

## A MAN EATEN BY MACKEREL.

In "Ross's Yacht Voyage to Norway," is the following extraordinary story:—"Near the village of Sand, in Norway, lived an old woman who was constantly rowing about in the Fiord. She rowed her boat round the same circle, never deserting the spot, but whistling and chanting by turns; she kept her face turned in one direction that she might watch the central surface of the water. "What means that old woman?" asked R. of several men who were observing her, and clustering round the pilot, seemed to be gathering all the information he could give. "She is mad, my lord," the sailor made reply. "Mad?—why mad?" repeated R. "The pilot says, my lord, that she is so, and looking for her husband," the cockswain replied. "Where's her husband? Is he drowned, eh?" continued R. "No, my lord," the sailor said, twitching up his trousers and walking aft towards the quarter deck: "her husband was a fisherman and lived hard by, my lord—up there. About fifteen years ago the man was bathing hereabouts and was eaten up by the mackerel; but the old woman thinks, my lord, he has only dived, and will soon rise again." And so indeed the legend goes.

One morning, fifteen summers past, the poor fisherman plunged into the element that had been his sole sustaining friend from youth, to bathe, and before scarce fifteen minutes had elapsed, surrounded by a shoal of mackerel, and in sight of home and her who had made home pleasant, was devoured by these ravenous fish. When he raised his arms out of the water, to show the dreadful fate that threatened him, and to arouse the alarm of his unconscious wife, a hundred mackerel hung like plummets from the flesh. The fisherman sank, and was never seen or heard of more.

From that morning until to-day, his widow, having lost her reason, ever rows her husband's pram about the spot, where he perished, in full persuasion that he has gone to seek a sunken net, and in a little while will emerge again; and so she prays the crew of every vessel sailing by, to stay and see the truth of what she

**A HARD CASE.**—The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Times*:—

SIR,—As you have admitted into your columns a discussion on the rights of women, and as it has been set forth that they are not sufficiently "protected," permit me to state my case.

I am a married man, with an extremely jealous wife. I have been very wrongfully accused of kissing the maid-servant. I am perfectly innocent both of the fact and intention. The servant is openly accused by my wife, and indignantly hurls back the accusation; nevertheless, these suspicions are uttered by my wife to every inquirer as to the servant's character. The maid cannot obtain a situation in consequence, and she brings an action for defamation of character. The wife being in law *femme covert*, I must be named as one of the defendants in the action, and I must suffer in comfort, in character and in pocket. What has become of the rights of men? Your very obedient servant,  
HENRIED.

**HOW BURNING GAS IS MADE.**—May, we presume, are not familiar with the method by which the common gas burnt, is made. The process is simple enough when we understand it, as many of our greatest discoveries are.

Coal gas, or carburetted hydrogen gas, is made by placing cannel coal in a red hot cylinder of clay or iron, and sealing it up tightly. A pipe leads off at one end, and through it the volatile parts of the coal pass off in the form of gas; this gas passes through lime-water before it is allowed to enter the reservoir. The lime-water absorbs the ammonia and sulphurous gases contained in the coal; the gas is thus purified, and after it leaves the lime-water it is passed through cold water, which cools and washes it. Before the way to purify coal gas was discovered, the sulphuric acid gave great trouble; it blackened white painted walls, and burned hangings, &c. This way of making gas is now in general use. It is still the cheapest gas produced.

## A WEDDING TRAGEDY.

A wealthy American merchant, of the city of New Orleans had married a Creole lady of fortune, and with the estates and servants, came into his possession a mulatto seamstress and her daughter, a child of seven years. The gentleman was so much struck with the extraordinary beauty of the child, which had the Italian features and complexion, that he resolved to save it from the life of degradation which was before it, and to free it and educate it. He sent the child to a Northern school, and there she remained until the sixteenth year, by all supposed to be a patrician Creole maiden. She herself knew not to the contrary, so young was she when she went North. Beloved by all her companions, the idol of the institute, and caressed by every one, she left it to return South, as she supposed, to the roof "of her uncle." A young Louisiana gentleman who had seen her in Philadelphia, and loved her, and was beloved by her, sought her hand, on her return. The marriage day was fixed, nay arrived, when the mother, who had been long sold away in La Fourche interior, in order that she might never appear as a witness against her child, re-appeared, and in the bridal hall, in the very hour after the ceremony had been performed, claimed the magnificent, and now miserable bride, as her own daughter—a bond slave by birth, and an African by blood! The scene, as described to me by one who was present, surpasses the power of pen to portray. That night the bridegroom, after charging the adopted father of his bride with his gross deception, shot him through the body and disappeared, carrying no one knew whither, his infamy and bitter sorrow. The next morning the bride was found a disfigured corpse, in the superb nuptial chamber which had been prepared for her reception. She had taken poison! Education, a cultivated mind and taste which made her see and understand how great was her degradation, now armed her hand with the ready means of death. The unhappy planter recovered from the wound, and has gone to the North, where he resides, buried in the deepest seclusion, the residue of his years embittered by the keenest regret.

**THE FRUITS OF A HALF CENTURY.**—Fifty years ago steamboats were unknown—now there are 3,000 afloat on American waters alone. In 1800 there was not a single railroad in the world—now there are 10,000 miles in the United States and about 22,000 in America and England. Half a century ago it took some weeks to convey news from Washington to N. Orleans—now not as many seconds as it then did weeks. Fifty years ago the most rapid printing press was worked by hand-power—now steam prints 20,000 papers an hour on a single press. Now is a great fellow, but will be much bigger half a century hence.

**ENGLISH BUTTER.**—There were 1083 firkins of butter brought to Boston by the steamer from Europe. It is generally of the most delicious sort. At the same time there are tuns of butter held from the market in New Hampshire, in order to obtain high prices. Butter, says the *Bee*, can be brought from the most distant counties in England, and sold at a lower price than what is demanded for that made in this vicinity.

**EASY TO TAKE.**—Dr. Goldsmith having been requested by a wife to visit her husband, who was melancholy, called upon the patient, and seeing that the case was poverty, told him he would send him some pills that he had no doubt would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, put ten guineas in a pill-box, and sent them to the sick man. The remedy had its desired effect.

**QUEER CONCEITS.**—The *Belfast Journal* relates a funny story of a Dutch painter, who had, for a subject, The Sacrifice of Isaac. He represents Abraham as a sturdy old Dutch burgher, levelling a musket at his son, while the interceding angel spits in the pan to stop the sacrifice.

A late traveller in Italy says, that the back streets of Rome are paved with dead dogs, old boots and oyster shells.

## A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A merchant, who, wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding, collected a party of her young companions; they circled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on his lovely child, and hoped that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children who were playing among the guests. Passing through the hall of the basement, he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand, without the candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl soon returned but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost alarm.

"I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms are full of wood," said the girl.

"Where did you put it?"

"Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it in some black sand that's in the small barrel."

Her master dashed down the stairs, the passage was long and dark, his knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked, his flesh seemed dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he saw the open barrel of powder, full at the top: the candle stuck loosely in the grains, with a long red snuff of burnt wick, this sight seemed to wither all his powers; the laughter of the company struck upon his ear like the knell of death. He stood a moment unable to move. The music commenced above, the feet of the dancers responding with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle moved—was falling; with desperate energy he sprang forward—but how to remove it! the slightest touch would cause the red hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequalled presence of mind he placed a hand on each side of the candle pointed towards the object of his alarm, as his hands met, was secured in the clasping of his fingers, and safely moved away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs he smiled at his previous alarm, but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of the most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his business.

**THE IRON DUKE UNBENDING.**—Richard D. Webb of Dublin, Ireland, relates in a letter to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, the following anecdote of Wellington:—

"In the garden of Walmar Castle, the Duke one day saw a young boy, whom he recognized as belonging to the gardeners, busily engaged in some inscrutable occupation on the ground. The Duke went close, and looked, but still could not solve the mystery." "What are you about?" he asked in his point blank way. "It's a pet toad I'm feeding," said the boy, whimpering, "and they're going to send me to school, and the toad will die." "Never mind, go to school," said the great captain, "I'll take care of the toad." And so he did. The boy went to school, and subsequently received a letter which reported the well-being of the toad, in the well-known autograph writing of "F. M., the Duke Wellington. Is not that good?"

**MODERN MUSIC.**—"A friend of ours, who possesses a quiet vein of humor, was recently on a visit to Maryland, and relates an amusing account of a 'colored chorus' witnessed by the 'relator' at one of the African churches. The masculine darkies were arranged like four and twenty black-birds all in a row' on one side, and the females on the other. The latter commenced the chorus with 'Oh! for a man—oh! for a man—oh! for a mansion in the skies;' to which the former responded—'Send down sal—send down sal—send down salvation to my soul!'"

**PLEASURES OF TRAVEL IN AMERICA.**—The philosophical patience with which Americans take those moving accidents by flood and field, reminds one of the Stoic of olden time. For instance, when the roads are bad it is usual for passengers to get out and walk until the travel becomes better; and in case of the coach getting fixed (i. e. stuck up to the hub in a stiff mud-rut, or heeled over), the common expedient is to get a fence-rail, or two or three, and by a judicious application of the lever power, and a vigorous use of the thong, the passengers and horses commonly get all right again; but frequently the wheels require to be pried out so often, that when the stake-fence is not at hand, a passenger carries a rail along on his shoulder, as a portable avail against an emergency.

An instance, however, is mentioned of an over sensitive hoosier who had to walk eight or ten miles, with the mud half-way up his cow-hide boots, and who had done good service with his rail, but who felt a little "riled, and kind of disposed to talk right out about the darned thing;" and on coming into the village, and proceeding to the coach agent's office indignantly, and addressing that functionary, said—

"You're agent, I guess?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here; I'm passenger by that stage, stranger! and I want to go back again to-morrow; but though I don't object to pay my fare and walk through, I'm consarned if I believe in having to carry a rail."

If you see a squall arising in the latitude of your wife, what course should be pursued to avoid its consequences? Double her cape with your left arm, and let your lips drop anchor on the cruising ground of "smacks."

**WOULD'NT BITE.** "Mother, said a little shaver, the other day, 'I know what I would do, if I was at sea, and the men were all starving, and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should be me—I'd jump into the water.'

"But," said the mother, 'they would fish you up.'

"No," said he, but I wouldn't bite." A man got up the other night, and took, as he supposed, a card of matches, and began to break off one by one, trying to light a lamp, until the whole card was used up without accomplishing his object, when he discovered he had used up his wife's comb.

There is one rule without an exception, and that is, the more salary a man gets the less he attends to his business. Go to any of our public offices, and the only person you will find always at his desk, will be some poor devil who gets barely sufficient to pay his bread bill.

"Betsey, get up and get me something to eat." "Why, John, there's nothing cooked." "Well, get up and cook something." "There's nothing to cook." "Nothing at all?" "No." "Well, get up and get a clean knife and fork—I'll go through the motions any how."

One evening, as Jonathan was leaving Sally, she intimated to him that another visit would not be unwelcome, by saying, "I shall be at home next Sunday night." "So shall I, by golly," was his gallant reply.

**OUT OF DANGER.**—A Paris journal mentions the attempted suicide of a criminal under sentence of death, and adds, "Medical assistance being promptly administered, he is 'now out of danger, and will to-morrow undergo the sentence of the law.'"

Dobb says that a man behind time should feed on *ket.h-up*.

Load roared the dreadful thunder,  
The rain a deluge poured,  
The clouds seemed rent asunder,  
Yet wife lay still and snored!

**NATURAL HISTORY OF CONSUMPTION.**—Two thin shoes make one cold—two colds, one at lack of bronchitis—two attacks of bronchitis, one mahogany box.

"Cæsar, you look so you have had a sick of fitness: why don't you call to the apothecary and get a bottle of Perry Che."