

MANIA-A-POTU.

BY O. P. MASON.

How are you this morning, Barkeeper?—say, how are you doing to-day?
 With scorn he now glances upon me, and to me has nothing to say!
 Perhaps on account of my tatters, or likely my red pimpled face,
 For he is dress'd up in his broadcloth, and I am a horrid disgrace!
 Disgrace!—Ah, yes, I'm disgusting!—The thought is near driving me wild!
 The wrongs I've inflicted on loved ones, my wife and my dear little child;
 When I think of the hope that I once had—respected—fair prospects of wealth—
 When I led to the altar that angel, in the bloom of her youth and her health,
 When there at that altar I promised to love her and shield her from sin,
 And God granting strength to my efforts, determined life's battle to win.
 But, oh, I was sadly mistaken!—I dreamed not to this I would come!
 When first with a few boon companions, I tippled so lightly at rum.
 The appetite daily kept growing, but I thought I had nothing to fear,
 My friends and my money both vanished, and alas! and alas!—I am here
 To beg for a small drop of liquor, from him who has taken my all;
 I know, though, if still I had money, he'd hasten to come at my call.
 I will try him again!—Barkeeper, how are you, good fellow, to-day?
 He still, in disgust, frowns upon me, and me he now orders away!
 I suppose, long since, he's forgotten, the money I've paid him for rum,—
 Barkeeper, oh please give me brandy!—I'm dying—I'm burning!—please, come!
 He heeds not!—he cares not!—Great heaven! this burning, how can I endure?
 The torments of hell are within me, that nothing but liquor will cure.
 I'd drink, if it were mixed with poison! Ah! yes, I do know very well
 I'd swallow it down if that moment, I knew it would send me to hell!
 Oh, Barkeeper, give me some brandy!—for brandy, Barkeeper, I came!
 Just one single drop and I'll leave you!—I'm dying!—I'm burning with flame!
 Oh, God, he heeds not my pleading!—My mind is delirious, I think!
 I'd give all the wealth of the nation, for one glass of liquor to drink!
 For if I would sacrifice honor, aye, every loved object in life,
 My credit, my name, my salvation, aye, even my child and my wife!—
 The viper, the beast, and the monster, its offspring will die to protect,
 But I in the jaws of this demon, for mine have forgotten respect!—
 Oh, Barkeeper, one drink of brandy, and I swear I will go from your door,
 And I pledge you, until I have money, I'll ask you for liquor no more!—
 He scorns me!—And yet, while I'm pleading, around me the demons arise!—
 They hiss, and they mock at my garments, and glare with their blood-stained eyes!—
 Ah!—Look at the eye of that devil!—See how the red flame from it shoots!—

Another!—Another!—Oh, save me!—Good heavens, I've snakes in my boots!—
 Take 'em off!—They are gone!—How they stung me!—Ah! see you how totters that wall!
 Look out! Look out! It is coming! 'Twill crush me to death if it fall!
 Stand clear! It is falling! It's falling!—There's a hideous wound in my head!
 I'm dying!—I'm dying by inches!—Oh, God, how I wish I were dead!

Oh, God, is this I?—Pray, where am I?—My head was all crushed when I fell!—
 Not dead?—No!—Have I been dreaming?—I thought I was surely in hell!—
 Or was it Delirium Tremens?—Was I upon hell's ragged edge,—
 Surrounded, tormented by demons?—I'll now take the temperance pledge.
 I'll reform whilst I have the power, and try to be manly again,—
 "I promise, God help me to keep it, from liquor henceforth I'll abstain!"
 And now to my wife I am going, her pardon I'll ask on my knee,
 And oh the delight it will give her, her husband reformed to see!

IMMIGRANTS CHANCES IN WALLA WALLA COUNTY, W. T.

The Washington Territory "Aid Society" addressed a circular letter to the *Walla Walla Union*, which that journal answers as follows:

First—What quantity of land subject to pre-emption or homestead, and suitable for farming or grazing is there within easy reach of your own home?

Lands contiguous to this city are nearly all taken, and are being cultivated, that is to say within a radius of seven to ten miles.

Second—Give particular description of each 160 acre tract, soil, timber, water—whether level or rolling. Give distance to navigable water, and describe roads leading to the land, with cost and best manner of travel. Give number of neighbors within a circuit of say five miles school houses, stores, churches, mills, etc. Are there any water powers, and if so, describe them, with estimated cost of improvement? How as to building and fencing material?

Beyond Dry creek and between it and the Touchet river, there are large tracts of land covered with bunch grass, which support large numbers of stock annually, of both cattle and horses, as also sheep. There are drawbacks to its settlement; such as remoteness from timber and lack of water. These lands, too, are suitable for raising grain; in point of fertility, but little inferior to that in our more immediate vicinity, upon which thirty to fifty bushels of wheat to the acre is raised. This belt of country is from ten to twelve miles wide, by about fifteen long. The farms in the whole district are confined, at the lower end, to one and a half miles along the water courses, and the grass for a distance of three or four miles from water is yearly fed off.

There is another large scope of country beyond the Touchet, and south of Snake river, where the land is equally good, but more remote from timber,

except such as may be caught along Snake river; and the difficulties of getting water by digging are, perhaps, greater than on the lands more contiguous. The district is from fifteen miles wide by twenty in length. Eureka flat, situated at the upper end, within the last year, has been claimed, and is being rapidly brought into cultivation, with very encouraging results as to grain raising. These lands are accessible to Snake river navigation, and are from seven to fifteen miles distant. All the lands above described are more or less rolling. It would be difficult to particularize as to any small tracts composed of 160 acres, but the soil is generally good. The Touchet is quite a stream, with great fall, and which in the settlements, near the mountains, is utilized, and has several saw mills, and there are three flouring mills, in a distance of ten miles. There are roads radiating from this city across the unsettled districts above described. There are no school houses nor stores nearer than from five to twenty miles. The same is true as to churches and mills. As to fencing and building, the mountains, distant from fifteen to thirty-five miles, have to be depended upon.

Third—Are there tracts of land in your vicinity suitable for a colony, say of from ten to thirty families?

There are no lands in close proximity for such purposes. Indeed there is scarcely a 160 acre lot vacant within seven miles of this place, except school or railroad lands. It must be remarked here that all the lands unsettled in this county are within the railroad limits.

Fourth—What advantages does your neighborhood offer for stock-raising? Say whether best for sheep or cattle and horses.

The advantages for stock-raising are not good, for the reason that the grass is all eaten out, and the whole country immediately around Walla Walla is fenced up and under cultivation, except such as is too gravelly to be plowed. We would remark, however, that the whole of the country spoken of above is susceptible of being divided into farms of 160 acres, or if water can be obtained by digging, at convenient depths, large bands of stock can be reared. The want of water is the only drawback to successful stock-raising. Three winters out of four, with water plenty, stock could be kept during cold weather without any other feed than that of the native grasses. And during winter there is seldom more than one month, at any time, of feeding needed to carry stock through.

The present year is the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum by Mount Vesuvius. There is to be a scientific commemoration of the event in Pompeii in November.

Victor Hugo cannot write with blue paper.