

THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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Poetical.

(From the Louisville Journal.)

A Fanny.

BY MURRAY PIERCE.

Young evening waddlers through the shade,
With pale and dreamy brow,
Like some beloved and loving maid,
Who keeps her vestal vow;
The living thigars all at rest,
And stars are in the east,
But nothing wins her eye.

Between the earth and heaven she moves
All tenderly serene,
And weeps to think that human love
Should so disturb her dream.
But as the shadow deepens down
The light from off her brow,
The silver shining vestal crown,
The tokens of her vow.

And closely veiled as if a cold,
The soft and shining hair,
The approaching buds unopened
In blossoms have their birth,
At last she has no useless feet,
And I have heard them say,
That at the time when lovers meet,
Her only comes to stay.

Our Idol.

"Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little Angel
Is talking with death;
Gently be woe her,
The wishes of stay,
His arms are about her—
He bears her away!"

"None come floating
Down from the dome
Angels are chasing—
The sweet welcome home,
Come stricken weeper,
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper—
Our idol is dead!"

"Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eyes,
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the skies;
Cross the hands gently,
O'er the white breast,
So like a mild spirit
Strayed from the breast;
Breathe her softly,
This idol of ours,
Let her grave slumbers
Be 'mid the sweet flowers."

Miscellaneous.

Counsel for the Young.

Never be cast down by trifles. If the spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.

"Trouble never last forever.
The darkest day will pass away."

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence, and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

"Never despair when fog's in air,
Shinily morning will come without warning."

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and that is worth keeping.

"Something sterling that will stay
When gold and silver fly away."
Fight hard against a heavy temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revenges knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast."

If you have an enemy, not kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away."

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, rolls up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick,
A grumbler in the mud will sink."

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild animals; but bad thoughts win their way every here. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, so that any bad thoughts may not find room.

"Be on your guard, and strive and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away."

A Beautiful Thought.

When engineers would bridge a stream they often carry out at first but a single cord. With that, next, they stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for a plank; and now the bold engineer finds a safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the shores.

"There is more meaning and philosophy than at first sight appears in Coleridge's answer to a lady when she asked him whether he believed in ghosts. 'Oh, no, madam, I have seen too many to believe in them.'"

"A Slight Mistake."

BY CAPRICE.

One cool afternoon in the early Fall, I—Chester F. Le Roy, a gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson River boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited as patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance at the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and fitted through them in search of seats; their increasing numbers at length warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I turned to follow them.

"I beg your pardon, sir,"
I turned, in obedience to the touch on my arm, and saw a respectable looking negro man before me, who bore the traveling bag and satchel, and was evidently the attendant of a slender and stylish young girl behind him. "Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible "do I speak, sir, to Mr. Le Roy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what can I do for you?"
"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, sir, who was to join you at Albany, at six o'clock—have charge of her." He turned to the man behind him.
"This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss."

The young lady, whose dark-blue eyes had been scanning me, as I could just perceive through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely little gloved hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le Roy," said she. "I thought I should know you in a moment, Cousin Jennie described you so accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shall trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at being thus addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant, who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see to my baggage," Edward asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss; it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat. Good bye, and tell them I was safe off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me the two checks for the trunks, and endeavored with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect, with that lovely face opposite me, but where was the use—Some strange mistake had undoubtedly been made, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge, how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than mine!

While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open unobtrusive gaze decided me. "I will not trouble or distress her, by any knowledge of her position," I concluded, "but will just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wishes to go, if I can only find where it is!"

I turned to her with an affection of friendliness, and I was very far from feeling, and said, "It is a long journey, Miss Florence."

"Don't you think so? But it is very pleasant, isn't it? Cousin Jennie enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed!"
"Why, what a queer man!" she said, with a little laugh. "Does he never tell you, as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in? Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall laugh about it when I get there."

So it was to St. Louis we were going, and I was her cousin Jennie's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

"And how does dear Jennie look! and what is she doing? and how is my dear Aunt Bessie? do tell me the news!"
"Jennie," said I, mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife in the world; you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband—as to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to me."
"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a malicious little smile; "but about my dear aunt's rheumatism!"
"Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Bessie, is very well."
"Well!" said my fair questioner, regarding me with surprise. "I thought she had been well for years!"

"I mean well for her," said I, in some trepidation; "the air of St. Louis (which I have since found is of misty-moisty order) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman."
"I am very glad," said her niece. She remained silent for a few minutes, and then a

gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes.

"To think," said she, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that, in all this time, you haven't mentioned the baby!"

I know I gave a violent start, and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I then thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in some proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued my tormentor, as I almost considered her. "I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jennie's letter—you should see how she carries about him."

"Him! Blessed be goodness! then it must be a boy!"
"Of course," said I, blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say something, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgment unbiassed, I won't describe him to you."

"Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jennie had no such smother—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, whichever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him?"
"We have not decided upon a name."

"Indeed! I thought she meant to give him yours!"
"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No; one of a name is enough in a family," I answered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that, to my thinking, had instigated my fair companion, heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various, indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston. Yet I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flash stealing up my temples, every time I met the look of those beautiful blue eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companion's eyes droop long and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly had courage to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not, as she thought it, that of a cousin and a friend. Recollecting, however, that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done; I preferred the usual civility. She slightly blue-headed, but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning her head lightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile. "As you are my cousin," she said. Soon after her eyes closed, and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace. I looked at the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue, that rested against me, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the bounding of the carriage rattled very much, but sat remorseful until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward, and awaking. "It is of no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said, "for it is very much in the way for me and I am sure it troubles you." So she removed it, giving me the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons and flowers, to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections, she resigned it, being, in truth, too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair, she leaned against my shoulder, and slept again. This time, when the motion began to shake and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm lightly round that slender waist, drew her head upon my breast, where it lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, but it is needless to say that I could not close my eyes, or quiet my conscience. I could only gaze down at that beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would spring up and confront me, if she were I was, and how I had deceived her, or dreaming more wildly still, reproduce it in a hundred scenes which I had never before passed to imagine, as the face of my wife. I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of my summer sojourns at Newport or Saratoga might be so dignified, and still less had I ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possible and far-off contingency.

Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife—never before, had I so longed to call anything my own, as I did that lovely face lying on my heart. No; I could not sleep!

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she, when the light of feeling and expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquently still. I don't think I looked at the Cataract as much as at her, or thought her one creation more beautiful and wonderful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me, in her innocent and charming way, calling me "Cousin Frank," and seeming to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly by her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward so quickly from the lounge seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me—to

have her hang on my arm—look up into my face—tell me all her little adventures alone, and chide me for leaving her so long. (How long it seemed to me) while every word, look, and smile, seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew the precarious tenure by which I held my right to them. She busied herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaged all over her trunks to find a book which I had expressed a desire to see—she mended my gloves, sewed the broken band of my traveling cap, and found my sgraw case whenever I lost it, which was twenty times a day, while she scolded me for the carelessness, which she declared almost equaled her own. Long ago she had given over, to my keeping, her elegant little porte monnaie, "with all her money in it, which she was sure she should lose, as she never could keep anything," and as she had ordered me to take out what was wanted for her traveling expenses, I opened it with trembling hands, when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which, with pious care, she had folded up into the very smallest possible compass, as much gold as the pretty toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring, too small to fit my fingers but here—which I am afraid I kissed—a card with her name on it, and a memorandum in a pretty hand, "No.—Olive Street, St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of the Cousin Jennie whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, so far, I had not found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances at least, and when with her, I forgot everything except her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be to her no more or less than her cousin should be: but out of that charmed presence my conscience made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; but when I was reserved, and ceremonious with her, she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name, "Florence," that had I dreaded as much I longed to do it, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause her unnumbered self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her, and leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last!" When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to commence in earnest, the thought of the coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew near. She was all gayety, and astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage, and followed her in, giving the address found in the porte monnaie, which fortunately was the right one, to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her bright face towards me—we were rattling up the street, and my time was short—"how can you be so cool and quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered, "the time has come in which I must confess to you that I have no more right in the home to which we are hastening, than to the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either, is that of an impostor and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, towards me.

"Thank Heaven I did not yet read fear and aversion in it."
"No right! no claim!" she repeated; "what can you mean?"

I told her, frankly and fully, the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, and concealing nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few last words of apology—
"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I blame and hate myself," I said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke, she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said, in a low voice.
"Do not misunderstand me, if I was so silent."

The coachman threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend, and to assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with a sad distress. She was already recognized,

for the door of the handsome house before which we stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman, followed by a fine-looking black-whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions, to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. Le Roy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me."

I glanced at her face to see if she were mocking me, but it was pale and grave.—Mrs. Le Roy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too well-bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband, in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or of anything except that I was still in the presence of Florence, from which I could not endure to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence, herself, presented me to the lady, who was a fixture, and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of the journey, in which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially inviting me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family.

I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her, left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw, with mute surprise that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said, hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me as I see you do. If I was silent while you so humbly apologized for the noble, generous, and honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was not from anger, believe me, but because I was at first too much astonished, afterwards too much moved and grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth!"

I don't know what answer I made, for the revelation of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down into her lovely face, that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung, how he would feel to be relieved.

Well, how time flies! It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet Cousin Jennie (my Cousin Jennie now) so bitterly reproaches us in her last letter, for not visiting her in all that time, that we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices, since Florence is Mrs. Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no longer blushing, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years standing, and I register our names in the hotel book, as "Mr. and Mrs. Chester Le Roy," and bless my lucky stars as I read it over. Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me, by past transactions, to write down this story) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of "dear Cousin Frank," as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking to her. Stupid, indeed, to prefer a black pen to those rosy lips. Was ever a man so happy in a "Slight Mistake!"

Hard Times.

They have out West, just now, what are termed in the language of the country "tough times." The traveling correspondent of the Madison (Wis.) Journal gives a very gloomy picture of his experience in the country. He writes:

"To travel among the farmers as we have done for the last four weeks, and hear 'hard times' repeated forty times a day as an excuse for not taking a paper, or paying up old scores, to see men, woman and children, in threadbare and tattered garments; paper pasted, boards nailed up, or old hats or cloths stuffed into windows where should be glass; to find country stores closed, or doing very little, men working for their board, or a mere trifle; promises to pay, whether verbal or written, of no account; men even denying their own notes; to see the closest economy practiced by all those whose large houses and barns indicate considerable means as well as those living in cabins; to hear the dolorous complaints of taxes—one realizes the severity with which the financial pressure is felt.

"There is a blind man on Pont-Neuf, in Paris, who has a placard on his neck which reads as follows:—'Give to-day, for God will return it to-morrow.' A joker recently suspended another over it, which read, 'I am an old blubber, and proprietor of fire houses. Give all your money to the cripple opposite.'"

The King of Spain's Cigars.

In addition to other bad qualities, Ferdinand VII., of Spain, possessed extraordinary powers of dissimulation, and it was observed that the persons towards whom he happened to manifest attentions of a more familiar kind than usual were sure to be the party whose ruin was determined on by the royal hypocrite. Amongst these attentions, the one most frequent was the presentation of a cigar, out of the royal "patche" itself. That at last became so common that the attendants could at once point out the person disgraced, by seeing him come from the royal apartments with a cigar in his hand.

It occurred one day that Castanos had an audience of the king, which lasted some time. Ferdinand chatted in his usual, easy, familiar, though not polished or dignified manner, and all the while continued his favorite mode of passing his time—smoking and drinking beer.

On Castanos taking leave, his majesty offered him half a dozen rich Havanas from the case, which was upon the table. Castanos, far from accepting the significant present, started back in dismay, and earnestly entreated his majesty to excuse him; he would rather not smoke for the present.

"Well, then, put them in your pocket, and smoke them when you get home."
"Thanks! thanks! a thousand times," stammered the affrighted duke. "I had rather not. Your majesty will, I hope—had the truth is, I—I—had rather not smoke. I have made a vow—a religious vow—against smoking; pray, your majesty, excuse me.—Lord save us!" he cried, as he saw the king approach him, and put the cigars in his hand.

"What, Castanos! Surely, have you given up smoking? See what thick smoke—what ashes of pearl, of an inch long at the end; and, oh! what a rich aroma!" his majesty exclaimed, as he showed practically, the beauties of a thick, light-brown regalia, that drew water from the mouth of Castanos, even when he resisted the temptation.

"May it please your majesty, it is exquisite; but my lumbago—headache—rheumatism—pains in my knees—palpitation of the heart—vows to St. Michael, impossible to break—cannot smoke, your majesty—cannot smoke. Do not ask me. Will your majesty permit me to retire?"

"Not until you take a cigar, they are magnificent," said the king, puffing away, as if for a wager.

"Oh! your majesty—to tell your majesty frankly and honestly the truth, I like a good cigar—and this avowal he made in an impassioned manner—but I have not the slightest liking for the Castle of Segovia, or any State prison in your royal dominions," and he clasped his hands behind his back, for fear of even touching with his fingers the dangerous cigars.

Ferdinand paused for a moment, as if searching in his own mind the cause for this answer. He soon guessed it, and burst out into a most unkindly roar of laughter at the dismay of his favorite and faithful general, Castanos, seeing the turn matter had taken, took a part in the royal cachination.

"Truly, Castanos," said the king, after gulping down a glass of beer to stop the hiccup his burst of merriment had brought on; "truly, child, (Castanos was then approaching seventy) this is too good. But never fear, Castanos; I pledge my word there is no cause for suspicion. No, Castanos, you need not fear; you shall never be sent to Segovia, or anywhere else in the way you hint at. Others may have cause to fear, but you have none. So, my good lad, take your cigar, in heaven's name, and smoke at your ease."

Castanos looked at his majesty between the eyes, to see if he was only joking; but fancying he could detect in Ferdinand's face the marks of sincerity that could seldom be traced there, he took the cigar from the royal hands, but still with the tips of his fingers, as if he thought the glorious weed was so much steel at a white heat. He then made a bow, and left the royal presence.

It is pleasing to add that, although Ferdinand sent to Castanos's house that same evening, it was only to present him with 6,000 of these same regalias.

"The selfish book-owner should be reminded of the anecdote of the poor student, at college, who sent a note to one of the professors to ask the loan of a book. The professor's reply was, that he never lent books to any one, but that the student was very welcome to come to his library and read all day long. Soon after this denial, on one frosty morning, the professor, not being able to get his fire to burn, sent to the poor student to borrow a pair of bellows.

"No," said the youth, "I never lend my bellows to any one, but the professor is quite welcome to come here and blow my fire all day long."

"An English author of very great pretensions, gives notice that he has discovered some momentous truths, and that he shall unfold them from time to time 'as men's minds can bear them.' He is as considerate as the fire fly who was careful to reveal her bright tail gradually, lest she might blind creation by too sudden and vivid a flash of lightning.

"A paragraph in an Edinburgh paper announced that a celebrated vocalist had met with a serious accident by the upsetting of his carriage. The same authority shortly after announced that he had so recovered as to be able to appear before the public the following evening in three parts.

Rather Tough.

In a recent lecture upon the subject of Arctic life, Mr. Rees said—"On the journey I saw a very curious instance of the sagacity of the Arctic Fox. Concluding that I was aiming at him, he tacked his tail under his legs, cocked up his ears, and endeavored to make himself look as much as possible like a hare, which is an animal comparatively worthless. Another fact of this kind occurred to me. Whilst being detained at a particular place, our favorite amusement was trapping wild animals. Our mode of doing this was by a spring gun connected with the bait, which when touched produced the explosion. One instance showed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's fate or from hard earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and, the danger being averted, went and ate the most undisturbed comfort. And it is a common occurrence for the fox to make a trench up to the bait, seize it, and calmly permit the charge to pass harmlessly over his head.

A Suitor's Testimony.

A man who has been West and been chased by an Indian, makes the following matter-of-fact observations:

"Much has been said by poets and romantic young ladies about the picturesque aspects and the noble form of an untamed, untamable warrior of the prairie, and far be it from me to gainsay them. An Indian is a noble spectacle—in a picture, or at a safe distance—but when this noble spectacle, is moving his mocassins in your direction, and you have to do some tall walking in order to keep the capillary substance on the summit of your cranium, all his 'nobility' vanishes, and you see him only a painted, greasy miscreant, who will, if you give him a chance, life your hat with the same Christian spirit, composed and most serene, with which he would ask another 'spectacle' for a little more of that 'baked dog.' I used to think like the poets; now the sight of an Indian gives me a cramp in the stomach."

A good looking fellow was arraigned before the Police Court, charged with having stolen a watch. It was his first error, and he was in very gentle tones, and asked him what had induced him to commit the theft. The young man replied that, having been unwell the Doctor advised him to take something, which he had accordingly done. The Judge was rather pleased with the humor of the thing, and asked what had led him to select a watch. "Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only had the time, that nature would work a cure!"

PRAYER.—Is not prayer a study of truth—a rally of the soul into the unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without learning something; but when a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see it in the light of thought, shall, at the same time, kindle sympathy with the fire of the holiest affections, then will God work forth anew into the creation.—R. W. Emerson.

A German clergyman, by way of giving point to a eulogy of a dead man, at a funeral, declared that his own experience would prove that the defunct was the most generous of men, as he had long ago borrowed forty dollars of him, of which to his dying day he had never asked the payment. Of the debt thus acknowledged before witnesses, however, the heirs, the next day, demanded the payment with interest!

It is a prevailing idea among some people, that because editors, in referring to themselves use the word "we," they consider, they amount to two or three ordinary men. This is a mistake. Editors are naturally a very modest and unassuming class—indeed, remarkably so. The word "we" merely includes the editor and the devil. The custom originated with Faust, the founder of the distinguished profession.

A gentleman in the habit of entertaining, very often, a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked; and determining to cure him upon a repetition of the offence, he said—"For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful." The effect may be imagined.

A country editor, speaking of a member of the Assembly, says, "The first year he went to Albany, he was so conscientious as to utterly refuse to receive his allotment of stealings, in the shape of books and stationery. The next year he did not hesitate, and finally came home unable to tell the truth under the most favorable circumstances."

Lawyer W., while entering his cold bed in a cold winter night, exclaimed, "Of all the ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow, would be going about town each night as this, and getting into bed for folks."

There are some men whose opposition can be reckoned upon against everything that has not emanated from themselves.

Be not easy exceptions, nor rudely familiar; the one will breed contention, the other contempt.