

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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## Poetical.

### A Sunday Hymn.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Lord of all being! thronged afar,  
Thy glory shines from sun and star;  
Whose light and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how dear!

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;  
Our morning is thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before thy ever-shining throne,  
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living alters claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

## Miscellaneous.

### The Empire of China.

The Chinese empire is one of the mysteries of the earth, and every thing known respecting it cannot fail to be interesting. In its physical aspect it presents to our contemplation a vast area of seven millions of square miles, being somewhat less than a tenth part of the inhabitable globe, governed by one man, of foreign race, and containing a dense population, with a peculiar civilization, yet carefully secluded from all other nations, and by their peculiar language and literature, their physical characteristics, and national customs, distinguished from every other race. It is not surprising that a people thus circumstanced should be an object of intense curiosity, or that the mystery which hangs over them and their country should have led to an exaggerated idea of their antiquity and attainments.

In the thirteenth century Marco Polo penetrated to Cathay from Turkestan, but in the fifteenth, China still remained unknown to Europeans, the accounts of the early travellers being regarded with suspicion. It was from the Portuguese navigators who succeeded Vasco da Gama, and who reached that country across the Indian sea that Europe first received any certain information of the situation, extent, and resources of China. Since then our knowledge has been largely increased, but its proportions are scanty, owing to the Chinese jealousy and hatred of foreigners. The Portuguese managed early to get settled in the island of Macao; but it was long afterward before England obtained permission to build a factory at Canton. English diplomacy in that distant region seems to have been a miserable failure. The first attempt to open an amicable intercourse was made by Lord Macartney, and failed, although a gracious audience was vouchsafed.

Lord Amherst was the next ambassador, and returned as he went; and rely all our information of the state of China in the interior has been obtained from the works of Christian missionaries. It is essentially an agricultural country, although its commerce is considerable; but at present the character of the people invites more attention. Matteo Ricci describes it as a nation of subjugated and well disciplined barbarians. A most absolute despotism has either acquired, or preserved for China, the forms of patriarchal government; but since the country fell under the yoke of the Manchus, the whip of the Tartar has been enjoined with the paternal rod by which China was previously governed. The Emperor is styled the Sacred Son of Heaven, sole ruler of the earth, the father of his people. Offerings are made to his image and his throne; his person is adored; his people prostrate themselves in his presence; the noblemen of his court, when addressed by him, and receiving his orders, must bend the knee. When this demi-god goes abroad all the Chinese take care to shut themselves up in their houses. Whoever is found in his way is exposed to instant death, unless he turns his back or lies flat with his face to the ground. All the shops by which the emperor is to pass must be shut; and this prince never goes out without being preceded by two thousand lictors, carrying chains, axes, and various other instruments, characteristic of Eastern despotism. The power of the mandarin is fully as absolute as that of the sovereign, from whom he derives his authority. An officer of this description, on entering a city, can order any person whom he chooses to be arrested, and to die under his hand, and no one can venture to undertake his defence. He is preceded by a hundred executioners, who, with a sort of yell, announce his approach. The mandarin himself, however, is at the mercy of the emperor. For the slightest provocation the emperor will order the mandarin.—In short, all the notions of a Chinese from his infancy are directed to a single point—obedience. The sacred nature of social rank is perpetually impressed on his mind by innumerable ceremonies. At every step he makes a bow; every phrase that he utters must be a compliment; not a word can be addressed to a superior without calling to mind his own utter insignificance. In a word, the Chinese are the most cringing, abject and servile people in the world; and when it is borne in mind that their religion is a gross materialism, can it be wondered that they are base, brutal and barbarous, prone to lying and deception, indifferent to human life, and utterly ferocious in their hatred of strangers?—*Balfour's Pictorial.*

## A Proud Heart Humbled.

BY LOUIZA A. MOUTON.

The March wind had darkened down upon the little New England village of Ashdale. It was a pretty place in summer, lying between two hills, on whose summits the ash trees lifted their green arms to the sky all the long, bright days, as if imploring a benediction, or spread them out lovingly over the white houses that nestled around the one church in that vale below.

But to-night it wore a different aspect. A storm was upon the hills. A little snow and hail were borne upon its wings, but not much. Chiefly it was the force of rushing winds, shaking the leafless ash trees, hurling against closed windows; and whining the bell in the old church tower, till it gave forth, now and then, a dirge-like appeal, as if the dead were tolling their requiems.

Many houses there were where the wild scene without seemed but to heighten by the force of the contrast, the blessed calm within—homes where smiling infants slept warm and still, through the twilight pillowed on their mothers' bosoms, and happy children gathered round the knee of father or grand sire, to hear again some simple story; or thoughtful ones looked into the fire, and fashioned from the embers brave castles, in which they were to dwell in the coming time, with over all, the sunshine of youth and hope. Twenty years from now they would look again into the embers, and see these fair castles, in which they had never come to abide, with ruined windows and blackened walls.

"The twilight of memory over all  
And the silence of death within."  
But in one house no stories were told to gladden listening ears—no soft evening hymns hushed slumbering babies to rest—no children's eager eyes looked into the embers. It was the staidest house, by far, in the village—a lofty mansion, gleaming white through the trees, with the roof supported by massive pillars. Nowhere did the evening fire burn brighter, but into it looked two old people worn and sorrowful, with the shadows of grief and time upon their shriveled faces—two who had forgotten, long ago, their youth's fair castles—who looked back over wasted fields of memory, where not even the setting sun rays gilded the monuments built to their dead hopes.

They sat there silently. They had sat silently ever since the darkness gathered.—The lofty, well-furnished room was lighted only by the wood fire's glow, and in the corners strange shadows seemed to gather, with beckoned hands and white brows gleaming spectrally through the darkness. Toward them, now and then, the wife looked with anxious, searching gaze; then turned back again toward the fire and clasped her hands over the heart that had learned through many trials the hard lesson of patience.

Judge Howard was a stern, self-contained man. In his native town, where he had passed all his life, none stood higher in public esteem. Toward the poor he was liberal—towards his neighbors just and friendly; yet, for all that, he was a hard man, and only his wife, whose habits were granite. His wife had come to know this, even in the honey-moon. The knowledge was endorsed by her sad waiting face, her restrained manners.

His daughter, Caroline, his only child, had learned it early, and her father, become to her as much an object of fear as of tenderness. And yet he loved those two with a strength which one more yielding could not have fathomed. When his child was first put into his arms, when her frail helpless hands groped blindly at his own, he felt the strong thrill of fatherhood sweep over him. For the moment it swelled his soul, irradiated his face, but did not permanently change or soften his nature. As she grew toward womanhood and her bright head gleaming in his path, was the fairest sight earth held, her ringed voice the sweetest music, he never gratified her whims, nor always yielded to her reasonable wishes.

At length love came to her. She gave her heart to one whose father Judge Howard hated. James Huntley and he had been young together, and a feud had risen between them, which Rufus Howard's stern nature allowed him neither to forget nor forgive. He had yet to learn the lesson holier than philosophy, loftier than all the teachings of seers and sages, the lesson our Saviour lived and wrought, ate, and died to teach, of forgiveness even for our enemies—prayer for those who have spitefully used us and persecuted us. His former enemy was dead now; but not so with the Judge's hate. It had been transmitted, like real estate, to the dead man's heir, and so he forbade his daughter to marry him; and sternly bade her choose between parents and lover.

She inherited her father's strong will, and she put her hand in Richard Huntley's and went forth—she would not have been her father's child if she had not—without a tear. From that time, for ten years, her name had been a forbidden word. Letters she had written at first, during her banishment, but they had been sent back unopened, and for years no voice or token had come to tell whether she were dead or living. Therefore the mother looked shudderingly into the shadow-haunted corners in the long twilight, and almost believed that she saw there the face for which her mother's heart had yearned, momentarily, all those years.

Judge Howard loved his wife too—oh, but if she knew it! Every outline of that sad, waiting face, every thread of that silver hair, was dearer to him now than when bridal robes crowned the girl bride he had chosen,

but his lips never soothed away the sadness of the patient face.

"It is a terrible night," he said at length rousing himself from his long silence. In the pause after his words you could hear how the wind whistled the house, groaning among the trees, and sighed along the garden walk.

"Yes, a terrible night," his wife answered with a shudder. "God grant no poor soul may be out in it shelterless."

"Amen; I would take in my worst enemy on such a night as this."

His worst enemy; but would he have taken in his own child; the daughter with his blood in her veins, fed once at his board; warmed at his hearth! If this question crossed the wife's mind, she gave no utterance.

"Shall I light the candle, Rufus?" she asked meekly.

"Yes, it is almost bed time. I had forgotten how long we were sitting in the dark—I will read now, and then we shall be better in bed."

He drew toward him the Bible, which lay between the candles she had lighted—it had been his habit, for years, to read a chapter in it nightly. Somehow, to-night, the pages opened to the beautiful, ever new story of the prodigal son. Judge Howard read it through calmly, but his hand trembled as he shut the book.

"Hannah," he began, and then paused as if his pride were still too strong to permit him to confess himself in the wrong. But soon he proceeded. "Hannah, I do suppose that was written as an example to those who should seek to be numbered with the children of God. He is our father and his arms are ever open to the wanderer. My heart misgives me sorely about Caroline. She would not have disobeyed me, but—do I ever disobey God, and where should I be if He measured out to me such measure as I have measured to her. Oh, Hannah, I never felt before how much I needed to be forgiven."

The mother's tears were falling still and fast—he could not answer. There was silence for a moment, and then again the Judge said restlessly—"Hannah! and she looked up into his white moved face. "Hannah, could we find her? Do you think she still lives—our own child?"

"God knows, my husband. Sometimes I think that she is dead. I see her face on dark nights, and it wears a look of heavenly peace. In the winds I hear a voice that sounds like hers, and she seems to try to tell me she has found rest. But no, no!" her face kindled—"she is not dead, I feel it in my soul. God will let us see her once more. I am her mother. I shall not die till my kisses have rested on her cheek, and my hand touched her hair. I believe I have a promise, Rufus."

"God grant it, Hannah," after these words they both sat silently again listening.

They had heard the outer door open, but now a step sounded in the hall, and the door of the room where they sat was softly unclosed. They both started up—perhaps they half expected to see Caroline; but it was only their next neighbor, holding by the hand a child. She spoke eagerly, in a half confused way, which she did notice.

"This little one came to my house, Judge, but I didn't room to keep her so I brought her over here. Will you take her in?"

"Surely, surely. Come here, poor child." Who had ever heard Judge Howard's voice so gentle? The little girl seemed somewhat assured by it. She crept to his knee, and lifted up her face. The Judge bent over her; whose were those deep blue eyes? Where had he seen that peculiar shade of hair, like the shell of a ripe chestnut? Did he not know those small, sweet features, the wistful mouth, the delicate skin? His hands shook.

"Whose—whose child are you? What—what is your name?"

"Grace," and the little girl trembled visibly.

"Grace Huntley," said the neighbor's voice, growing somewhat quivering now.—"Grace Huntley. You can not help knowing that fact, Judge. It is a copy of one which belonged once to the brightest and prettiest girl in Ashdale."

The old man—she looked very old now, shaken by the tempest in his strong heart as the wind shook the leaves outside—drew the child into his bosom with an eager, hungry look. His arms closed around her as if they would hold her there forever.

"My child, my child," burst like a sob from his lips, and then he bent over silently. At first his wife had stood by in mute amazement, her face almost as white as the snow that trembled around it. Now a thought pierced her, quick and keen as the thrust of a sword. She drew near and looked pitceously into the neighbor's eyes.

had been the sin of his life. He sank upon his knees enfolding his daughter and her child, and his old wife crept to his side, and knelt beside him, while from his lips Mrs. Marsh heard as she closed the door, and left the now united family to themselves, this prayer:

"Father forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Judge Howard had not uttered it before for ten years.

After that night the Judge's mansion was not only the staidest, but the happiest home in Ashdale. Caroline Huntley had borne as long as she could the burden of her father's ungodly anger, and when the weight on her heart had grown too heavy to be endured she started with her child home. The stage had set them down that stormy night in her native village, and the forgiveness for which she scarcely dared hope had expanded into a welcome.

The old people could not again spare their daughter, and they summoned Richard Huntley home. A son he proved of whom any father might be proud, and in after years no shadow brooded over the peaceful dwelling, where once more children's feet danced around the hearth-fire, and children's fancies built castles in the embers; no shadow until the last darkness came which should be the night of those which should rise the calm morning of eternity.

## Big Brindle.

In Nashville, many years ago, there resided a gentleman of great hospitality, large fortune, and though uneducated, possessed of hard-nosed sense. Col. W. had been elected to the legislature, and had also been Judge of the County Court.

The elevation, however, made him somewhat pompous, and he became very fond of using big words. On his farm he had a large mischievous ox, called "Big Brindle," which frequently broke down his neighbors' fences, and committed other depredations, much to the Colonel's annoyance.

One morning, after breakfast, in presence of some large gentlemen who had staid with him over night, and were now on their way to town, he called his overseer and said to him:

"Allen, I desire you to impound Big Brindle, in order that I may hear no more of the sundry depredations on my estate."

Allen bowed and walked out sorely puzzled to know what the Colonel meant. So after Col. W. left for town he went to his wife and asked her what the Col. meant by telling him to impound the ox.

"Why," said she, "he meant to tell you to put him in a pen."

Allen left to perform the feat, which was no inconsiderable one, as the animal was very wild and vicious, and after a great deal of trouble and vexation, he succeeded.

"Well," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "that is impounding it! Now I'm dead sure the old Colonel will ask me if I have impounded Big Brindle and I'll puzzle him as bad as he did me."

The next day the Colonel gave a dinner party, and as he was not aristocratic, Allen, the overseer, sat down with the company.—After the second or third glass had been discussed, the Colonel, turned to the overseer and said:

"Eh, Mr. Allen, did you impound Big Brindle?"

Allen straightened himself, and looking around at the company said:

"Yes, I did; but old Brindle transcended the impoundment of the impound, and scotched all over the equanimity of the forest."

The company burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, while the Colonel's face reddened with discomfiture.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" said he.

"Why I mean Colonel," said Allen, "that old Brindle being prognosticated with an idea of cholera, ripped and tared, snorted and pawed dirt, jumped the fence—tuck to the woods, and wouldn't be impounded now."

## Anecdote of Washington Irving.

Says *Porter's Spirit*:—"A friend of ours, who occupies a lordly mansion in Twenty-ninth street, near Fifth avenue, was whitened contractor for building that section of the Croton Aqueduct which passed through Tarrytown. Soon after he had erected a rude building for the reception of the tools and of the workmen, and to afford himself a temporary shelter, while engaged in his responsible duties, an old gentleman, plainly dressed and of exceedingly unpretending manners, presented himself one day and commenced a conversation with our friend. A great many questions were asked, naturally suggested by the new enterprise of supplying New York city with water, and after a visit of an hour or so, the old gentleman quietly departed.—A few days afterwards, accompanied by two ladies, he again visited the headquarters of our friend, and entered into a more detailed conversation, seemingly intent upon finding out all that was to be learned about the proposed aqueduct.

These visits finally became a regular affair, and were continued twice a week, for a period of six months. The conversations were always confined to local subjects, and not a remark escaped from the visitor which was calculated to inspire curiosity, or suggest that he was other than some plain, god-natured person, with plenty of time on his hands, who desired to while away an hour or two in commonplace chat. In course of time our friend finished his labors at Tarrytown, but occasionally met his old friend on the little steamers that serve to connect our suburbs with the heart of the city. One day, while traveling along the Hudson, and busily engaged in conversation with the old gentleman, the steamer suddenly commenced pitching its bell, and made such a racket that our friend left his place, and hunting up the captain, asked him what all the noise was about?

"Why," replied that functionary, "we are opposite Sunnyside, and having Washington Irving on board, by this alarm his servant will be able to meet him at his landing with a carriage."

Our friend, in great enthusiasm, exclaimed: "Washington Irving! As on board; why, point him out to me; there is no man living whom I would more like to see."

At this demonstration, the captain looked quite surprised, and remarked, "Why, sir, you just left Washington Irving's company, and from the number of times I have seen you in familiar conversation with him on this boat, I supposed you were one of his most intimate friends."

The astonishment of our friend may be faintly imagined when he discovered that for more than half a year, twice a week, he had a long conversation with Washington Irving, a person to whom, more than any man living, he desired a personal introduction.

## The River Jordan.

A correspondent of the *Utica Herald* thus describes the river Jordan:

"A line of green, low forest trees betrayed the course of the sacred river through the plain. So deep is its channel and so thick is the forest that skirts its banks, that I rode within twenty yards of it before I caught the first gleam of its waters. I was greedily disappointed. I had heard the Jordan described as an inepid, muddy stream. Whether it was the contrast with the desolation around, or my fancy that made its green banks so beautiful, I know not, but it did not seem at the moment of its revelation to my longing eyes the perfection of calm and loneliness. It is hardly as wide as the Mohawk at Utica, but far more rapid and impassioned in its flow. Indeed, of all the rivers I have ever seen, the Jordan has the fiercest current. Its water is by no means clear, but it is little deserving the name of muddy. At the place where I first saw it tradition assigns the baptism of our Saviour, and also the miraculous crossing of the children of Israel on their entrance into the promised land.

Like a true pilgrim, I bathed in its waters and picked a few pebbles from its banks as tokens of remembrance of the most familiar river in the world. Three miles below the spot where I now stand, the noble river—itself very emblem of life—suddenly throws itself on the putrid bosom of the Dead Sea."

## Cleopatra's Needle in a Ditch.

In a ditch at Alexandria there is lying one of the greatest curiosities in the world. It is the property of the British nation; but the British nation in general does not seem to care about it. The case is different, however, with some sections of the British public who pass through Egypt, in their pilgrimage to or from India or Australia; the majority bring away a portion of this curiosity, it being nothing more nor less than Cleopatra's Needle. There it lies in a ditch, the butt end of the shaft embedded in the earth. The last time the writer saw it, (not very long ago) a Briton was sitting upon it, knocking off enough of the inscribed stone for himself and fellow travelers, with a hammer. The writer expatiated with his brother Briton, and reminded him that that wonderful relic of bygone days did not belong to him, but had been handsomely presented to the British nation, and therefore belonged to it. "Well, I know it does," he answered, "and as one of the British nation I mean to have my share."

An officer of the Bengal engineers, who was coming home on sick leave, protested that the removal of the Needle to England was not only feasible, but comparatively an easy task. "Captain (now Admiral) W. H. Smith, of the royal navy," he added, "one of the most scientific officers in the service, who was out here for many years surveying, on his return to England represented to the British government that the Needle might be easily removed and at a comparatively small cost." Mahomet Ali gave to the British this Needle and to the French the obelisk now in Paris. The letter was then upwards of 500 miles from Alexandria.—*The French at once set to work to remove their gifts; and great as the difficulty was, they accomplished their task gallantly, and set the obelisk up in their beautiful city of Paris, where it adorns the Place de la Concorde.—Dickens' All the year Round.*

## Brother Jonathan.

The origin of this term, as applied to the United States is as follows: When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary war, found a great want of ammunition and other means of defense, and on one occasion it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then governor of the State of Connecticut; and the General, placing the greatest reliance on his excellency's judgment, remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject."

The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforward when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a phrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan;" and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.

## Old Noah B.'s Question.

Old Noah B. was, in his old age, given, when in his cups, to religion. One day his "old woman" sent him out to split wood, but coming across a brandy bottle, he returned home very much "obfuscated," his errand unaccomplished. Taking a seat, he commenced with—

"Wife—wife, do you think the Lord, in his goodness (hic) kin send us all into fire everlasting?"

No answer from his wife, who was highly incensed to find her liege lord in such a condition.

"Wife, kin the Lord intend to burn us all in fire everlasting?"

Mrs. B. by this time was boiling over with indignation, but still no answer.

"Wife, (hic) do you think the Lord means (hic) to burn us all (hic) in fire everlasting?"

## Parental Sympathy.

Parents express too little sympathy for their children; the effect of this lamentable.

"How your children love you! I would give the world to have my children so devoted to me!" said a mother to one who did not regard the time given to her children as so much capital wasted. Parents err fatally when they grudge the time necessary for their children's amusement and instruction; for no investment brings so sure and so rich returns.

The child's love is holy; and if the parent does not fix that love himself, he deserves to lose it, and in after-life to bewail his poverty of heart.

The child's heart is full of love, and it must push out toward somebody or something. If the parent is worthy of it, and possesses it, he is blessed; and the child is safe. When the child loves worthy persons, and receives their sympathy, he is less liable to be influenced by the undeserving; for in his soul are models of excellence, with which he compares others.

Any parent can descend from his chilling dignity, and freely answer the child's questions, talking familiarly and tenderly with him; and when the little one wishes help, the parent should come out of his abstractions and cheerfully help him. Then his mind will return to his speculations elastic, and it will act with force. All parents can find a few minutes occasionally, during the day, to read little stories to the children and to illustrate the respective tendencies of good and bad feelings. They can talk to them about flowers, birds, trees, about angels, and about God.

They can show interest in their sports, determining the character of them. What is a surer way than this of binding the child to the heart of the parent? When you have made a friend of a child you may congratulate yourself you have a friend for life.

## "I'll Rest when I Get Home."

While I was walking through the street in the city of —, a few days ago, I passed a man whose head was whitened and body bowed by the hardships of not less than sixty years. His limbs trembled under their heavy burden, and with much apparent effort he advanced but slowly. I overheard him talking in a low and subdued voice, evidently mourning over his weariness and poverty. Suddenly his tone changed and his step quickened as he exclaimed, "I'll rest when I get home."

Even the thought of rest filled him with new life so that he pursued with energy his weary way. To me it was a lesson. If the thought of the refreshing rest of home encourages the care-worn laborer so that, almost unmindful of fatigue and burdens, he quickens his step homeward, surely the Christian, journeying heavenward, in view of such a rest, should press onward with renewed vigor.

This little incident often comes to mind amid the perplexing labors of the day, and stimulates me to more constant and earnest effort. Each laborer toiling in his Master's vineyard, bearing the heat and burden of the day, can say, "I'll rest when I get home." Here let us be diligent in the service of our Lord, remembering that our rest is above.—Fellow traveller, are your burdens grievous to be borne, so that you are ready to faint in the way? Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." To rest from toil is sweet; to rest from sin is Heaven.—*Christian Miscellany.*

## The Chess Board.

It is related of the inventor of the game of chess that on being promised by the king whom he first taught the game, that he should have any reward he might ask for, meekly replied that he would be content if the king would give him one kernel of wheat on the first square, two on the second, four on the third, eight on the fourth, and so on doubling up to the sixty-fourth square. The king gladly acceded to this seemingly modest request, and ordered his attendants to bring in the wheat, which they began to do—but, to the astonishment of the monarch it was found that there was not wheat enough, and never had been enough, in his dominions, to pay off the crafty inventor. A correspondent who has been "figuring on it," says that, to fulfill the king's promise, it would take thirty trillion, twenty-seven billion, ninety-seven million, one hundred and eighty-four thousand, four hundred and eighty-five bushels of wheat—amounting 600,000 kernels to the bushel. This would cover the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware all over to the depth of a mile and a quarter. Were the kernels laid together, end to end, they would reach two billion, three hundred and twenty-seven million, eight hundred and ten thousand, three hundred and ninety-two times around the earth. Here is the exact number of kernels the chess inventor asked for—9,227,736,736,934,775,136!

An Irish gentleman, remarkable for his devotion to the fair sex, once remarked: "Never be critical on the ladies. Take it for granted that they are all handsome and good. A true gentleman will never look on the faults of a pretty woman without shutting his eyes."

It is said by some Yankees to be an excellent plan always to measure a man's length before you kick him, for it is better to bear an insult than to make an unsuccessful attempt at thrashing a fellow, and get your eye-teeth knocked out.

A colored cook expected company of her own kind, and was at a loss how to entertain her friends. Her mistress said:—"Chloe, you must make an apology."—"Laws, how can I make it! I got no spuds, no eggs, no butter, no milk to make it wid."

When you have occasion to utter a rebuke, let your words be soft and your arguments hard.

It is stabbly ingratitude—men go drunk, and then lay the fault on the wind.