

A GOOD SHOT.

It is now, said Van Wyck, more than two years since, in the very place where we now stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was with out busied in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was mid day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and quietly laid himself down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door! My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap.—The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived, when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarm'd as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet glided gently scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance, I had set it in a corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and, still more fortunately, the door door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground so that he never stirred more.—*Lichtenstein's travels in South Africa.*

Licentiousness of the Bar.—In court, Dunning was too often in the habit of displaying that sort of overbearing and arrogant manner into which successful counsel are too apt to be betrayed, a fault that once subjected him to pruning rebuke from the witty Solicitor-General, Lee, best known among his professional brethren by the familiar appellation of Jack Lee.—Dunning was relating to him how he had just completed the purchase of some capital manors in his native country. "Aye, in Devonshire," said Lee; "but what a pity it is you have no good manners in Westminster-hall!" The following may serve for a sample of the consequence he brought on by an unsuccessful attempt at brow-beating a witness:—It was in a criminal case, where he was retained for the defendant. To prove the fact of adultery, the lady's maid had been called, and had deposed to the having seen the defendant in bed with her mistress. When it came to Dunning's turn to be given the cross-examination, he desired the witness, in a stern tone, to take off her bonnet, that he might have a full view of her face, and convince himself by her looks whether she was speaking the truth. The girl happened to be an Abigail of that description which Molier has well portrayed in the persons of his Lisettes and Foinettes, so, it may be imagined, she was not easily to be abashed; and, having a pretty face to show, she felt not the least objection that bench, bar, attorneys, jurors, and bystanders should command a full view of it. When the bonnet was removed, Dunning began and endeavored to shake her testimony as to the identity of her mistress's bed fellow. "Was she sure it was not her master she had not seen in that conjugal capacity?" "Perfectly sure." "What! did she pretend to say she could be certain, when the head only appeared above the bed clothes, and that enveloped in a night cap?" "Quite certain." "You have often found occasion, then, to see your master in his night cap?" continued the questioner. "Yes, very frequently." "Now young woman, I ask you, upon your oath, does not your master occasionally go to bed with you?" "Oh!" answered Foinette, nothing daunted, "that trial does not come on to day, Mr. Stabberchops." A loud shout of laughter all around achieved the discomfiture of Dunning, who had nothing for it but to adjust his hands change the position of a rumor of the elegance with which he lived his wig and look very foolish. Lord Mansfield had reached the poor fellow confined in the lean-to back on the bench in an uncontrollable condemned cell. His curiosity was excited by a burst of mirth, and he had not more than half fed; he besought the jailer, on the inquiring recovered the judicial gravity of tone, when he of the execution, as his last request, to suffer asked whether Mr. Dunning chose to put any him to see the gentleman who lived in such more questions. A short negative was the answer. Another instance has been recorded of a shock to his personal vanity, which was, perhaps, the more effective, that it was given apparently without intention, and in perfect simplicity of heart. An old woman, a witness in an assault case, administered this bitter dose.—Here, too, his object was to invalidate the evidence as to the identity of a party, but here he went about it with much gentleness. Some thing like the following dialogue took place between them.—"Pray, my good woman," he said, "are you very well acquainted with this person?" "Oh, yes, your worship, very well." "Come, now, what sized man is he?" "He is short or tall?" "Quite short and stumpy." "What kind of nose has he?" "What I should call a snub nose, sir; much such a one, just for all the world, as your own, only not quite so crooked like." "Um! like eyes?" "Why he has a kind of cast in them, sir, a sort of squint. They are very like your honor's eyes." And so on.

"Pshaw! You may go down, women."—*From the last number of the Law Magazine: Life of Lord Ashburton.*

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

"It's most astonishing," said Abel Fleetwood, on Monday night, as he gave up the attempt to rise from the gutter, at the corner of Seventh Street and the Washington Square.—"It's most astonishing how soon the horrid climate of America brings on old age. Here am I, six feet two, without my stockings, and but thirty years of age, sprawling in a dirty republican gutter without the possibility of helping myself out of the scrape. Its the most wretched country on the face of the globe—nothing but Yankee dandies and vice whiskey. I've had but eight smallers of the trash, and what with that, and the premature old age, I do verily believe that I am assassinated. Democracy is mixed with my liquor, and I am a gone chicken.—Help! help! Watch!"

"Silence there. What's the matter?"

"Matter 'y yourself. I am being done. The march of my life has tripped, and Abel Fleetwood is too deep for him self. Let me out—there Aint I in a pretty pickle? This is what the Doctors call gutter service, I suppose."

"Yes, you look like a guttural."

"Guttural! whiskey and the march of mind! It I am a liquid."

"Don't try to be funny, my larky. I have a crew to pick with you. I know your voice.—You are the chap that b-e-a-t-e-d me up in the watch box the other night, and when I burst open the door, you knocked me down, and ran away."

"Yes, I did that. How did you like the ups and downs of public life, Charley?"

"If I wasn't a public functionary, I'd crack your nose; but as it is you are my prisoner.—So come to the watch house."

"Give us your arm, Yankee Doodle. Don't be afraid. Gutter mud is very wholesome. See how fat it makes the pigs. You should be an anti-contagionist. So—so—steady. Now I'll tell you all about the other night. Passing your box, I thought you were asleep, or had run down, so I just turned the key round to wind you up."

"Well, what else?"

"Why then, I watched the box, and when you came out, I boxed the watch."

"Yes, and now you must go before the watch maker."

"That's not so slow. Charley; but you were not up to trap that night, or you would have caught me. As it was, I caught a weasel asleep, I put fresh salt on you, my boy."

Beguiling the journey with similar chat, they arrived at the Watch house. Mr. Fleetwood breathing out contagion to the world, as he passed along, and his captor, rising in having caught a tartar, when deprived of hardness by Pittsburg champaign. Fleetwood is a very unsavory subject, uncommonly so, therefore suffice it to say, he was disposed of as the law directs.—*Pennsylvanian.*

My lord Craven, in king James the first's reign, was very desirous to see Ben Johnston, which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's house; but being in a very tattered condition, as poets sometimes are, the porter refused him admittance with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of Ben, who stood in need of somebody to speak for him; said, he understood his lordship desired to see him. You, friend, said my lord, who are you? Ben Johnson, replied the other: No, no, quoth my lord, you cannot be Ben Johnson, who wrote the sweet woman; you look as if you could not say *bo* to a goose; *Bo*, cried Ben; Very well said my lord, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront; I am now convinced by your *wn*, you are Ben Johnson.

The power of curiosity.—While Mr. Clark, the president of the Burriville bank was confined in Providence, at the suit of the Suffolk bank of this city, there happened the execution of a negro. Mr. Clark's room in the prison were fitted up in handsome style, and it but to adjust his hands change the position of a rumor of the elegance with which he lived his wig and look very foolish. Lord Mansfield had reached the poor fellow confined in the lean-to back on the bench in an uncontrollable condemned cell. His curiosity was excited by a burst of mirth, and he had not more than half fed; he besought the jailer, on the inquiring recovered the judicial gravity of tone, when he of the execution, as his last request, to suffer asked whether Mr. Dunning chose to put any him to see the gentleman who lived in such more questions. A short negative was the answer.

Another instance has been recorded of a shock to his personal vanity, which was, perhaps, the more effective, that it was given apparently without intention, and in perfect simplicity of heart. An old woman, a witness in an assault case, administered this bitter dose.—

Mr. Clark was a little startled at this unexpected visit; but with his well-known good nature, he exerted himself to entertain his guest, who seemed wrapped in admiration to see so much splendor in a prison. Pretty soon a glass of wine was produced. Sambo a sort of hysterical cub, gave for a toast—

"Here's hoping, Mr. Clark, we may meet in that other world, about which I've heard so much latterly!" Mr. Clark tried to cheer him up, and leading him to the window, pointed out to him the crowd of people who had assembled to witness his execution. And

the poor black, with the levity of a child, soon changed from grave to gay, and appeared highly delighted at the idea of his own importance.

He was led out and executed, and now the passion of curiosity, which had disturbed the poor fellow's last moments, was singularly displayed among people of much greater pretensions. Mr. Clark's room was crowded with visitors to see the wine glass out of which black Sambo had drunk just before his execution; and for the gratification of the public curiosity, Mr. Clark suspended it in his room, with an appropriate inscription.

When the suit upon which he had been arrested was discharged, he was waited upon by a barber of the town, with a most urgent and pressing request for the wine glass stored said. This request was complied with and the glass, with its label, was transferred to the barber's shop, where it operated as a perfect charm, and drew an immense custom. There it hangs to this day—nor has it yet wholly lost its virtue.—*Boston paper.*

Deafness of the aged.—Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous complaints with regard to their increasing deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best of purposes; it being to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noise or sounds from without, would but discompose the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation. I dread, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses, and the perceptible decay of the human frame, in old age, have been wisely ordained in order to wean the human mind from the concerous and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a more a more perfect state of existence.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

A venerable old lady remarked the other day that she was much afraid of loosing her husband, should the cholera approach this quarter, as he had always been a real thorough going democrat, and she understood that at Quebec and Montreal it proved very fatal to the democrats! • Fatal to the democrats!" exclaimed a bystander, "it must be emigrants you mean." • Well (rejoined the good woman) I don't know but what it might have been the emigrants, for it was some political party or other."

A bootless journey.—A young man apparently from the country, says the Philadelphia Standard Courier, went into the Washington Square, and sat down upon one of the benches to rest himself. Having a new pair of boots on, which pinched his feet he pulled them off and laid them beside him. Being much fatigued, he soon fell asleep, and on awaking was surprised to find his boots missing. It appeared that while he slept, a man of genteel appearance was observed sitting beside him, and of course was thought to be an acquaintance, but who, no doubt, was the thief. To add to his misfortune, he was laughed at by bystanders, and had to walk home barefooted.

The way of doing things sixty six years ago.—We have before us a singular sheet, a little above foolscap size, called the Virginia Gazette, printed at Williamsburg in the year 1766, which contains some very curious matter. Among the advertisements, we notice several describing runaway negroes, in a most unique style. John Brown describes negro Bob, rather oddly, and then says, "He is outlawed. Twenty pounds will be given to any person who will kill the said negro and bring me his head, or 40s. if brought alive and well including twenty lashes well laid on from constable to constable, until he is brought home to me, which I desire he should have, or nothing to be paid for bringing him."

The same John Brown offered for sale, in the same advertisement, 190 acres of land in Warwick county, "very convenient to Church, court house, warehouse, mills, oysters, and fish." One would naturally think that such a Christian felt a deep concern in religious matters.—*Virginia Free Press.*

Singular Circumstance.—The London Star mentions, that when the Kent East Indian was on fire in the Bay of Biscay, Col. Macgregor, of the 31st regiment, hastily wrote a memorandum of the circumstances, and threw it overboard in a well corked bottle, (previously to the fortunate rescue by the Cumbria brig.) addressed to his father in Scotland. The officer now belongs to the 93d regiment, stationed at Barbadoes, and while on a visit to the seashore of that island, in October last, the identical bottle with the paper in it, was washed ashore there, having, in 19 months, crossed the Atlantic in a south west direction.

A French Marquis, being one day at dinner at the late Sir Roger Williams', the famous pugilist and publican, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and fashions, particularly the rifle which he said, was the fine ornament to be had, and had been followed by all the other nations. Roger allowed what he said, but at the same time though that the English, according to custom, had made a great improvement upon them in this respect, by adding the shirt to it.

Asiatic Cholera.

TUE CHOLERA.

The awful uncertainty as to the next locality where this disease will occur, is illustrated by Dr. Kirk, a physician in the army of India, thus:

In one of our visitations, two or three companies on the right of the line were attacked, and there continued for upwards of a month without attacking a single individual in the lines of the other companies. They were daily exercised together, went to the same bazaar for their food, and drew water out of the same well. In another visitation, the camp followers, and officers' servants, who lived in the rear of the line, were the only sufferers. Sometimes its victims were all in a particular spot in the camp, or cantonment, from which it never spread. I knew a particular house in a cantonment, in which an officer died almost every year; and on two occasions, scarcely any one else was seized at the time. Sometimes its attacks are confined to the natives of India, sometimes to the Europeans. Particular spots and tracts of country have been affected more frequently than others. At some ferries of particular rivers, few detachments have halted without suffering. The disease has, in these cases, broken out in the tents nearest the river, first and perhaps only extends to the third tent from the river, leaving all the rest untouched. A corps, often on a march of fifty or sixty miles, will arrive in sound health at its station; but at the end of week, or perhaps two, it will break out violently, and continue in the regiment only. At other times it will extend over the whole station. A regiment is often seized on the march of a few days or weeks before it reaches its destination, and may continue affected in the very centre of the cantonments, without attacking any other. At other times it appears to spread amongst the troops, the very day the regiment arrives with it. I knew a corps that, in a march of three hundred miles, lost nearly as many men and followers. Another corps which followed them, on the same road, five days afterwards, and reached the same place, lost only two or three men. A company will sometimes join its own regiment, and a long time after the disease will break out amongst them—a third part of them will soon be cut off, yet not a single soldier except that company of the regiment, will suffer. On the other hand, I have known a detachment, with the disease arrive at a station, and, within twenty-four hours, some of the other men of the several corps have been seized. When detachments are marching, it will often leave them in a day after crossing a river, or a range of hills, or any change of weather—a change of a few miles to a high situation is often enough. The Marquis of Hastings lost, on the banks of the Sinda, about five thousand men and followers, in six days, out of a total of from eighty to nine thousand. He moved fifty miles to a high station on the Betwah river, after which he had not a single fresh case in camp. Col. Agnew, in the Nagpoor country made only one short march with his detachment, who were suffering severely, and encamped on high ground, near a village, after which he had not a single case, nor did the people in the village get it. A thunder-storm has often driven the disease away. Cholera has been known to commence capriciously at half a dozen large places, from fifty to five hundred miles from each other, and leave them in the same way. It is always more violent and more fatal at first, the latter cases being comparatively mild."

BURGUNDY PITCH.—*Reputed efficacy in Cholera.*—The following is somewhat singular extract from a letter from gentlemen in Glasgow to his friend in Leith.

Last night I received from my father, who resides in Frankfort, a proclamation from the Prussian and Austrian governments by which it appears that the annexed plaster is a most complete preventative against the cholera; of 10,000 people who have put them on, not one has been attacked, though in the midst of the disease. I have immediately communicated this simple remedy to our Board of Health who highly approve of it, and are getting them made by thousands. The plaster alluded to is of Burgundy pitch, commonly called strengthening plaster; the upper part of a peaked form to be put on the chest, and the lower part expanded, and to cover the pit of the stomach.

ASIATIC CHOLERA

To the Physicians composing the Board of Health of this and other cities.

20 gr. Sulphur of soda, or potash pulverized, and very dry, mixed with a tea-spoonful of syrup or molasses, administered every two, three, or four hours, according to the different degrees or stages of the disease and other circumstances, subject to the discretion of the attending physician, will be found a safe and effectual cure for the cholera.

MEDICUS.

Extract of a letter from Montreal, to the editors of the N. Y. Courier and Edquirer, dated July 20. "We have an increase of cholera here for a few days past—ten, fifteen, and twenty dying per day; most of the cases proving very malignant and fatal, and among its victims, a number of the most respectable and valuable citizens."

ORATORIO GATES & CO.