, while the tear drops nightly steal,
From wounded hearts that should be heal,
Though boon companions may ye be:
Oh! comrades fill no glass for me!

When I was young, I felt the tide
Of passion's billows on my pride,
My parents' years had wronged the pride
Of manhood's years in their child.
Then by a mother's sacred tear,
By all that memory should revere,
Though boon companions may ye be,
Oh! comrades fill no glass for me!

THE BLOODY HAND.

THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF LEE SHORE."

There is blood on your hand, John," said a tall, handsome man, in a horse-pur dress, as he stepped up the wooden steps of a solitary farm-house, the seat of a family of England, at the close of a cold winter day in the year 18—.

"Person thus addressed was an iron-faced fellow, about the middle size, with dark eyes peering from beneath a pair of shaggy eye-brows. His face was flushed, as though old age had been passing like wild-fire through his swollen veins. His heavy hand as he looked at the clot of blood that stained it, seem to have been made a descendant of Cain.

"There is blood," said Brown, for that was the name, "but it is all off now; bring me my key." The wife—for such was the first speaker—looked long and anxiously in the face. Her countenance seemed to be floating before her eyes, as if she had almost escaped from her compressed

What! in the name of nature ails the woman, Brown, endeavouring by an ill-concealed glance to silence her tears. "If people go where are slaughtered they must expect to get blood on their hands."

"The blood of sleep was not on your hand," said the wife firmly. "There was a melancholy man on the hill, to-day. He had money, a reliable watch. He offered me a piece of gold, directing me to the next village, and set me back by our clock. Have you seen the stranger?"

"The features of the hardened husband now turned into a fearful scowl. "Woman," he said, "I will have I do to do with travellers on the hill. Mind your own affairs." Then changing the subject to a sort of wine, he said, "Give me my key, I am cold and hungry, I cannot joke any longer."

"Give me my key," said the poor wife, with a countenance agonized with horror, "God grant that I may prove a pike."

The paper was now placed upon the table.—The farmer ate his supper in silence, and then went to bed. In a few moments he was lost in a deep, dreamy sleep. Having seen that everything was quiet, the good wife put on her hooded cloak, and went out upon the lawn. It was a cold, and dreary evening, and the hills seemed to be turned to grey shadows, before the sound of an engine, and the waving tree-tops seemed like the flames of the midnight deep. The bleak wind howled, and amid the elm trees by the way side, and the distant watch-dog barked echoing up the hill. The unhappy wife followed the track of her husband to a mile. She was now started by a sound. Scanning narrowly the hill-side, she perceived a place where some persons had apparently suggested together, in the snow-drift, and, in a few moments, she beheld the melancholy form, whom she had directed on this course, in a few moments previous, lying on the ground with a wound upon his forehead. Brown's wife ran to the wounded man, yet she trembled as she raised the wounded man and wiped the blood from his eyes. Finding that life was not extinct, she bore him upon her shoulders to her dwelling. When she laid him down in the passage, she opened a kitchen door where Brown was sleeping. His heavy breathing gave evidence that the sleep was upon him. She then carried the wounded man through the kitchen to a little bedroom, where she generally retired when the abuse of her companion became insupportable. As she looked upon the wounded man brushed by the face of the man, his hands indistinctly grasped the bedstead, and carried them over his head. Having checked the wound—the bleeding of which had ceased before by the coagulating blood—the wife dressed it in a manner well approved of by medical men, gave her patient a composing draught, and then returned to her seat by the kitchen.

The farmer now began to be himself. He moved like a wounded snake in his quiet sleep. He opened his eyes and gazed wildly around him. "There is no blood upon my hand," said he, "Meg, give me a pike." As he said this, his conscience felt the worm that never dies, and a plain along the limbs of Brown told too plainly that he had sealed, in blood, a bond conveying the soul of his debauch to a mist upon his

brain, and he slept again. His wife now paid the stranger another visit, and finding all working as it should, retired to her desolate couch. Morning came, and the sobered farmer arose from his pillow of remorse. His face was haggard, his eyes blood-shot, and his hair like that of the furies, seemed changed into serpents.

He said but little, and went out immediately after breakfast. His wife saw him go up the hill-side, and she rejoiced to think that he would labor in vain.— Noon, and night and morning came, but no husband approached the farm-house. Weeks rolled on, and John Brown was no more seen on the hill-side, or in his homely dwelling. His whistle was hushed on the moor: and his footfall awoke not the echo of the forest-way.

The stranger, in the meanwhile, recovered, and a justice of the peace was sent for and an affidavit was made of the facts of the case. The murderous wretch was described with fearful correctness, all—all, but the face. That was concealed by the slouched hat and could not be described. The wife breathed again. With a woman's wit, she spoke but little of her husband's absence, and when she alluded to it as absence of a short duration, with her advice and consent.

The stranger proved to be a nobleman of wealth, endeavored to cheer the gloomy shades of the deserted woman's heart; but it was a vain attempt.— There was no cure for blighted love, no peace for a refined heart. God alone can be the widow's husband; God alone can gladden a widow's heart.

"You shall never want, Meg," said the nobleman, as he sat by the farmer's wife, a few evenings after he was able to walk. "I must go to London; business of importance urges me there.— When you are in distress, one hint of the fact to me, will produce instant relief."

A carriage with the Earl's coronet, now drove up to the cottage door. The wife said nothing; she seemed to be lost in an unfathomable mystery. "Will you not accompany me, my faithful nurse!" said the stranger, as he prepared to depart from the dwelling of charitable love.

"Nay, sir," said the wife, "I cannot thus suddenly leave the spot of my early hope. Here, sir, I was born; here I was married, on yonder green hillside I danced away the sorrows of childhood; in yonder church, whose spire now gleams in the sun, I gave my guilty spirit up to God. On yonder plain, I sleep my children; beside the old oak rests father and mother, the first born; and the last upon the catalogue of life. Here, sir, I have smiled in joy and wept in grief; and here I will die."

Entreaties and prayers were all in vain. She withstood every kindness of her guest, and finally accepted only a reasonable charge for his board.— As the Earl was about to take a seat in his carriage, the deserted woman approached him.

"Stranger guest," said she with much feeling, "I have done you good service."

"You have," said he, while a tear of gratitude stole down his cheek.

"Will you do me one favor in return?" said she. "Most certainly I will," said the Earl.

"Then write on a piece of vellum what I shall dictate," said she with a hurried voice.

He took his pen and wrote in plain characters as follows:—"Circumstances have convinced me that an attempt to murder me on the night of the 10th of December, 18—, on Stone-Hill, Lincolnshire, would have been successful, had it not been for the kind interference of John Brown and his wife of Hopedale.

This paper is left as a slight memorial of an event which time can never efface from my memory. JOHN EARL OF —."

She read it over and over, after he had signed it. "It will do," said she. "Now, farewell."

The grateful Earl sprang into his seat. He threw his purse into her bosom. "Farewell," said he in a husky tone, and away rattled his carriage with the eagerness of the wind. The coronet flashed in the sunbeam, and then the vehicle with its outcries was lost in the winding forest way.

Ten years rolled away, and the wife of John Brown suddenly disappeared from Hopedale, and the farm house like a deserted thing, stood solitary and silent, amid the smiles of autumn. A middle-aged stranger with a sailor's jacket and a tarpaulin on, and a bundle dangling at the end of a club over his shoulders, rested beside the door of Hopedale. The stranger, though somewhat intoxicated, appeared to be very sad. He looked in at the wretched door-way. He gazed upon the cold barren hearth. He saw the planks worn by the foot of the thrifty house-wife, and marked a portion of her dress in the broken pane of the kitchen window. The nail where the good man's hat hung for years, was there, with a circle around it of unsmoked paint. The crane hung sadly in the corner, but the music of the singing echoed not there. The stranger raised his hands to his eyes, but what caused him to start like a frightened bird? "It is bloody again," said he, with a look of horror. "O, that I could wipe that foul— that terrible stain from memory. Ha! it is on my hand as fresh as when I murdered that poor, melancholy stranger. God of heaven, I cannot wipe it out!" The stranger had cut his hand with a piece of broken glass, and a clot of fresh blood was upon it in reality. He felt not the pain of the wound in his horror; and satisfied that heaven had marked him in his own terrible way, he wiped off the blood and turned to depart.

The Sheriff was beside him, and he was arrested for an attempt to murder. He preserved a sullen silence. He followed the officer to his carriage, and was soon on his way to London. The prisoner received his victim; and the gay world smiled as brightly as before.

The day of trial came. John Brown, who had taken another name, was tried as Samuel Jones, and the case brought together a vast concourse of people of both sexes. The prisoner was soon placed in the bar. The jury was duly empanelled.— The advocate for the crown was in his place. The prisoner's council was beside him; and the judge was upon the bench.

Brown, as he entered the dock, had been so much agitated by the dread reality of his guilt, that the prospect of speedy punishment, that he had not cast his eye upon the judge. He now looked cautiously at him. He saw the keen eye of the judge fixed upon him, and started with horror.

"Oh, God!" said he, with a loud voice, while the sweat rolled down his chalk-like face. "It is the murdered man! Ha! he has come to judge the guilty. See, there is the forehead scarred. Ah, it was a devilish blow. Back, back, I say; let the dead man look his fill. There is blood upon my hand; see there, thou unquiet spirit; that hand was reeking in thy gore; 'twas merciless when thou criedest out, be merciless now in thy turn, thou man of the spirit-land."

Here the prisoner fainted and fell upon the floor. A great sensation was caused in the court by this singular circumstance, and it was not until "order" had been shouted for some time, that it was suffered to go on. It appears that Brown's neighbors all considered him guilty of the crime of endeavoring to murder the individual named in the beginning of this narrative, and who was now the presiding judge of the Old Bailey. The affidavit was kept in green remembrance, especially by one farmer in the neighborhood of Hopedale, who had appropriated Brown's farm to his own use, and who constantly watched for the murderer's return, for he knew human nature as well as to be certain that no wretch can be so callous as to forget the spot sacred to childhood, innocence and early love. The robber seeks his home, the murderer seeks the shade of his once happy valley.

The unfortunate man, ignorant of his wife's actions, and unconscious of the certificate in his possession, ignorant of her existence even, after a long cruise in the navy of England, returned to view the pleasant homestead, the green valley, the quiet hill-side, and the sunken graves of his parents and children. He had met the argus eyed speculator on his way. The old affidavit hung like a sword of Damocles over his head, and the informer saw the poor, broken-hearted sailor borne away to London, and, as he trusted, to a felon's grave. Such is human nature. Man carelessly feeds upon the fruits that hang over the church-yard wall, and gathers roses from the sacred plains.— "Where once the life's blood warm and wet had dimmed the glittering bayonet."

The trial proceeded; the evidence was strong, and the jury, without quitting their seats, pronounced the prisoner at the bar, "Guilty."

"Guilty!" said Brown, rising to his feet, "can it be? I must die a felon's death, and my poor toll wife. Oh, that pang. How her tender endearments now rise up in judgment against me; her soft words, how they thunder upon my gloomy soul. Her smiles of beauty and innocence—great God how they tear my heart; must I then die without her forgiveness? Oh, the thought is torture, aye, torture, as dreadful as that experienced by the vilest of the damned."

Here the prisoner became unmannered, and burying his face in his fettered hands, wept like a child. The strong passion of grief shook the prisoner's limbs, and rattled the chains with terrible distinctness. A short sentence ensued, and then the judge put on his black cap, and prepared to pronounce that awful sentence which can never be pronounced without awakening the dormant sensibilities of the most degraded, which none, in fact, but the condemned, ever hear without a flood of tears.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "stand up." Brown arose. "What have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?" said the judge continuing his remarks. A slight rustling noise was now heard at the bar, and a female in widow's weeds, leaned her head over to speak to the prisoner.

"Stand back, woman," said a self-sufficient tippler, who, like some of our constables, imagine the old adage, "a necessity?"

The woman drew back her veil, and looking the judge full in the face, said, "May it please your worship to permit me to aid my husband in his last extremity?"

The Earl thought he knew the face and the tone of voice, and therefore commanded the officer to place the wife beside her husband.

"John," said the meek-eyed woman, as she raised her countenance of angelic sweetness to heaven, "I was forgiven by the son of God; I can and do forgive you."

The wretched prisoner fell upon his wife's neck, and the minions of criminal law, with faces like tanned leather, and hearts like paving stones before the Egyptian tombs, stood pity struck, and waited for the end of this extraordinary scene.

"Woman," at length said the judge, while a tear rested in his eye, "it is my dreadful lot to pass the sentence of the law upon the prisoner.— You had better retire."

The wife started, and looking the judge full in the face, said, "John Earl of —, do you recollect the parchment scroll you gave me at Hopedale?" handing at the same time a piece of vellum to a constable who passed it up to his Honor.

"My noble-hearted, long-lost nurse," said the judge, with a look of joy, "I'll do I recollect you and your last request, but in this case, the law must take its course. I will, however, recommend the prisoner to mercy."

"Mercy!" said Brown, "who talks of mercy here? There is blood upon my hand."

"Silence!" said the judge.—"remand the prisoner."

The court adjourned.—the prisoner guarded by a throng of soldiers and tipsters, moving slowly to his cell, and the wife followed the judge to his chambers. The next day a pardon for John Brown passed the seals, and the beginning of the week saw the husband and the noble spirited wife at Hopedale, with the judge for a welcome guest.— Years of peace and joyous plenty rolled on. Long and fervently did the pardoned criminal pray for forgiveness, and at last, in God's own time, the bloody stain upon his hand was washed away by the blood of Him who died on Calvary, that man might find at last a glorious rest in the realms of

matchless beauty, and of never dying love. The farmer of Hopedale for many years was considered the exemplar of the country around, and at last when he died, which was shortly after his wife had departed for another rest, he was placed in the same grave with her, and over their bones a marble canopy was raised upon which was inscribed in deep and lasting letters—

"They loved in life—
In death they were not divided."

The farm house at Hopedale, has fallen in ruins. The grey owl hoots upon its moss topped chimney. The snake rustles in the grass by the door-sill—and the cricket whistles in the oven. At evening the truant and belated plough-boy shuns the spot—for many a white-livered loon, if you can believe him, has seen John Brown upon the hill-side, at the hour of dusk, with a clot of blood upon his hand, and a murdered traveller at his feet.

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE STORY.—The Portsmouth Journal gives an anecdote of the late Judge Story, which it says has never been in print. A few years ago, at a court in New Hampshire, where Judge Story presided, a case came upon which the recollection of an old lady was taken to ascertain at what time a particular event of long standing occurred. She stated with confidence, that it took place in a certain year. This led to very particular cross examination by a young lawyer, who was wedded to nothing but the law. "How do you know that the occurrence took place on that year?" "Oh, I am certain it did!" "But, madam how are you certain of it?" "Well if you must know, it was the same year my second son was born." "Well, old lady, can you not be mistaken as to the time of that event—can you?" Here Judge Story protested against further examination, and said to the attorney—"there is no doubt, sir, on this point. The mother cannot be mistaken in the age of her child; if you cannot tell the age of your own, go home and ask your wife, she will tell you." The blushing attorney bowed amid the smiles of the bar. He has since taken a wife.

VARIOUS SIGNIFICATION OF POOH.—"Poo!" said Lady Celmour, turning away her head. Now that pooh is a very significant word. On the lips of a man of business, it denotes contempt for romance; on the lips of a politician, it rebukes a theory.— With that monosyllable, a philosopher massacres a fallacy; by these four letters, a rich man gets rid of a beggar. But in the rosy mouth of a woman the harshness vanishes, the disdain becomes encouragement. "Poo!" says the lady, when you tell her she is handsome; but she smiles when she says it. With the same reply she receives your protestations of love, and blushes as she receives. With men it is the sternest, with woman the sweetest exclamation in the language.

ATTENTION! YOUNG MEN!—The young ladies of the State of Maine have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting, we find the following: That we will receive the attention of no "so styled" young gentlemen, who has not learned some business or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood, for it is apprehended that after the bird is caught it may starve in the cage.—That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tipping, for we are assured that his wife will come to want and his children go barefoot.— That we will marry no young man who is not a patron of his neighborhood paper, for we have not only a strong evidence of his want of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy to provide for his family, to educate his children, or encourage institutions of learning in his community.

AVARICE.—There is something frightful in this passion, and of all those that attack the heart of man there is none more to be feared. In the others, there is some appearance of pleasure and satisfaction that attaches to them, but there is only a crowd of chagrins, tears and disquietudes. Bacon says a good thing concerning misers, that money is a good servant, but bad master. It is well to be economical, but not to excess. My father said that one should drink his wine, but ought not to eat his wines and that we should avoid resembling that Italian, who, wishing to excel in stininess, said that instead of striking twenty-four hours, as is done in Italy, the clocks ought to strike twelve, that the workmen might not lose so much time in counting.

CANT UNDERSTAND IT.—We cannot understand how it is that delicate young ladies, too delicate to run up and down stairs in their own houses, are able to dance down the strongest man in a ball-room.— 'Tis a phenomenon of nature to which no one seems capable of giving an explanation. What young girl ever refused a handsome partner at 5 o'clock in the morning, on the score of being "so tired?"

The principle coin in circulation in California is fifty dollar gold pieces, which they call slugs. No one objects to receive them; but to get these pieces changed into smaller coin, or in other words, to run these slugs into grape or canister, involves a loss of three dollars and a half per slug, which the Californians do not object to it.

☞ The Yankee always answers a question by asking another. Dr. Franklin, when he travelled in New England, was too much for them. He says that when he wished to ask his road he found it necessary, to save time by prefacing his question with—"My name is Benjamin Franklin; I am by trade a printer; I am come from such a place, and am going to such a place; and now tell me which is my road."

By relying on our own resources, we acquire mental strength; but when we lean on others for support, we are like an invalid, who, having accustomed himself to a crutch, finds it difficult to walk without one.

The Fig Butchery of Paris.

The municipal regulations of the great French Metropolis do not allow the killing of pigs except at a place called the "Abattoir des Cochons," or pig slaughter-house. The whole performance is done there for the pig-butcher and only a trifle charged therefor. Sir Francis Head thus describes the place.—

The establishment from the outside, is completely concealed from view by a high wall, including a square, each side of which is about 150 yards long. I walked around two of them without being able to find any entrance; at last, in the third, I came to some large lofty iron gates and a bell, which I took gently in the French style, and not to throw it into hysterics by an English pull. On being admitted by the concierge—who, as soon as she had opened the door, popped into her hole as easily as she had popped out of it—I saw before me and on each side, a number of low buildings with a large clock in the middle, to keep them all in order; and I was looking at various arrangements when the "chief" of the establishment, at the instigation, I suppose, of the concierge, walked up to me, and after listening to my wishes, told me very formally that the establishment, although used for public purposes had been built by an individual; that it was the property of a company; and that it would not belong to the city of Paris for four years, he was not permitted to show it to any person whatever, without a written permit. I however talked him into a good humor and finally prevailed on him to break the rules for this once only and we accordingly began the tour of the establishment. We first came to a long building, one story high, not unlike a set of hunting stables; and on door No. 1 being opened, I saw before me a chamber ventilated like a brew-house, with a window at each end, and paved with flag-stones, the further half of which was covered with a thick stratum of straw, as sweet, clean, and unstained as if it had just come from the stall of the thrasher.—Upon this wholesome bed there lay extended, fast asleep two enormous white hogs, evidently too fat even to dream. They belonged to no political party; had no wants; no cares; no thoughts; no idea of tomorrow than if they had been dead, smoked, and salted. I never before had an opportunity of seeing any of their species so clearly; for in England if, with banded back and bent knees, an inquisitive man goes to look into that little low dormitory called a sty, the animal if lean, with a noise between a bark and a grunt, will probably jump over him; or if fat, he lies so covered up that the intruder has no space to contemplate him; whereas, if the two pigs lying before me had been in my own sty, I could not have seen them to greater advantage. Without disturbing them, my conductor closed the door, and we then entered Nos. 2, 3, and 4, which I found to be equally clean, and which were lying in different attitudes, pigs of various sizes, all placidly enjoying the sort of appetite slumber I have described. My conductor would kindly have opened the remainder of the doors, but as I had seen sufficient to teach me, what generally be discredited namely, that it is possible to have a pigsty without any disagreeable smell; I begged him not to trouble himself by doing so; and he accordingly took me across the open space where I met several men each wheeling in a barrow a large jet black pig, the skin of which appeared to be slightly mottled in circles. As they passed me there also a slight whiff of smoke and I was on the point of asking a few questions on the subject when I found myself within the great slaughter-house of the establishment, a large barn, the walls and roof of which were as black as soot. The inside of the door, also black, was lined with iron. The floor was covered for several inches with burnt black straw, and upon it lay, here and there a large black lump, of the shape of a huge hog, which it really was, covered over with ashes of the straw that had just been used to burn his coat from his body. In vain I looked beneath my feet and around me to discover the exact spot where all this murder had been committed; but nowhere could I discover a pool, slop, or the small vestige of blood, or anything at all resembling it. In short, the whole floor, was nothing but a mass of dry, crisp, black charred remains of burnt straw. It was certainly an odd-looking place but no one could have guessed it to be a slaughter-house. There was another mystery to be accounted for. At home, when anybody in one's little village, from the worthy minister at the top of the hill down to the little tavern keeper at the bottom, kills a pig, the animal, who has no idea of concealment, invariably explains, *seriatim*, to every person in the neighborhood not *strictly* to every circumstance relating to it; and accordingly, whether you are very busily writing, reading, thinking or talking about nothing at all to ladies in bonnets sitting on your sofa to pay you a morning visit, you know, and they know perfectly well—though it is not deemed at all fashionable to notice it—the beginning, middle, and end, in short, the whole progress of the deed; for, first of all, a little petulant noise proclaims that somebody somewhere is trying to catch a pig; then the animal begins, all at once, with the utmost force of his lungs, to squeal out, "They have caught me—they are pulling at me—they are trying to nip me up—a fellow is kneeling upon me—they are going to make what call pork me. O dear! they have done for me!" (the sound gets weaker) "I feel exceedingly unwell—I'm getting faint—fainter—fainter still—I shan't be able to squeal much longer!" (a long pause, "This very long little squeal is my last—'Tis all over—I'm dying—I'm dying—I'm dying—I'm dead!")

Now, during the short period I had been in the establishment, all the pigs before me had been killed; and although I had come for no other, earthly purpose but to look and listen; although ever since I had entered the gate I had—to confess the truth—expected to hear a squeal; was surprised I had not heard one; and was not only ready, but really anxious, with the fidelity of a short hand writer, to have inserted in any note-book, in two lines of

treble and bass, the smallest quaver or demi-quaver that should reach my ears, yet, I had not heard the slightest sound of discontent! However, while I was engrossed with these serious reflections, I heard some footsteps outside; a man without in opened the door slightly, and through the aperture in trotted, looking a little wild, a large loose pig, whose white, clean, delicate skin physically, as well as morally formed a striking contrast with the black ruins around him. In a few seconds he stopped—put his snout down to the charred ground to smell it; did not seem to like it at all—looked around him—then, one after another, at the superintendent, at me, and the three men in blouses—appeared mistrustful of us all—and not knowing which to dislike most, stood as if to keep us all at bay. No sooner, however, had he assumed this theatrical attitude than a man who, with his eyes fixed upon him, had been holding in both hands the extremity of a long, thin-handled, round wooden mallet, walked up to him from behind, and, striking one blow on his forehead, the animal, without making the smallest noise, rolled over on the black, charred dust, senseless, and excepting a slight convulsive kick of his upper hind leg, motionless. Two assistants immediately stepped forward one with a knife in his hand, the other with a sort of frying pan, which he put under the pig's neck; his throat was then cut; not a drop of blood was spilled; but as soon as it had completely ceased to flow, it was poured from the frying-pan into a pail where it was stirred with a stick, which caused it to remain fluid.

Leaving the poor animal to be singed by a portion of the heap of white straw in a far corner, I followed the men who with their barrows had come again for one of the black corpses lying on the ground into a large, light, airy building, as high as a church, as clean as a dairy, and with windows and doors on all sides. In the center was a beautiful fountain playing, with water-cocks all round the walls. By this ample supply, proceeding from two large reservoirs, by steam power maintained constantly full the flag-stones were kept perfectly clean, and were consequently, when I entered, as wet as a wash-house. As last as the black pigs were wheeled in they were, by a running crane lifted up by the hind legs, until they appeared suspended in rows. Their insides were here taken out, and carried to a set of large stone tables, where, by the assistance of the water-cocks and fountains, they were not only cleaned, but became the property or perquisite of the cleaners. Their bodies were then scraped, until they became dead white, in which state, to the number of 300 per week, they are restored at night to their proprietors in Paris.

By the arrangements I have described, conducted by one receiver of the droits d'octroi (my friend) four surveillans, or foremen, and the necessary quantity of slaughterers, wheelers, cleaners, and scrapers, the poor animals, instead of being maltreated, half-frightened to death, and then inhumanly killed—instead of inflicting upon all classes the sounds and demoralizing sight of a pig's death—instead of a contaminating air of the metropolis—undergo the treatment I have described, for the knowledge of which I am deeply indebted to the politeness of him who so justly expounded to me the meaning of that golden law—"Let not the swine go to ruin a pig in Paris."

A THIRSTY SORT.—A very good widow lady who was looked up to by the congregation at the meeting to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter, and one day, just as she was receiving half a dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comforting beverage, she perceived (O horror!) two of the grave elders of the church approaching the door. She hurried the man out of the back way, and put the bottles under the bed.

The weather was hot, and while conversing with the sage friends, pop went one of the bottles. "Dear me," exclaimed the good lady, there goes the bed cord; it snapped yesterday, just the same way; I must have a new rope provided.

In a few moments pop went another, followed by a peculiar hissing of the escaping liquor. The rope wouldn't do again, but the good lady was not at a loss.

"Dear me," said she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief there. Hist! cat!" Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the valance.

"Dear me," said she, "I had forgot that it was them bottles of yeast!"

SHORT COURTESY.—The Newburyport Union says a young woman called at the house of a widower, to obtain a situation as housekeeper. On making inquiry, the gentleman replied he was in more want of a wife than a housekeeper, and if she was willing to take the former situation she could be installed at once. The young lady made no hesitation, and they were united.

An Ohio paper says there is a Post master in the town of Palestine that does not know the use of postage stamps. He thinks that they are "merely a class of ornaments." He has charged five cents on all letters, and which were pre-paid—making eight cents on each letter.

☞ To ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—The man who would present a bill to an editor, a sub-editor, a reporter, or a printer, at such an ineluctable season of the year, has no bowels of compassion—the milk of human kindness is not in him, and his blood is not blood, but gall and wormwood.

It requires nice stepping for those who walk close together, to avoid jostling each other.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

Poor Simkins put his foot upon a grating in the side-walk, and instantly landed in the coal below. His friend Timkins remarked that it was really a great under-taking. Nobody disputed Timkins.

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