

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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## Poetical.

### Happiness.

When are we happiest? when the light of morn  
When the young zephyr from their crimson roset  
When cheerful sounds, upon the fresh winds borne,  
Till man resumes his work with blithe and joy,  
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen—  
Are we the happiest then?

When are we happiest? in the crowded hall,  
When Fortune smiles, and fatterers bend the knee!  
How soon—how very soon—such pleasures pall!  
How fast must falsehood's rainbow-coloring fall!  
Its poison flowers leave the sting of care!  
We are not happy there!

Are we the happiest, when the evening breath  
Is drearily sighing from the living flowers?  
When goeth round the laugh of brilliant mirth,  
And when affection from her bright eyes showers  
Her richest beam on the dilating heart?  
Bliss! is it there that art?

Oh, 'tis not there; it would be happiness  
Almost like heaven's, if it might always be,  
Those hours without one shadow of distress,  
And wanting nothing but eternity;  
But they are things of earth, and pass away—  
They must, they must decay!

When are we happiest, then? 'tis not in resignation,  
To whatso'er our cup of life may bring;  
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,  
Creatures of earth! and trust alone in Him  
Who giveth, in His mercy, joy or pain.  
Oh! we are happiest then!

## Miscellaneous.

### Mrs. Martineau on Early Rising.

I speak from experience here. For thirty years my business has lain in my study.—The practice of early rising was, I am confident, the grand preservative of health, through many years of hard work—the hours gained being given, not to book or pen, but to activity. I rose at six, summer and winter; and (after cold bathing) went out for a walk in all weathers. In the cold-weather, on the rainiest morning, I never returned without being glad that I went. I need not detail the pleasures of the summer mornings. In winter there was either a fragrant mist of gossamer moon hanging over the mountain, or some star quivering in the river, or icicles beginning to shine in the dawn, or, at sunset, some break in the clouds, some moss on the wall, some gleam on the water, which I carried home in the shape of refreshment. I breakfasted at half past seven, and had settled household business and was at my work at half past eight, fortified for seven hours' continuous desk work, without injury or fatigue.—Once a week.

### A True Lawyer.

Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans who would, on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate, of which there was a material defect in the title deeds, known only to their guardian, who wanted to get the estate vested in himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and then said to him: "Settle with these unhappy orphans honorably to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it was an ornament to the bar and the age he lived in.

### Doubters.

When we see a man who affects to doubt everything he hears, we never hesitate about writing him an ass. A great doubter is a solemn and self-conceited prig. How amusing it is to see the blockhead shake his empty pate, compress his lips into a sneer, and turn up his abused unmeaning eyes in dubious disbelief, when he hears something which he thinks it would imply sagacity to discredit! Such persons imagine, that to be a great doubter implies wisdom; whereas, in their case, it has its origin in constitutional phlegm and stupidity.

### Ingenuous Ideas.

The fact that the study of nature tends directly to the civilization of a nation was well understood, more than a century and a half ago, by that ingenuous, self-made man, Peter the Great, of Russia. He conceived the idea that a love for this department of science would contribute much toward the civilization and refinement of his barbarian subjects, and accordingly he established, at an enormous expense, a large museum of natural history at St. Petersburg; and, in order to induce his whiskey loving subjects to go there, he ordered a glass of brandy to be presented to every visitor.

### A Pretty Fancy.

When day begins to go up to heaven at night, it does not spread a pair of wings and fly aloft like a bird, but it just climbs softly up on a ladder. It sets its red sandals on the shrub you have watered these three days, lest it should perish with thirst; then it steps to the tree we sit under, and thence to the ridge of the roof. From the ridge to the chimney, and from the chimney to the tall elm; and from the tall church spire, and then to the threshold of heaven, and thus you can see it go as though it walked upon red roses.—Taylor.

A recent sensation novelist serves up the following choice morsel: "The heart of his rival, shall we venture to say it, would at that moment have been a most acceptable morsel to his burning throat, could he have pressed its quivering, warm and bleeding, between his teeth."

## The Yankee Schoolmaster.

The advent of Master Langdon to Pig-wacket Centre created a much more lively sensation than had attended that of either of his predecessors. Looks go a good ways all the world over, and though there were several good looking people in the place, and Major Bush was what the town called a "handsome man," that is, big, fat and red, yet the sight of a really elegant man, with the natural air which grows up with carefully bred young persons, was a novelty. The Brahmin blood which came from his grandfather as well as from his mother, a direct descendant from the old Flint family, well known by the famous tutor, Henry Flint, (see Cat. Harv. Ann. 1693,) had been enlivened and enriched by that of the Wentworths, which had had a good deal of ripe old Madeira and other generous elements mingled within, so that it ran to gout sometimes in the old folks, and to a high spirit, warm complexion and curly hair in some of the younger ones. The soft, curling hair Mr. Bernard had inherited—something, perhaps, of a high spirit; but that we shall have a chance of finding out by-and-by.—But the long sermons and the frugal board of his Brahmin ancestry, with his own habits of study, had too upon his color, which was subdued to something more of delicacy than one would care to see in a young fellow with work before him. This, however, made him look more interesting, or, as the young ladies at Major Bush's said, "interesting."

When Mr. Bernard showed himself at meeting on the first Sunday after his arrival, it may be supposed that a good many eyes were turned upon the young schoolmaster. There was something heroic in his coming forward so readily to take a place called for a strong hand and a prompt, steady will to guide it. In fact his position was that of a military chieftain on the eve of a battle. Everybody knew everything in Pig-wacket Centre; and it was understood that the young rebels meant to put down the new master if they could. It was natural that the two prettiest girls in the village, called, in the local dialect, as near as our limited alphabet will represent it, Almira Cutler and Arvilly Brown, should feel and express an interest in the good looking stranger, and that, when their flattering comments were repeated in the hearing of their indigent admirers, among whom were some of the older boys of the school, it should not add to the amiable dispositions of the turbulent youths.

Monday came, and the new schoolmaster was in his chair at the upper end of the school house, on the raised platform. The rustics looked at his handsome face thoughtfully, peaceful, cheerful, but sharply lighted about the eyes. The ringleader of the mischief-makers, the young butcher, who has before figured in this narrative, looked at study him unobserved; for the truth was, he felt uncomfortable whenever he found the large, dark eyes fixed on his own little, sharp, deep-set, gray ones. But he found the means to study him pretty well—first his face, then his neck and shoulders, the set of his arms, the narrowing at the loins, the make of his legs, and the way he moved. In short, he examined him as he would have examined a steer, to see what he could do and how he would cut up. If he could only have gone to him and felt of his muscles, he would have been entirely satisfied. He was not a very wise youth but he did not know well enough, that though big arms and legs are very good things, there is something besides that goes to make a man; and he had heard stories of a fighting man, called "The Spider," from his attenuated proportions, who was yet a terrible biter in the ring, and had whipped many a big limbed fellow in and out of the roped arena.

Nothing could be smoother than the way in which everything went on for the first day or two. The new master was so kind and courteous, he seemed to take everything in such a natural easy way, that there was no chance to pick a quarrel with him. He listened to the boys and young men for a day or two with as little show of authority as possible. It was easy enough to see that he would have occasion for it before long.

The school house was a grim, old, red, one story building, perched on a bare rock at the top of a hill—partly because this was a conspicuous site for the temple of learning, and partly because land is cheap where there is no chance even for rye or buckwheat, and the very sheep feed nothing to nibble.—About the little porch were carved initials and dates, at various heights, from the stature of nine to that of eighteen. Inside were old unpainted desks—unpainted, but browned with the amber of human contact—and backed by innumerable jackknives. It was left upon them, wherever idle hands and sleepy heads could reach them. A curious appearance was noticeable on various higher parts of the wall, namely, a warlike eruption, as one would be tempted to call it, being in reality a crop of the soft missiles formed in the mind, which adhering in considerable numbers, and hardening after the usual fashion of papier mache, formed at last permanent ornaments of the edifice.

The young master's quick eye soon noticed that a particular part of the decorated wall was most favored with these artificial appendages. Their position pointed sufficiently clearly to the part of the room they came from. In fact there was a nest of

young mutineers just there, which must be broken up by a coup d'etat. This was easily effected by redistributing the seats and rearranging the scholars according to classes, so that a mischievous fellow, charged full of the rebellious imponderable, should find himself between two non-conductors, in the shape of small boys of studious habits. It was managed quietly enough, in such a plausible sort of way that its motive was not thought of. But its effect was soon felt; and then began a system of correspondence by signs, and the throwing of little scraps done up in pellets, and announced by preliminary signs to call the attention of the distant youths addressed. Some of these were incendiary documents, devoting the schoolmaster to the lowly divinity, as "a stuck up dandy," as "a sight to big for his," etc., and holding him up in a variety of equally forcible phrases to the imagination of the youthful community of school district No. 1, Pigwacket Centre.

Presently the draughtsman of the school set a caricature in circulation, labelled to prevent mistakes, with the schoolmaster's name. An immense bell crowned hat, and a long, pointed, swallow tailed coat, showed that the artist had in his mind the conventional dandy, as shown in prints of thirty or forty years ago, rather than any human aspects of the time. But it was passed round among the boys and made its laugh, helping of course to undermine the master's authority, as a *funch* or the *Charivari* takes the dignity out of an obnoxious minister. One morning on going to the school room Master Langdon found an enlarged copy of this sketch, with its label, pinned on the door. An insidious silence prevailed, looked as if some plot was a-brewing. The boys were ripe for mischief, but afraid.

They had really no fault to find with the master, except that he was dressed like a gentleman, which a certain class of fellows always consider a personal insult to themselves. But the older ones were evidently plotting, and more than once the warning alarm was heard, and a dirty little scrap of paper rolled into a window from one seat to another. One of these happened to strike the stove-pipe, and lodged on the master's desk. He was cool enough not to seem to notice it. He saw it, however, and found an opportunity to look at it, without being observed by the boys. It required no immediate notice.

He who should have enjoyed the privilege of looking upon Mr. Bernard Langdon the next morning, when his toilet was about half finished, would have had a very pleasant gratuitous exhibition. First he buckled the straps of his trousers pretty tightly. Then he took up a pair of dumb-bells, and swung them for a few minutes; then two great "Indian Clubs," with which he enacted all sorts of impossible looking feats. His limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders remarkably broad; but if you knew as much of the muscles as all persons who look at statues and pictures with critical eye ought to have learned—if you knew the *trapezius*, lying diamond shaped over the back and shoulders like a monk's cow—or the *deltoid*, which cap the shoulders like an epaulette—or the *triceps*, which furnishes the calf of the upper arm—or the hard knotted "biceps"—any of the great sculptural landmarks in fact—you would have said there was a pretty show of them beneath the astish skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon. And if you had seen him when he had laid down the Indian clubs, each hold of a leather strap that hung from the beam of the old fashioned ceiling, and lifted and lowered himself over and over again by his left hand alone, you might have thought it a very simple and easy thing to do, until you tried it. Mr. Bernard looked at himself with the eye of an expert. "Pretty well!" he said; "not so much tanned off as I expected." Then he set up his bolster in a very knowing sort of way, and delivered two or three blows, straight as rulers and swift as winks. "That will do," he said. Then, as it determined to make a certainty of his condition, he took a dynamometer from one of the drawers of his old veneered bureau.—

First he squeezed it with his two hands.—Then he placed it on the floor and lifted it steadily, strongly. The springs cracked and creaked; and the index swept with a great stride up into the high figures of the scale; it was a good bit.

He was satisfied. He set on the edge of his bed and looked at his cleanly shaped arms. "I strike one of these boobies, I'm afraid I shall split him," he said. Yet this young man, when weighed with his class at the College, could barely turn one hundred and forty two pounds in the scale—no heavy weight, surely; but some of the middle weights, as the present English champion, for instance, seem to be of a far finer quality of muscle than the bulkier fellows. The master took his breakfast with a good appetite that morning, but was perhaps rather more quiet than usual. After breakfast, he went up stairs and put on a high, loose frock, instead of his usual dress coat. On his way to school he met Almira Cutler, who happened to be walking in the other direction. "Good morning, Miss Cutler," he said; for she and another young lady had been introduced to him, on a former occasion, in the usual phrase of polite society in presenting ladies to gentlemen—"Mr. Langdon, let me make you acquainted with Miss Cutler; let me make you acquainted with Miss Braune." So he said "Good morning" to which she replied, "Good morning, Mr. Langdon. How's your health?" The answer to this question ought naturally to have been the end of the talk; but Almira Cutler lingered and looked as if she had something more on her mind.

A young fellow does not require a great experience to read a simple country girl's face as if it were a sign board. Almira was a good soul, with red cheeks and bright eyes, kind hearted as she could be, and it was out of the question for her to hide her thoughts or feelings like a fine lady. Her bright eyes were moist, and her red cheeks paler than their wont, as she said, with her lips quivering. "Oh, Mr. Langdon, them boys 'll be the death of ye, if ye don't take care!"

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" said Mr. Bernard. Don't think there was anything very odd in that, "my dear," at the second interview with a village belle; some of these women-tamers call a girl "my dear" after five minutes acquaintance, and it sounds all right as they say it. But you had not better try it at a venture.

It sounded all right to Almira, as Mr. Bernard said it. "I'll tell ye what's the matter," she said, in a frightened voice.—"Abner's got 'n car' his dog 'n he'll set him on ye 's sure 's y'r' alive." 'Tis the same creature that has eat up Eben Squire's little Jo, a year come nex' Feast day."

Now this last statement was undoubtedly over colored; as little Joe Squire was running about the village—with an ugly scar on his arm, it is true, where the beast had caught him with his teeth, on the occasion of the child's taking liberties with him, as he had been accustomed to do with a good tempered Newfoundland dog who seemed to like being pulled and heeled round by children. A ter this creature was commonly muzzed, and as he was led on a leash chiefly, was always ready for a fight, which he was occasionally indulged in when anything stout enough to match him could be found in any of the neighboring villages.

Tiger, or more briefly, Tig, the property of Abner Briggs, Junior, belonged to a species not distinctly named in scientific books, but well known to our country folks under the name of "Yallah-dog." They do not use this expression as they would say black dog or white dog, but almost with as definite a meaning as when they speak of a terrier or a spaniel. A "Yallah-dog" is a large canine brute, of a dingy old-fangled color, with no particular breed except his own, who hangs round a tavern or a butcher shop, or trots alongside a team, looking as if he were disgusted with the world, and the world with him. Our inland population, while they tolerate him, speak of him with contempt. Old Obed, of Meredith Bridge, used to twit the sun for not shining on cloudy days, swearing that, if he hung up his "Yallah-dog," he would make a better show of daylight. A country fellow, abusing a horse of his neighbor's, vowed that if he had such a horse, he'd swap him for a "Yallah-dog," and then shoot the dog.

Tig was an ill conditioned brute by nature, and art had not improved him by cropping his ears and tail, and investing him with a spiked collar. He bore on his person, also, various not ornamental scars, marks of old battles; for Tig had fought in his, as was said before, and as might be guessed by a certain blueness about the muzzle, with a projection of the lower jaw, which looked as if there might be a bull dog stripe among the numerous bar-sinisters of his lineage.

It was hardly fair, however, to leave Almira Cutler waiting while this piece of nasty history was telling. As she spoke of little Joe, who had been "half eat up" by Tig, she could not contain her sympathies, and began to cry.

"Why, my dear little soul," said Mr. Bernard, "what are you worried about? I used to play with a bear when I was a boy; and the bear used to hug me, and I used to kiss him."—

It was too bad of Mr. Bernard, only the second time he had seen Almira; but her kind feelings had touched him, and that seemed the most natural way of expressing his gratitude. Almira looked round to see if anybody was near; she saw nobody, so of course it would do no good to "holler." She saw nobody; but a stout young fellow, leading a yellow dog, muzzled, saw her through a crack in a picket fence, not a great way off the road. Many a year he had been "hangin' round" Almira, and never did he see any encouraging look, or hear any "Behave, now!" or "Come, now; 'n't ye ashamed!" or other forbidding phrase of sequence, such as village belles understand as well as ever did the nymph who fled to the willows in the eclogue we all remember.

No wonder he was furious, when he saw the school master, who had never seen the girl until within a week, touching with his lips those rosy cheeks which he had never dared approach. But that was all; it was a sudden impulse; and the master turned away from the young girl, laughing and telling her not to fret herself about him—he would take care of himself.

So Master Langdon walked on toward his school house, not displeased, perhaps, with his little adventure, nor immensely elated by it, for he was one of the natural class of the sex-subduers, and had many a smile without asking, which had been denied to the feeble youth who try to win favor by pleading their passion in rhyme, and even to the more formidable approaches of young officers in volunteer companies, considered by many to be quite irresistible to the fair who have once beheld them from their windows in the epaulettes and plumes and sashes of the "Pigwacket Invincibles," or the "Hockstack Rangers."

Master Langdon took his seat and began the exercises of his school. The smaller boys recited their lessons well enough, but some of the larger ones were negligent and

surly. He noticed one or two of them looking towards the door, as if expecting somebody or something in that direction. At half past nine o'clock, Abner Briggs, Junior, who had not yet shown himself, made his appearance. He was followed by his "Yallah-dog," without his muzzle, who squatted down very grimly near the door, and gave a wolfish look round the room, as if he were considering which was the plumpest boy to begin with. The young butcher, meanwhile, went to his seat, looking somewhat flushed, except round the lips, which were hardly red as common, and set pretty sharply.

"Put out that dog, Abner Briggs!" The master spoke as the captain speaks to the helmsman, when there are rocks foaming at the lips, right under his lee.

Abner Briggs answered as the helmsman answers, when he knows he has a mutinous crew round him that mean to run the ship on the reef, and is one of the mutineers himself: "Put him out y'rself, if ye an't afraid on him!"

The master stepped in the aisle. The great cur showed his teeth, and the devilish instincts of his old wolf-sneer looked out of his eyes and flashed from his sharp tusks, and yawned in his mouth and deep red gullet.

The movements of animals are so much quicker than those of human beings commonly are, that they avoid blows just as easily as one of us steps out of the way of an ox cart. It must be a very stupid dog that lets himself be run over by a fast driver in his gig; he can jump out of the wheel's way rather than the tire has already touched him. So while one is lifting a stick to strike, or draw back his foot to kick, the beast makes his spring, and the blow or kick comes too late.

It was not so this time. The master was a fencer, and something of a boxer; he had played at single stick, and was used to watching an adversary's eye, and coming down on him without any of those premonitory symptoms by which unpracticed persons show long beforehand what mischief they meditate.

"Out with you!" he said fiercely, and expired what he meant by a sudden flash of his foot that clashed the yellow dog's white teeth together, like the spring of a bear-trap. The cur knew he had found his master at the first word and glance, as low animals on four legs, or a smaller number always do; and the blow took him so much by surprise that it curled him up in an instant, and he went out of the open school-house door with a pitiable yelp, and his stump of a tail shot down as close as his owner ever shot the short, stubbed blade of his jack-knife.

It was time for the cur to find who his master was.

## The Desperate Duel Between Jackson and Dickinson.

The famous duel between Jackson and Dickinson is generally known, but Parson's recent life of the former gives an excellent account of the affair, with some circumstances that are new:

Dickinson's second won the choice of position, and Jackson's the office of giving the word. The astute Overton considered this giving of the word a matter of great importance, and he had already determined how he would give it, if the lot fell to him. The eight paces were measured off, and the men placed; both were perfectly collected. All the politeness of such occasions was strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing to some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the two. But Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanor, it is said, gave him a most superior and commanding air, as he stood under the tall poplars on this bright May morning, silently awaiting the moment of doom.

"Are you ready?" said Overton.

"I am ready," said Dickinson.

"I am ready," said Jackson.

The words were no sooner pronounced, than Overton, with a sudden shout, cried, using his old country pronunciation, FEARE! Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his arm, and place it tightly across his chest. "He is surely his," thought Overton, "and in a bad place, too, but he does not fall." Erect and grim as fate he stood, his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unthoughtful failure of his aim, and appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had unconsciously recoiled a pace or two.

"Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him?"

"Back to the mark, sir!" thundered Overton, with his hand upon his pistol.

Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the peg, and stood with eyes averted from his antagonist. All this was but the work of a moment, though it required many words to tell it.

General Jackson took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger and discovered that it had stopped at half-cock. He drew it back to its place and took aim a second time. He fired, Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends rushed towards, caught him in their arms and gently setting him on the grass, leaning against a bush. His trousers reddened.— They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent.—

And, alas! here is the ball, not near the wound, but above the opposite hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body, below the ribs. Such a wound could not but be fatal.

Overton went forward and learned the condition of the wounded man. Rejoicing his principal, he said: "He won't want anything more of you, General," and conducted him from the ground. They had gone an hundred yards, Overton walking on one side of Jackson, the surgeon on the other, and neither speaking a word when the surgeon observed that one of Jackson's shoes were full of blood.

"Oh! I believe," replied Jackson, "that he has pinked me a little. Let's look at it. But say nothing about it there," pointing to the horse.

He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating. But the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat combining to deceive Dickinson; the ball had only broken a rib or two, and raked the breast bone. It was a somewhat painful, but looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous, and he was able to ride to the tavern without much inconvenience. Upon approaching the house, he went up to one of the negro women who was churning, and asked her if the butter had come. She said it was just a coming. He asked for some buttermilk. While she was getting it for him, she observed him furtively open his coat and look within it. She saw that his shirt was soaked with blood, and she stood gazing in black horror at the sight, dapper in hand. He caught her eye, and hastily buttoned up his coat again. She dipped out a quart measure full of buttermilk, and gave it to him. He drank it off at a draught, then he went in, took off his coat and had his wounds carefully examined and dressed. That done, he dispatched one of his retinue to Dr. Callet, to inquire respecting the condition of Dickinson, and to say that the surgeon attending himself would be glad to contribute his aid towards Mr. Dickinson's relief. Polite reply was returned that Mr. Dickinson's case was past surgery. In the course of the day, Gen. Jackson sent a bottle of wine to Dr. Callet, for the use of his patient.

## Forty-Four Years of a Printer's Life.

Tharlow Weed, of the Albany Evening Journal, in noticing the death of Mr. Daniel Fanshaw, says:

"Daniel Fanshaw, one of the oldest and wealthiest printers of the city of New York, died on Monday. Mr. Fanshaw's history shows what may be accomplished by two elements of character—industry and economy, for to these alone was he indebted for his wealth. He was a practical printer, and in 1816, when he became his journeyman, he had just started a "Book Office" at No. 11 Cliff street. Bible and Tract societies were then in their infancy. Mr. F. obtained at low prices the printing of the Bible and Tract Societies. His was a model office.—The most rigid economy was observed in everything. Nothing was wasted. More care was taken of types and of paper, and better work was required than in any other office. Mr. F. kept rigid watch and scrutiny over the minutest details of business. He was the first and last man at the office, opening it himself at the dawn of day, and closing it at a late hour. His fortune was made up of savings.

In contrasting New York as it was then, with the New York of to day, we are bewildered. Aladdin's Lamp worked no wonders that exceed this reality. Then, it was a city not equal, in population, to the present city of Brooklyn. Then, there was no Canal street, and all above that line, extended from the North River to the Bowery, was either a common or farms. Then, there was no Jersey City, no Williamsburgh, and Brooklyn had scarcely attained to the dignity of a village. Then, the Park Theatre and Scudder's Museum were the only places of amusement. Then, there was but one ice cream (Vauxhall) Garden. Then, there was no omnibus lines or hack stands, and no occasion for either. Then, there were but two considerable hotels, viz: "the Tontine," and the "City Hotel." Then, there were no concerts, no lectures. Then, there were but three North River steamboats. Then, there were but four daily newspapers, the combined circulation of which did not half equal the daily circulation of the *Tribune*. Then, no man was thought of for a member of the Legislature or of the Common Council, but those of established reputation, high position and approved integrity. Then, no man's voice was heard at a political meeting but such as Thomas Addis Emmett, William Smeon, John Welles, Cadwallader D. Colton, or David B. Ogden, with Marquis Willlet, James Forbes, Nicholas Fish, &c., &c., for Chairman. Then, some young gentlemen, like Michael Utschoff and Ogden Hoffman, began to attract attention as members of a debating society. Then, there was a "Bridewell" standing between the City Hall and Broadway, in which those who could not pay their debts were locked up, as criminals are now. Then, there was a State Prison, two miles out of the city; but now "away down town." It then faced the river, but is now a half-dozen streets removed from view. If the past may be taken as an indication of the future, what will New York be when forty-four years more shall have done their work?

## A Forebode Illustration.

There is a vast deal of a certain kind of originality about negro composition. Take this example of an illustration, lately used by a colored exhorter at an evening conference meeting in the lower part of Philadelphia:—"My brethren, God bless your souls, 'ligion is like the Schuykill river. In the spring come the fresh, and he bring in all the old logs, stumps, and sticks dat hab been lyin' on de bank, and carry dem down in the current. Bimeby de water go down; den a log catch here on de island, den a slab get cotted on de shore, and de sticks on de bushes; and dere dey lie, wid 'rin' and dryin' till dere comes 'noddor fresh. Jist so dere comes 'vival 'ligion; dis ole sinner brought in, dat ole backslider brought back; and all de folks seem comin'—and mighty good times. But, brethren, God bless your souls! bimeby 'vival's gone; den dis ole sinner is stuck on his ole sin; den dat backslider is cotted where he was afore, on jus' such a rock; den one arter another dat got 'ligion 'noss 'long de shore, and dere dey 'll 'till 'noddor 'vival. Beloved brethren, God bless your souls, get deep in de current!" How many a divine has waded through the logical "divisions" of a discourse which has not, in its whole compass, so forebode an illustration as this!

As the same sunlight tints the flowers and colors the rock—as it alternately sparkles in the dew-drop and shines in the broad ocean—so the true religious spirit is present in the humblest bargain, the smallest act, and the lowliest word of kindness, as much as in the grand song of Hebrew bards and the profound teachings of St. Paul, the Apostle, those ancient headlands of Christian thought.

There are people in the world who are continually speaking of their ill-luck.—One of these discontented beings passed through our streets the other day. Some thing glistened on the side walk, and he stopped to pick it up. "Dang it!" he exclaimed in a tone of petulant disappointment, "if any body else would have found it, it would have been a quarter of a dollar."