

LITERATURE.

The Cheeta Cheated.

A HUNTER'S TALE.

I had never shot a peacock, and the sportsman's lust overcoming both the miser's greed and the prudent man's caution, I started up from the voluptuous rest into which I had fallen, and was deep in the thick mazes of an undeniable though not thick forest, ere I felt convinced that this was the principal quarter prohibited by my guide. I had twice raised the gorgeous bird, and twice fired in vain, when, as I was entering a narrow ravine, over which it had passed, and through which ran a little thread of water, my eyes became all at once riveted on certain marks in the sandy soil, the unmistakable *ugh-ku-pun-ja*, the traces of a cheeta's feet. Knowing that the leopard and panther frequent the deepest dells, making their dens in such cool retreats as are likely to furnish water as well as shade, I resolved on an instant return; but had not retraced my way forty paces ere a growl in the advance startled me into the certainty of near and immediate danger. Before me, in almost the very track I had come, and glaring through the acacia bushes, I saw a pair of fiery globes, the eyes of the crouching peril, whilst, flashing its tail, it gave, in truth, a dread note of preparation. I was, as nearly as I could calculate, within two springs of it. My manton was loaded, but not with ball; to my right was an open space, leading to a few scattered kavet or wood-apple trees, between which and me the ground seemed to be recently broken up for several yards around; for it was here and there cut up, divested of turf, the grass lying about, while leaves and branches were strewn over all. A glance was sufficient to convince me that, if attainable, my post of defence would be the bole of the largest tree; but, despairing of reaching it before the cheeta made his attack, instead of turning back I made a sudden leap to the right, and in another moment gained the desired position, yet not without running a new and unexpected risk; for, in my momentary descent upon the intervening space, I found the leaf-strewn soil give way under me, and instantly became aware that beneath it was a hollow or chasm of some sort. In another instant the unsteady footing I had there occupied was invaded by the pursuing cheeta. The enormous and ferocious creature, lighting within a foot of me, at the very verge of the pit-fall, for such, indeed, it proved, had scarcely touched the treacherous superstructure, ere, the whole giving way, he was precipitated backwards, still, however, clinging with his fore paws to the margin, whence his hot and fetid breath struck against my forehead. In my utmost terror I could yet gaze with a strange fascination on the grand and awful appearance of the animal, itself full of fear as well as rage; its eyes, red and ravenous, sent a chill to my blood, while from its distended jaws, covered with spumy foam, issued the appalling discords of its voice. Once it raised itself so completely from the chasm into which its hinder parts depended, that I was sure it would escape, and, with a last effort, I raised my fowling piece, levelled it at his eyes, and fired. The cheeta, yelling hideously, fell into the pit; and breathing a fervent thanksgiving for such an issue to my well founded apprehension, I sank, utterly unable to stand, upon the ground.

Don't Bet.

Amasa May was cured of betting. How? Keep quiet and I'll tell you. Not a thousand miles from Jamaica Plain lived Lem Seaver, Bob Emmons, and Amasa May. Lem was fond of shooting, could shoot well, and was rather proud of it. It happened on a bright October day that he had been hunting the cover on the Newton side of the pond, and came out by the old barn where Bob Emmons was at work. After a little talk, Lem left his gun, and fixings on the outside, and went into the barn to look at the cattle, and finally passed through to the cider mill, which stood just beyond; for a half a day's tramp in the woods makes a man dry, you had better believe. While he was gone, Bob,

who was always at the bottom of all the deviltry done in the vicinity, dropped an extra charge of shot into each barrel of the gun, and stood by waiting for fun. Presently Amasa came up the road with a new hat on, and the half formed plan that floated in the brain of Bob was instantly completed and put into action, as follows:

Hailing Amasa, "come quick," said he, "let's have some fun with Lem. We'll draw out his shot, and bet he can't hit your hat."

"Capital good idea," replied Amasa. "Lem thinks he can shoot; we'll open his eyes, hey?" Bob carefully drew out all the shot he had just put in, and put the gun back where he found it. Just then Lem came back, having sucked cider enough to make himself comfortable, and prepared to go.

"Hallo, Lem," said Amasa. "What are you totting that shooting iron about for?"

"Oh, it's a way I have," replied Lem; "sometimes I get a chance to shoot, and then I most always hit."

"Bet you can't hit my hat—six rods," exclaimed Amasa; "bet an oyster supper for the boys to-night."

"Done," says Lem, "set it up."

Amasa put his hat on a post, and measured the six rods, almost bursting with suppressed laughter at the imaginary idea of Lem's looks when he should find that he couldn't hit a hat at six rods; Bob, also, chuckling at the prospect of the success of his plan, and Lem pleased with the idea of his winning the bet. He brought the gun to his face to fire.

"Double your bet, and give it both barrels," says Amasa.

"Aye, aye!" replied Lem, and he let drive right and left in quick succession. Before the smoke rolled away, Amasa jumped forward with a shout and a laugh to show Lem that he couldn't hit a hat in broad daylight. But—where was it? Bits of fur, here and there, and a miserable dilapidated *lock of a hat*, that looked as if all the woodcocks in Norfolk county had stuck their bills through it, was the sight to greet his eyes. The sudden and instantaneous change of his countenance told Bob who had lost the wager.

And that was the way Amasa was cured of betting.

Jim Griffin's Fight.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

"I say, you, Jim, tell us about that ere fight you had down to punapog with Sy Bates."

The genius thus addressed by one of a crowd was one of the best natured chaps that mortal eyes ever looked upon—but good heavens how ugly! His face and neck were literally covered with scars, the effects of his many battles. He was as mild as a mug of cider when not in liquor, but when on a "bar"—stand clear. As he sat at the table he presented a curious spectacle (as they say at the Museum)—one of his eyes was missing, and the other was in deep mourning. One of his ears was lapped over like that of a pointer dog, and the other only hung to his head by the cuticle, the flesh had departed. The rings under his eyes, or where they should have been, were as numerous as Saturn's and as varied in hue as the rainbow. His nose was a smash—a perfect jam, and appeared to be wedged into his countenance but end first. This "hero of a hundred fights" at last opened his capacious jaws—tossed out a quid of 'bacca the size of a "black hen's egg," called for a toddy, and started.

"Sy Bates and me had a fallin' out 'bout that spaniel pup o' mine—the beast would kill Sy's chickens, do what I could. It's a werry singular sirkimstance that I fed on chicken meat for a hull season; for the dog would fetch the birds along for me to bile. 'Well,' says Sy, 'I'll kill that pup o' yours afore long.' Says I, 'don't do it, Sy.' Well, the dog went onst too much, and was killed as be d—d. I met Sy in the road and he gin some slack about the chickens, an' kinder hinted around that I trained the dog to steal 'em. I didn't like this, cos it was the nat'ral instink of the brute, so I up and hits Sy a wiper across the cheek, which sorter brought the salt into his eyes, but he was purty good with his maulers and he gin me one back on the smeller and smashed it. If it had only

bled, I wouldn't ha' cared, but as the doctor says the blood cagulated. I closed with him in hopes to get him down so as I could gouge him, but he was mighty strong in the hams. Jehosaphat! the first thing I knew he had the best part of my ear in his mouth. I then felt rale mad. He jumped back about twenty foot and out with a pistol and let drive at me—bang!—Well then I thought I had him, arter I shook myself and found all right. But the next thing bang went another—then I knew I had him, cos I thought the double barrel had gin out. I was about to rush in—bang! says I he's got another—you're mine sure now. Just as I was on the spring—bang! then I know'd I had him, cos he'd fired four times. I out with my knife and was walking to cut him up—bang! went the darned thing. Then I know'd he had a 'volber, and the way I put out wasn't slow."

The Newspaper.

The Rev. H. W. BEECHER thus speaks of the Newspaper, the common people's Encyclopedia: In no other way can so much, so varied, so useful information be imparted, and under such circumstances so favourable for educating the child's mind, as through a judicious, well conducted newspaper.

To live in a village, was, once, to be shut up and contracted. But now a man may be a hermit and yet a cosmopolite. He may live in the forests, walking miles to a post office, having a mail but once a week, and yet, he shall be found as familiar with the living world as the busiest actor in it. For the newspaper is a spyglass by which he brings near the most distant things—a microscope by which he leisurely examines the most minute—an ear trumpet, by which he collects and brings within his hearing all that is said and done all over the earth—a museum full of curiosities—a picture gallery full of living pictures from real life, drawn not on canvass, but with printers ink on paper.

The effect, in liberalising and enlarging the mind of the young, of this weekly commerce with the world, will be apparent to any one who will ponder it. Once, a liberal education could only be completed by a foreign travel. The sons only of the wealthy could indulge in this costly benefit. But now, the poor man's son can learn as much at home, as, a hundred years ago, a gentleman could learn by journeying the world over! For, while there are some advantages in going into the world, it is the poor man's privilege to have the world come to see him! The newspaper is a great collector, a great traveller, a great lecturer. It is the common people's Encyclopedia—the lyceum, the college!

RATHER SINGULAR NAME.—Mr. Frog, a tailor, who had left Charleston at the commencement of the war, returned soon after the capitulation, and got acquainted with a certain J. W. Gibbs, who was requested by Frog to stand as god-father to one of his children, which was agreed to by Gibbs. As they were going to church, the father asked Gibbs if he had thought of a name.

"Yes," says Gibbs. "What do you think of our Lieutenant-Governor, Bull? we'll name the child after him."

"Very good," said the father, "I approve of it very much."

The child was accordingly named Bull. Frog did not immediately think of the drollery of the name, but when he did, he could have killed Gibbs for such an imposition. On his reliance and friendship, he thought to have recourse to the board of Police to get permission to re-baptize the child; but when he saw Lieutenant-Governor Bull there presiding, he thought it would be an affront to relate the story; therefore he postponed the matter, and the child still remains under the appellation of "Bull Frog."—*Connecticut Journal of Feb. 13th, 1783*

A doctor on calling upon a gentleman who had been sometime ailing, put a fee into the patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man; he was not made sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill, and the patient getting better.

Although the women have not rights enough to be allowed to become sailors, they can always command a 'smack.'

A DISGRACE TO HIS SPECIES.—A friar had just related to us a curious fact in natural history, respecting a dog. In North Attleboro' in this State, there is kept in a large manufacturing establishment, a large mastiff, who takes as much comfort in a quid of tobacco as does the most inveterate lover of the weed. So habituated has he become to its use, that he must have it, and will sit all day in the shop chewing away with great appetite and a good relish.—He became thus much like a man by playing with "old sogers" as the ends of cigars are professionally termed. In such play he would occasionally find a "soger" in his mouth, until at length a taste was formed for the tobacco, which has since increased, and now he is what he is. We believe this to be the only instance on record, of any animal but man, and one kind of worm using the weed from the pure love of it. *Boston Cabinet.*

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—One good turn deserves another.—A favorite magpie had been accustomed to receive dainty bits from the mouth of his mistress. The other day it perched, as usual, on her shoulder, and inserted its beak between her lips, not, as it proved, to receive, for, as one good turn deserves another, the grateful bird dropped an immense green, fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth!

"Boston has seen her best days," said a husband to his wife the other day. "There are too many foreigners here—too many foreigners. I believe more than half the inhabitants are Irish, now."

"That's a fact!" responded his wife, anxious to give in her testimony to the melancholy state of things. "You can't walk the streets, now—a-days, but what every other man you meet is an Irishman or an Irishwoman."

MASTER WOOD.—We saw advertised, the other day, in the *Times*, a "Mahogany child's chair." We have heard of wooden-headed boys, who won't or can't learn at school; but we should be curious to see this mahogany child, whose chair is announced for sale in the public journals.

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him:—"Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, who, by the way, was a noted wag, replied thus:—"One way they ran up, but the other way they ran down." The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean by that that you preached?"

"No, sir; I held the light for the man that did."

"Ah! the court understood you differently. They supposed the discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only threw a little light on it."

"Look a here!" said a young lady just commencing to take lessons in painting, holding up a sample of her skill to her mother, "see my painting! can you tell me what this is?" Ma, after looking at it for some time, "Well, I reckon it's a cow or a rose, but I don't know which."

The "Lantern" says:—*City Cousin*:—(presenting a tray of cakes.)—"Zekiel won't you take a few kisses?"

Country Cousin:—"Je-rewsalem! not before so many people."

I've seen her out a walking in her habit *de la rue*, and it ain't no use a talking, she's pumpkins, and "a few;" she glides along in beauty, like a duck upon a lake, oh! I'd be all love and duty, if I only was her drake.

Nine o'clock is never so long a coming as when a girl is setting up for her beau. We are told by them this is so.

Husbands wishing to cool the atmosphere, brag of another woman's good looks in the presence of your wife. Terrible!

When people are courting, is it no easy job to notice it. They are rolled up into one another like a pair of gloves.

Punch wants to know if figs are sold at sixpence a pound by the drum, how should they be sold by the trumpet?

A son of the Emerald Isle, trying to put out a gas light with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murder, the devil a wick's in it."