THE AGITATOR.

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For the Agitator.

My Forest Camp.

There a camp in distant glen—
A hunter's cabin roofed with bark,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
Where song of thrush or meadow lark
Floats never on the somber air.
When summer suns are fiercely hot,
And birds sit hush with drooping wing,
Oftimes I rest this lonely spot—
My cabin by the lonely spring,
And pass my leisure moments there.
Peachance some book of pleasant rein
May wile an hour of idle time;
Peachance I choose the quaint old strain
Of Chaucer, or of Spenser's rhyme,
Nor heed the falling day's decline.
At night, my forest bed I make
On fragrant boughs, and sweetly dream
Of deer, or trout that I may take
On moonlit side, or in the stream,
With rifle true, or silken line.

When autumn frosts have clothed the woods
In hues of gold and crimson red,
Again I seek the solitudes—
The moss-grown spring and forest bed—
Again I breathe the mountain air.
Then give me, but my forest home,
My rifle true and buoyant health,
With freedom where I please to roam;
And take who will, the banker's wealth—
His sleepless nights of anxious care.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

THE PIRATE OUTWITTED.

AN ADVENTURE OF A YANKEE CAPTAIN.

It was in the year 18——, that I found myself on board the good brig Mary Ann of Portland, bound for Kingston, Jamacia.—There were some twelve or fifteen passengers, mostly young men, several of them Creoles, returning home; two English officers who had been on a visit to relations in Canada, and were about to re-join their regiment, and the rest made up of passengers into whose business it was none of mine to inquire, so long as they made themselves agreable *compagnons du voyage*, which they all happily were. Our captain was a shrewd, knowing Yankee, principal owner of the brig, having on board an assorted cargo, which he was taking down to the Spanish Main for speculation. The passengers he had picked up at Boston were a godsend, and had induced him so far to alter his original intentions as to steer for Kingston, whither a large portion of them were bound. Leave a live Yankee alone to find out who he is dealing with, and to provide means of making a dime by his customers! We had not left Boston before he knew full well that an extra supply of small stores, such as ales, wines, &c., would be a good investment, and he had prepared himself accordingly. Nor was he mistaken. The demand was brisk, and captain Jonathan was correspondingly polite and affable. Our voyage was not exceedingly tedious but it was long. The winds were light and variable, and the skipper did not appear to make much headway in his sailing as he might. Indeed the English Major, a jolly, whole-souled fellow with a deal of humor in his composition, slily hinted that we should not see Kingston until the skipper's small stores were exhausted; and thereupon he incontinently called for half a dozen porter. Certainly, if we were compelled to drink our way into the port, the Major was the man to lead the enterprise.

We were sitting around the cabin table, enjoying the Englishman's porter, and investigating the merits of some excellent cheroots—it was our tenth day out—when the captain put his head down the hatchway, and called out to me:—

"I say, Mr. Brace, you are a man-of-war's-man; will you just step up and see what you can make out of this stranger?"

Captain Jonathan had soon found out my profession, and with that easy nonchalance so peculiar to the genuine Yankee, put me to various duties during the voyage.

"Here, skipper," sang out the Major, "never mind the stranger; come down and help us finish the porter. We are drinking a fair wind."

"I rather guess the stranger'll be after *yeou*," drawled out Jonathan; "he looks uncommonly rakish!"

"Hilloa! what's that? a pirate, eh? By love, there's some sport at last!" and we all hustled on deck.

It was not exactly a calm, but the winds were light and came in those fitful puffs denominated "cat paws," which especially favor tropical seas. The stranger sail was made from the mast head two or three hours previous, to which little attention had been paid; taking advantage of these she had come up with us hand over fist, and was now about two miles distant, on our weather quarter.—A more beautiful specimen of naval architecture never floated on the ocean. She was a schooner of somewhere about one hundred and fifty tons, with masts taut and raking and a long low hull, that yielded like a thing of life," in graceful undulations to the waves.—Above them rose a perfect cloud of canvass, that caught the slightest breath of air, and winged her with noiseless and almost mysterious speed over the water, while our clumsy craft was flapping her sails and crawling at a scarcely preceptible snail's pace.

"By jove! how she comes up!" cried the Major.

"Waal, you see, she fetches the breeze with her," said Jonathan, with that excusable pride which even the master of a scow may feel in the craft he commands, "or I guess she would not overhaul the Mary Ann quite so slick, no how."

"What a perfect beauty," said I.

"Yes," replied the Major, ever ready, Englishman like, to appropriate all excellences for his own patch of an Island, "she is certainly a trim little craft, belongs to the Royal Yacht Club, I am sure. I heard one of their finest vessels is expected on this fall."

"Those timbers were never laid in England, Major," said I, "she is a Baltimore clipper, though what her present occupation is I would not venture to say."

"We'll soon see that," said the captain, "mate, show your bunting."

The stars and stripes were quickly floating at our peak, and in a few moments, as if to refute my assertions, the meteor flag of England rose majestically at the stranger's deck, and fluttered aloft, started by a wanton breeze that dallied, enamored of its folds.

"There, sir," said the Major, pompously, "I told you so. I knew there could be no vessel of equal symmetry out of the Yacht Club."

"Do the vessels of the Royal Yacht Club carry a 'Long Tom' on a Yacht, Major?" asked I, taking the glass from my eye, with which I had been examining the schooner.

"Why, sir?"

"Because our friend seems rather heavily armed for a pleasure Yacht."

"Yacht, be darned!" exclaimed Jonathan; "she is a bloody pirate! and I rather guess that we will soon know more about her."

"Do you think he'll attempt to capture us, skipper?" said the Major, "and have you any idea of resisting?"

I watched the captain closely as these questions were put, for upon his firmness and conduct might depend our lives. There was fire in his eye, and a flush spread over his weather beaten countenance, as he replied with energy:

"Idea of resistance! Jerusalem! I rather guess I have! Do you think that Ruben Jonathan is going to give up his brig and cargo to them bloody Spanish thieves without showing fight, and let himself be pitched overboard like an old swab, into the bargain. It may be so that the Mary Ann is not the kind of a prize for him, and these fellows do not like to waste their ammunition; but if the worst comes *we must fight!*"

We all readily agreed with this proposition, and under his direction proceeded to arm ourselves, which from the ship's magazine and our resources we were enabled to do pretty effectually, fowling pieces, muskets, pistols, cutlasses enough for all being found. On mustering our forces, we had, including the crew of the brig, twenty active men.

"We must keep down, gentlemen," said the skipper, "and not show too much strength, or he may pepper us at a long tow, though those fellows dont like to use their big guns when they can do their work quietly, there's too many cruisers in these latitudes."

By this time the schooner had come within hailing distance astern of us.

"Brig, ahoy!" sang out a voice from her deck.

"Hilloa," cried our skipper, through a monster trumpet.

"What brig is that?"

"The Mary Ann of Portland. What schooner is that?"

"The Black Snake! Heave to and send a boat on board."

"Cant do it; they are all on board and stored for the voyage."

"Heave to, then, while I send my boat on board of you."

"You'd better not—we Yankees don't admit the right of search."

The schooner was still coming up with us, though the brig had commenced to forge ahead under the influence of a strong gale. Both vessels were lying near the wind, in which point of sailing the schooner had an evident advantage. Our skipper quietly ordered the man at the helm to keep away, and as the brig fell off before the wind, it was perceived on board the schooner, which made a corresponding movement, while another fierce hail came ordering us to "heave to." As our skipper was about to raise his trumpet to reply, the Major interfered.

"Perhaps she is a government vessel, and you had better comply."

"Even if she was, what right has she to bring to an American vessel? I rather guess the right of search is settled," said the skipper.

The Major seemed to urge the point, when quietly touching his arm, he pointed to the schooner, on board of which a great change had taken place. Her deck swarmed with men, and preperations were making to lower her boats, while the English ensign had been pulled down, and in its place went up the significant black flag, with its horrid blazonry of a skull supported by cross bones.

"Do her majesty's cruisers sail under that sort of bunting, Major?"

"A pirate, by heaven! we must fight for it."

The two vessels were now running parallel, with about equal speed, making about two knots an hour. In a few minutes three boats of armed men put off from the schooner, and scattering in different directions, pulled with evident intention of attacking on both sides. Every preparation the circumstances would admit of was made to give them a warm reception.

"We must never let them get a foothold on deck, gentlemen," said the skipper, who showed an activity and courage which elicited our admiration.

The plan of the boats to attack us from different points at one, necessarily delayed their operations. In the mean time, as is often common in those seas, a current of wind struck the brig, pressing her rapidly through the water. An idea—a bold and happy one—flashed on the brain of the skipper.

"Quick, gentlemen, I have it! We are safe!" exclaimed he, seizing the wheel. "Mr. Brace, jump forward if you please, take what men you want and stand by to grab the schooner, then take charge of her long Tom, Major, will you command the sharp shooters, and pick off those fellows if they come too near! By the great Jehosaphat! I'll show that fellow a Yankee trick he never saw before."

The idea was a brilliant one. There was every chance of our carrying the schooner if we could lay her aboard while the greatest portion of the crew were in the boats; and the breeze, which proved steady, was a providential interposition in our behalf. Our preparations were speedily made, and the skipper steered with such caution as gradually to approach the schooner, of which we had the advantage in the first effects of breeze, without exciting suspicion of his intention on board. It was some minutes before the boats perceived the increased speed of the brig, and they pulled less vigorously than they might, endeavoring still to preserve their plan of attack. The brig had now full steerage way on her, and was closing with the schooner, on whose deck there appeared some stir.

"Stand by, now, gentlemen," said the skipper as he gave a few turns to the wheel.—"Pick that fellow off, who is steering, Major, the first one."

Our intention was now understood on board the pirate, but too late for effectual resistance. They fired one of their carronades at us, without damage, in reply to which a single shot from the Major's rifle brought down the man at the wheel. The report of fire arms gave a new impetus to the boats, and they headed directly for us; but we were moving pretty fast through the water. The skipper laid us alongside, our grapples were well thrown, and leaving the mate and one hand to secure them I leaped on board with the rest of the men, and cut down two or three of the pirates who were endeavoring to make ready the "long gun." The Major and his command were equally prompt, and in less than three minutes the deck was cleared and the schooner was in our possession. Now, however, came the tug of war. The collision of the vessels stopped their headway, and the breeze which had served us so well was fast dying away, and about forty armed and desperate wretches were fast coming up with us. They were already within musket range, and the Major's force was quietly picking them off. This, however, only enraged them the more, and it seemed to me as though they must reach us and give us a hard struggle for our lives.

"Captain," said I to our skipper, who had coolly retained his station at the wheel, "can you let her yaw off when I give the word?"

"I can," was the reply.

Taking two men whom I recognized as men-of-war's-men and one or two others of the crew forward with me, and casting off the long gun, which was loaded, and ramming down another strand of grape, I depressed the piece and prepared to fire.

"Now, captain," I sang out.

The vessel obeyed her helm promptly, and came round almost broad side to their boats.

"Steady! so."

I applied the match. The foremost boat which I had brought within range of my piece was some distance ahead of the others. The schooner trembled under the shock of the explosion; a wild shriek was heard amid the spray and foam which the plunging shot stirred up, fragments of timbers, oars and a few bleeding wretches struggling in their death throes, were all that was left of the boat and her crew. Never did a single shot do so much havoc. It was the grape and canister which destroyed the first boat; for the round shot with which the gun was loaded ricocheting, took another of the boats on her bow and stove her in, killing several of the crew and spilling the rest. The third boat paused, and seeing the destruction, pulled for the survivors from the second boat. I had not lost a second in reloading my gun, and by the time she had come up to the spot, another storm of grape and canister, well aimed, spread death and destruction among them. We now made haste to secure the pirates who had been driven below, which was speedily done. Our skipper then turned the schooner over to my charge, allowing me two of the sailors—the rest of my crew being made up of volunteers from among the passengers, most of whom, from the curiosity or the love of change, desired to go with me. The vessels were cast off, and I hauled up from the spots where the boats had been, some ten or fifteen wretches, most of them wounded, clinging to oars and planks, were all that remained of the pirate's crew. We might have left them to their fate, and surely they deserved such treatment, but humanity forbade it, and it struck me as a queer sort of humanity, too, which saved them from drowning to consign them to the gallows. With the assistance of a boat from the brig, however, we picked the survivors up, and having secured and divided our prisoners for greater safety, we made sail for our destination.

The skipper, elated with his prize, forgot all about disposing of his small stores, and made the best of his way into port. We found a capital larder on board the schooner, and wines that even the Major pronounced unexceptionable.

In three days we were anchored in the harbor of Kingston, the pirates were handed over to the authorities, and the schooner adjudged a prize and sold. The skipper was honorable enough to wish to share "pro rate" with his passengers, which, however, was pretty generally declined, I believe. The amount which she brought was considerable, in addition to some thousand of dollars found on board, so that he and his crew fared well.—The Major had the satisfaction of knowing that "the most beautiful craft in the world" belonged to the Royal Yacht Club—the pirate schooner having been bought for that purpose by a nobleman sojourning on the Island.

"A man strikes me with a sword. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound, and making it to fester, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health affected; is there a person in the world who would not call me a fool? Now such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon little injuries or insults, of provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. *How much better* were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again!"—*Jarnison.*

A PICTURE.—A tall ladder leaning against a house—a negro at the top, and a hog scratching against the bottom. "G'way, g'way dar! You makin' mischief."

From Life Illustrated.

DISTINGUISHED DRUNKARDS.

"Shut up the low groggeries," say many; "prevent the sale of bad rum, preserve the poor and the ignorant from intemperance, and we're with you; but the educated classes need no law; regard for their own character is a sufficient protection for them. Strange delusion! Inexplicable blindness to the facts of history and the occurrences of every day. Without refering to books, memory unassisted, supplies us with a catalogue of well known names, the bare mention of which refutes the plea we have quoted.

Alexander the Great, one of the brightest spirits of antiquity, one of the greatest generals of the world, whose tutor was Aristotle, who slept with the poems of Homer under his pillow, conquered the world, and died of a drunken debauch at the age of thirty three years.

The fall of the Roman Empire was precipitated by the drunkenness of its Emperors as human nature was eternally dishonored by enormities committed by them in drunken fury.

Of the ten sovereigns who have reigned in Russia since the accession of Peter the Great, all but four were beastly drunkards. Of the Empress Elizabeth, it is written. She was completely brutified by strong liquors; from day to day she was almost always in a state of bacchic ecstacy, she could not bear to be dressed; in the morning her women loosely attached to her some robes, which a few cuts of the scissors disengaged in the evening."—And the passage gives an idea of the Russian court for more than seventy years.

The present King of Prussia, whom Neibuhr instructed and praised, thanking God on his knees for giving Prussia so wise and noble a prince, is a notorious drunkard, the contempt of his subjects, and the scoff of Europe.

The late King of the Sandwich Islands upon whom a corps of missionaries exhausted their eloquence and skill, was a drunken caricature of the kingly office to the last.

The City of Washington, where the elite of the nation is supposed to congregate, is the most drunken town in the Union. Champaigne is one of the great powers of the country, a thing relied upon to corrupt the very men who are sent to Washington under the impression that they are our wisest and best men.

Daniel Webster has been known to present himself before the people in a state of intoxication so advanced that he could talk little [illegible] We have seen him [illegible]

Hannegan, a United States Senator, was an abandoned drunkard, and when sent abroad as plenipotentiary, disgraced the country by the most continuous and outargeous drunken debauchery.

Some of the most important enactments ever passed by Congress, enactments involving the welfare of future empires, have been passed while the floor of the House was strewed with honorable and intoxicated members.

The Tea room of this city, established for the convenience, not of the city's vagabonds but of the city's "fathers" and head men, was for many a disgraceful year, a scene of drunkenness.

It was when maddened by drink that Dr. Graham committed murder.

Hartly Colerridge, a man abounding in amiable qualities, who inherited much of his father's genius, with all his father's infirmity of purpose, could never master his propensities to drink. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a poet, and—a drunkard.

Edgar Poe—but why speak of him. The story of his miserable end is more familiar to the people even than the melancholly refrain of the "Raven."

Charles Lamb, the gentle Charles, the kind the tender, the beloved, could sacrifice so much for his sister, but could not help being carried home and put to bed in insensible drunkenness.

Douglass Jerrold is a devotee of gin. For many years, it is said, he has been impairing his fine powers by habitual excesses in drink.

Byron, Burns, Steele, Hone, and a host of other names, eminent or illustrious, might be added to the list of distinguished drunkards.

Burns, we are confident, had not died in the prime of life, a defeated, heart broken man his destiny all unaccomplished, if he had not been addicted to convivial drinking.—And who knows for how much of Byron's reckless verse the world should curse the gin-bottle?

In our colleges, is not the secret demijohn one of the perpetual anxieties of president, professor and parent? At our fashionable parties, is champaigne—one of the vilest of drinks—moderately consumed? Do not our grand banquets generally degenerate into occasions of disgusting excess? Are the sons of leading citizens the most temperate of our youth? Is it poor women who buy brandy drops by the pound.

Talk no more of shutting up only the low groggeries. All groggeries are low, and all grog is pernicious, whether sipped by gentlemen, sucked by ladies, or swilled by the dregs of the people.

WHEN you call for a letter at the Post Office, always ask: "Anything for me?" Don't give your name; and then when informed "No," don't believe it but put yourself into an agony of surprise and wonder, and ask the P. M. when he "expects one" for you. Should he ask from whom you were looking for a communication tell him "from the West." He will then understand.

THE covetous man is his own tormenter.

Gems from Lacon.

RATS and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

THE mob, is a monster with the hands of Briareus, but the head of Polyphemus,—strong to execute, but blind to perceive.

STRONG as our passions are, they may be carved into submission, and conquered without being killed.

GREAT men, like great cities, have many crooked arts and dark alleys in their hearts, whereby he that knows them may save himself much time and trouble.

GOD is on the side of virtue; for whoever dreads punishment, suffers it, and whoever deserves it, dreads it.

THE most disagreeable two-legged animal I know, is a little great man, and the next, a little great man's factotum and friend.

THERE are some men, whose enemies are to be pitied much, and their *friends* more.

LAW and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.

OF governments, that of the mob is the most sanguinary, that of soldiers the most extensive, and that of civilians the most vexatious.

MYSTERY magnifies danger as the fog the Sun. The hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a *body*; and death itself is not formidable in what we know of it, but in what we do not.

REVENGE is a fever in our own blood, to be cured only by letting the blood of another; but the remedy too often produces a relapse, which is remorse—a malady far more dreadful than the first disease, because it is incurable.

THOSE who bequeath unto themselves a pompous funeral, are at just so much expense to inform the world of something that had much better been concealed; namely, that their vanity has survived themselves.

It is an unfortunate thing for fools, that their pretensions should rise in an inverse ratio with their abilities, and their presumption with their weakness; and for the wise, that diffidence should be the companion of talent, and doubt the fruit of investigation.

To be continually subject to the breath of slander, will tarnish the purest virtue, as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will obscure the brightness of the finest gold; but in either case, the real value of both continues the same, although the *currency* may be somewhat impeded.

We are ruined not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; we never go abroad in search of your wants, if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

The Czar and the Mimic.

During an interview which Martineff, the Russian commedian and mimic, succeeded in obtaining with Prince Volhousky, High Steward, the late Emperor Nicholas came into the room unexpectedly, yet with a design as was soon made evident. Telling the actor that he had heard of his talents, and should like to see a specimen of them, he bade him mimic the old minister. This feat was performed with so much gusto that the Emperor laughed immoderately; and then to the great horror of the poor actor, desired to have himself "Taken off." "T'is physically impossible," pleaded Martineff. Nonsense," said Nicholas, "I insist on its being done." Finding himself on the horns of a dilemma, the mimic took heart of grace, and, with promptitude and presence of mind, buttoned his coat over his breast, expanded his chest, threw up his head, and assuming the Imperial port to the best of his power, strode across the room and back, then, stopping opposite the Minister, he cried, in the exact tone and manner of the Czar, "Volhousy! pay M. Martineff 1,000 silver roubles." The Emperor, for a moment, was disconcerted but recovering himself, with a faint smile he ordered the money to be paid.

The Raining Tree.

The Island of Fierro is one of the most considerable of the Canaries, and I cannot conceive the name to be given to it on this account—that its soil not affording so much as a drop of fresh water, seems to be iron, and indeed there is in this island neither rivulet nor well nor spring, save that only by the seaside there are some wells, but they lie at such a distance from the city that the inhabitants can make no use of them. But the great Preserver, and Sustainer of all, remedies this inconvenience by a way so extraordinary, that man will be forced to sit down and acknowledge that he gives in this an undeniable demonstration of his wonderful goodness. For in the midst there is a tree which is the only one of the kind, inasmuch as it has no resemblance to any of those known to us in Europe. The leaves of it are long and narrow, and continue in verdure winter and summer, and its branches are covered with a cloud, which is never dispelled, but revolving into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water, and that in such abundance that the cisterns which are placed at the foot of the tree are never empty, but contain enough to supply both man and beast.

QUEER NAMES.—Burlington county, New Jersey, seems to abound in singular names, not always the most euphonious. For instance, there are Turpentine, Frog-town, Devil's Run, Skunk's Hollow, Mount Misery, Ong's Hat, Comical Corner, Tattle-town, Gossip-ville, Scrabble-town, Fools-town, Poke Hill; and—that's enough for the present.

Trouting.

We put into the brook just below a smart foamy fall. We have on cow-hide shoes and other rig suitable. Selecting an entrance we step in, and the swift stream attacks our legs with immense earnestness, threatning to take us off from them. A few minutes will settle all that and make us quite at home. The bottom of the brook is not sand or gravel, but rocks of every shape, every position, of all sizes, bare or moss covered. The stream goes over them at the rate of ten miles an hour. The descent is great. At every few rods cascades break over ledges and boil up in miniature pools below. The trees on either side shut out all direct rays of the sun, and for the most part the bushes line the banks so closely and cast their arms over so widely that they create a twilight—not a grey twilight losing its lustre, but a transparently black twilight which softens nothing, but gives more ruggedness to the rocks, and a sombre aspect even to the shrubs and fairest flowers.

It is a great matter to take a trout early in your trial. It gives one more heart. It serves to keep one about his business. Otherwise you are apt to fall off in an unprofitable reverie; you wake up and find yourself standing in a dream, half-seeing, half-imagining, under some convert of over-arching branches, where the stream flows black and broad among the rocks, with moss green above the water and dark below it.

But let us begin. Standing in the middle of the stream, your short rod in your hand, let out from twelve to twenty feet of line, varying its length according to the nature of the stream, and, as far as it can be done, keeping its position and general conduct under anxious scrutiny. Just here the water is mid-leg deep. Experimenting at each forward reach for a firm foothold, slipping, stumbling over some uncouth stone, sliding on the moss of another, reeling and staggering, you will have a fine opportunity of testing the old philosophical dictum that you can think of but one thing at a time. You *must* think of half a dozen; of your feet or you will be sprawling in the brook; of your eyes and face, or the branches will scratch them; of your line, or it will tangle at every step; of your far distant hook and dimly seen bait, or you will loose the end of all your fishing. At first it is a puzzling business. A little practice sets things all right.

Do you see that reach of shallow water gathered to a head by a cross bar of sunken rocks? The water splits in going over upon a slab of rock below, and forms an eddy to the right and one to the left. Let us try a grass-hopper there. Casting it in and above and guiding it by a motion of your rod, over it goes and whirls out of the myriad bubbles into the edge of the eddy, when, quick as a wink, the water breaks open, a tail flashes in the air and disappears, but reappears to the instant backward motion of your hand, and the victim comes skittering up the stream, whirling over and over, till your hand grasps him, extricates the hook and slips him into the basket. Poor fellow! you *want* to be sorry for him, but every time you try you are glad instead. Standing still you bait and try the other side of the stream, where the water, wiping off the bubbles from its face is taken toward that deep spot under a side rock. There you've got him! Still tempting then the tribes below grow cautious. Letting the line run before you, you wade along, holding on by one branch and another, fumbling with your feet along the jagged channel, changing hands to a bow on the left side, leaning on this rock, stepping over that stranded log. Ripping a generous hole in your skirts as you leave it, you come to the edge of the pretty fall. You step down, thinking only how to keep your balance and not at all of the probable depth of the water, till you splash and plunge down into a basin waist deep. The first sensations of a man up to his vest pockets in water are peculiarly foolish, and his laugh rather faint. He is afterward a little ashamed of the alacrity with which he scrambles for the bank. A step or two brings him to a sand bank. But while you are in a scrape at one end of your line, a trout has got into a worse one at the other. A little flurried with surprise at both experiences, you come near losing him in the injudicious haste with which you overhaul him.

Hot Coin.

The Cincinnati *Columbian* tells the following story on the authority of a gentleman from Indiana:

Recently there was a run upon a bank in his neighborhood. Becoming short of notes, but expecting an arrival next morning of the necessary funds from a friendly institution, the Cashier gave notice *to the crowd* at the doors, that to convince every body of the solvency of the concern, the Directors had resolved to pay every applicant for the rest of the day in gold; but as the gold the bank possessed was in bars, just as the dray load had arrived from California, the public must be patient until it was coined. What gold was on hand, or could be borrowed, was slowly paid out and given to the drawers on plates so hot that it could not be handled—being, as the clerks declared, hot from the mint. The counting, of course, under the circumstances, was a slow process, and no difficulty was found in keeping right side up, until closing time. The next morning the expected funds arrived, but were not wanted; the hot gold had satisfied the depositors that the bank was perfectly solvent, and of the best kind. They began to pay in again.

A locomotive on one the principal railroads has been adorned with the title, "I still live." That is more than many of the passengers can say at the end of the journey.

"Slocum, how is it to-day—can you take that note up?"

"Im sorry to say I can't, never was so cramped in my life."

"By the way, you are always cramped—are you not."

"I'm sorry to say, I am; and yet there is a natural cause for it."

"And what is that?"

"Why, I was weaned on green apples and water melons."

THE happy people of this world think that the unhappy ought to perish before them with the same grace as that which the Roman populace exacted of the gladiators.