

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

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WHOLE NO. 75.

SELECT POETRY.

KATY DARLING.

Oh! they tell me thou art dead, Katy Darling,
That thy smile I may never behold!
Did they tell thee I was false, Katy Darling,
Or my love for thee had ever grown cold?
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That thy smile I may never behold!
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That thy smile I may never behold!
Did they tell thee I was false, Katy Darling,
Or my love for thee had ever grown cold?

I'm kneeling by thy grave, Katy Darling!
This world is all a blank world to me!
Oh, couldst thou hear my wailing, Katy Darling,
Oh, couldst thou hear me sighing for thee.
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AUNT MIRANDA.

I had a feeling of relief when the watchman uttered these last words, which I echoed with all my heart. We passed the bakery, now pulling its infernal fire, and struck into a narrow cross-street. A crowd darker, for a cloud crossed the moon—came to a blind alley or entry—my companion turned in, and I.

The snow had drifted into the alley some distance, and I soon found myself upon bare boards, rattled in the center, forming a sort of gutter, in which my feet caught as we passed.

Then we came to a narrow yard with a fence; we went up an outside staircase, and then turned into a dark passage of the attic through which we were obliged to grope our way. I must confess, I felt some trepidation to be alone with such a man, in such a place.

"Duty—courage!" I muttered. The words went straight to my heart, and I was reassured; we came to a door which my companion opened, and I found myself in a little room.

The cloud had passed from the moon, and the light shone full through the dormer window, casting the outlines of the furniture down upon the floor, which was partly covered with snow that had blown through the broken panes. A bed, if it could be called, was in one corner, and as we entered, a figure sat up, and turned its face towards us and the moonlight.

There have been moments of my life (and such, believe, has been the experience of many) when that was before me seemed only the remembrance of something seen before—as if the same thing passed over twice—as if one had a glimpse of pre-existence, identical with this, but preferable to life beyond the scope of memory; more vivid than any dream, but more floating and mysterious.

Such a feeling I had, when that face turned towards us and the moonlight. It was that of a woman. Long black elflocks curled around a face, unadorned, it is true, but still surprisingly beautiful. The brilliant hectic which accompanies certain kinds of fever was in her cheeks, her eyes were large, and from the same cause, lustrous; she gave a smile of recognition, it seemed, which showed a glow of white teeth, and suddenly turning, lifted a shawl from the bed, which she rocked to and fro.

"It is our little one," said the man; "wait here; I am going for something to build a fire." He turned, and then I heard his heavy footsteps as he descended the outside stairs. Frequent as had been my opportunities of seeing the condition of the poor, nothing I had met with could compare with the utter bareness of that apartment. With the exception of the bed, which lay upon the floor, a miserable heap of ragged carpet, there was nothing to be seen; neither table, nor chair, nor plate, nor cup, nor a single article to cook with; the walls were black with smoke and dirt, but there was no vestige of a fire; there was nothing in the room but the ragged woman and her child, and the snow. Yet to me it seemed a recollection of something seen before.

The man returned now with short pieces of firewood from the neighboring bakery, and a bright fire sparkled upon the desolate hearth. Then he laid a loaf tenderly by her side and said, "She has not tasted such as that for weeks; but what shall we do now, Doctor?"

A young physician has need of practice among the poor to answer such a question. He may acquire experience enough in ordinary cases, to obtain a certain degree of skill in examining the diagnosis of a peculiar complaint. Sickness is, indeed, a sad visitant among those in comfortable circumstances; but when it comes accompanied with penury, cold, and famine; when the fever, or the pestilence stalks among the helpless indigent, it is indeed terrible. Look at the records of the city inspector, who have abundant means, and believe me, it is a lesson better worth learning than any a post-mortem autopsy you listen to in your well-furnished parlour.

The woman now lay on the floor, motionless in sort of torpor, with her eyes partly open; it did not require much penetration to discover the symptoms of that visitation known as the malignant scarlet fever. It had been prevalent in our neighborhood, and the cases were unusually fatal; so I told him, as I rested on my knees by the bedside. He said nothing, but merely clasped his hands and pressed them very hard over his eyes.

"Have you nothing," said I, "to close up those broken pores, and keep out this pestiferous cold?"

"I took off his poor ragged coat, but I told him my old cloak would be better, which he accepted gratefully, and stuffed it into the apertures of the casement. In coming back his foot pushed something through the heap of snow beneath the window. It was a piece of oak stick about five feet long, and a few inches in width, studded with nails driven through it, as if it had been a cleft or battis, stripped from some old house or box; it was also broken at one end. He laid it hastily upon the fire, but it was so saturated with moisture it would not burn. I knew not why, but I watched with intense interest the flames idly curling around it.

"How odd is this child?" I was looking at the wasted features of this little girl.

About four years, or my boy was fifteen; he is dead; I could almost say—thank God!

"She has not the fever, I perceive; if I may take her with me, I am sure I will find for her a place of shelter." (I thought of Aunt Miranda.) "To move your wife now would be fatal—we must make her comfortable here, if possible."

He bowed his head slightly. "You can— you will attend to that, I hope," he said. "If I am called away, you have the money I gave you, which use as you think best."

"Money? you gave me no money," I replied; "you offered it, but I did not take it—do you not remember when the office-door shut, and you turned around so suddenly?"

The man stared at me with a wild unutterable look in his eyes, which made me shrink back; he clutched his breast convulsively with his hand, threw open the door, and staggered out as if struck with a blow. Just then I heard footsteps on the outside stairs; then a noise; voices; then a scuffle. I ran out; two men, officers of police, had him by the arms, but he was swaying them like reeds. Suddenly one of his assailants slipped and fell the whole length of the stairs; in a moment he had lifted the other and thrown him over the rails, down, perhaps twenty feet, into the yard in your office; I was again alone. But Rowley, who had just passed, and dashed through the alley. I went down to assist the policeman. One was stamined by the fall down the stairs—in fact, nearly dislocated his neck; the other had sprained his ankle and could not walk.

"He's paddled, Jimmy," said the man with the bad ankle.

Jimmy, who was sitting up on his end in the snow, assented to the truth of the remark by a short grunt.

"That's the man Doctor," growled the policeman as I assisted him to rise; "he drops a roll of bills in your office, and he goes and diggers. Also we found his pocket book empty in the street, and a piece of batten, with three nails that fit the wounds. Where's that Barker?" he continued. Barker hopped upon one leg to the side of the stork case, and I picked up the batten. I went up the stairs, took off the now partly burnt oak stick from the fire, and found the fractured end fitted exactly the piece found by the officers. There was no doubt as to who was the murderer.

It was now broad day-light. One of the officers took a stiver of the room—the woman still lay asleep; then he assisted his loping companion through the alley; I was again alone. But Rowley, who had just passed, I borrowed his cloak, wrapped it around the little girl, and leaving him with the patient, carried my light young burden toward the house of Aunt Miranda.

Was it not strange that she, the proud, unbending Aunt Miranda, was the only one of all my acquaintances with whom I could take such a liberty? In truth I felt as if I had been commanded by her to do what I was doing. Such a thing as her refusing to admit the faint, thin, ghostly little unfortunate, with its manifold wants—carrying in its veins perhaps a deadly pestilence—never entered my mind. I was not mistaken. I remember now how goodly and yet how grandly she took the slight load of poverty in her arms—not holding it from, but pressing it to her breast; how, an hour after, I found it wide awake, and seated in her lap, comfortably clad in one of those dresses I imagined I had seen years before, on a certain occasion, when my boy's heart seemed shrivelled up with terror. I had told her the story of the man and his wife, and asked her advice. She coincided with me that it would not do to remove the sufferer, but added, "we can make her room comfortable. I trust," and I will nurse the poor creature by turns. Has she no friends, no family connections here?" she asked after a pause.

"None, I imagine, surely if she had they would have some pity for her. Even the poorest might have spared something for such an object."

"I think," said the old lady, "I will go there now. Margaret, my shawl and hat; bring the muff, too; it is bitter cold. Let the man stop shovelling the snow from the walk; give him three blankets and a pillow, and let him go with me—Do you go on before," she continued, looking at me; "you walk faster than I!" Then she turned me; "I will nurse the poor creature by turns. Has she no friends, no family connections here?" she asked after a pause.

"None, I imagine, surely if she had they would have some pity for her. Even the poorest might have spared something for such an object."

the girl, for she kept feeling in the vacant place for her. Sometimes she would upbraid her, and say, "You have learnt my lesson by heart, you wicked And; but you are worse than I, for you began younger." I gave her an anodyne," continued Rowley, "but it has had little effect upon her—poor thing, she cannot live, I fear."

While we were talking, we saw coming up the street, in the most lofty and dignified manner, the stout, fat, and well-dressed man with the basket and the blankets. Although her dress was always plain, and never costly, the old lady had such a way with her you could not mistake her for a resident of that quarter; nor would you take her to be a relative or an acquaintance of the people there. You felt at once she was on a mission of some kind; and yet there was nothing about her of the benevolent lady who might be vice-president of fifty auxiliary sewing societies, and who, by personal inspection, kept a sharp lookout that no impostor, in the disguise of a pauper, swallowed any crumbs that fell from the tables of the humane association for the relief of the meritorious indigent.

There was not a drop of languid blood in her veins nor the slightest touch of condescension in her manner—with her, it was one of two things, either real, heart-felt kindness, or firm, inexorable pride.

When she came up, Rowley and I made her acquainted with the present state of our patient, and of her anxiety for the child we had spirited away. We also mentioned the fact of her speaking of her own mother, and hinted at the possibility of her having committed some unpardonable act; such as an elopement without marriage, or the like, by which she had disgraced her family. We did not go into details, however; once or twice a shadow, as it were, passed over the face of Aunt Miranda, as if well, well, rather sharply, "let us go on, let us go on, and see what can be done for her—poor creature!"

I have read of officers who, in the battle field, preserved the stiff, erect carriage of the parade-ground, but my doubt about the truth of the story never entirely disappeared until I reached Aunt Miranda's second that stair-case. We reached the room—"Shall I leave these here?" said the man who brought the blankets.

"No—stay until I tell you to go," replied Aunt Miranda. He obeyed of course.

The room looked dismal by moonlight and early dawn, it was doubly so in the broad, open sunlight. The walls, begrimed with smoke, and stained with water that had trickled from the roof, were full of cracks and crevices; here and there large pieces of plaster had fallen, exposing the laths; the floor, no longer hidden by the snow, was spongy with age, and rotted away in some places; and the miserable leop which served for a bed was a sickening bundle of mouldy rags and fragments of old carpet. "I never saw such misery," said Aunt Miranda, looking at me and clasping her hands.

The poor old bear-eyed wench, who was rocking herself over the fire, got up, and the stool she had placed with her, and offered it to Aunt Miranda. The old lady took it with the tips of her fingers, gave it a shake or two, and sat down in her lofty way beside the bed. The woman, lying with her face partly covered, partly turned to the wall, was muttering something to herself. At last we could make out these words:

"The cunning mix, when she looked at me with her bright, wicked eyes, learned that secret then. She drew it from me as I suckled her at the breast; drew it from me when I bled her; I learned it, and she learned it. But she began earlier than I. Why not? The son did so. But he died in my arms, poor boy, when his race was run. But Anx or I shall see no more. Never, never. That's a lesson for mothers. Your boys are always your boys, but your girls are other men's. My mother! my mother! my mother! Let her pull up the green grass from my grave, and trample on it, yet I will love her better than my daughter loves me. Yes, yes. The sun dies and the day dies, but we keep close to the men we love. Let him beat me, let me scoop the crust from the swill of our neighbors, yet we love on. He stole me in the snow, and we'll die in the snow. There are the bells and the Bays round the corner, off only for a frolic and a dance; but we never come back. There she sits, with the light burning, waiting for her daughter—waiting—waiting. There she sits now—mother, mother, mother! He had a sweet voice once; oh, the songs—the songs that won my heart." Here she sat up erect in the bed, and turned her brilliant eyes full upon Aunt Miranda.

I had been watching that Gothic countenance during the monologue of the poor creature, wrapped in her rags. I had noticed the gradation which passed over it; first of patient complaisance, then of pity, then of absorbed interest. But when those large bright eyes flashed upon Aunt Miranda, she started with such an instant, terrible look of recognition, with the history of a whole life of sorrow, as it were, written on her face in a moment, that it was absolutely appalling. I read it at once. The mystery had unfolded itself before me. That inexorable spirit; those lineaments, saving the slight, tremulous motion of the chin, rigid as sculptured stone; those fixed, dilated eyes were those of the mother who, without seeking for, had found, after seventeen years, in yonder squalid heap, her daughter, her only child, once her pride, her hope—now what?

"Do not hurt me!" said the poor creature, shrinking from her; "I will not harm you for the world." I saw the tremulous motion from the chin spread itself over the whole visage of Aunt Miranda. Tears sprang from her eyes, her pride was unequal to this trial. The foundation gave away, then the superstructure fell—was submerged for ever, and above it rose the beautiful rainbow of consolation. She took the squalor, the misery, the pestilence, the poor wreck of a life in her arms, and sanctified it with a mother's pity and a mother's blessing.

I felt at this time an uncommon moistening of the eye-lids; and the man with the blankets managed to drop his basket, with a view probably of relieving his mind. As for the poor wench, she was in a corner, and a paroxysm of tears.

To tell how our patient recovered; how little Miranda, or Andy, as we called her, budded and bloomed into womanhood; how the body of DAN-GERFELD was found in the river, near the Dry Dock, that fatal morning, would, I fear, not add much to my story. But Aunt Miranda grew in grace, her pride was gone; she became the meekest of the meek; only upon two occasions, in after-life, did she remind me of her former self; one was that of the marriage of MARGARET, her hand-maid; the other was the day when she and the other was, with a sharp-

prying, inquisitive little woman asked her, in a free-and-easy sort of way, if the husband of Mrs. DAN, DAN-GERFELD had not met with some terrible accident, or something of the kind, when he came to his end?

One day, a wet and stormy one I remember, the 24th of November, Aunt Miranda had bought a large quantity of a buckskin, in the market. She always bargained for every thing—paid what she agreed to pay—and kept herself comfortably within the limits of her income. So she knew always exactly the state of her finances, which she kept not in a book, but in a long ash-colored silk purse. When she came home she found the man had paid her two cents too much. So back to market goes Aunt MIRANDA in a very nervous state, for fear the man might be off before she got there. Fortunately the man was there, to whom she returned the money belonging to him, but unfortunately she took a cold, from which she never recovered. It was more like the living than the dead face of Aunt Miranda, that which lay in the coffin, with the smile upon the face Rowley and I loved so much—that angelic smile!"

THE WIZARD AND HIS BOTTLE.

The following article in relation to Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, and the Maine liquor law, as enforced in Massachusetts, is furnished us (Christianity Republic) by one of our citizens, who has been lately sojourning in the east.

On Friday evening, as Professor Anderson was concluding his performance in the Melodeon, in Boston, which he did with his "bottle," the audience were somewhat alarmed by seeing a large body of police rush into the hall, and, without ceremony, walk into the professor's "Magic Temple."

A warrant was produced, not only for the immediate apprehension of the professor, but of his "bottle." The professor having read the warrant, assured the audience that it was bona fide, and that he must obey the law.

Here a scene, which it is impossible to describe, ensued. Shouts of—"Don't go, Anderson—we'll protect you!" "Never mind the liquor law!" "Don't give up your bottle!"

Mr. Anderson begged to be heard. When silence was gained, the professor stated, "that in all countries he had visited he obeyed their laws, and hoped the citizens would wish him, for the first time in his life, to disobey them." He further said, "that he was not aware that he was breaking any law, when he supplied the citizens of Boston with his bottle." (Cries of "No, no!")

Mr. Anderson asked the officers if the "bottle" had to be taken to the police office? Yes, was the reply of the official. The professor handed him the "bottle," and no sooner was it in his hands than the "bottle" commenced to emit streams of liquid fire. As soon as he dropped it, the fire became extinguished. Another officer lifted it up, when the fire again made its appearance; of course he was also glad to drop it. The audience screamed, roared, and never was such a scene witnessed. At last the professor lifted up the "bottle," and giving the audience thanks, and bidding them good night, he walked off with his "bottle" to the police office, followed by two or three thousand persons, whose shouts, going to Washington street, soon augmented the crowd to many thousands, all calling out "Shame on the liquor law!" "Down with fanatics, compulsory and coercive policy!" "Eat and drink what you please, when you please, and in what place you please!" "No legislation for the stomach!"

The professor was bound over in one thousand dollars to appear and answer the charge of selling without a licence; the "bottle" was locked up as the principal witness against him; and the whole of the officers having had a taste of its contents before it was locked up, and bound to appear as witness to the same crowd. In the morning, every available inch of the police court was crowded long before the usual hour of opening. The magistrate arrived, and took his seat on the bench.

"Anderson's case" was first called, when a long indictment was read, setting forth that Professor Anderson, better known as the "Wizard of the North," had been in the habit of nightly supplying the citizens of Boston, during the last five weeks, with all kinds of spirituous liquor without a licence, and against the laws of the commonwealth of Massachusetts; and was therefore liable, for the first offence, in the penalty of ten dollars fine, and security for one thousand dollars; the second offence double the fine and forfeiture of bonds; the third offence, imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Various witnesses were then called, who stated that they had been frequently supplied by the professor from his "bottle." One, a native of the sod, declared that, "by Saint Patrick," he had never tasted better "potcheen" in his life.

Here the magistrate asked "if that was the bottle Professor Anderson was using when he was apprehended?"

"Yes."

"Do you drink from it?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Last night before it was locked up in the marshal's safe."

"What did you drink?"

"Rum," said one; "brandy," said a second; "I had gin," answered a third; while a fourth said "he was satisfied with that bottle, for it had blistered his hands," which he showed the court was the case.

"And is this the identical bottle?"

"Yes."

The magistrate here asked the marshal if the "bottle" had been out of his possession since. The marshal said the safe had not been opened until the "bottle" was wanted in court.

This was the evidence for the prosecution. Professor Anderson, who was undefended, here stated that he was not aware he had acted in opposition to the statute, inasmuch as he had presented a petition to the aldermen of the city for a licence to give his performances in the Melodeon, which they granted on payment of ten dollars per week for the said licence. Here the professor handed in a receipt for the payment of the above; and he said further, the "bottle" as a part of this entertainment, duly licensed and paid for. If any clause had been inserted by the aldermen at the time they granted the licence, prohibiting the performance of the "bottle" feat, of course he would not have done it; but, as he received the licence without qualification, he considered the performance of the "bottle" as duly licensed with the other part of his entertainment.

The magistrate, after a little consideration decided that the professor was duly licensed, and he then asked if the "bottle" was still full!

"Oh, yes," replied the professor; "I can help myself!"

No sooner did the magistrate touch the "bottle," than he dropped it again, stating that it was red hot. The "wizard" asked if his honor was satisfied!

He answered in the affirmative, and told the professor that he did not care how soon he left the hall. The wizard asked the magistrate to hand him the bottle. The magistrate, taking his handkerchief from his pocket, for the purpose of taking the bottle by the neck, was about to lift it, when lo, it vanished! to the utter astonishment of his honor and all present.

An exchange paper observes that "it is a remarkable fact that people who go up in balloons are not sensible of their own motion." It doesn't strike us as all surprising, "Sensible" people do not go up in balloons.—Boston Post.

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Mr. Anderson begged to be heard. When silence was gained, the professor stated, "that in all countries he had visited he obeyed their laws, and hoped the citizens would wish him, for the first time in his life, to disobey them." He further said, "that he was not aware that he was breaking any law, when he supplied the citizens of Boston with his bottle." (Cries of "No, no!")

Mr. Anderson asked the officers if the "bottle" had to be taken to the police office? Yes, was the reply of the official. The professor handed him the "bottle," and no sooner was it in his hands than the "bottle" commenced to emit streams of liquid fire. As soon as he dropped it, the fire became extinguished. Another officer lifted it up, when the fire again made its appearance; of course he was also glad to drop it. The audience screamed, roared, and never was such a scene witnessed. At last the professor lifted up the "bottle," and giving the audience thanks, and bidding them good night, he walked off with his "bottle" to the police office, followed by two or three thousand persons, whose shouts, going to Washington street, soon augmented the crowd to many thousands, all calling out "Shame on the liquor law!" "Down with fanatics, compulsory and coercive policy!" "Eat and drink what you please, when you please, and in what place you please!" "No legislation for the stomach!"

The professor was bound over in one thousand dollars to appear and answer the charge of selling without a licence; the "bottle" was locked up as the principal witness against him; and the whole of the officers having had a taste of its contents before it was locked up, and bound to appear as witness to the same crowd. In the morning, every available inch of the police court was crowded long before the usual hour of opening. The magistrate arrived, and took his seat on the bench.

"Anderson's case" was first called, when a long indictment was read, setting forth that Professor Anderson, better known as the "Wizard of the North," had been in the habit of nightly supplying the citizens of Boston, during the last five weeks, with all kinds of spirituous liquor without a licence, and against the laws of the commonwealth of Massachusetts; and was therefore liable, for the first offence, in the penalty of ten dollars fine, and security for one thousand dollars; the second offence double the fine and forfeiture of bonds; the third offence, imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Various witnesses were then called, who stated that they had been frequently supplied by the professor from his "bottle." One, a native of the sod, declared that, "by Saint Patrick," he had never tasted better "potcheen" in his life.

Here the magistrate asked "if that was the bottle Professor Anderson was using when he was apprehended?"

"Yes."

"Do you drink from it?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Last night before it was locked up in the marshal's safe."

"What did you drink?"

"Rum," said one; "brandy," said a second; "I had gin," answered a third; while a fourth said "he was satisfied with that bottle, for it had blistered his hands," which he showed the court was the case.

"And is this the identical bottle?"

"Yes."

The magistrate here asked the marshal if the "bottle" had been out of his possession since. The marshal said the safe had not been opened until the "bottle" was wanted in court.

This was the evidence for the prosecution. Professor Anderson, who was undefended, here stated that he was not aware he had acted in opposition to the statute, inasmuch as he had presented a petition to the aldermen of the city for a licence to give his performances in the Melodeon, which they granted on payment of ten dollars per week for the said licence. Here the professor handed in a receipt for the payment of the above; and he said further, the "bottle" as a part of this entertainment, duly licensed and paid for. If any clause had been inserted by the aldermen at the time they granted the licence, prohibiting the performance of the "bottle" feat, of course he would not have done it; but, as he received the licence without qualification, he considered the performance of the "bottle" as duly licensed with the other part of his entertainment.