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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, June 26, 1852.

Selected Poetry.

SONG.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

O lady, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestry;
There's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birth day of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light was made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds, and white and blue—
The very rainbow show'rs
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the East,
The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
And blossom as they run;
While Morn opens like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flowers.

An Arab Welcome.

Bayard Taylor, in one of his recent letters to the Tribune from Central Africa, thus describes his visit to an Arabic village near the banks of the Nile:

When the men stopped for breakfast we were in the neighborhood of a village of Hassaniyehs, as I had previously conjectured, from the camels and sheep grazing among the thorns. Leaving the sheik to look to our sheep, I took Achmet and the guide followed the paths inland through a wood of scattering mimosas. After a walk of ten minutes we came to the village, or rather encampment, for here the dwellings were mere tents of sticks and mats. They were barely large enough to cover two or three angareebs, which served as a resting place for the whole family. Although the sun was not yet high, not more than half the inhabitants were stirring. The others, men and women, thrust their heads from under their dusty cotton mantles in a manner at first astonishment not unmixed with fear. The women, who had already risen, were on the ground kindling the fires, or spinning from a rude distaff the raw cotton which these people raise. We found two or three men, whom we addressed with the usual "Peace be with you!" to which they returned them that the Sultan's son, who was known as a friend to the Shilluks, had come to see them. Thereupon one of them brought an angareeb and set it in the shade for me, while another milked a she goat that was browsing among the thorns and soon returned with a gourd half full of warm milk which he gave me. As sour milk is considered a great delicacy among these people, a gourd of it was also procured for me. The woman who brought it knelt and placed it at my feet, but as I had not drunk it, and did not wish to refuse her good will, I asked one of the men to take it to the boat. He hesitated evidently afraid to trust himself with me, whereupon the woman said: "I am not afraid to go along with the Sultan; I will take it." As we started to return, the man, whose sense of bravery, and perhaps his jealousy also, was touched by this remark came likewise and accompanied us to the river. When we reached the vessel I gave the milk on board for the sailors' use and gave the woman two piastres in copper money and a tobacco chibouque. She immediately put her hand to her mouth and uttered a piercing, prolonged cry, which, she has said was intended for an expression of great joy. After repeating this two or three times she dropped on her knees, and before I could divine her intention, kissed my red slipper.

In a short time I received word that the women of the village would come to perform a dance of welcome and salutation, if I would allow them—as the wind was blowing strongly against us, and the crew had not finished skinning the sheep, I had the carpet spread on the shade of a group of mimosas and awaited their arrival. Presently we heard a sound of social singing and the clapping of hands to a measured beat, and discerned the procession advancing slowly through the trees. They came by two and by two, nearly thirty in all, singing a wild, piercing chorus, which sounded more like lamentation than greeting. When they had arrived within ten paces of me, they ranged themselves into a semicircle and, still clapping with their hands to mark the time of the song, the whole stood in the center, swaying their bodies with her breast bearing almost to a right angle, her face, which was thrown back, and her arms with a slow, undulating motion till she had reached the edge of my carpet. Then with a quick step she reversed the curve of her body, bending her head forward and downward so that the mass of her long braids of black hair, shining with butter, brushed my cap. This was intended as a sign of welcome. I bowed my head at the same time and she went back to her place in the ring. After a pause the chorus was resumed and another advanced, and so in succession, till all had danced to me, a ceremony which occupied an hour. They were nearly all young, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, and some were strikingly beautiful. They had the dark olive Arab complexion, with regular features, teeth of pearly whiteness and black brilliant eyes. The coarse mantle thrown over one shoulder left free the arms, neck and breast, which were exquisitely moulded. Their bare feet and ancles were as slender and as shapely as those of the Venus of Cleomenes. Owing to the shirts worn by American women, I have no recollection of ever having seen an entire female foot among them, and therefore can make no comparison; but I doubt if one in a thousand stands on so light and beautiful a pedestal as these wild African girls. There were two or three old women in the company, but they contented themselves with singing and did not venture into the lists with the younger ones.

Several of the men, who had followed in rear of the women, came and sat near us on the sand—They were all evidently delighted with the occasion, and encouraged the more timid of the dancers by their words. One of them was an old man, with a long gray moustache and beard, carrying in his hand a spear, pointed with iron. My rais and sailors were on the ground, and one of the latter, a splendid fellow, whose form was almost perfect in its manly strength, took his station among the women and acted as master of the ceremonies. He drew a line in the sand down the center of the ring, and another along the edge of my carpet, and she who did not dance down the line until the final toss of her head threw her hair over the Sultan's cap, was obliged to perform her part over again. My sailor clapped his hands, joined in the song, and moved with such entire and absolute grace in the dance, that he almost drew away my attention from the women. As the ceremony was prolonged, they accompanied the dance with a hard, gutteral breathing, in time with the music, and some of the old women, in their anxiety to encourage the younger and more timid dancers, leaned forward with eager eyes, uttering quick screams at intervals. It was a most remarkable scene; the figures and the dancers were unlike anything I ever witnessed.—For the first time, in fact—perhaps because I have hitherto seen few women unveiled—I find undoubted beauty in the Arab female countenance.

The last dancer was the wife of the Shekh, who came towards the close, with two negro slaves behind her. She was a woman of twenty, and the most beautiful of the group. Making allowance for the difference in complexion, she had a strong resemblance to the Cleopatra of Guido. Her eyes were large, black and lustrous; her face the full, ripe oval face of the South, with a broad, round forehead, perfect lips and a most queenly neck and chin. She wore a diadem of white beads, under which her thick hair—unfortunately plastered with butter—hung to her shoulders in at least fifty slender braids. She went through the monotonous movement of the dance with the stately ease of a swan and so pleased my sailors, that she was obliged to repeat her salutation several times. I bowed lower to her than to the others, but took care to keep her unctuous braids from touching my face.—When all was concluded, I directed Achmet to distribute a few handfuls of copper money among them, whereupon they returned to the village, uttering sharp yells of joy as they went. After they had left, I asked the men whether what I had heard in Khartoum, concerning their peculiar conjugal customs, was true, and they replied that it was.

As we were about leaving, one of the Shekhs, or holy men of the tribe, came down to greet us. He was an old man in a cotton mantle, and had with him two attendants. After touching my hand twice and asking many times for my health, he commenced singing passages of the Koran, in a loud, resonant, and not unmusical tone, somewhat resembling the sunset cry of the muezzin from his minaret—The two others responded, and thus this religious entertainment was kept up for some time. But the rais was at his post and the wind had fallen, so I acted my despotic character of Sultan by leaving the holy man in the midst of his chanting and going on board. When we left, he was standing under the mimosas, singing of Mohammed, the Prophet of God.

CHILDHOOD.—A few years more and you will not know the same child—the age of play is not yet over, but hard taskmasters have broken into it—There is a morrow to be thought of which interferes with to-day. Consciousness has come, and the terrible burden of a kind of responsibility.—There is the expression of the wish to please—or, alas! of the fear to displease. The features have come forth into some drawing—for the child is a graduate for this weary world, and the face has lengthened accordingly. But this age is beautiful: like every other, it expression and feature be true to it. The expression may be wistful and plaintive with timidity or tender health, and it is called fretful—or it may be careless or tomboy with sheer animal spirits, and it is called vulgar; but either is safe; it is the precious look of cunning, or peevishness, we turn from with intuitive dislike, for such are old signs. The features also may be common and characterless, but if they are soft and uncertain, and the spaces around them ample, they are safe well. But the defined forms and the scanty quantities let us be ware of—though fond mothers call them "chiselled features," and "regular profiles;" what is admired as delicate and precise now may be too likely to turn out sharp and mean by and by.

ENTERTAINING RIP.—A precocious youth in a country town, in Massachusetts, had arrived at the age of nine years, when his father sent him to school. He stood beside the teacher, to repeat the letters of the alphabet.

"What's that?" asked the master.

"Harper!" vociferated the urchin.

"No, that's A."

"A."

"Well, what's the next?"

"Ox-yoak."

"No, it's B."

"Taint B, neither! it's an ox-yoak! Crooch all hemlock! gosh a mighty! think I don't know?"

A SPECULATION IN ITCH OINTMENT.—*This beats all Tankeroo*:—Two brothers went into a speculation. One went through Georgia to buy a farm, and shook hands with all the farmers and children on the route. In about two weeks, the other followed with the itch ointment, and found a great demand for his remedy.

BARBARISM.—Is the King of Japan a colored gentleman?

Distinctly; who has not seen his escutcheon in in the store windows, and his title.

"*Werywiled*, Japan black-king!"

The Man that got Humbugged.

The stage in which I was a passenger had stopped to change horses and "feed" the passengers, at a small town in Vermont, and dinner over, we were awaiting the arrival of a stage upon an intersecting route, to proceed upon our journey. Cigars had been lighted, and, by way of passing our time, we had commenced a critical examination of the mammoth pictorial posters of Barnum's Menageries, which covered the walls of the spacious bar-room. Barnum's name opened a fruitful topic of conversation; every one present seemed stored with anecdotes of the "Napoleon of Showmen," and the Wooley Horse, the Feejee Mermaid, and Joice Heth, were not forgotten in the discussion which followed.

Suddenly a long, slab-sided individual, with an owl-like expression of wisdom and dignity, who had been listening to our remarks with an evident desire to take a hand, broke out—

"I s'pose you think that's an all fired big concern! Any body would that hadn't seen it"

"Then I suppose you have seen it?" said my legal friend.

"Yeas, I seen it at Springfield," was the reply; it's a *darned humbug!*"

"Is it possible!" said the Major, seeing a prospect of fun. "Couldn't you oblige us with a description of the "institution?"

"Certainly," answered Jonathan; "here's the stage, and as we get started, I'll give you all the items. They can't humbug me very often, and when they do, cal'late to advertise for 'em till I get square."

In a few minutes we were under headway, and our verdant friend commenced unbosoming himself.

"Yer see, Barnum was a going to show his caravan down to Springfield, Fourth of July, and I thought there'd be a good chance to see the elephant and celebrate the day both at once. What I wanted to see more than all the rest was the Car of Jugglenot, drawn by a string of elephants."

"Did it meet your expectations?"

"I never seen one side of it. Before I got in town, they'd got through paradin', and the elephant was unharnessed, and the Car of Jugglenot was into a woodshed. I made up my mind right off, then, that the hull consarn was a humbug."

"Was Barnum aware," I asked, "that you were to be in town?"

"Not as I know," was the answer.

"If he had known it," added the Major "he would doubtless have waited. But you visited the exhibition, I suppose?"

"Of course; I was bound to do that, if it bust me. That was a bigger humbug than all the rest."

"How so?"

"Why, in the first place, I expected to see Jenny Lind."

"Was she announced in the bills?"

"I don't know; I didn't read 'em, but I axed the man that stuck up the pictures if she'd be there, and he said yes, and that she would sing the bird song standin' on top of a cage of coccatoos and parrots. She wan't there, and I never seen one side of her—and then I know'd the whole consarn was a damed humbug."

"Well, then, I went round and took a look at the elephants—had hard work to get round, tu; there was mor'n a hundred thousand people in the tent. Finally I got where they was, and the folks were all feedin' 'em with apples and cakes and things. I had some doughnuts in my hat, so I held it out to one of the darned things, to see if he'd take one."

"Did he take one?"

"He took 'em all, *and the hat tu*, stuck 'em in his nasty, peaked mouth and began eatin'. I hollered to the keeper, and told him it was a brand new hat. He said never mind, he'd get it again."

"Did he get it?"

"Yes, he got it, but a hat ain't of much account after an elephant's chawed it. *Then*, I'd a sworn the hull consarn was a humbug. Well, I took a look at Tom Thumb, and the Ceylong Chief, and the man that fiddled with his toes, and the feller that went in with the lions. The wild animals was all well enough, but I didn't see as they looked any different from anybody else's. I *expected* Barnum's lions would be twice as big as any others. There was one thing, though, that was fust rate; that was the wax statuary—especially the "intemperance family." I told the man that tok care of it, I wished everybody that ever drinked a drop of spirits had to stand and look at that about a week—they'd never want to drink again. He said he wished so tu.

"Take it all, though, I was mad; I didn't see what I expected, and I didn't like the idea of being humbugged, so I enquired of one of the men that was stirin' up the monkies where Barnum was, and he pointed him out to me, selling lemonade out of a wagon. I went up to him, and, thinks I, I'll give him a piece of my mind. Sez I—

"Mr. Barnum——"

"Sixpence a glass," sez he.

"I looked at his lemonade; there was just one, lone, solitary, second handed slice of lemon in a wash-tub full of it, and he pedlin it out at sixpence a glass. That made me madder than all the rest, so says I, loud and audibly—

"Mr. Barnum, I think your show's a darned humbug."

"Young man," sez he, "I s'pose you paid to come in?"

"Supposin' I did?" sez I.

"Well," sez he, "supposin' you have; you have paid your quarter, and you're a perfect right to think just as you please."

"Why," said the Major, after the sensation caused by the recital had somewhat subsided, "why did you not demand your money back? You certainly could have compelled them to refund your quarter."

"You see the truth is," said Jonathan scratching his head, "*I crawled under the canvas.*"

Be slow in forming intimate connexions; they may bring dishonor and misery.

The Devil's Clock.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A MARRIAGE ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

The town of Herringhausen, not a hundred miles from Frankfort, is one of the most picturesquely antique in Germany, and contains about 12,000 inhabitants. I like to prepare my readers with a tolerable idea of the locality wherein the events narrated transpire—for then I may hope to impress them with at least a two-fold sympathy in my dramatic personae. The street in which Herr Bomnarten had his residence, was among the oldest in the town aforesaid, and his residence, we would suppose the oldest in it.

He was himself, also, a high dried piece of antiquity, usually enveloped in a cloud of smoke, from sunrise to sunset, except only when his fair daughter sat beside him at their evening meal and talk over the affairs of the day. On such occasions he would narrate incidents in his progress through life, and dwell upon acquiring the independence they enjoyed. He had one passion in excess—an intense love of music; and had at one time been no mean proficient on a violin. At the festivals held periodically in all the principal towns in Germany, his judgment was appealed to; and indeed, no meeting of the kind was considered complete if he, by any chance was absent. It may, therefore, naturally be inferred that his daughter had early been instructed in the art; and at nineteen she was a pianist of considerable attainments. These circumstances formed the basis of a desire which became stronger with its years, and which confirmed a resolve that she would wed one of the most accomplished musicians of the age. They say that when all other passions die, ambition survives, and acquires a force proportioned to its solitariness and singleness of aim. Certainly it is, that out of the many suitors whom the beauty and gentleness or the disposition of Azalia attracted to the domicil of Herr Bomgarten, not one (so scrupulous was he on the score of musical perfection) was permitted by him to continue his visits. Anxiety for the fulfillment of a hope being usually in proportion to its strength, her sire, as the young lady approached at twenty one, began to experience a dread that he'd not see her settled. This preyed upon his spirits deeply and urged him to publish as wide as possible, his intentions. To that end he invited to his house, on a certain day, all the class musical who choose to complete for his daughter, declaring that at midnight he would decide on the claims of the aspirants. Now it is necessary that I should inform my readers that in the grand apartment of Herr Bomgarten's mansion there was a piece of furniture supposed to have been fabricated by a Hungarian magician and which exhibited so much apparent wilfulness that it had been denominated by consent the Devil's Clock.

The time-keeping edifice struck all manner of hours in all manner of ways; but whatever might vagaries, was always true to the solemn "twelve" at midnight; so that Herr Bomgarton, not without reason fixed upon that hour to decide long cherished scheme.

The day at length arrived, and it may be imagined that not a little preparation had been made.—The piano forte (one of Korner's latest improvements) was placed under a mirror of immense size and was placed directly opposite to the (fatal) devil's clock.

Azalia was dressed in holyday suit and lovelier than usual, and from this circumstance, her father augured a prosperous finale. At about eight o'clock in the evening, the suitors were assembled; and the players who ventured to offer themselves as competors for so beautiful and so rich a prize were four in number. They severally sat down to the instrument, and each appeared more than his predecessor, to astonish the audience; and it was generally imagined that the last performer would be entitled to become the fair girl's husband. But ere Herr Bomgarten had quite resolved in his own mind the exact merits of each candidate, another stood beside the instrument and rather by signs then words, indicated that he, too, must try his skill.

The guests seemed extremely puzzled at this singular apparition! For up to that moment the gentleman had not observed in the room at all!—One or two persons, indeed, declared that he had actually stepped from the clock case as the last player of the four concluded his fantasia! Be it as it may, he set down to the piano, and produced but it is wholly impossible to describe the sensation—He now withered up the heart with the intensity of his pathos; and again enchanted the soul with multitudinous images of delight. Then would he pour over the imagination a storm of harmonies that exalted it almost to frenzy; and anon, subdued it to the placidity of childhood. He was the man; yet, who was he? The question was a fearful one.—He was handsome—his aspect was singular wild, and melancholy. He executed with marvellous ease, but his mind appeared (judging from his eye) to be wandering over fields of thought, remote from that in which he was engaged. He rose. Herr Bomgarten sprang from his seat; and would have embraced him but was repelled by his peculiarity of mien. Few minutes had he to decide, for as midnight was at hand. As to the pretty Azalia, she wore no expression save only that of extreme pallor and of internal agitation; but when the stranger, as the clock struck "twelve," touched her hand to depart, she rose at once, and without reluctance.—The most surprising part of the whole business was this, that the stranger, holding the hand of the young lady, proceeded at once to the Devil's Clock, and giving one melancholy glance at the company, he touched a spring and retired within its case.

As the door closed on the fatal couple a murmur of horror ran through the assembled guests. The unhappy father was so affected that he fainted away and as sensation returned, declared that he repented him sorely of having, as it were, interfered with the decrees of Providence. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "would that I had selected some honest youth among our neighbors for her husband! Carl von Muller, for instance, who loved her dearly, and was beloved in return and whom I drove from the house. Scarcely had he made this avowal when the clock-case again opened and the stranger, stepping from it, said in a sepulchral voice," "If your daughter, O man of ambitious views, were now married to Carl von Muller, would you give her your blessing?" "I would! I would!" exclaimed the old man, sobbing. "Then," exclaimed the apparation, "come forth ye happy pair!". At these words the door of the room opened, and Carl von Muller and his lovely bride entered, approached the master of the house and knelt at his feet—"Now," said the stranger, "let me turn this gloom into merriment. My name is Mendelsshon, the composer: I have just returned from Italy: I am the bosom friend of Carl von Muller; that clock has a communication with the church of St. Rogue; (the choristers who always set it right at twelve at night, from superstitious feeling, playing a variety of tricks with it by day; and have been the means of doing an act of friendship and justice, for now it behoves us solely to be joyous—a merrier time was never spent in the town of Herringhausen.

The Lost Gem.

The black waters of the river of death were rolling sluggishly onward. There approached one whose features bore traces of anxiety and sorrow, and with a bowed form she gazed into the turbolent stream as though she would fain descry something far down in its fathomless depths. A being of benign and celestial aspect appeared at her side, and said:

"What seekest thou, sorrowing one?"

"Alas!" she answered, "I wore a sparkling jewel upon my bosom. It was no paltry bauble, but a monarch's gift, and invaluable. The wealth of India can not yield one to match it. In an evil hour it dropped from its resting in this dark river. For a moment I saw it float near the brink, and stretched out my hand to regain it; but it was beyond my reach, and it sank down till I saw it no more. It is gone—lost, lost forever!" And in deep gloom she turned to depart.

"Stay mourner! Grieve not, but look again into the waters!"

She looked, and a cry of joy burst from her lips—"It is there! I see it floating upon the dismal wave. Oh shall it not be mine once more!"

The answer came—"Nay, but thou art deceived. What thou seest is but the semblance of what was thine. Yet turn thy eyes upward and rejoice."

She obeyed and beheld a star gleaming from a bright spot of azure in the murky sky, whose rays gave even the waves of that gloomy river a tinge of brightness, and whose reflection there she had mistaken for her own lost gem.

Then came a tender and musical voice as the beautiful appearance vanished—"Mourner, these restless billows, though fearful and dark to thee, roll up to the gate of Heaven. Ever faithful to their trust, they bore the jewel—which was lent, not given to thee—to its rightful owner, the monarch of Heaven; and, transferred to His care it will shine forever in His glorious resting place."

The mourner departed with a countenance thoughtful, yet cheerful; her gaze no longer bent upon earth or the river of death, but was meekly and trustingly raised to Heaven.

A CITY IN RUINS.—New York has not been bombarded, but it looks like it. Go where you will, you see houses in course of demolishment, heaps of ruins and of building materials, and deep excavations in the earth. A good many houses are devoid of front, as completely as if it had been carried away by a forty-pound cannon ball, and all the interior arrangements, rooms, closets, stairways, wall paper, and the stains upon it may be inspected by every passer-by. It is computed that a thousand houses in New York, (that is, one house in thirty-seven,) are now either undergoing repairs or being torn down. In Broadway the progress of renovation is particularly active; and, besides, there are three or four blocks in a state of seemingly inextricable confusion, owing to the labor of the Russians To finish the picture of desolation, we saw one morning, last week, half a dozen men and a pair of mules *ploughing* in Broadway—the contractor having hit upon that method of loosening the earth preparatory to laying down the new pavement.—Broadway has doubtless often been ploughed in the olden time, but we never expected ourselves to behold the great promenade subject to agricultural treatment. We are anew reminded of Colonel Stone's oft-quoted observation, that "New York would be a very nice place, if they could ever get it *done!*"—*Home Journal.*

PANIC AT SEA.—A green lad from Alabama, who was a passenger on board of one of the steamboats navigating the gulf of Mexico, suddenly bolted into the cabin one morning, before the passengers had fairly rubbed their eyes open, exclaiming, "We are lost!" "*Lost!*" exclaimed another. "Lost!" screamed out the whole crowd. "Yes *lost!*" said the lad, astonished at the alarm he had created. "I know we *are lost* 'cause the captin's on top of the house and another man's upon the mast looking to see what we are!"

A PUZZLED INQUIRER.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many there were at the party—"*The two Cregans* was one myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who the devil was four? Let me see (counting his fingers)—*The two Cregans* was one, Mike Finn was two, myself was three, and—bedad! there was four of us but Saint Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other—Now it's meself that has it, Mike Finn was one, *the two Cregans* was two, meself was three, and—and, by my soul, I think there was but three of us after all."

A friend of ours, who took the overland route to California, says he lived ten days on the broth he made of an old door-mat. Hard fried that, to be sure.

THE PERILS OF THE DESERT.

By the time we were approaching the most elevated point of Central Asia, a terrible wind had set in from the north, which lasted fifteen days, and increased the rigor of the cold to a degree that threatened us with great misfortunes. The sky was still clear, but the cold was so terrible that even at midday the influence of the sun was scarcely perceptible. Even during the day, and of course still more during the night we were under the continued apprehension of being frozen to death. I may mention one circumstance that will give an idea of the extremity of the cold. Every morning before setting off, the caravan used to take a meal, and then not again until they encamped: but as the Tramba was a kind of food so little agreeable that it was difficult to take enough of it at once to support us during the day, we used to soak in tea two or three balls of it to keep in reserve for the day's journey We wrapped up this boiling part in very warm linen, and placed it on our breast: and over this we had our clothing, namely a garment of sheep-skin and then a short garment of fox's skin, and over all a great woollen coat. Now during this fortnight we constantly found the balls of Tramba frozen, and when we drew them from our bosoms they were so hard that we almost broke our teeth in attempting to eat them. The cattle suffered greatly, especially the mules and horses, which are not so strong as the oxen. We had to dress them in carpets and and tie camel's skin round their heads; and in any other circumstances their appearance would certainly have excited our hilarity, but now we were in no humor for laughing, for notwithstanding all precautions the cattle of the caravan were decimated by death.

The numerous frozen rivers that we had to pass occasioned us much trouble, especially the camels, which are so awkward that we were obliged to trace a path for them by strewing sand on the ice, even then we had to lead them very carefully, one after the other; and if one of them chanced to make a false step and fall, it was scarcely possible to get it up again. First we had to relieve them of their baggage, and then to drag them on their sides to the river bank, or spread carpets for them, and tug at them with all their might but very often to no purpose; they would not make the slightest effort to rise, and they had at last to be abandoned for it was impossible, in this frightful country, to stay a waiting on the whims of a camel. All these hardships threw many of the travelers into deep dejection. To the mortality of the animals, was now added that of men, whom the cold seized and who were left to perish on the road. One day, when the exhaustion of our beasts of burden had compelled us to slacken our march, we perceived a traveler seated by the way side, on a large stone. His head was bent down, his arms pressed against his sides, and he remained motionless as a statue. We call him several times but he made no answer, and we thought he had not heard us What madness, we said to stop on the road such weather. This unfortunate man will certainly die of cold. We called him again: but as he still did not answer, we alighted and went toward him. His face had the appearance of wax, his eyes were half open and glassy and he had icicles suspended to his nostrils and the corners of his mouth. He just turned his eyes towards us with a terribly vacant expression; but he was quite frozen, and has been forsaken by his companions. It appeared so cruel to leave him thus, without an effort to save him, that, we determined to take him with us; and we lifted him from the ground, and, after wrapping him up, we placed him on Sandadchiembe's mule. As soon as we had pitched the tent, we went to seek out the companions of the unfortunate man; and they prostrated themselves before us, saying we had excellent hearts, but we had given ourselves much trouble in vain; their comrade, they said, was lost, for the cold had reached his heart. We returned to our tent to see what we could do for him, but he was already dead. More than forty men perished thus in the desert. When they could no longer eat or speak, or support themselves on their horses, they were left on the road, though still alive, a small bag of oatmeal and a little wooden bowl being placed beside them as a last mark of interest in their fate. When every one else had passed by, the crows and the vultures were seen to wheel round them in the air and probably they began to tear the unfortunate men before they were fairly dead.—*Hoff's Travels.*

A DOCTOR AS IS A DOCTOR.—A self-sufficient humbug who took up the business of physician, and pretended to a deep knowledge of the healing art, was once called upon to visit a young man afflicted with apoplexy. Rolls gazed long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and his watch and finally gave vent to the following cut limb opinion:

"I think he's a gone fellow."

"No, no!" exclaimed the sorrowful wife, "do not say that."

"Yes," resumed Rolls, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time, "yes I do say so; there ain't any hope, not the leastest mite—he's got an attack of nihil fit in his lost frontis—"

"Where?" cried the wife.

"In his lost frontis, and he can't be cured without some trouble and a good deal of pains. You see his whole planetary system is deranged; lastly his vox populi is pressin' on his advalorum; secondly, his entocarpal cutaneous has swelled considerably, if not more; thirdly and lastly, his so'at tibe are in a concussed state and he ain't got any money, consequently he's bound to die."

CHANGE FOR MARKET.—"My dear what shall we have for dinner to day?" "One of your smiles," replied the husband "I can dine on that any day." "But I can't" replied the wife. "Then take this," said he giving her a kiss, and departed. He returned to dinner. "This is excellent steak," said he "what did you pay for it?" "Why, what you gave me it is wrecking," said the wife. "The dozen you did," said he, "then you shall have no money the next time you go to market."