

and with great vehemence, the emptying of the remaining sand-bags.

This, however, was out of the question, considering the altitude of the balloon, the course of the wind, and the proximity of the sea coast. But my comrade was deaf to these reasons—he insisted on going higher; and on my refusal to discharge more ballast, deliberately pulled off and threw his hat, coat, and waistcoat overboard.

"Hurrah, that lightened her!" he shouted; "but it's not enough yet," and he began unloosening his cravat.

"Nonsense," said I, "my good fellow, nobody can recognise you at this distance, even with a telescope."

"Don't be too sure of that," he retorted rather simply; "they have sharp eyes at Miles's."

"At where?"

"At Miles's Madhouse!"

Gracious Heaven!—the truth flashed upon me in an instant. I was sitting in the frail car of a balloon at least a mile above the earth, with a Lunatic. The horror of the situation, for a minute, seemed to deprive me of my own senses. A sudden freak of a disordered fancy—a transient fury—the slightest struggle, might send us both, at a moment's notice, into eternity! In the mean time, the Maniac, still repeating his insane cry of "higher, higher, higher," divested himself successively, of every remaining article of clothing, throwing each portion as soon as taken off, to the winds. The intuity of reason, or rather the probability of its producing fatal irritation, kept me silent during these operations: but judge of my terror, when having thrown his stockings overboard, I heard him say, "We are not yet high enough by ten thousand miles—one of us must throw out the other."

To describe my feelings at this speech is impossible. Not only the awfulness of my position, but its novelty, conspired to bewilder me—for certainly no flight of imagination—no, not the wildest nightmare dream had ever placed me in so desperate and torturing a situation. It was horrible!—horrible! Words, pleadings, remonstrances were useless, and resistance would be certain destruction. I had better have been unarmed, in an American wilderness, at the mercy of a savage Indian! And now, without daring to stir a hand in opposition, I saw the Lunatic deliberately leave first one, and then the other bag of ballast from the car, the balloon of course rising with proportionate rapidity. Up, up, up it soared—to an altitude I had never even dared to contemplate—the earth was lost to my eyes, and nothing but the huge clouds rolled beneath us! The world was gone I felt for ever! The Maniac, however, was still dissatisfied with our ascent, and again began to mutter,

"Have you a wife and children?" he asked abruptly.

Prompted by a natural instinct, and with a pardonable deviation from truth, I replied that I was married, and had fourteen young ones who depended on me for their bread.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Maniac, with a sparkling of his eyes that chilled my very marrow. "I have three hundred wives, and five thousand children; and if the balloon had not been so heavy by carrying double, I should have been home to them by this time."

"And where do they live?" I asked, anxious to gain time by any question that first occurred to me.

"In the moon," replied the Maniac; and when I have lightened the car I shall be there in no time."

I heard no more, for he suddenly approached me and threw his arms around my body—

[The remainder of this terrific story we have not been able to see.—EDITOR.]

NIGHT IN ALEXANDRIA.—As through suffocating heat, irritation from mosquito bites, and the prevalence of fleas, I sleep almost none, I have had opportunities of making observations, not exclusively astronomical, during the watches of the night; and may here relate my experience of the night side of Alexandria. From ten till twelve, the ear is assailed with barking, howling, yelping of dogs, with a large intermixture of caterwauling; from twelve till two, with serenading of all sorts, harmonious and otherwise, with a spice of the cats and dogs between bands; from two till four, cock-crowing incessant—not an interval of rest to the ear, but crow, crow, crow—still, harsh, far, near, young, old, unaltered crowing; from four till six, donkeys braying, camels howling, men shouting and cursing—a very Babel of sounds, that it is impossible to convey by any language.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN RUSSIA.—The robber Krotimus, who, during the year 1848 and 1849, ravaged the country on the Prussian and Polish frontier, and against whom detachments of Russian and Prussian troops were frequently sent, lies under sentence of death at Taurigen, having been condemned to receive 9000 strokes with the stick between the ranks of a Russian battalion in the plain between Taurigen and the frontier, the principal theatre of his crimes. The sentence is not formally one of death, though equivalent to it, as no one has ever been known to survive even a much less degree of this punishment. Within the last week four robbers have been executed in the same district; they died before six thousand strokes had been inflicted, and as the sentence must always be fully performed, it was in each case completed on their dead bodies.

IMPORTANT VERDICT IN AN ADVERTISING CASE.—In a suit in the Supreme Court yesterday, says the N. Y. Mirror, before Judge Oakley, brought by the proprietors of the Courier & Enquirer against Henry L. Ibbotson, for \$300 for advertising, the jury rendered a verdict for plaintiff of \$318 59, the amount claimed with interest. It appears that when the advertisement was taken to the Courier office, there was some misunderstanding respecting the number of insertions. It was however, put in local and displayed, and remained so for 150 days, at \$2 for each insertion. The defence set up was chiefly that Mr. Ibbotson's orders in respect to the advertisements were not carried out. However, he took the Courier & Enquirer daily, and as we presume by the Court saw the advertisement in question, and should have notified the editor to alter or discontinue it. The Court ruled that he should have given this notice, and not have expected to enjoy the benefit of the advertisement without paying for it.

Mr. Shaw, of not catching notoriety, informs us, in a little book on the rat, that "his little dog Tiny, under six pounds weight, has destroyed 2,345 rats, which had they been permitted to live, would, at the end of three years, have produced 1,633,190,000 living rats."

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

THE BLOOMER.

Oh! did you ne'r hear of the "Bloomer,"
Invented by some great costumer,
Not since fair Katy Sark I
Wore it first in the dark,
Has there been such a rage for the Bloomer,
A young lady's no lady without it—
Though the euld ones pretend for to doubt it;
But this much I will say,
They, let out o'er their 'tay'
That there's something at times in the Bloomer.
He's health then to every young Bloomer
With an eye soft and bright to illumine her!
May their dresses so chaste,
All tacked up to the waste,
Prove that breeches were meant for the Bloomer.
But why show the breeches dear madam?
Woman's wore them since Eve tempted Adam,
And as long as the girls
Can catch men with their curls,
They'll wear breeks notwithstanding the Bloomer.
Woodstock, Jan. 14, 1852.

A gentleman seeing the town-crier of Bristol one market-day standing unemployed, asked him the reason.

"Oh," he replied, "I can't cry to day, my wife is dead."

IF A man says that the first thing that turned his attention to matrimony, was the neat and skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. He may see the time when that broom will be handled in a manner not so much to his admiration.

A SUMMARY EPIGRAM.—Theodore Hook once, upon seeing a tax collector, whose name was Winter, approach the party he was with, threw off the following impromptu—

Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes;
I advise you to give it without any hum'ry,
For tho' his name's Winter, his actions are Summary.

Mrs. Partridge asks in her well known sweet-toned simplicity, if there isn't some claws in the revived statutes of Massachusetts agin' cats? and adds:— It seems to me there ought to be, for my poor Paul once got terribly torn in his flesh and trousers by one, and for nothing at all, either, but just sitting down on her—and the cloth cost a dollar a yard.

A certain Scotchman, who is not a member of any temperance society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica, dully answered. "To tell ye the truth, sir, I canna say I'm very fond o' rum; for if I tak' mair than six tumblers, it's very apt to gie me the head-ache."

A practical illustration of a man carrying the punishment of sin along with him, is related of a fellow in Cincinnati, who lately ran away with two married women.

LOSING A CHAIR.—A young Irish servant girl coming from Albany, recently, in one of the night steamers, had the luck to lose the "recommend" which had been given her on leaving her last place. She brought, however, the accompanying rather dubious "ticket"—"This is to say that Kathleen O'Brien had a good character when she left Albany, but she lost it on board the steamer coming down from Albany."

Every young woman is like a due bill, she ought to be "settled" off as soon as she comes to maturity.

Mrs. Partridge, jr., asked a daguerreotypist the other day if he could take a picture from recollection.

Why may doctors be justly charged with want of feeling? Ans. Because they are under the influence of apathy, (A-pathy.)

IF COURT SCENE.—"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your hand writing?"

"I reckon not," was the cool reply.

"Does it resemble your writing?"

"Yes sir, I think it don't."

"Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?"

"Well, I do, old head."

"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"

"Y-e-a-s, ar'!"

"Now, how do you know?"

"Cause I can't write."

IF A punster says, "My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy, to take a Somerset?"

IF A mistress observing that her "help" was much addicted to Methodist hymns, asked her if she belonged to the church? "No," she replied, "not exactly remember, but I have been tack in on suspicion!" "Probation, ye mean." "No I don't, (in a sharp key and with a dogmatical banner,) I know what I mean: I was tack in on suspicion!"

IF What is that dog barking at? asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas.

"Why" replied a byzantander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots."

It has been suggested by a torn-out wag, who gives his mornings to conundrums and his nights to "that Louis Napoleon, instead of being called Bone-part, should have conferred upon him the title of Grab-the-whole.—Punch.

A German chemist has discovered that there is sugar in tears. What a lump of sweetness even Niobe must have been, who was "all tears!" Pity some married men could not contrive to distil this sweetness—their wives would supply them with the "very best moist" all the year round. (Sour Grapes!)

Did you ever see a man who was punctual who did not prosper in the long run? Wouldn't care who or what he was, high or low, black or white, ignorant or civilized, we know that if he did as he agreed, and was punctual in all his engagements, he prospered.

IF Don't rely too much on the torches of others; light one of your own.



Ladies' Department.

POEM BY MRS. P. A. HENRY
OF FORT OSHTAWA.

This lady has lately published several very good pieces of Poetry in the Bowmanville Messenger and Oshawa Freeman. She is, we believe, a sister of Mrs. THOMAS of Brooklin, who is also a vigorous, moral and political writer. We are glad to see our Canadian ladies exhibit their poetical talents, and there is much latent merit as well among females as males that ought to shine forth in our now progressing country. There is a very clever writer, Mrs. TRAIL, who resides near the Rice lake, back of Cobourg. She writes at times for the Maple Leaf. Mrs. Henry in the two last numbers of the Bowmanville Messenger, has published a very pretty poetical Legend, entitled "IVER and ILDA, a Canadian Romance." There is some very good poetry in it. The following verses taken from it, giving an account of the happy courtship of a loving pair are very chaste, sweet and full of imagery. We have contributed our mite to Canadian poetry and literature for 20 years past—and feel a delight in giving publicity to any native productions.—EDITOR.

"They met again, eye often met,
When the wild flow'rs with dew were wet,
When the bright morn look'd out and smil'd,
Or when the wind blew fierce and wild,
Each tone had now a sweeter sound,
And every scene new charms had found,
And brighter seem'd the sky and air,
For the response of love was there.
Thus day by day those nameless ties,
In which affection's magic lies,
Were round their youthful hearts entwined,
'Till all their thoughts and hopes combin'd;
And bye and bye he told his love,
When sitting in a moonlit grove,
Just where the waves with murmurs sweet,
Kiss'd the white pebbles at their feet;
And the pure moonbeams from above,
Scoop'd down and bath'd the flowers in love.
What though her lips no answer gave,
He heard the whispers of the wave,
And her soft hand in his was press'd,
Her fair curls trembled on his breast,
And she who laugh'd at wind and storm,
Wept leaning on her lover's arm."

TOUCHING INCIDENT—THE DAUGHTER OF GENERAL LAJOLAIS.

General Lajolais had been condemned to death. He had an only daughter, fourteen years of age, who was remarkably beautiful! The poor child was in a state of fearful agony in view of the fate of her father. One morning without communicating her intentions to any one, she set out alone and on foot for St. Cloud. Presenting herself before the gate of the palace by her youth, her beauty, her tears, and her woe, she persuaded the keeper, a kind hearted man, to introduce her to the apartment of Josephine and Hortense. Napoleon had said to Josephine that she must not any more expose him to the pain of seeing the relatives of the condemned; that if any petitions were to be offered, they must be presented in writing. Josephine and Hortense were, however, so deeply moved by the anguish of the distracted child, that they contrived to introduce her to the presence of Napoleon as he was passing through one of the apartments of the palace, accompanied by several of his ministers. The fragile child, in a delirium of emotion, rushed before him, precipitated herself at his feet, and exclaimed "Pardon, sire! pardon for my father!"

Napoleon, surprised at this sudden apparition, exclaimed in displeasure, "I have said that I wished for no such scenes. Who has dared to introduce you here, in disregard of my prohibition? Leave me, Miss!" So saying, he turned to pass from her.

But the child threw her arms around his knees, and with her eyes suffused with tears, and agony depicted on every feature of her beautiful face, exclaimed, "Pardon! pardon! pardon! it is for my father!"

"And who is your father?" asked Napoleon, kindly. "Who are you?"

"I am Miss Lajolais," she replied, "and my father is doomed to die." Napoleon, hesitated for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Ah, Miss, but this is the second time your father has conspired against the State, and I can do nothing for you!"

"Alas sire!" the poor child exclaimed, with great simplicity, "I know it, but the first time papa was innocent: and to day I ask not for justice—I implore pardon—pardon for him!"

Napoleon was deeply moved. His lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and, taking the hand of the child in both of his own, he tenderly pressed it and said—