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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, June 18, 1857.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE SONG OF THE SUMMER WIND.

I come from the Southern shores of balm,  
From the spice-fields far away;  
I come with the breath of orange-blossoms,  
And the light of the summer day;  
I like the cheek of the fevered child,  
And play with her sunny brow,  
I soothe the woes of the sorrowing ones,  
And release their hearts of care.  
I hear aloft to the white, white clouds,  
The wondering school boy's kite,  
And he gazes up till his eyes grow dim,  
With a look of fond delight;  
While o'er the brow of the laughing one,  
I toss the auburn curl,  
As by the throat, in the lingering eve,  
My pathless way I whirl.  
I open the cups of the dainty flowers,  
By wild wood, field and dell,  
And I rock the fairies fast asleep  
Who hide in the lily's bell.  
The tall grass nods as I wander by,  
And the brook up-murmurs with glee,  
And joy and gladness spring up in my path,  
Wherever my pathway be.  
Oh, what could the warrior's banner be,  
Were it not for my gentle power—  
Aye, darker Liberty's hour;  
But the stars flag of Freedom's land,  
Flows gaily along the way,  
And the freeman shouts with joyous pride,  
As he views my force to day.  
I come with the voice of Hope and Truth—  
I come with the good God's love,  
And I bring earth's weary ones a taste  
Of the joys of that land above;  
I whisper to them of that inner light—  
The love that never dies—  
How the soldier of the cross may rest  
On the fields of Paradise.

### Miscellaneous.

#### A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The gamut old wolf,  
Scouting the place of slaughter, with his long  
And most offensive howl, and did ask for food.  
" 'Twas a night in January, 17— We had  
been to a fine quilting frolic about two miles  
from our settlement of four or five log houses.  
'Twas rather late, about twelve o'clock, I  
should say—when the party broke up. There  
was no moon—and a dull grey shadow of haze  
hung around the horizon, while overhead a  
few pale and sickly looking stars gave us their  
dull light as they shone through a dingy cur-  
tain. There were six of us in company—Harry  
Mason and four of as pretty girls as ever grew  
up this side of the Green Mountains. There  
were my two sisters, and Harry's sister, and  
his sweet heart, the daughter of our next  
door neighbor. She was a downright hand-  
some girl—that Caroline Allen. I never saw  
her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty  
faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart  
—so gentle and sweet-spoken, and so intelli-  
gent, besides that everybody loved her. She  
had an eye as blue as a hill violet, and her lips  
were like a red rose leaf in June. No wonder,  
then, that Harry Mason loved—boy though  
he was; for we had neither of us seen our  
seventeenth summer.  
Our path lay through a thick forest of oak,  
with here and there a tall pine raising its dark  
shadow against the sky with an outline  
rather indistinct by darkness. The snow  
was deep; deeper a great deal than it ever  
falls of late years; but the surface was frozen  
strongly enough to bear our weight; and we  
hurried over the bright pathway with rapid  
steps. We had not proceeded far, before a  
howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a  
moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling  
the arms that were close to my own, as a sud-  
den cry burst from the lips of us all, "the  
wolves! the wolves!"  
Did you ever see a wild wolf—not one of  
your caged, broken down, show animals, which  
are exhibited for a sixpence a sight, and chil-  
dren half-price; but a fierce, half-starved ranger  
of the wintry forest, howling and hurrying  
over the snow actually mad with hunger?—  
There is no one of God's creatures which has  
such a frightful fendish look, as this animal.  
It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.  
Another and another howl; and then we  
could hear distinctly the quick patter of feet  
behind us. We turned right about and looked  
in the direction of the sound. "The wolves  
are after us," said Mason, pointing to a line  
of dark bodies. And so in fact they were, a  
whole troupe of them, howling like so many  
Indians in a pow-wow. We had no weapons  
of any kind, and we knew enough of the vile  
creatures who followed us, to know that it  
would be useless to contend with them. There  
was not a moment to lose; the savage boasts  
were close upon us. To attempt to fight would  
have been a hopeless affair. There was but  
one chance of escape, and we instantly seized  
upon it.  
"To the tree; let us climb that tree!" I cried,  
springing towards a low boughed and gnarled  
oak, which I saw at a glance might be easily  
climbed.  
Harry Mason sprang lightly in the tree, and  
aided in placing the terrified girls in a place  
of comparative safety among the thick boughs.  
I was the last on the ground and the whole  
troupe were yelling at my heels before I reached  
the rest of the company. There was one  
moment of hard breathing and wild exclaima-  
tion among us, then a feeling of calm thank-  
fulness for our escape. The night was cold  
and we soon began to shiver like so many  
saucers on the top of an iceland whaler. But  
there was no murmurs, no complaining among  
us for we could distinctly see the gaunt, at-  
tenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and

every now and then we could see great glowing eyes staring up into the tree where we were seated. And their yells; they were loud, and long, and hideous.

I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time when I heard a limb of the tree cracking as if beneath the weight of some of us; and a moment afterwards a shriek went through my ears like piercing of a knife. A light form went down through the naked branches, with a dull heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"Oh, God? I am gone!"  
It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again! There was a horrid dizziness and confusion in my brain, and I spoke not; and I stirred not, for the whole at the time was like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remember that there was smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath! It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive!—the wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad with the taste of blood.

When I came fully to myself—when the horrid dream went off—and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake of the arms of my sister which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself, I should have jumped down among the raving animals. But when a second thought came over me, I knew that any attempt to rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth and weak constitution and frame were unable to stand the dreadful trial; and he stood close by my side with his hands firmly clenched and his teeth set closely, gazing down on the dark wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene.—Around was the thick, cold night—and below the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim.

The morning broke at last, and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of daylight like so many cowardly murderers. We waited until the sun had risen, before we ventured to crawl from our hiding places. We were chilled through; every limb was numb and cold with terror, and poor Mason was delirious, and raged wildly about the things he had witnessed. There were bloody stains around the tree, and a few long, black hairs were trampled in the snow.

We had gone but a little distance, when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance and my brothers have often told me, that at first we all seemed like so many crazed and brain sickened creatures. They assisted us to reach home; but Harry Mason never recovered from the dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies, and his friends, anon murmuring to himself about that dreadful night. He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard before age had whitened a single hair upon his head.  
For my part, I confess never recovered from the terrors of the melancholy circumstances which I have endeavored to describe. The thought of it has haunted me like my shadow; and even now the scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I wake up with something of the same feeling of terror which I experienced, when, more than half a century since, I passed a night among the wolves.

**COLD WATER.**—None who have heard Mr. Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, can forget his brilliant apostrophe to cold water.—Catching up from the table a tumbler filled with sparkling crystal, he exclaimed:  
"Look at that, ye thirsty ones of the earth! Behold it! See its purity! How it glitters, as if a mass of liquid gems! It is a beverage brewed by the hands of the Almighty himself! Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, does your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play—there God brews it. And down, down, in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing,—and high up the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder storms crash,—and away, far out on the wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music and the waves roar the chorus, sweep the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life—health giving water! And every where it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dewdrop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seem turned into living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun or the white glare over the midnight moon; sporting in the cataracts; sleeping in the glaciers; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and waving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction—still, always it is beautiful, that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on the brink; its form brings no sadness or murder; no blood stains its limpid glass; broken-hearted wives, pale widows and starving orphan shed no tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses in the words of eternal despair. Beautiful, pure, blessed, and glorious—give me forever the sparkling, pure cold water!"

A fast man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher. "Do you believe," he said "in the story of the Prodigal Son and the Fatted Calf?" "Yes," said the preacher. "Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?" "A female," promptly replied the divine. "How do you know that?" "Because (looking the interrogator steadily in the face) I see the male is alive now."

### The Beauchamp Tragedy in Kentucky.

We were led, a short time since, to recall, in connection with the novel of W. Gilmore Simms, and review the circumstances connected with the well-nigh forgotten Beauchamp tragedy, in which everybody in the country was interested thirty years ago.

On the night of Sunday, the 6th of November, 1825, Col. Solomon P. Sharpe, one of the foremost lawyers in Kentucky, formerly Attorney General of the State, some years earlier a member of Congress, and at that time a leader in the newly elected State Assembly, was murdered at Frankfort, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. He was roused from his bed by some one knocking at his door, and he was there seized by the assassin, who, after some words, stabbed him to the heart, almost in sight of his wife, who rushed to his side, but too late to hear a syllable from him, or to learn in any way who was his murderer.

Suspicion soon fell, however, on a young lawyer named Beauchamp, who was arrested, tried, and condemned apparently on false evidence, but who was yet the real murderer.—Party animosity, then furiously excited through out the State by some question relating to the courts, ascribed the murder to political hatred, for Sharpe was the leader of his party, and the idol of the people; nor was it till after the trial that the astounding story of Beauchamp's actual crime and his reasons for it were made public by his own ingenious confession.

Some years before, apparently as early as 1818, Col. Sharpe had seduced Miss Ann Cooke, a young lady of respectable family, educated and refined, and as appears from her subsequent course, of unusual force and severity of character. Proud and intense of feeling, she withdrew entirely from the society where she had been admired and courted, and with her widowed mother, her books and her slaves, she hid her disgrace in the complete seclusion of a Kentucky plantation.

It was here that young Beauchamp, in a fatal hour for both, sought not, urged himself on her acquaintance, fell passionately in love with her, and, led on by his passion, devoted himself, with barbarous magnanimity, to her dreadful thirst for vengeance on her betrayer. He cannot have been more than nineteen years old at this time, and he had been on the point of commencing the study of law with Col. Sharpe, when he was repelled from such a connection by the story of his villainy towards Miss Cooke. Generous, though ungovernable of temper, he looked with aversion on a man so stained—regarding him as "no better than a horse thief," as he himself naively says.

His natural pity for Miss Cooke was strengthened by the praises bestowed on her beauty and wit by a friend of his who had been her former admirer. He visited her in her self-imprisonment, but she refused to see him; he insisted, and she at last came forth, but she received him coldly. He pretended a desire to use her library, and borrowed a book, which gave him a pretext to call again in a few days, when he again saw her. Little by little her reserve wore off, while his enthusiasm for her grew into fervent love. He urged his suit and besought her hand in marriage, which she at first steadily refused, and only yielded finally on condition that he should first kill Colonel Sharpe.

This was in 1821, and in the autumn of that year he went to Frankfort for the express purpose of challenging Sharpe, and of shooting him if he declined. The two walked out together along the river at Frankfort, and when they had come to a retired place outside the town, Beauchamp disclosed to Sharpe in what relation he stood to Miss Cooke, and asked if he would fight him. Sharpe said he could not fight in such a cause—he would let himself be killed rather than do it; and falling on his knees, he implored Beauchamp not to kill him. The hate of the enraged man turned to scorn at what he thought the most glaring cowardice—he struck Sharpe in the face, called him by the most insulting names, and swore he would come him in the streets every day till he forced him to a duel. They parted, and early next morning Sharpe left Frankfort, and Beauchamp lost his opportunity.

Miss Cooke now resolved to kill her betrayer with her own hand, and together with Beauchamp, she contrived a plot as artful as that by which Leonore betrays Lothair, to bring him to her house, where she could shoot him. This failed, and after a long time she gave up her cherished plan, and left the murder again to Beauchamp, who, meanwhile, by a sophistry such as familiarity with a dreadful purpose of tea produced, had persuaded himself that it would be right to kill his enemy, not openly as he had at first proposed, but by assassination.

Accordingly, after his marriage with Miss Cooke, in June, 1824, he formed his plans for the deed. Never was a murder more deliberately committed. For more than a year he was busy making arrangements so that no evidence could be brought against him. He even deterred the act till after an election, hoping that Thompson who ran for Governor against Desha in 1824, would pardon him if he were chosen, as he was not. Disappointed in this, he determined to kill Sharpe at such a time that his death would seem occasioned by political enmity; for which reason he chose the beginning of a session of the Legislature, in which, as we have said, Sharpe was a prominent man.

He traveled to Frankfort, as if on business, lodged at the house of a relative of Col. Sharpe, and, disguised as a negro, he lurked about the house of his victim till he made sure he was within. He then knocked, called him to the door, showed his face, that he might have the agony of knowing who his murderer was, and then stabbed him to the heart. The unfortunate man knew his assassin, but so sure had he been the blow, that the only words he spoke were—"Pray, Mr. Beauchamp," at the same time striving to throw his arms about his neck; but no one heard that exclamation, and Beauchamp had the satisfaction of seeing that no

such evidence as this could be brought against him. He lingered near the house till he was seen by Mrs. Sharpe, then went back to his lodgings. After having resumed his own dress, and with a tranquil and satisfied heart, as he says himself, he lay down to sleep.

In the morning the whole town was in excitement at the horrid deed. Beauchamp's host suspected him, but his calm demeanor died away all suspicion, and he was allowed to leave Frankfort without molestation. As he drew near home, his wife, who had been anxiously awaiting his return, saw him approach waving a red flag, which had been the token of success agreed upon between them. She was full of joy, like himself, at the fulfillment of her just vengeance, as they thought it, and they talked over all the details of the crime with a fearful satisfaction.

Beauchamp was soon arrested, as he expected to be, but contrary to his expectations, he found that all his plans to destroy evidence had been fruitless. Circumstances—the fatal eaves-droppers—bore too sure witness, and where a link was wanting in the chain of testimony, it was easily supplied by exaggeration or perjury. He was convicted on the 19th of May, 1826, and in spite of the doubts of many eminent lawyers, who maintained that there was no existing law to punish murder, he was executed on the 7th of July following. He had in vain tried to throw the crime on some other person, and to obtain a pardon from Gov. Desha, who, to be sure, had pardoned his own son, twice convicted of murder and robbery.

These details may seem like those of a common murder—too common in these days, unfortunately—deriving their interest only from a morbid craving for a knowledge of such horrors. But there is a deeper reason why the atrocities of Beauchamp and his wife stand forth in prominence on the sad calendar of crime. The feeling which impelled them was an insatiable thirst for vengeance, it is true; but this finds some excuse in the greatness of their victim's guilt; while it is exalted above the fury of the ordinary murder by the solemn fanaticism which made them regard it as a duty, and the tenderness of their love for each other. Nothing can be more touching than the gentleness and reverence with which everywhere in his confession, Beauchamp speaks of his wife; and she, in turn, seems to have felt the most enthusiastic affection for him. He was her chevalier—her champion, and the champion of injured virtue everywhere; and in her steady refusal to outlive him, she showed the constancy of a Roman matron, and died heroically as Brutus' Portia, or the more famous Lucretia.

After his conviction she spent much time with him, and in the hope of dying together they both took poison, which, however, proved ineffectual. They were then carefully guarded, but in spite of this, on the morning of his execution, they contrived to stab themselves. Beauchamp was not mortally wounded, but his wife lingered only a few hours after his execution. As he was carried to the gallows, too weak to sit on his coffin in the cart, according to the barbarous custom, he asked to be taken to his wife, then lying unconscious from her wound. He laid his hand on her face, and sought in vain to make her recognize him; then bidding her the tenderest farewell, and bowing to the ladies at the windows as he passed along the street, he went on to the scaffold.

**THE MAELSTROM A MYTH.**—In a lecture on Norway, delivered by Mr. H. W. WILLIAMS to the members of the Midland Institute, the lecturer gave interesting information as to some of the phenomena peculiar to that region. With respect to the Maelstrom, he said that on the voyage up the coast, when he arrived at the region which, in maps and charts, is marked as the position of that phenomenon, he made inquiries of the Captain of the vessel as to its existence and locale, but to his surprise the captain informed him that the English knew more of its existence than than the people of Norway; that he himself had made many voyages along the coast, but had seen no signs of such a phenomenon; and, altogether, he believed it to be a mere invention. The lecturer expressed his belief that it was a mere myth, and that its existence was due to the eddies formed at the mouth of the numerous fiords, which might be dangerous to the frail vessels of the Norwegians, but which a thames waterman could have no fear of crossing. Mr. WILLIAMS also gave description of the origin of the sea-serpent, which he attributed to optical delusion, and the presence of rocks in the ocean, which were obscured from vision by the rising of the waves thus producing that undulating motion said to be peculiar to the monster.

**LOFTY CONDUCT.**—In the neighborhood where I once lived a man and wife were almost constantly quarrelling. During their quarrels their only child (a boy) was generally present; and of course had caught many of his father's expressions.

One day when the boy had been doing something wrong, the mother intending to chastise him, called him, and said,

"Come here sir; what did you want to do that for?"

The boy complacently folded his arms and imitating his father's manners replied:

"See here, madam, I don't wish to have any words with you."

Mr. Sniff coming home late one night from "meeting," was met at the door by his wife. Pretty time of night Mr. Sniff, for you to come home; pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family.—"Isn't three, it's only one, I heard it strike, council always sits till one o'clock." "My soul's? Mr. Sniff, you're drunk; as true as I'm alive, you're drunk. It's three in the morning." "I say, Mrs. Sniff, it's one. I heard it strike one as it came around the corner two or three times."

### What Coal does for a Country.

The *Scientific American* says;—There can be no doubt that the coal beds of England are the real natural source of its physical wealth. Without coal it never would have been a manufacturing country, without it no cotton factories would ever have been erected, and no steamships would ever have floated on its waters. It is simply because it has the largest coal fields in Europe, that it is the greatest manufacturing nation in the world. But it was very difficult to introduce the use of coal among the old English people. It was first used in that country about six centuries ago, and at that time Englishmen would not use the sooty fuel in their houses. It did not suit the fire places or the domestic habits of the people; but it was found well adapted for the blacksmith and the lime burner. Only the layers near the surface and in coal fields adjacent to rivers, or seas, were first opened; but when the demand increased, the miners dove more deeply into the bowels of the earth, and boldly worked the coal wherever it was to be found. When the mines became deep the miners were sadly perplexed how to get rid of the water; and was not until the steam engine came to their aid that they fully mastered the difficulty. But the prejudices of the users were as difficult to surmount as the perils of the miners. A citizen of London was once tried and executed for burning sea coal in opposition to a stringent law passed in respect to that subject; but even long after such intolerance had passed away, coal was tabooed in good society. Ladies had a theory that the black abomination spoiled their complexion; and it was for a long time a point of etiquette not to sit in a room warmed by a coal fire, or to eat meat roasted by such means. Prejudice, unquestionably, had much to do with these objections; but it was not all prejudice, for the total absence of proper arrangements for a supply of fresh air, and removing smoke and foul air, rendered the burning coal a very dirty and disagreeable companion in a room. Wood was then the principal fuel used in England, and the forest but scantily supplied the wants of the people. Turf or peat, was employed in some districts as it still is in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland; but in all England wood is at present unknown as a domestic fuel—coal has entirely superseded it.

**SNAKES.**—Snakes are much abused animals. As supposed types of the first deceiver, a sort of religious dread has ever been attached to them, among Christian people; and a few of the species being really venomous, and others possessing imaginary attributes, far transcending the actual powers of any of the class, it is not very wonderful that all the sons and daughters of Eve should inherit a hearty hatred of snakes.

First—What are the venomous snakes? In the United States we have the Rattlesnakes, Copperheads, and Moccasins. No others—and, in fact, there are no other poisonous reptiles in our country.

The Moccasin is a southern species; and so is the great Diamond Rattlesnake—the worst of the species. The Copperhead is a very bad snake; fortunately quite rare now. Robert Kennicott, who is collecting specimens in the region of Jonesboro and Cairo, writes that he has just secured a genuine Copperhead in Illinois. The Banded Rattlesnake is also found in that region, and he is not to be despised; as his bite is truly dangerous, though rarely fatal to man.

But the snake, about cures for whose bite so much has been said in this paper, is quite a different customer—not a very agreeable inmate of one's house, (though we have killed two found in ours,) and quite sufficiently venomous for the snake's own purpose. Still, that our prairie Rattlesnake has ever caused the death of a single human being—whether "doctored" or not—we have yet to learn.

And this brings us to the second question. Is there any specific antidote for snake poison? Possibly. But who knows it! Not we; and we studied medicine, practised medicine, and believed in medicine for nearly thirty years.

Our first experience with snake bites was in the state of Mississippi, where children, and especially careless negroes, were occasionally bitten by the "ground rattlesnake"—a small species of *Crotalophorus*, much like ours of the western prairies. We do not remember a case of bite from any other species; nor did we know of a death from snake-bite there, or in the state of Louisiana, where we tarried several years.

Since then, a residence of over twenty-one years in Illinois—with as extensive a country practice as in any other physician—and in a region and during a time where when rattlesnakes abounded, no death from their bite has ever come to our knowledge. That is, no death of man, woman, or child—a few small animals, usually bitten in the nose, have died; and deaths among large animals have been reported to us, but we never saw a case. Of human subjects, we have treated many cases, and known many that had no treatment at all, or were treated in all ways; and the result was always the same—all recovered; though some suffered horribly for a little while.

We have but a word to add to this hasty dissertation on snakes. Let every Farmer bear in mind that the whole tribe of serpents are insect eaters, and the benefactors of their human prosecutors. Rip up the stomach of one, and you will find it stuffed with insects, or enlarged by the bodies of the meadow mice. Except in killing an occasional bird or frog, nearly all of our snakes are as useful to vegetation as they are harmless to mankind; and it is not only an act of wicked barbarity, but a species of suicidal folly to destroy them.—Far better aid in determining the species and their dissemination, as urged in the circular issued by Robert Kennicott, and show that you are above the vulgar prejudice against those persecuted creatures of the Great Author of all animal life, who made nothing without an object, and made those for our good.—*Practical Farmer, May 21.*

### COURTING.

I don't see why people cannot do their courting by daylight, thereby saving an extra of lights, fuel and forenoon naps.—*A Breakfast-Table Remark.*

When I preach that doctrine until your head is grey, and you are as toothless as a new-born babe, and still young folks will "set up," till the stars grow tired of watching, and roosters begin to crow!

There is a sort of fastidiousness in it, a positive denial to the contrary notwithstanding. An indiscreet, undeniable charm, in being the sole occupant of a front parlor, with nothing to molest or make afraid; the sofa drawn up before the shining grate, and the lamp regulated to a steady light that will not eclipse the brightness of eyes, or make particularly prominent, unclassical, irregular features. There is something peculiarly pleasing in hearing the last pair of household feet take a bee line departure for the upper chambers, and feeling that the ever swinging parlor door will remain closed until some one of the party concerned, chose to open it.

Talk of courting by daylight! Think of laming one's arm by quick, hasty withdrawals from around a certain waist, at the incessant ringing of the door-bell, or seeing the puff combs and curls fly in every direction, by a sound of coming footsteps. Imagine proud lover at the feet of fair lady, puffing forth an eloquent, long avowal, with extraordinary expressions flitting over his face; and, at the same moment, a puzzled little countenance peering through the folding doors, wondering what makes Mr. M. "pray with his eyes wide open!" Or, more disagreeable still, have "mamma" open the door, without the prelude of a rap, of course, just at the moment you have ventured to test the temperature and sweetness of her daughter's lips.

And then what time in the day could one take? Not in the forenoon, certainly, when music teachers and fashionable callers are in vogue; not in the afternoon, when one's senses are stupefied by the eating of a hearty dinner; not on Sundays, when every body is expected to go to church; not in church, with pantomimic gestures that set the occupants of neighboring pews a staring. No! there is but one time, and that the veritable season set in old primitive days—a time and season for courting. An hour, when you pinch Susie's fingers to make her tell who she loves best; look in Susie's hand to see if her fortune runs with yours, and see what letter of the alphabet is formed by the lines therein; kiss her when you please, lug her when you please; and all this when the old folks are sleeping, when the sound of footsteps are scattering in the streets, and there is no one on earth so near Susie as yourself! Them's um.—*Margaret Verne.*

**THE COMET.**—A writer in the St. Louis Republican gives the following information as to the comet.

1. There are astronomical calculations of the orbit of the comet, that warrant the prediction that it will touch the earth—I made 'em myself.

2. Science can calculate the orbit of this eccentric comet no matter how long its period and I predict unhesitatingly, that the comet now approaching, will come in contact with the earth on the 16th of June, about 20 minutes after 10 o'clock, and the point of contact will be in the vicinity of a place called Vide Poche or Carondelet.

3. The nucleus of this comet is very large and composed of the bisulphuretted carbonate of the protoxide of manganese. The tail is chlorine, and although you cannot see the stars through it, they will probably be seen by many at time of the collision.

**PANCAKES.**—Beat up three eggs and a quart of milk; make it into a batter with flour, a little salt, a spoonful of ground ginger, and a little grated lemon peel; let it be of a fine thickness and perfectly smooth. Clean your fryingpan thoroughly, and put into it a good lump of dripping or butter; when it is hot pour in a cupful of batter and let it run all over of an equal thickness; shake the pan frequently that the batter may not stick, and when you think it is done on one side, toss it over; if you cannot, turn it with a slice; and when both sides are of a nice light brown, lay it on a dish before the fire; strewn sugar over it, and so do the rest. They should be eaten directly, or they will become heavy.

**At an examination of the College of Surgeons a candidate was asked by Abernethy.**

"What would you do if a man was blown up with powder?"

"Wait until he came down," he coolly replied.

"True," replied Abernethy, "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles would I put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my arm, for I would knock you down immediately."

He received a diploma.

**THE CONSCIENTIOUS FARMER.**—A Mr. B.—, a tavern keeper, upon introducing his son to wait upon customers, said: "John, you see those bottles there, with their labels; I warn you not to drink a drop from one of them, they are all filled with poison. Sell all you can but don't drink yourself."

**FRESH FRITTERS.**—Make a batter of flour, milk, and eggs, of whatever richness you desire; stir into it either raspberries, currant, or any other fruit—fry in hot lard the same as pancakes.

Not long since, a youth, older in wit than in years after being a teched concerning the power of Nature, replied—"Ma, I think there's one thing Nature can't do.—"What is it?" inquired the mother. "She can't make Bill Jones's mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."