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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 23, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

[From the London Athenaeum.]

GOING HOME.

BY FRANCIS BROWNE.

We said that the days were evil,
We felt that they might be few,
For low was our fortune's level,
And low was our fortune's crew:
But one who had no possession
Looked up to the azure dome,
And said, in his simple fashion,
"Dear friends, we are going home!"

"This world is the same dull market
That wearied its earliest sage;
The times to the wise are dark yet,
And so hath been many an age,
And rich grow the tolling nations,
And red grow the battle spears,
And dreary with desolations
Roll onward the laden years.

"What need of the changeful story,
Which time hath so often told,
The spectre that follows glory,
The canker that comes with gold—
That wisdom, and strength, and honor,
Must fade like the far sea foam,
And death is the only winner?
But, friends, we are going home!"

"The homes we had hoped to rest in
Were open to sin and strife;
The dreams that our youth was blest in,
Were not for the wear of life;
For care can darken the cottage,
As well as the palace hearth,
And birth-rights are sold for postage,
But never redeemed on earth.

"The springs have gone by in sorrow,
The summers were grieved away,
And ever we feared to-morrow,
And ever we blame to-day,
In depths which the searcher sounded,
On hills which the high heart climb,
Have trouble and toll abounded,
But friends we are going home!"

"Our faith was the bravest builder,
But found not a stone of trust;
Our love was the fairest glider,
But lavished its wealth on dust!
And time hath the fabric shaken,
And fortune the clay hath shown;
For much they have changed and taken,
But nothing that was our own.

"The light that to us made baser
The path which so many choose;
The gifts there was found no place for;
The riches we could not use;
The heart, that, when life was wintry,
Found summer strain and tone;
With those, to our kin and country,
Dear friends we are going home!"

Communications.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]

Human Dust.

It is a curious, though somewhat gloomy and forbidding subject for speculation, to conjure up what singular mishaps and strange adventures may befall this delicate dust of ours when we have "shuffled off the mortal coil" and consigned it, pale and lifeless to the tender mercies of the doctors, the elements and the worms.

After so many years of intimacy, after sharing with it the good, the ill, the agreeable and the bitter, the joys and sorrows, the storms and calms of the checkered scenes of life's great drama, what wonder that as we contemplate lying it aside, we should wish it an honorable grave, and hope to have inscribed on its tombstone and realized in its subsequent fate "repose in peace."

Most expect to molder away in peace beneath the green sod of their native hill or valleys surrounded by kindred, and where the hand of friendship may guard and adorn with flowers the place of their sepulture. But the grisly King imperiously serves his *Asheas corpe* on his trembling victims and subjects them to "durance vile," without the least regard for their peculiar tastes or particular predilections. Some yield their breath to the fierce spirit of the flames and the passing breeze scatters their ashes to the reckless winds of heaven. Some, down in the deep, dark, cavernous mines of the earth, overtaken and overwhelmed by the mighty cushion mass above them, are imbedded forever in the foundations of the everlasting hills.

Some pale before the biting, piercing breath of the rude northern blast, and, wrapped in winding sheets of snow or enfolded in the thick-ribbed ice, bid defiance to corruption and decay. The fearful spirit of the storm wind speeds with resistless fury over the arid wastes of the deserts, overpowering the luckless traveler who sinks beneath the whirling clouds and mingles his dainty dust with their ever-shifting sands. The poisonous blast of the simoon steals the breath of the unwary wanderer and leaves his stiffened corse to rot unburied by the wayside.

Gaunt famine and wan disease pursue the wearied emigrant in his lonely journey across the plains, till having accomplished their mission, they consign his wasted carca to the tender mercies of howling wolves that savage-ly devour the yet palpitating flesh and leave his scattered bones to bleach beneath the pitiless storms of heaven. Some ill-starred mariner sails from his native land fondly dreaming of the time in the far off future when he shall

again behold the spires of his village, hoping at last to rest in its quiet churchyard; but far out upon the wide waste of waters, he goes down to the solemn chambers of the deep, amid the coral bowers and mysteries of the mermaids, while aquatic monsters find in him a horrid banquet or flee in dread his ghastly clay. A zealous missionary goes forth to carry light into the dark places and publish tidings of peace and salvation in the habitations of cruelty, fondly expecting, when his labors are ended, to lie down with his fathers amid the scenes of his childhood; but ere long a martyr to his sacred calling, he falls perhaps by savage hands, and horrified monsters in human shape exultingly crown a disgusting repast with his mutilated remains.

Some by the wasting pestilence, on foreign shores, are cut down and rough hands rudely consign them to a common receptacle of the wretched and friendless. The unfortunate, destitute stager who dies in the crowded city, is quickly tumbled into the revolting pit of the Potter's field, or perhaps some youthful aspiring disciple of Esculapius displays his skill in hacking and hewing the form divine by unceremoniously carving his joints and exposing the hidden mysteries of frame; and his bones instead of reclining in the lap of mother earth are rudely rattled over by the morbid curiosity of the living, and his ghastly skull grins in horrid mockery at the follies and fooleries enacting in the busy world around it. The beaux and belles, who with studious care deck their faultless forms and vie with each other in the costliness and splendor of their attire, and who haughtily snub and contemptuously look down upon the sons and daughters of poverty, may perhaps, when the hand of the grim spoiler has stripped them of their gaudy trappings and shriveled their dainty flesh, share a common grave with the miserable inmates of the prison and almshouse, and associate in closest companionship with the most loathsome and squalid of all that wear the human shape.—Yet strange inconsistency!

That part which most soon become a revolting mass of corruption and mingle with the sense-cloths, is nourished and guarded with every possible care, while the undying mind that will live to rise above the wrecks of ruined worlds, is left to grovel in ignorance, and suffered to remain wholly neglected and unfitted for its introduction to the wondrous scenes that await it.

LeRayville, July 10th 1857.

[Correspondence of the Bradford Reporter.]

MR. EDITOR:—Our great national anniversary has again been "celebrated." Again have orators become eloquent over past glories and present prosperity, and bands have grown enthusiastic with the spirit of "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star-Spangled Banner." Pale faced boys, with not less of fancy than enthusiasm, in their maiden speeches have recounted in glowing words the struggles for liberty; have rode high upon the eagle with wings of stars and stripes, as though it were a gigantic nightmare, and borrowed colors of the rainbow to paint this glorious arch of states. The cities have swarmed with "sojers" and the air has been filled with the music of drum and cannon. Young men, who since planting time, have devoted themselves strictly to the farm, have improved the opportunity the day presented to escort their ladies fair to the "doings," and patriotic boys, fresh from the "swimming-place," have expended their last pittance for fire-crackers with which to honor the day and frighten people's horses.

No doubt you enjoyed your share of American Independence, Mr. Editor,—and if the speeches were not too long and *g-a-l-o-r-i-o-u-s*, the seats too hard, the crowd too great and the dinner too sparse, we have no doubt you enjoyed a pleasant time. We hope you did, especially if the Madam and the little editors bore you company. It is truly a fine sight to contemplate—a great nation, putting aside for a time its pride in the all-absorbing present, while it reviews the past in national life; and all its component parts however much disturbed by opposing political opinions, uniting in the general harmony of rejoicing. For we do rejoice in the memories of the past. The mellowed strains from the far sounding Harp of our Revolution, come to us from the distance with a melancholy joy. It echoes the defeats and victories of our arms and cause, the deprivations of our forefathers, repeats the stirring eloquence of the "times that tried men's souls," and sings in celestial strains the final triumph of liberty. But

"Alas! Its chords of victory
Are wet all o'er with human tears!"
—and this is why the memories of this day are so sacredly pleasant—for no sound ever went to the heart whose arrow was not feathered by sadness.

We, too, enjoyed an agreeable personal "time" out of a national affair. We went around to Piperville—you know Piperville.—It is a pleasant place, nestling among the hills like "beauty nestling in a young man's breast." As we did not observe your pleasant face among the company, we shall take the liberty

to tell you about it. The scenery of the place is rugged and romantic, the ladies are fair, and at this season of the year, and on this day, it is altogether delightful. The little valley with the Susquehanna winding through it, the abrupt hills on the opposite side, the green fields and pleasant sunshine over all, combine to make a bouquet for the eye, such as Mrs. Jones is preparing for the resuscitation of the "inner man." The people of the place seem somewhat like its scenery—you will find much beauty and agreeableness among rougher features. You will be pleased with appearances of flags and other preparations. No doubt you will detect the *independent air* of the place, and will remember Mrs. Hemans' eloquent words,

Who, with heart and eyes,
Could walk where Liberty has been, nor see
The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
That mutely tells her spirit has been there."

You think you observe it more particularly on the outside of the crowd, where "Young American" Republicanism, with fire-crackers is hurraing and "holerin." You will see a truth in the words, for *liberty* can both be seen and smelled. The entertainment is an "exhibition." Is it not well for young genius thus to break from the custom of calling in the aid of foreign talent, and to contrive for itself home-made enjoyments? By this means many ends are attained. The day is more *feelingly* commemorated and enjoyed, when our dearest interests—in those of our young friends—are mingled on the occasion in happy union with pride of country, and at the same time young talent is encouraged and our friends are entertained.

So, while you are waiting with all anxiety for the preparations to be concluded, you will no doubt be thinking of Tell's daring challenge to Tyranny, Rolla and Pervians, or perhaps of Lord Percy and the yankee marksman—till you become quite excited, and almost fancy yourself Patrick Henry demolishing the Parsons. Now the band, consisting of a fiddler and bass-drummer, strike up Yankee Doodle, and there is a general waking up all over your borders, and you are filled with the spirit of '76. The curtain rises, and the manager with his hat on, steps forward to read the programme. You observe with pleasure his fine face, manly figure and grace of movement, and as you hear the eloquent tones of his voice, images rise up before you of Demosthenes addressing the Athenians, or Fox and Lord Chatham, with their commanding eloquence swaying the British nation. You half fancy you hear the measured tones of Bryant's Thanatopsis, or the burning rhapsodies of Parrhasius, the painter, over his dying victim. You see, peeping out from behind the inner curtain, such pleasant faces and bright eyes, that instantly visions of Joan, the Heroine of Orleans, the "Schoolmistress" and the "Two voices" float around you, and you almost listen for the melancholy tones of the "May Queen." But you are doomed to disappointment. When the curtain rises again, and they start off with a "Lecture on Agricultural Chemistry," you think it may be a mistake—perhaps a joke. But when your fancied friend Demosthenes comes in as the "Quack Doctor" or the "Irish piper," and his eloquent friend on the right as the "drunken Philosopher," though you may grant it good playing, and be proportionably pleased, you will certainly be disappointed. And when the bright eyes come out in the character of Widow Bedott, or "Cathalieu" or "Sally," though they are well sustained, as any character such "bright eyes" undertook would be, yet your disappointment is none the less. You naturally think that such amusement might be accompanied by high intellectual taste, and freedom from anything that would offend a delicate ear, and that perhaps the Irish piper and Bedott trash are idly chosen. But bless your soul—No sir! It's philosophy—the philosophy of Piperville. They agree with you in the main, but don't you know, sir, that they have enough of such things on Sunday, and at other times, and that this is Independence day?—Seriousness and eloquence and their kin graces, though they may be appropriate now, have other times allotted for their sufficient sway, and ordinary shackles and church rules needn't be insisted on with such strictness on the glorious fourth!—And when at last out of the thirty selections, you do get a taste of the *sensible* in a part of Dr. Warren's Oration, or a touch of the sublime in Lockiel's Warning, you thank your stars for whatever gave Campbell such "mystical love," and that "coming events" did "cast their shadows before"—him, and bless Dr. Warren for ever having written an oration. The music you enjoy, and perhaps wish that the programme was richer in it, but when the exercises of the day close up with a grand "bear-dance," your patriotism commences to look sheepish, and you almost fancy yourself in the vicinity of the "Bowry." Perhaps you imagine it would be better to have the substantial as a foundation, with lighter affairs mixed through generously for relief,—better to have your *refined* than to have your *sustaining* slight-

ly *coffed*. But bless you, you are wrong! you are not up to the "philosophy" of Piperville.

As you glance over the audience, you think what an effect a different course of oratory might have made. How that in every beating bosom before you there dwells a glowing spirit and a mind, coursing over a world of thought as wide as your own; and away down in the depths of each bosom, perhaps buried, there are deep feelings, which eloquent words and stirring action might touch, and where beautiful sentiments and noble thoughts would meet a hearty response. And you tell yourself how easily this is attained by an "exhibition," where young men are spurred on to renew the eloquence of the great minds of other times, and young ladies are encouraged to add the beauty of their forms and the music of their voices to enliven the scenes. We shall be rejoiced when every town over our country, breaking as Piperville has, from the thrud of custom, shall have its own "Celebration." When interloping talent from abroad with grand orations, shall have been displaced by our own rational and domestic intellectual enjoyments.

But our *mental* has been entertained and now we must administer to the wants of the *physical*—we adjourn for supper. Your fancy, if you have a taste for the natural and picturesque, may bring up the refreshing idea of a picnic, with its cold turkey, chicken-pie and plum cake—and all the accompaniments of cool shade, bouquets and festoons around a rough table. Absurd, sir! The trouble of preparing such a table in the grove, to be sure, all lending a hand, would be little—but did you ever hear of any money being made by anybody out of a picnic? Preposterous—don't mention it! The air of evening is balmy, the company in fine spirits and supper goes off well. Mrs. Jones is a good cook! Patriotism takes a sudden turn and speeches are drowned in gallantry, small-talk and coffee. It is well you brought a lady with you—better you had been accompanied by two—for let me whisper it in your ear as a bit of philosophy known to but few outside of Piperville, that he who brings two ladies has his supper at half-price, while the unfortunate fellow who is not favored by the smiles or company of a "dulcinea" is supposed to eat four times as much from having no one to wait on, and is consequently charged *double-price*. It's a way they have of *equalizing* things in Piperville! Our government have lately heard of it, and talk of adopting it into our system of taxation, whereby rich bachelors, and men without children are to support the large families of the poor. Is not this plan worthy of Piperville, Mr. Editor, and its philosophizing inhabitants?

After supper come the promenades, which it is needless to say, are delightful as your society is delightful, and after the promenades come the other amusements of the evening.—You do not repair reluctantly to the ball-room when in the sunshine of beauty, and in the whirl of the dance, the minutes wing pleasantly by. Or perhaps you do not dance—*Some people don't*. In which case you go to another room where "Blind Man's Buff," "Snap-and-catch-em" and the "Coach Story" make you feel as though you were not a dignified editor; and if for a moment your thoughts should wander to Bunker Hill, the secret Convention, or the Continental Congress, a charming pair of eyes, or a pretty pair of lips soon banish all such thoughts. But where all this time is the Madam? You have forgotten her. I fancy I see her just ahead of me around the charmed circle, (*charming*, I meant)—but be easy, sir, I shall catch her! Did you ever play "Moscow." Be careful or you will have a *pin* to pay, and then you will have some horrid thing to do to redeem it.

But "the Fourth" is so near past that we shall hardly have time to get home before a breach is made on the fifth—and it closes up so agreeably that you vote most decidedly in favor of "exhibitions."

Decidedly yours,
East Piperville, July 6th. NED.

YANKES AT POMPEII.—Go where you will you meet Americans. We had no sooner set foot in Pompeii, and were busy exploring the temple of Isis and the sacrificial altar, when in came three curious Yankees and joined our party. The other day on reaching the top of Vesuvius, I disordered a man sitting astride a block of lava. I don't know why, but I marked him at once as one of my countrymen. As I advanced toward him, I could not help noticing the cool manner in which he and Vesuvius were taking a morning smoke together.—His long nose was run out like a bowsprit, and he took the whole as calmly as one would look upon the kitchen fire at home. As soon as I came up with him he bawled out:

"Hallo, stranger! pretty considerable lot of lava rained here! Any news down below? Ye hasn't tuckered about—be ye?"

On my asking him if he had looked into the crater, he replied,

"Yass, but I burnt the legs of my trowsers, though I tell ye?"

He turned out to be a man from New England, who came up from Marselle to see the volcano, and a more delightful verdant gentleman is not to be seen in these parts.

How Lager-Beer is Made.

This we had an opportunity to learn on a late visit to the extensive brewery of Messrs. Humphries & Junemann, corner of Fourth and E streets, Capitol Hill. This establishment, opened on the 15th day of September last, comprises a large two story dwelling house, to which is attached an extensive back building of the same height, a pavilion forty feet square overlooking one of most charming landscape prospects, in the vicinity, an harbor affording a delicious shelter from the sun's rays, several side booths extending down the whole length of the grounds, and last of all the brewery—the whole enclosed by a high board fence, and comprising 40,020 square feet of ground.

We enter the brewery, and the first object that greets our eye is an extensive malt-boiler. This boiler is made of sheath copper, and is capable of holding 22 barrels, or 684 gallons. The malt is, after being ground, poured into this kettle and boiled four hours; then it is dipped and goes to the malt-mash pit, where it undergoes a rigid manipulation. It is then returned to the kettle and boiled again, then sent back to the pit for another stirring up.—This operation is repeated three several times when it is placed in the boiler for the fourth and last time, on which occasion the hops are added. After this fourth boiling, the liquid is drawn off and placed in the cooling-box or shoal-pit.

We now go to the cellar, which has a level entrance from the north side of the brewery.—After penetrating considerable distance into the solid earth, we descend a flight of steps some 17 feet, and enter the main cellar. On each side are piled up huge hogsheads, each holding 15 barrels, to the height of 15 feet. These are filled with the generous and cooling liquid called Lager-Beer. We now proceed to the furthest extent of this underground vault, and are 188 feet from the entrance, and up wards of 50 feet below the surface, and protected by a brick arch overhead.

Looking up through a shaft, which has been sunk from the top, a small speck of daylight is perceptible far above. This shaft admits the hose by which the liquid is conveyed from the cooler to the hogsheads, where it gets a sufficiency of common yeast to work it. It is then hermetically sealed and not opened until it has remained in the hogsheads six months, when it is fit for use. The hogsheads are placed on parallel sills or log sleepers, which are called lager in the German, hence the name lager-beer. In this cellar is stowed away six hundred barrels of beer. Since the proprietors commenced operation they have sold and given away some \$2,400 worth.

"Lager" is a great institution undoubtedly Dixon of the "Scalper" to the contrary notwithstanding; and we shall not be sorry to see the day when malt beverages and home-grown light wines, shall take the place of maddening alcoholic drinks.

END OF A TENNESSEE FROLIC.—Well, we danced and hurraed without any particular interest to happen till about three o'clock, when the darndest muss was kicked up you ever see. Jim Smith set down alongside Bet Holden, (the steel trap gall) and just give her a lung bar fashion. She took it very kind till she seed Sam Henry a lookin' on from behind about a dozen of gals, then she fell to kickin' and holerin', and a scratchin' like wrath.—Sam he came up and told Jim to let Bet go. Jim told him to go to a far-off country whar they give away brimstone and throw you in the fire to burn it. Sam hit Jim strate between the eyes, and after a few licks the fighting started. Oh, hush? It makes my mouth water now to think what a beautiful row we had.—One fellow from Cady's Cove knocked a hole in the bottom of a fryin' pan, over Dan Tucker's head, and left it hangin' round his neck, the handle flyin' about like a long tail ene, and that it hung till Jake Thurman cut it off with a coal chisel next day! That was his share for that night sure. Another fellow got knocked into a meal barrel; he was as mealy as an Irish tater and as hot as a boss radish; when he busted the hoops and came out he rared a few! Two fellers fit out of the door, down the hill into the creek, and there ended it in a quiet way all alone. A perfect mule from Stock Creek hit me a wipe with a pair of windin' blades; he made kindlin' wood of them, and I lit on him. We had it head and tails for a very long time, all over the house, but if the truth must be told and shame my kin, he warped me nice; jest to save time he holloed. The likin' he gave me sorter uneasy and hostile like; it wakened my wolf wide awake. The little fiddle came scrongin' past holdin' his fiddle up over his head to keep it in tune, for the fightin' was getting tolerably brisk. You are the one thinks I, and jest grabbed the dough tray and split it plum over his head! He rotted down right thar, and I paddled his t'other end with one of the peices. Whilst I was mollyfin' my feelings in that way, his gal stepped up behind me and fetched me a rake with the pot-hooks. Jule Sawyer was thar, and jest annexed with her, right off, and a mighty nice fite it was, Jule stripped and checked her face nice, like a partridge net hung on a white fence. She holloed for her fiddler, but oh, shaw! he couldn't do her a bit of good; he was too busy rubbin' his broken head, and then his blistered extremities; so when I thought Jule had given her a plenty, I pulled her off, and put in a good humor, by givin' her soft-sawder. Well, I thought at first if I had a drink I'd be about done, so I started for the creek, and the first thing I saw was more stars with my eyes shut than I ever did with them open. I looked around, and it was the little fiddler's big brother! I knowed what it meant, so we locked horns without a word, thar all alone, and I do think we fit an hour. At last some of the fellers bearn the jolts at the house, they cum and dug us out, for we had fit into a hole whar a big pine stump had burnt out, and there we was, up to our girths, a peggins' away face to face, and no dodgin'!—*Sam Slick*

Major N.—, upon being asked if he was seriously injured by the bursting of a steamer, replied "that he was not, as he had been blown up so many times by his wife, that a mere steamer explosion had no effect on him whatever."

A Biography of Robespierre, published in a late Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

"Your husband seems to be a great favorite among the ladies," said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Butterwood the other day.

"Yes," said Mrs. B. "but for the life of me I don't see whar they 'find' anything to like—I never could."

Tom—Hallo, Fred? what you writing? poetry? Fred—Yes, I'm writing an owed (ode) to my tailor. Tom—What's the time and tune? Fred—Time sixty days. It's set to notes of mine in his possession.

An Irishman who fired in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered—"if the house was turned topsy turvy, I'd be livin' on the first floor."

A PRYING LADY'S WORRY.—The fellow who's a peepin' into the affairs of his neighbors, is a peepin' into his own, and he'll be without a copy

PRAYING TO THE POINT.—A certain lawyer who dwelt in one of our New England towns noted for his over-reaching and short comings—during a revival came under conviction, and requested prayers for the furtherance of his conversation. His appeal was responded to by one of the saints, an eccentric but very pious old man—honest, plain, blunt, square-toed and flat-footed, who thus went at it:

"We do most earnestly entreat thee, O Lord, to sanctify our penitent brother, here; fill his heart with goodness and grace, so that he shall hereafter forsake his evil ways and follow in the right path. We do not know, however, that it is required of him, who has appropriated worldly goods to himself unlawfully and dishonestly, that he shall make restitution four-fold; but we beseech thee to have mercy on this, our erring brother, as it would be impossible for him to do that, and let him off for the best he can do without begging him entirely, by paying twenty-five cents on a dollar."

THE COURAGE OF SCIENCE.—Courage in the battle field is celebrated in history and song; but little is said of the courage exhibited in pursuing scientific investigations though often displayed more real elements of bravery than ever were called into action in war. It is said that when Arago and Dulong were employed by the French government upon the subject of the construction and safety of steam boilers, the task executed by the two philosophers was one of as much danger as difficulty. The bursting of boilers to which they were constantly exposed in a limited locality, was more hazardous than that of shells upon a battle field; and while military officers who assisted them—men of tried courage in the conflict—grew pale and fled from the scene, the *scorans* proceeded coolly to make their calculation, and to observe the temperature and pressure upon boilers almost at the very point of explosion.

AN INFIDEL REBUKED.—An infidel, boasting in a published letter that he had raised two acres of "Sunday corn," which he intended to devote to the purchase of infidel books, adds: "All the work done on it was done on Sunday, and it will yield some seventy bushels to the acre; so I don't see but that Nature, & Providence, has smiled upon my Sunday work, however the priests or the Bible may say that work done on that day never prospers. My corn tells another story." To this the editor of an agricultural paper replies:—"If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the Bible half as much as he has the works of its opponents, he would have known that the great Ruler of the universe does not always square up his accounts with mankind in the month of October."

HOW TO TAKE OUT THE SCENT.—Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract, was a young topkiss looking gentleman, his garments very highly scented with a mingled odor of musk and cologne. A solemn-faced old man, after passing the dandy several times with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped and, in a confidential tone said:

"Stranger, I know what'll take that scent out of your clothes; you—"

"What! what! do you mean, sir?" said the exquisite, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

"O, get mad, now—swear, pitch around and fight because a man wants to do you a kindness!" coolly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I do know what'll take that smell—'phew! You must bury your clothes—bury 'em a day or two. Uncle Josh got a foul of a skunk, and he—"

At that instant there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy very sensibly "cleared the coop," and rushed up stairs.

Kranzlaalt's wife has a great fancy for country life, and insists on keeping a hen in the back yard, as Hood says, "to furnish milk, butter and eggs" for the family. The other day she came to Kranzlaalt in great trepidation. "My dear," said she, "the hen has commenced to set. I took the eggs away from her, and she is setting now on the corner of the coal-bin, on an old axe-head!" "Well, my dear," responded Kranzlaalt, in his subdued bilious way, "if the hen is setting on an old axe-head, it seems quite likely she may hatch-it."

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