

THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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Poetical.

THE SNOW.

There is a moral in the snow, the falling snow, coming in angel purity from heaven, to be begrimed and trodden down in the highways, and finally to be dissolved into a glistening mass with garbage and slush—Who has paraphrased this moral so charmingly? We find the following floating about in the sea of newspaperdom, and, though its misanthropic cadences fall upon our ear like the strains of well remembered music, we cannot recall the author's name. It is worthy of Hood or Lamb, but is now a wail waiting to be reclaimed. Read it, dear friends, and again thank God that you are not reckless, hopeless, homeless, desolate, wandering on the earth when the Frost King rules its despatches with his terrible sceptre, hoping and yet not daring to die.—*Louisville Journal.*

Once I Was Pure.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flitting,
Whirling along,
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong!
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its swiftest fan,
It plays its game with every one,
Changing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye
And even the dog, with a bark and a bound,
Frap at the crystals that eddy around,
The town is alive, and its heart is a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How the wild crows were straying along,
Hailing each other with honor and song!
How the gay crows, like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then fast to the eye;
Kinging,
Swinging,
Fishing they go,
Or the crest of the beautiful snow:
Now so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in the mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it melts with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like a star from heaven to hell,
Fell to be trampled as with the street;
Fell to be soiled, to be spit on and beat;
Fleeting,
Cursing,
Breathing to die,
Killing my soul to whoever would buy,
Drooping in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father,
Mother,
Sisters, all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall;
The verdict which goes shivering by,
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too light;
For all that is on or above me, I know,
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the night comes a-curl,
If the snow and the ice track my desperate brain,
Fainting,

Miscellaneous.

A Neighboring Correspondence.

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that, in future, he will no spell pigs with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he add the letter to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's letter unopened—the imprudence it makes being only qualified by its vulgarity."

Question for a Debating Society.

The question before the meeting is this: If a fellow—what is a fellow—and his gal—are about to be parted for a time—and they propose to exchange degerretotypes, and for that purpose the fellow goes into a daguerretypes shop—and is to pay for having the "pictures took," and he has only money enough to pay for one picture in a magnificent case—and one picture in an ordinary case—which picture should be put in the magnificent case—his own ugly mug or her's? Would it be gallant in him to put her mug in the ugly case? Would it be generous in him to put his mug in the ugly case which she is to keep? That's the question before the meeting.

"A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue; a heart full of notions is better than a head full of notions; a man may be a great scholar, and yet be a great sinner."

"When a house is on fire, the blaze is more quickly seen from without than within; it is the same with the ruin of a State."

The Heavy Cross.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Robert Hope and Samuel Hollins had lived next door to one another for more than twelve years, and it is probable that they would have continued to live in harmony, if Samuel, who had served under Nelson, had not gained at Trafalgar a small pension which he had paid for by the loss of one of his legs. Now partly that leg, and the more that pension, were constant objects of jealousy for Robert; he blamed fate for having left him his two legs and he complained bitterly because he could not, as he said, sell his legs at the same price as Hollins. Every time that he went to pay his rent, he repeated grumblingly that his neighbor was a very happy man; that he was well able to pay his rent, the king gave him such a good pension.

At first, Robert contented himself with talking of his grievances to himself; but little by little his discontent was expressed more loudly, and soon it became his habitual and favorite topic of conversation. One week when he was behind-hand with his rent, and as he was going toward the house of Mr. Taylor to make his excuses, he met his neighbor Hollins, who was going as regular as a clock to pay his rent. The very sight of Samuel had on Robert the effect of sickness; so when he bowed his head in reply to the salutation of Hollins, his face singularly resembled that of a bull showing his horns to a dog. On reaching the house of the landlord, Hope was severely reprimanded, and the example of his neighbor held up to him, as always paying regularly and to the last penny.

"Yes, yes," muttered Robert, "there are some who are born with their mouth full of money; Hollins is very happy, but I am not astonished that a person can pay regularly when he has such a pension as his."

"Hollins has a pension, is it so?" replied Mr. Taylor, "but his is really a heavy cross, and if you were afflicted with it you would complain much more."

"Not at all," replied Hope: "I had been happy enough to lose a leg, as he was, it would have been a famously productive day for me. I would sell all my limbs at the same price that Samuel has. Do you call his wooden leg a heavy cross? For my part, I think his pension ought to make it light. The heavier cross that I know of, is to be obliged to work uncessantly to pay your rent."

Mr. Taylor was a good natured man, and a keen observer. He had for a long time remarked Robert's envious disposition, and he resolved to convince him that with a discontented spirit the lightest cross would soon become heavy.

"I see," said he to Hope, "that you are disposed to do nothing; very well. I can free you from the necessity of working, which you think so grievous. You think the cross of your neighbor Samuel easy to bear, do you? If you will accept of one much lighter, I will engage to hold you quit of your rent."

"But what kind of a cross will you put on me?" asked Robert, uneasily, for he feared that the proposition would not be accepted.

"Such as this," said Mr. Taylor, taking a bit of oak and tracing a white cross on Robert's coat; "as long as you wear this I will not ask your rent."

"By St. George!" cried he, "you may be sure that you have seen the last of my money, for I will carry such a cross all my life!"

Robert soon left, congratulating himself on his good luck, and all along the road he laughed at the folly of Mr. Taylor in giving up his rent so easily. He had never felt happier in all his life than when he reached home; even his dog came and set down at its feet without being punished for his familiarity. As he sat down on entering the house, his wife did not at first see the white cross he had on his shoulder; but passing behind her husband to wind up the clock, she cried out at once, in a sharp voice—

"Ah! Robert, where have you been? you have a cross a foot long on your back. You must have come from the tavern, and I suppose some friend has played you this trick to make you look like a booby—as if you needed a mark for that! Get up, and keep quiet till I brush off that cross!"

"Get off!" cried Hope, turning away quickly; "my clothes have no need of you; go and knit your stockings, and let me alone."

"That I will not!" said Mrs. Hope, in a still sharper voice. "I do not wish my husband to become the laughing stock of the village, and if I tear your coat in pieces, you shall not wear that ridiculous cross!"

So saying, the whole household endeavored to brush Robert's shoulder, and he, knowing that resistance was useless, fled, shutting the door violently.

"What a fury!" murmured he; "if she had been more gentle, I would have told her my good luck; but she is not worthy of knowing it."

"O—Robert!" cried the old man Fox, the moment Hope turned the corner of his house; "what is that white cross you carry on your back?"

"Mind your own business," replied Hope, insolently.

"Mr. Hope," said little Patty Stevens, the daughter of the grocer, "stop a moment, if you please, till I rub off the cross some one has made on your shoulder!"

"Go and sell your herrings, girl," replied

Robert, "and don't trouble yourself about the passer-by."

The little girl, confused, hastened into her mother's shop. Just then, Hope reached the house of the butcher, who was chatting with his neighbor the blacksmith.

"You are just the man we want," said they, stopping Robert, and they immediately began to talk of business; but hardly had they begun, when an old woman, Peggy Turton came up, dressed in her plaid and blue apron.

"Heavens, Mr. Hope!" cried she, gathering up her apron with her hands, "what a horrible thing on your back!"

Robert turned round to let her to let it alone; but when the blacksmith perceived the mark—"Look!" said he, laughing, "he can serve as a sign for the inn of the White Cross!"

"I suppose," added the butcher, "that his wife put this mark on his shoulder for fear of losing him."

Hope felt that there was but one way to escape their jokes, so he hastily left the place but not without telling them idlers; the cross began to weigh on his shoulders more than he had at first supposed it possible.

The unhappy Robert seemed destined this day to unpleasant meetings, for scarcely had he taken a few steps when he found himself in the midst of the school children. The school was over, and the scholars burst out into the road, disposed to make the most of any occasion for frolic which might present itself. Hope was seized with a terrible restlessness; he seemed ready to hear the hue and cry after him. Before long his fears were realized; and at least fifty scholars began to run after him, pointing at him and throwing their bonnets and caps in the air.

"Look, look!" cried one; "he looks like a sheep marked for the butcher!"

"Do you not see," said another, "that he has been crossed, and is going to leave for Palestine!"

And the shouts of laughter began again louder than ever. Hope now became pale with anger; he turned round like a surly house-dog worried by children, and perhaps would have taken cruel revenge on his persecutors, if Mr. Johnson, the schoolmaster, had not just then shown himself at the door of his house.

Robert went towards him and began to complain that his school was composed of vegetables and insolent children. Mr. Johnson replied gently that he would not for all the world encourage impertinence in his scholars, but that the white cross which he had on his back would make people wiser than children laugh.

"What business is that to you?" replied Robert, haughtily; "is not my back my own property?"

The schoolmaster bowed, and Hope continued his way. But the cross bore more and more heavily on his shoulders. He began to think it would not be so easy to avoid paying Mr. Taylor his rent after all. If so many jokes follow him already, what would it be when they knew the reason of this ornament! Reflecting thus, Robert came near the tavern; he was going to pass on, when he perceived Mr. Taylor himself a few steps in advance, and on the other side his neighbor Hollins, dragging along his wooden leg, and chatting with Harry Stoke, the carpenter.

Harry Stoke was the wit of the village, and on no account did Hope wish to be joked by him before Hollins. So he took refuge in the tavern. But that was not long tenable. The drinkers were not slow to perceive the cross, and joked Hope about it; a quarrel broke out, and the inn-keeper fearing something serious would happen, had Robert put out of his house by his man.

Robert had left his own house, intending to go and look after some work which had been offered him in the neighboring village, but his temper had been so ruffled by the old man Fox, Patty Stevens, the blacksmith, the butcher, Peggy Turton, and the scholars, that he decided to return home, thinking that after all he should be more quiet there. So he started for home.

Sometimes he would walk quickly so as not to be overtaken; then he would take a step or two, and then he would pass some one he would see in advance; sometimes in the road, sometimes in the fields, he would glide behind bushes and jump over walls, and fly from the sight of men with as much care as a robber who had stolen a chicken from a farm-yard—all this time the white cross was insupportably heavy. At last he reached home, and he hoped now to find a little quiet. But as soon as his wife saw him she cried out:

"Are you not ashamed to come back as you went out? Already five or six of our neighbors have asked me if you had not lost your senses. Quick, now, let me pass my apron over that cross!"

So saying, Mistress Hope tried to get hold of her husband's arm; but he rudely pushed her back. Mistress Hope, who was not overburdened with patience, replied with a blow, and the result was a fight between the two, to the great scandal of the neighbors, who ran to separate them.

It is not necessary to say that everybody decided against Robert, who at first braved the general disapprobation, and even found consolation in his fury; but the more impetuously the fire burns, the sooner it consumes that which nourishes it; and even as passionate men soon exhaust their energy by the violence of their feelings, Robert, on becoming calmer had not the courage to continue this painful contest; he felt that there was no hope of quiet for him, either

out of doors or in his own house as long as he wore that cross on his coat, and he decided to effect it that evening himself, of his own accord. The following Monday he went at an early hour to the house of his landlord with the rent for the week in hand.

"Ah, ah, Robert!" said Mr. Taylor, as soon as he saw him; "I thought you would repent of your bargain before long. This is a good lesson for cautious and impatient characters who are constantly complaining."

"Call to mind all that has happened, Mr. Hope, and remember that He who has created us has proportioned the burden to the back of each one of us. Do not complain of being less happy than others, for you do not know what your neighbors suffer. All crosses are heavy; that which makes them light is Patience, Hope and Faith."

The Olive and the Cedar.

We have read, with interest, an address from the distinguished Secretary of State, General Cass, delivered before the Kellogg Agricultural Society. Among the extracts we make are the following:

The Mount of Olives, which overlooks Jerusalem, derives its name from these trees existing there in the earliest ages, and at its foot, divided from it by the brook Cedron, is the garden of Gethsemane, forever memorable as a scene of the passion of our Saviour. Eight olive trees, bearing every mark of extreme age, are yet growing there, and tradition has invested them with a sacred character, as cotemporaries of the life and death of Jesus Christ. No believer in Christianity can gaze upon them as I have done, without feeling that source of association which connects us with names and deeds, long since passed away, when we stand upon the places they have made immortal. The world contains no such spot as this, where the mission of the Redeemer was fulfilled, and where he pronounced its termination in the declaration, "It is Finished."

The Cedar.—But the most interesting relic of the ancient vegetable creation, is to be found upon one of the ridges of Lebanon, not far from the renowned temple of Baalbek. It consists of twelve gigantic cedars, the remains of the primitive forest which once covered that great mountain chain of Syria, and which yet rear their heads, prodigies of vegetation, and each surmounted with a dome of foliage, overshadowing the spectator as in the time of biblical story.

One of them is forty-five feet in circumference, and six, both in size and height, tell the long ages that have swept over them, leaving them the most striking natural monuments that the eye can rest upon. What interesting associations cluster around them! They have been consecrated by history, religion and poetry. Their beauty has been recorded by Ezekiel, and their excellence and permanence by Solomon, who placed them at the head of the vegetable creation when he discoursed of trees, "from the cedar of Lebanon, even to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Could these mute memorials of bygone times tell the scenes that have passed in the shadow of their foliage, what lessons of power and of instability might they not teach in the long interval that has elapsed since these hills resounded with the noise of the workmen, preparing the timber for the Temple of Jerusalem, to the solitude which establishes its dwelling places where the Moslem plants his standard!

I have worshipped in many of the high places of the Old World—in the Cathedral of Christendom, the Basilic of St. Peter, when the Sovereign Pontiff, the head of the Catholic Church, ministered at the altar; and, although educated, as I have been in the simplicity of the Presbyterian faith, yet I could not look upon the imposing solemnities without feeling a reverential awe pass over me, as though I were in the presence of Him whose visible glory descended upon the Temple of Mount Moriah; and yet a naked Greek man, who it happened to be an annual feast when I was there, celebrated under the patriarch cedar, before a rude altar of unwrought stone, by a poor priest, surrounded by a little band of worshippers, with the cliffs of Lebanon around them—this primitive devotion in a temple not made with hands, has left traces upon my mind and memory more powerful than the most gorgeous ceremonies, and which no subsequent event can eradicate.

Self Evidently Drunk.

Old Judge —, who resides not very far about here, is known as one who never pays a debt if it can be avoided. His policy of money, however, and is a jolly, rollicking old chap. Gets pretty drunk, occasionally when, of course, some friends take care of him. Not long ago he fell into the hands of a man who held his note for a sum of money, and as it was a last chance, the friend divided into the old Judge's wallet, took out the amount, and put the note where the money had been. When the Judge awoke to consciousness, as was his wont, he took out his wallet to count how much money he was out. Finding his purse almost empty, he thundered:

"How did I spend all my money?"

"You paid off that note I held," answered the friend.

"Well," muttered the Judge, quietly stowing away his wallet, "I must have been very drunk!"

Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass—the jackass can't change his mind, and a man can—it's a human privilege."

Extraordinary Combination of Circumstances.

The simple and truthful narratives of personal and family adventure often exceed in strange interest the fictitious stories of romance, and the realities of common life, the vicissitudes and misfortunes of individuals, may often be traced to a single circumstance—the first link in the chain of Providence by which all the other events in their lives may be said to be suspended. The following extraordinary combination of circumstances is a striking exemplification of those remarks; and we shall proceed to tell the story in a way as plain and simple as we can, only promising that although, for obvious reasons, the names of the parties interested are not mentioned, the details are in every respect strictly true.

Somewhere about thirty years ago, at a place nearly twenty miles from London, a boy about eleven years of age was returning from school with his sister. They were smugling themselves on the road by running after and touching each other alternately in their youth's glee. They had arrived at a large playground or green, and he had "tigger" and touched his sister, and he had given her a slap on the face, when she gave him a push with her hand whereby he was overbalanced, and he fell into a large well behind; and, timid and amazed at his sudden disappearance, owing to her inadvertent act, off he ran. For some days a strict search in all directions was instituted for the boy, but without avail. Advertisements in the newspapers were also resorted to without effect; and the girl, bewildered, doubtless, and still hoping that her brother might yet make his appearance, or be discovered in some way, and, on the other hand, afraid that he might have perished in the well, refrained from explaining to her relatives the truth. The consequence was, that as time wore on, she fell into a state of dependency, but her friends could never ascertain the cause.

In the course of some years she was married. Her family often kindly inquired, and even pressed her to say whether any thing was weighing on her spirit, but she would give no explanation; and it may be added, as it will naturally be surmised, did not intend to do so until on her death-bed. In the mean time her brother, after having fallen as we have described, into the well, and sunk in the water, rose again to the surface, and lying hold of some projecting bricks or stones at the side of the well, called loudly for help. After some time a carrier, who was passing, heard the cries of the boy, and going forward to the mouth of the well, succeeded in rescuing him from his perilous condition. When he had recovered a little, the carrier asked the boy the name of his friends and where he resided, but he would not tell him, and said he had no friends, but wished and would be glad to go along with him. Though persuasion and entreaty the kind hearted carrier, thinking the boy an orphan, took him on along with him in his cart or wagon to London, and there gave him employment to run his messages. He afterward sent him to school, and thereafter to learn a trade; but he was a little wild in his disposition, and did not settle well to his employment.

In the course of time the news arrived of the discovery of the gold fields in Australia, and the carrier's son determined to proceed there, and as the boy expressed an anxious wish to accompany him, that wish was complied with, and he went out along with him. He was extremely prosperous, and wealth showed upon him. He acquired land and engaged servants, and, in short, Fortune was lavish to him of her gifts. But in the midst of his prosperity, he began to think of home and of his early associations, and of how his beloved sister might think him dead, and as having been drowned in the well, and he determined on returning home to gladden them with his presence, relate to them his fortunes, and dissipate their fears concerning him.

Having arrived in this country, he tried every means to ascertain where his friends lived, for they had removed from the home of his youth, and none in the neighborhood could tell him where they had gone.

A ter having made inquiries for a length of time without avail, it so chanced that on one occasion he went in England to see the Queen passing, and while witnessing the cortege, recognized in the features of a person present one whom he had known in his boyhood. He went forward and inquired his name, which he told, and mutual recognition took place. Then followed questions concerning his family, when it turned out that the friend whom he addressed had been married to his own sister—to that sister who had long been the subject of his waking dreams, and who had in his early years been the means, however inadvertently, of giving a direction to his course and to his subsequent fortunes. He was further informed that his sister was at the time residing in Strirling, and it need scarcely be said that he immediately posted off to Strirling, where he arrived about the 13th or 14th of September last year. The meeting which ensued between the long parted sister and brother can only be left to the imagination. The surprise, the conflicting emotions, caused by the reappearance of a brother, after such a long absence under the circumstances related, caused an indisposition, from which, we are glad to say, she has now recovered.—*Glasgow Daily Mail.*

The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a key-hole.

How to Think.

The late Mr. Bayle St. John, in his biography of Montaigne, thus describes the essayist's manner of seizing a thought:

"Montaigne made it, as it were, a business to think at his castle. He was ever on the look-out for ideas and images. A thought would suddenly strike him in the family part of his house, and he would often, not having his tablets at hand, hurry across the court and climb his tower, in order to set it down. Experience, however, had taught him that the thought might be lost on the way, he looked out of sight by some sudden gust of sensation; so he used to take care before setting out to tell it to his wife, his daughter, or anybody else who might happen to be at hand. Imagine a gaping servant-girl of Perizord being intrusted with such valuable deposits! What an amusing revelation is there in all this of Montaigne in his literary character—Montaigne the maker of books. His Essays were never out of his mind! He seems ever to have been employed in meditating and carefully inscribing his thoughts in his brain, so that his manner of speaking to others was constrained, dry and brief. He hastened back, as it were, to his own thoughts, for fear he should lose sight of them."

Of another of Montaigne's processes of thought, the biographer says:—"See how surely Montaigne proceeds when he undertakes to develop some moral idea! He knows who have said the best things on the subject. He turns to their pages, reads them over and over again, and perfectly corrects that his mind is not enslaved by theirs, makes use of their knowledge as they had made use of the knowledge of their predecessors; gives, perhaps, a touch here, and adds a tint there, and sometimes, having done no more than this, appeals to the judgment of the judicious whether he has not worked well; and cares nothing for the minute critic who follows him with a cry of 'Stop thief!'"

The Unity of the Bible.

As in Beethoven's matchless music there runs one idea, worked out through all the changes of measure and of key—now a certain hidden, now breaking out in rich natural melody, whispered in the treble, murmured in the bass, dimly suggested in the prelude, but growing clearer and clearer as the work proceeds, winding gradually back till it ends in the key in which it began, and closes in triumphant harmony—so throughout the whole Bible there runs one great idea—man's ruin by sin, and his redemption by grace; in a word, Jesus Christ the Saviour.

This runs through the Old Testament, that prelude to the New; dimly promised at the fall, and more clearly to Abraham; typified in the ceremonies of the law; and all the events of sacred history paving the way for his coming; his descent proved in the genealogies of Ruth and Chronicles; spoken of as Shiloh by Jacob, as the Star by Balaam, as Prophet by Moses, the David of the Psalms; the Redeemer looked for by Job; the Beloved of the Song of Songs. We find him in the sublime strains of the lofty Isaiah, in the writings of the tender Jeremiah, in the mysteries of the contemplative Ezekiel, in the visions of the beloved Daniel, the great idea growing clearer and clearer as the time drew on. Then the full harmony broke out in the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And evangelists and apostles taking up the theme, the strain closes in the same key in which it began—the devil, who troubled the first paradise, forever expelled from the second; man restored to the favor of God, and Jesus Christ the keynote of the whole.—*Taylor.*

Whipple on "Grit."

"Heroism materialized," is a capital definition of grit, and with that Whipple commenced his lecture on the subject. In a brief report in the *Courier* we read: "Of the various types of the grain of character he gave the numerous illustrations, speaking of that which, slashing through all propriety, and telling only plain and honest truth, was termed impolite and ungentle, of that which became at once a great social power. As the importance of this quality in the business relations of life, he affirmed that to be found in the power of saying no! under any and all circumstances. The iron like tenacity of the man of grit holds on to the successful end. In regard to public life and the importance of this quality in politics, it was well known that backbone without brains was stronger than brains without backbone, and the motto of political life—instead of being 'measures, not men,' or 'men, not measures'—should be 'measures in men.'"

In speaking of John C. Calhoun, he expressed the belief that that eminent statesman had stamped his individual mind upon the policy of our government more definitely than any man since Hamilton. He was finally a man whose audacity walked abreast with his genius. He was ever ready to meet opponents in argument, and effected a revolution in the mind of the South as remarkable as it was beneficial. The speaker thus proceeded at considerable length in his high and eloquent estimate of grit, as exhibited in all positions and conditions of life, and throughout commanded the close attention and interest of his auditors.

A wag who was asked to buy a Bank Note Detector, said he would purchase it if it would detect a bank note in his pocket.

Why is a hen immortal? Because her son never dies.

The Sequel.

Our readers have all heard the story of soaping the clergyman's tin-horn at camp-meeting—so that when he went to call the congregation together, he blew "soft soap" over his brother clergymen, and how he exclaimed:

"Brethren, I have sinned the Lord thirty years and in that time have never uttered a profane word, but I'll be d—d if I can't whip the man that soaped that horn!"

Our readers, we say, have all heard this, but have perhaps never heard the sequel as given us yesterday by a gentleman present.

Some two days after, a tall, swarthy, villainous-looking desperado, strolled on the grounds and leaned against a tree, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent, which was being made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat, and with his face between his hands commenced groaning in "the very bitterness" of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. Oh, no; there was pardon for the vilest. No; he was too wicked—there was no mercy for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the benevolent preacher—"have you stolen?"

"Oh, worse than that!"

"What! have you by violence robbed female innocence of its virtue?"

"Worse—oh, worse than that!"

"Murder, is it?" gasped the horrified preacher.

"Worse than that!" groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced "peeling off" his outer garment.

"Here, Brother Cole!" shouted he, "hold my coat—I've found the fellow that soaped that horn!"

John Phoenix in the Ladies' Car.

John Phoenix, the inimitable wit, thus tells an incident connected with a ride on the New York Central Railroad. He relates it in a letter in the *Kraickerbocker Magazine*, and puts it on record to serve as a caution to future innocent travelers. He says:

"I had observed at each change of the cars, and they were frequent, when the general scramble took place, one car was defended from the assault by a stalwart man, usually of stalwart persuasions, who, deaf to menaces, unsoftened by bribes, maintained his post for the benefit of the ladies."

"Ladies, car, sir, or you please, ferrod car for gentlemen without ladies."

"Need I say that this car was the most comfortable of the train, and with the stern resolve which ever distinguished me in the discharge of my duty toward myself, I determined to get into it. So when we changed cars at Utica I rushed forth and seeing a nice young person and a pretty face, urging her way through the crowd, I stepped up to her side, and, with my native grace and gallantry, offered my arm and assistance."

"We were graciously accepted, and, proud of my success, I urged my fair charge upon the platform of the ladies' car. My old enemy was holding the door."

"Is this your lady, sir?"

"With an inward apology to Mrs. Phoenix for the great injustice done to her charms, I replied 'yes.' Judge of my horror when this low employee of a monopolizing company, said, with the tone and manner of an old acquaintance—

"Well, Sal, I guess you've done well, but I don't think my family will think much of the match."

Wait.

Of course it is very hard to wait. No matter whether you have to wait in certainty or in doubt; whether in the fulfillment of a promise, or the arrival of a "ship-load of money," waiting is tedious, and one feels that patience is a virtue.

Young Hopful cannot wait for dinner, and spoils his appetite and digestion with apples, and bread and butter. Older grown, he cannot wait for his majority, and borrows. Let people wait, and they answer that life is all waiting, that they have waited long enough and waiting makes fools. Yet waiting is the school for moral strength; the greatest achievements have to be waited for. Small minds are always flinching and leaping, so when the time comes, they are found either stale or empty.—*London Times.*

Axe for Ask.

It is quite common for the lower order of Londoners to use the word *axe* for *ask*. There are a few persons in this country who do it, and are, of course, subject to sneers.—*Asking pardon of the sneerers, I have to say that there is very good authority for the supposed vulgar error. The learned Dr. John Clerk, in a letter to Cardinal Wolsey wrote: "The King axed after your grace's welfare;" and, in a letter from the Countess of Rich'mond and Derby, to her son, during the reign of that miserly old scamp, Henry VII., I find written: "an hearty blessing as he can ax;" So here we have both clerical and noble precedents, and before each authority it is to be hoped the critics will most profoundly perform the *How-to*.—*New York Courier.**

Why is a man immortal? Because her son never dies.