

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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

## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, May 15, 1852.

### Original Poetry.

For the Bradford Reporter.  
THE SUBQUEHANNA.

Some fancy the highlands for purlieu of air,  
Some choose the great valleys as pleasant and fair;  
Give me Subquehanna, abounding with hills,  
With evergreen mountains, and pure running rills.  
The "Long Crooked River," her true Indian name,  
Her fountains can toll on, and never complain,  
Their laborers well paid in the riches of grain,  
Her wavy upheavings, like great Ocean's roll,  
Has box'd up her mountains with purest of coal;  
And forests are standing, not yet mar'd by time,  
Where grows the old oak, the hemlock and pine;  
And all her great rivers, as each rising flood,  
Are covered with boats of the choicest of wood,  
Where bold rugged raftsmen are tugging the oar,  
And singing the songs of the days of old yore.

Each year when the valleys are clothed in their green,  
Most beautiful landscapes are every where seen,  
Where waters are rising from springs on the hill,  
And shaping their courses to brooks, runs or rills;  
Beside the green meadows are viewed in the sight,  
The farmer's neat dwelling, his mansion of white;  
And by the cascade, as it jets from the hill,  
The hum of a factory, or clank of a mill.

Where business most centres, a village is seen,  
With rows of white houses and shutters of green;  
With wide streets and alleys congenial to health,  
Where mercantile freemen are toiling for wealth;  
Where laboring mechanics are giving their tools,  
And pedlars are busy instructing their schools.

Behold the broad mountains, which miners control,  
And dig from their depths the anthracite coal;  
Where millions are raised from the bowels of earth,  
And sent off to market to more distant cities;  
Where thousands of laborers find daily employ,  
And go to their labor with hearts full of joy.

Let down in your valley, see smoke there arise,  
And curling and whirling like clouds in the skies,  
Ascending from factories, and driven by fire,  
From ovens that are smelting as workmen desire.

The noisy old hammer repeating its sound:  
A pound makes a penny, a penny each pound.  
Near by the canal boat descends to the sea,  
Where shippers take loading wherever they please.  
These scenes all delightful besides many more,  
The traveler will meet on the Long Crooked shore.

MOORE TON, PA. E. MASON.

### A Visit to the Excavations at Pompeii.

The public have had recent description of Pompeii. The following letter from Mr. W. H. Wood, editor of the Albany Evening Journal, who has just returned from Italy, shows the progress which has been made in the excavations, and will be found exceedingly interesting:

The day chosen for our visit to the long buried city of Pompeii proved auspicious. We had the benefit of a bright sun and a balmy atmosphere.— To us it was a day of deep, absorbing interest. We lingered for six hours about the now solitary edifices and silent streets, which two thousand years ago, teemed with a dense population.

It is twelve miles from Naples to Pompeii. The road runs along the Bay shore at the foot of Vesuvius for ten miles, and then turns to the south-east through a valley and near the river Sarno, which is supposed to have been its ancient boundary, though there is now a fertile valley a mile in extent between the city and the river. In going to Pompeii you pass thro' Portici and Termini Greco, towns that have been built upon lava foundations, and are now to be destroyed when Vesuvius discharges itself in this direction; and yet the inhabitants live on a little concerned as we are with the idea that the world is, at some future period, to be destroyed by fire—an idea, by the way, which finds strong corroborative evidence in the fact that external fires are still burning in the region of miles in extent.

The ancient city of Pompeii is plainly indicated by a ridge or mound extending from the base of Vesuvius to its excavated amphitheatre, which is situated at its eastern extremity. Not much, if any more than one-third of the city has been excavated—and most of this was done by the French, though the work has been progressing moderately under the Neapolitan Government. The task is herculean, for the city lies buried under volcanic earth from ten to twenty feet deep, and as the roofs of the buildings were all crushed, the apartments were of course filled with solid earth.

Volcanic soil is very fertile. The unexcavated portions of Pompeii are highly cultivated. Whatever is planted or sown here produces abundantly. Extensive and beautiful vineyards grow and bear copiously. These vineyards give us the Lagrima Christi and Falernian wines, which, though most delicious, are heating and fiery, as may well be inferred from the nature of the soil which produces the grape.

There are about fifty laborers engaged now in the excavations. We were allowed to use the pick but not to take away any of the spoils, though like other visitors, we did obtain a few specimens, among which were fragments of stucco and Etruscan ware. Whenever a sovereign visits Naples, the event is signalized by developing, in his presence, the contents of a house, and these are given by the King to his royal guest. Everything valuable found at Pompeii has been carefully preserved here in the museum, to which, as well as to Pompeii, strangers have free admission.

The excavations display streets, institutions, shops, dwellings, &c. &c., in a much more perfect condition than I had supposed. These are all satisfactorily identified. There is neither doubt nor obscurity as to the Pantheon, the Tribunal, the Temples of Isis, Bacchus, Jupiter, Hercules; the theatres, the baths, the houses of Diomedes, Panza, &c. &c. Not only the walls of these buildings, but their different compartments, with, in some instances, elaborate fresco paintings, are seen. Entire streets have been excavated and remembered. Wine and oil stores were identified by the jars and other vessels in which these liquids were kept, and which are still in use here. In a large bake-house, the ovens of which are perfect, bread, with the name of the maker stamped on each loaf, was found. In Diomedes' wine vault, the wine jars are still standing against

wall, close to which several skeletons were found, one of which was supposed to be either the wife or daughter, from the rich necklace, bracelet and earrings that adorned the person of the sufferer. Near the gate of the city leading to Herculaneum, the skeleton of a soldier, who perished on duty, with his armor on and his arms by his side, was found. The sentry-box in which this soldier was found is perfect.

The amphitheatre was a noble structure. The seats were of marble. Near the arena are dens or cells in which the wild beasts with which the gladiators contended, were caged. In one of these the skeleton of a lion was found. In this amphitheatre it is said that 20,000 spectators could be seated.

The streets were paved with large stones of irregular size and shape, but with a flat surface, in which were cavities evidently caused by the wheels of vehicles. The sidewalks are raised like steps, and handsomely paved with pebbles, and around temples, &c. with mosaic. In front of the Vestal there is a fine mosaic pavement, with the word "Salve" (welcome) on the silt at its entrance. In one of the largest and most elegant mansions were marble dining tables.

The King keeps intelligent guides at Pompeii for the two-fold purpose of showing visitors through the city and protecting its treasures. We were fortunate, in addition to the information given by the guide, in having Mr. Morris, our representative to this government, who knows Pompeii as he knows his own city of Philadelphia, with us. Having wandered for three hours, which took us about two-thirds through the city, we sat down upon the broken wall of the Tribunal, in view of the Pantheon, the Theatre, &c., to our lunch, moistening our bread with Falernian wine, distilled from vineyards growing over a city, whose inhabitants, eighteen centuries ago, held this beverage as fit for their gods.— Having discussed our viands, we resumed and completed our pilgrimage, passing out of the city at a gate which opened upon Appian Way that led to Rome, on either side of which for some distance, were tombs. I wish it were possible to impart to friends even a faint idea of the impressiveness and solemnity of Pompeii. Though walking literally among the tombs, all the aspects of Pompeii are cheerful. The streets are clean, and all around you is a stillness in harmony with the scene and its associations. You look upon smoking Vesuvius, down which the burning lava ran, making for itself channels which still remain.

Having thus explored Pompeii, we repaired to the Museum, where its recovered treasures are deposited; and here again, mingled amazement and admiration, with even increased intensity, were awakened. These treasures, (belonging in part to Herculaneum,) fill eight spacious halls, each devoted to classified articles. The room we visited first contains kitchen furniture of every conceivable description, mostly in bronze, and bearing a strong resemblance to those now in use. In this department of domestic life the Pompeians use not behind those of our day. An adjoining room is devoted to Etruscan vases of beautiful form. In this room, also, are several magnificent mosaics. Then comes a room devoted to glass in various colors, and for nearly all the purposes for which it is now used. And yet, while this knowledge belonged to the buried inhabitants of Pompeii nearly two thousand years ago, its uses and existence was comparatively unknown in England a thousand years afterwards! Another room is devoted to sacrificial vases and other appendages of heathen worship, among which are vessels for incense, idols, deities, &c. Then comes a room devoted to weights, measures, scales, lamps, candelabras, &c. &c., among which are steel yards, with the name of Augustus inscribed under figures of Romulus Remus. These articles show a higher state of civilization in this respect, than existed in England during the reign of Elizabeth, and prove that the ages that succeeded were indeed dark ones. Two rooms are devoted to miscellaneous articles, including iron stocks found in front of a prison, agricultural implements, vases, essence bottles found in the bath houses, a helmet with bas-relief representing the configuration of Troy; bells of various descriptions, and those for cattle precisely such as are used now; flat iron similar to our own; letters for stamping bread, so like type that the art of printing ought not to have been a comparatively modern discovery; mirrors, opera tickets, numbered to correspond with the seats, musical instruments, dice, pins, nails, locks, keys, bits found in the mouth of a skeleton horse, paints, including rouge, &c. In another room is a vast collection of memorials belonging to the amusements, revels, &c., of the Pompeians. These indicate a very great fondness for festivals, masquerades and kindred amusements. Among the diversities to which they sacrificed, it is quite evident that Bacchus and Venus were most popular.

"The Cabinets of Gems" are in a room in which visitors, ladies especially, linger longest. This room is floored with mosaic taken from Pompeii. There, carefully preserved in glass cases, are gold necklaces, bracelets, pins, ear and finger rings, chains, &c., similar to those now worn, together with a great variety of golden ornaments. There are also, silver cups, plates, spoons, salvers, &c. Here, too, are loaves of bread, honey, grain, soap, oil and wine in flasks, and eggs, unbroken and but slightly discolored. Here, too, are bits of wearing apparel, of wool and linen, and skeins of sewing silk.

The stately, arranged in rooms of great magnitude upon the ground floor, presents objects of profound admiration. In looking at these marble and bronze presentations you cannot doubt for a moment that you have the face, head, features and expression of illustrious persons who sat for them. In many instances these heads indicate clearly the qualities, good or bad, noble or ignoble, for which the originals were distinguished. And in this description of art, Pompeii and Herculaneum were far in advance of an age which supposed itself immeasurably in advance of the ancients. Even the stately, one of the palmiest days of Rome fails to surpass

that which has been rescued from the ruins of these buried cities. And the extent and variety of these works of art is truly amazing. There was more fine statuary buried in these two small cities than has been produced throughout the world, during the two last centuries.

Among so many hundred statuary gems challenging admiration, it is difficult to discriminate; though there are some figures that fasten themselves upon your attention and memory. Such for example, as the "Wounded Gladiators," "The Mother of Nero," "Titus," "Calpurnia," "Claudius," "Cesar," "Marcus Aurelius," "The Hunter," "A Fawn reposing on a Skin of Wine," "Augustus," "Infant Hercules strangling Serpents," "Alexander the Great, mounted on Bucephalus, whose trappings are of silver," "Bottus," "Cicero," "Homer," &c. &c. But the head which, for the last two or three years has arrested the attention of Americans the moment they enter the room, is that of Senecca, whose strong, marked and clearly defined resemblance to Gen. Taylor is most remarkable.— Those who loved Gen. Taylor and revere the memory of that truly great and good man, recognize this striking likeness of him in the head and features of one of the Sages of Antiquity, with deep emotion.

RECIPE FOR MAKING TATTLES.—A correspondent has furnished us with the following recipe for making tattles, a very troublesome class in every community, and should it meet the eyes of any to whose case it applies, the author's object will doubtless be attained, if it has the appropriate effect:

Take one handful of the vine called Rabbatong, the same quantity of the root called Nettle-tongue, a sprig of the herb called Back-bite, (cut either before or after the dog days,) a table spoonful of Don't you tell of, six drachms of Malice; and a few drops of envy—which can be purchased in any quantity at the shops of Miss Tabitha Tea-table and Miss Nancy Night-walker. Stir them well together and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of discontent, kindle with a little Jealousy—then strain it through the cloth of Misconstruction, and cork it up in a bottle of Malevolence, hang it up with a skein of Street yarn, shake it occasionally for two or three days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken just before walking out and the subject will be enabled to spread all manner of evil and that continually.

N. B. Should a neighborhood at any time be troubled with too much tattling, let them administer a small quantity of Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, and the operation will instantly cease.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.—Those in easy circumstances, or who pursue sedentary employment within doors, use their lungs but little, breathe but little into the chest, and thus, independently of position, contract a wretchedly small chest, and lay the foundation of the loss of health and beauty.— All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect the lungs are like a bladder in their structure, and can be stretched open to double the size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest and perfect immunity from consumption.

The agent, and only agent required is the common air we breathe, supposing, however, that no obstacle exists, external to the chest, such as lying around with stays, or having the shoulders lie upon it. On rising from the bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect posture, with your chest thrown back, and the shoulders thrown entirely off the chest; now inhale all the air you can, so as to fill your chest to the very bottom of it, so that no more can be got in; now hold your breath and throw your arms off behind—hold your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as often as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is so much denser, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner, it will become pliable and expansive, and will enlarge the capacity and size of the lungs.—Scientific American.

PHYSICAL BENEFITS OF THE SABBATH.—The Sabbath is God's special present to the workmen, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working time. In the vital system, it acts like a compensation-pond—it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigor, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings bank.

The frugal man, who puts aside a pound to-day and another next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds beside.

And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of his existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in the length of days and a hale old age, gives it back with usury. The saving bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.

A friend of ours says that he has been without money so long, that his head aches, "ready to split" when he tries to recollect how a silver dollar looks. He says that the notion that we live in a world of "change" is a great fallacy.

An Irishman, being in church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized, and could not vote.

Kossuth's Sisters are still in confinement in Austria; the Government is at loss to know what to do with the retentions of the exile. The family is in great distress, and want "material aid."

A lady being asked her opinion about moustach, she replied, "I always set my face against them."

### The Great Geyser in Iceland.

BY MADAME DE FLUETTES.

After waiting till the second day of my sojourn at the Geyser, the long desired explosion took place on the 27th of June, at half past nine in the morning. The peasant, who came twice a day to enquire if I had yet seen an eruption, was with me when the first dull sounds which announced the event were heard. We hurried to the spot, and as the waters boiled over as usual, and the noise died away, I thought I was doomed to disappointment again; but the last tones were expiring when the explosion suddenly took place. I have really no words to do justice to this magnificent spectacle, which once to behold in a lifetime is enough.

It infinitely surpassed all my expectations. The waters were spouted with great power and volume; column rising above column, as if each were bent on outstripping the other. After I had recovered in some degree from my first astonishment, I looked round at the tent; how small, how diminutive it seemed, compared to those pillars of water! And yet it was twenty feet high; it was lying rather lower, it is true than the basin of the Geyser; but tent might have been piled on tent; yes, by my reckoning, which may not have been perfectly accurate, however, five or six, one above the other, would not have reached the elevation of these jets, the largest of which I think I can affirm, without any exaggeration to have risen, at least, to the height of a hundred feet, and to have been three or four feet in diameter.

Fortunately I had looked at my watch when the first rumbling was heard, for I should certainly have forgotten to do so during the explosion, and by the calculation I made when it was over, I found that it lasted nearly four minutes; the actual outbreak occupying more than half that time.

When this wonderful scene was ended, the peasant went with me to examine the basin and cauldron; we could approach very near them without the least danger; but there was nothing farther to be seen. The waters had entirely disappeared from the basin, into which we entered, and walked close up to the cauldron, where they had sunk up to the depth of eight feet, though they were still boiling and bubbling with great violence.

I broke off a few pieces of crust from the interior of the basin and cauldron with a hammer; those from the first were white, and the others brown.— I tasted the water, which had no unpleasant flavor and can contain but little sulphur; the steam is also free from any sulphurous smell.

In order to ascertain how long it would be before the basin and cauldron were full again, I returned to the spot every thirty minutes, and found that for the first hour I could still stand within the basin, but at my next visit, the cauldron was completely filled and on the point of running over. As long as the water remained in the cauldron it boiled furiously, but the ebullition subsided as it flowed into the basin, and when the latter was full there was only an occasional bubble to be seen.

After the expiration of two hours, it was precisely twelve o'clock; the basin was full to the brim, and I was standing near it, when the waters became violently agitated again, and the rumblings were once more heard. I had barely time to spring back, when the jets burst forth; they continued to play as long as the sounds lasted, and were fuller than those of the former explosion, which was perhaps in consequence of their height being rather less—it was hardly more than forty or fifty feet.— After the eruption, the basin and cauldron were about as full as they were before.

I had now witnessed two explosions of the Geyser, and left amply compensated for all my watchfulness. But I was so fortunate as to see two other outbreaks, which varied a little from the former ones. At seven in the evening, the jets rose again to a greater height than at noon, throwing up some stones which looked like black specks in the trouby waters; and on the third night the basin was filled with waves which tossed wildly over each other, but did not spout up any streams into the air. The waters overflowed the margin, and an immense mass of steam arose, which was driven by the wind towards the spot where I stood, and wrapped me in a thick cloud, which prevented my seeing more than a few feet before me. I could perceive no odor, and felt no other inconvenience than a slight degree of heat from the steam.

GETHSEMANE.—Lieut. Lynch of the U. S. Exploring Expedition to the River Jordan and the Red Sea in 1848, visited the garden of Gethsemane about the middle of May. He says:

"The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether, the garden in its aspects and associations, was better calculated than any place I know to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the pass of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above on either hand, towers a very lofty mountain, with the deep yawning chasm of Jehosaphat between them. Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a city of the dead.

Each tree in this grove, cankered and gnarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the roof of the dying parent stem, the young tree springs into existence. These are accounted one thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Savior was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt and prayed and wept. No caviling doubt can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation.— Here, the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad yet soothing meditation. The low purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the trees, give ample food for contemplation, for they tell of the suffering and enraptured death of the Redeemer."

VAMPIRES.—Not long ago, a young girl, eleven years of age, who lived in Paris, attempted to murder her mother, sister, and many of her playmates, for the purpose of drinking their blood. After a careful examination by scientific men, it was declared that she was subject to the strange and terrible mania of Cannibalism. As she was extremely young, this strange perversion of natural instinct, afforded a prospect of cure. All will remember the case of the Sergeant who used at midnight to leave his quarters, and dig up bodies in Pere La Chaise, which he subsequently devoured. This unfortunate man is now cured, and is but thirty years of age. He preserves, of the various episodes of his past life, only a confused memory, like the recollections of a painful dream. In other days, science feared to approach these sufferers.

In 1779, a young man named Ferrage, under the influence of his malsdy, suddenly left his companions, and surrendered himself to this horrible propensity. He selected as his retreat a cavern near the top of one of the mountains of Aure, whence he used to descend, like a beast of prey, into the champaign country, killing the women; he could eat nothing else, and was constantly seen to gaze as if in wait for an opportunity to seize his prey. He never went abroad without a double-barrelled gun, a full ball of pistols, and a dagger. So great was the terror he inspired, that he used frequently to come into towns for food and ammunition, without any molestation.

A peasant, whom he suspected of a design on him, had his house burned over his head. He used to decoy any molesters he chanced to discover in the woods, to his den, where they were uniformly murdered. A large reward was offered for his capture, in vain, until a bold peasant insinuated himself into his confidence, and captured him.— This beast of prey, for such he was, was executed on the 12th of Dec., 1792. He was broken alive on the wheel. For four years he had lived exclusively as a cannibal.

MILK PAINT.—A paint has been on the Continent of Europe with success, made from milk and lime, that dries quicker than oil paint and has no smell, it is thus made. Take fresh curds, and bruise the lumps on the grinding stone, or in an earthen pan, or mortar, with a spatula or a strong spoon: then put them into a pot with an equal quantity of lime, well slacked with water, to make it just thick enough to be kneaded. Stir this mixture without adding more water, and a white colored fluid will soon be obtained, which will serve as a paint. It may be laid on with a brush with as much ease as a varnish, and it dries very speedily. It must, however, be used the same day it is made, for if kept till the next day it will be too thick; consequently no more must be made at one time than can be laid on in a day. Any color, red or yellow ochre, may be mixed with it in any proportion.— Prussian blue is changed by the lime. Two coats of this paint is sufficient, and when dry, it may be polished with a woaden cloth, or similar substance, and it will become bright as varnish. It is only for inside work but it will last very long if varnished over with the white of an egg after it has been polished.

DEATHS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The census exhibits a vast difference in the number of deaths in the different counties, proportioned to their population. In Eastern and Western Pennsylvania, the population is nearly equal—that of the east exceeding about ten per cent; the whole number of deaths in the State in the census year being 28,318. Of this number the eastern division furnishes 17,604, and the western 10,714. That is, in Eastern Pennsylvania there was one death to every 69 and in the Western, one in every 100. The average is one to every 82. The counties show a great discrepancy. In Philadelphia city and county it gives one to 60 in Berks one to 98. But as Berks contains all the dead and absent on business on the election tally statistics, her account cannot be wholly depended on. Lancaster gives one to 55. Allegheny had 1836 deaths out of 138,290, which gives one to 75. Armstrong, with 29,560, has 217 deaths, which is one to 136. But other counties leave these far behind, unless they never bury their dead. Venango, with 28,310 has 73 deaths, which is one to 241; and Wyoming, with 16,625, has but 39 deaths, which is one to 272 and she looms up as the brag county against the terror king.

AN INDIAN STEAMBOAT.—The first steamboat that entered the Columbia river was a small one belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. When the Indians saw it they were very much astonished, and called it the fire land. As soon as they could get on board they examined the machinery, and found that by some means the boiling of water would make the wheels go round.

In a day or two, the officers of the boat were as much astonished as the Indians had been, to see coming from the shore a veritable steam-boat, the wheels turning round, steam whizzing, and a dense smoke issuing from the smoke-pipe. At last she came along side, and the mystery was solved.

The Indians had taken one of their largest canoes, and in the centre had built a fire-place of stone, in which was firmly set a large iron pot, with the lid perfectly tight, a piece of old stove-pipe, which they had picked up during some of their trades with the Company, served to carry off the smoke, and the motive power was given by two Indians, who lay on their backs in the bottom of the boat, and turned the crank and wheels! When they wished to stop, they threw a bucket of water on the fire, and another on the Indians, who, in this case, were operating as engines. The imitative power of the Indians on the coast is very great and in fact they possess a far greater degree of intellect than the diggers of the interior. They can carve very well in stone. At Shelton's Museum may be seen a pipe carved from a species of stone, representing a row of figures men and women, sitting down by the bowl of the pipe, which represents the common cooking utensils of the Indians to be heard.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

SOME WAG IN New York suggested that it would have been well for Gov. Hunt to have committed the sentence of Grunzing, who has just been hung, to transportation over the Erie Railroad, so as to give him one chance in a hundred for his life.

"MARTIN, does these love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose abuse his heart's blood-tearings had been offered up.

"Why, Seth, answered she, 'we are commanded to love one another, are we not?'"

"Ay, Maitha, but does these regard me with that feeling that the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one: I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps thee was getting rather more than thy share."

"A 'hard case' was interrogated the other Sunday by a friend who had just seen him at church, but whom he now found swallowing a glass of brandy and water at a public bar-room. 'I saw you in church this morning listening very attentively to a discourse upon righteousness and temperance, how comes it that I now see you here drinking?'"

"I always thir after righteousness," was the answer.

"Make way for a independent voter," said a man at recent election at New Orleans. 'Why my good man,' said the Clerk, 'it is not an hour since you deposited your vote at this very poll.—'I know it, I know it,' says the independent voter; 'but that air was the Democratic ticket but this here is the Whig. 'But if you strive to vote twice I shall have you arrested.' 'You will, will you?' shouted the son of the governing people; 'then I say if I'm denied the right of voting for the Whigs, after going the whole ticket for the Democrats, there ain't no universal suffering, that's all.—'It's a dern one sided business, take it all around."

A SATIRON in the pit of a theater, looking over the play bill, read: "An interval of twenty-five years occurs between the first and second acts." At the end of the first act he put on his old tarpaulin, and left the house, saying, "Few of these people will live to see the end on it."

A good bit of wit once transpired in the Legislature of Louisiana, says the Picayune, which perhaps has not yet appeared in print:

"Sir," said the member from Assumption, "I am here the proud representative of my constituents; I am here, for the parish of Assumption, and while I stand upon this floor, I and Assumption are of a piece."

"Yes," said an honorable member opposite, "and you are the greatest piece of Assumption I ever heard of!"

TEMPERANCE JOKE.—A GOOD ONE.—Joe Harris was a whole-souled, merry fellow, and very fond of a glass. After living in New Orleans for many years he came to the conclusion of visiting an old uncle, away up in Massachusetts, whom he had not seen for years. Now, there is a difference between New Orleans and Massachusetts, in regard to the use of ardent spirits, and when Joe arrived there and found all the people run mad about temperance, he felt bad, thinking with the old song, "Keeping the spirits up by potting the spirits down" was one of the best ways to make time pass, and began to fear indeed, that he was in a pickle. But on the morning after his arrival, the old man and his sons being out at work, his servants to him said—

"Joe, you have been living in the South, and no doubt, are in the habit of taking a little something drink about 11 o'clock. Now I keep some here for medical purposes, but let no one know it, as my husband wants to set the boys a good example."

Joe promised, and thinking he would get no more that day, took as he expressed it, "a booster." After that he walked out to the stable, and there should he meet but his mule.

"Well Joe," says he, "I expect you are accustomed to drink something in New Orleans, but you find as all temperance here, and for the sake of my sons, I don't let them know that I have any brandy about; but I just keep a little out here for my rheumatism. Will you accept a little?"

Joe signified his readiness, and took another big horn. Then continuing his walk, he came to where the boys were muling rails. After conversing awhile, one of the cousins said—

"Joe, I expect you would like to have a drink, and as the old folks are down on liquor, we keep some out here to help us along with our work."

Out come the bottle, and down they set, and he says that by the time he went home to dinner, he was as tight as he could well be, and all for visiting a temperance family.

In a town in Maine, a loafer was brought before a justice for being drunk in the street—the fine being one dollar for each offence. The fine he paid, and was arraigned again the next day. "No you don't," Judge said he, "I know the law—one dollar for each offence, and this is the same old drunk."

"Why art thou dead, my love, to-day? what grief is frowning o'er thy heart? Why dost thou droop and frown away, and why do tears unbidden start? When first I wooed thee in thine Isle—thy Ein, emerald of the deep—I saw thee, sweetest, only smile, nor even thought that thou couldst weep. The sun of summer lights the earth, the zephyr's kiss is on thy cheek; all nature calls to thee to mirth: then be not, 'prythee, cold, so weak.'" While thus he spoke, my bosom's queen, one deep, fond glance upon me stealing, exclaimed, "Be jabs, but you're green! Its omons, sirs, I'm after polling!"

"Foot old General Debility!" exclaimed Mrs. Tattington; "it is surprising how long he lives, and what sympathy he excites—the papers are full of remedies for him!"

SUMMIT.—An exchange paper circulates the following: "Columbiana: 'Why is Miss Summitt in a very unbecoming position?' Because she has elevated her 'Foot' to be heard."