

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

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## Poetical.

### BOYHOOD.

BY THE LATE CHARLES HARRISON.

How oft, amid the sacred strife,  
Of memory's scenes of early life,  
And ever my joys boyhood mourned;  
And oft have wished, 'mid care and pain,  
To be that buoyant boy again!

To sleep beneath the ebbing roof,  
And hear the pattering rain-drops fall,  
Or listen to the lively proof  
Of eggs round my airy hall,  
Or see the bird in distant glide,  
To trade the brook or climb the tree.

To join the sturdy sportsman's train,  
What time the lark her matin sings—  
When, mounting with impassioned strain,  
The lark's light form glimmers wings,  
And poised in air in soaring song,  
So high and so the dawning dawn.

'Twas mine to trap beside the stream,  
Or angle 'neath the alder's shade,  
To lead the plow, or drive the team,  
Or seek the herd in distant glade,  
Whence oft, from clucking flocks, I'd  
Bring out the notes of the whippoorwill.

Those trembling notes—so long and wild—  
Were mine to my boyish ear;  
Thought backward flies—and, as a child,  
'E'en now methinks the sounds I hear;  
While fancy spreads before my eyes,  
The dewy glade's moonlight glare.

The "lovely bird," now wandering slow,  
Along the wood the homeward way,  
The wind's stream's dark glossy flow,  
The lark's light form glimmers wings,  
Still float in visions bland and bright,  
As on that balmy summer's night;

When, standing on the distant hill,  
With boyish fancies wand'ring free,  
I saw no spectral form of ill  
Rise in the bright futurity;  
But all instead was joyous cheer,  
Soyeast with hope, untroubled with fear.

Oh, those were boyhood's cloudless hours,  
And swift on wings untroubled flew;  
But pride soon dreamed of loftier bowers;  
And wealth her golden lustre threw;  
O'er the tempting scenes, as false as fair,  
And bade my spirit seek her there.

And I have sought her not in vain,  
I might have piled her treasures high,  
But that scorned her sordid gain,  
And turned me from her soulless eye,  
I could not drive her dirty mine,  
And would not worship at her shrine.

I would not stoop to flatter power  
For any vile or selfish end;  
I could not change, with every hour,  
My faith, my feelings, or my friend;  
And, last of all, would I entrust  
My hopes to the accursed dust.

The God that roared the woodland heights,  
And spread the dawning's radiant light,  
Awaked, within my mind, a slumbering  
That stirred the fires of human pride;  
And stern forbade, in accents known,  
To worship aught beneath his throne.

## Miscellaneous.

### The Rich Man's Confession of Faith.

But let us look, now, at this parable. Luke XII, 13, 21.

First is the period of prosperity. "It was an agricultural country—not a commercial one. Wealth increased principally from the ground; not from manufactures, from ships, from stores, or from banks, but from the soil. Year by year this man prospered whom Christ points in this parable. His harvest came with singular bounty.—God sent the rain upon the unjust, then, and the sunshine came down alike upon men of every moral disposition. He had not calculated upon such prosperity, for it seems that he was surprised when he flooded treasures were gathered in until they filled the barns and granaries, and overmanned them. He was galled with surprise and gladness, but not with gratitude.

He is greatly affected it seems, by his prosperity. He is wonderfully stirred up by it. Prosperity usually does work powerfully upon men. It works upon this man's imagination, and upon his enterprise. He takes counsel with himself. That counsel results in two comprehensive plans, one of which respects the increase of his wealth, and the other the employment of it.

"I will pull down my barns," he says. "That is, I mean to extend my business.—I am doing very well, but I can't get my business, and I mean to do it." There was no harm in that, in and of itself; but for what was he going to extend his business? We shall see for what in the sequel.

Then what? "I will secure what I earn. I will invest it, and save it. To make sure of it, I will pull down my barns—seeing that the harvests are going to be larger than before—and will build larger ones.—There I will store up my goods. I will keep them."

Then what? "I will say to my soul!—What is he going to say to his soul?—Soul, go forth with thy treasure; and as God has blessed thee, bless all thy kindred and thy kind? I will say to my God, Thanks for thy bounty; and to my soul, Imitate thy God; freely thou hast received, freely give, and to all that need. Come to me, and I will be a father to the fatherless, and will clothe the naked, and will feed the hungry. I will be the defender of the wronged, and stand for justice in behalf of those that have none to plead for them." What a glorious confession he would have made, if he had said this, which he did not say! "Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years." What talk that is to a man's soul! As if a man's soul had nothing but that which he could put in a barn, or a granary, or a warehouse. "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." That was the rich man's confession of faith.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Motto for a Neutral Paper.—All talk and no deed.

### Three Startling Situations.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

My existence, I am happy to say, has not been what any "conscientious" gentleman connected with the press" would feel himself justified in calling "checkered." I did not begin life as the heir to a dukedom, and myself at twenty-one to have been illegitimate, and eventually in a position to dictate to some popular author, from the sickward of a union workhouse, the interesting raw materials for his novel, "The Falling Star." Neither did I begin life in the knife house, and

"Climbing up from high to higher,  
Become as fortune's scorching slope,  
The centre of a ward's desire,  
And fit with aldermen to cope."

The prayer of my godfather for me was like Agur's; that I should have neither riches nor poverty; that I should be a reasonable man, in nevertheless the best in the world, since it enables him to pursue all good objects for their own sake—"a moderate independence," and I have kept it ever since.

Hence, O, reader, it is in vain to expect from this comfortable quill either soaring flights into the Empyrean, (with a large E), or down swoops into the Abysses. I know no more of palaces than I do of prisons, and yet I have had my three "startling situations," too. Most mortals who have grown to be men and women, have had some experiences always afterward observable to their mind's-eye in the level road of their existences, even if they be but the being pitched out of a merry-go-round at a fair, or the having proposals of marriage tendered to them by a black man; and why not I like the rest!

First, then, I have had the privilege of beholding a spiritual manifestation—three distinct, or, at all events, separate ghosts at the same time. This happened on my way from Calais to Paris in the winter of 1832. The boat, as it always does when I am in it—a proof of my honest assertion that there is nothing about me unlike what belongs to the majority of my fellow creatures—had made an exceedingly bad passage, and I landed upon the shores of France with a vacuum within me that I had yet no desire to replenish. Had it been otherwise, there was very little time to do it, for the diligence, unlike myself, quite full inside, was upon the point of starting, and I climbed up in a miserable condition beside the conductor.—How he screamed, gesticulated, and cracked his prodigious whip like a demon driver, it is not necessary, and would be painful to me to describe. I fell asleep as soon as I could, and forgot him; and when I woke, again, he was asleep, too, and the horses were going at their own sweet will, and pace, which latter is in France a very moderate one. I felt cold and hungry enough, but yet so faint as not to seem equal to the effort of waking the driver, and urging him to push on a little faster to the next roadside inn; so faint, so drowsy, that no earthly thing, I think, short of an upset could have roused me up, or awakened my interest.—No earthly thing, perhaps; but what was that running along the hedge—on the top of the hedge—upon the left hand; and yet a little in advance, as so to turn back and look at it and at me! That woke me soon enough, and most thoroughly. What business had Mary Ross, my little ward—who had lately been laid a widow with two children, and whom I had hidden good-by to only a few days before—what business, I say, had she to be running atop of a roadside hedge between Calais and Paris at midnight, always keeping her head turned round, and her eyes fixed upon me? There was not the least doubt of it being Mary, although I had never seen her with that look of pain and entreaty on her face before. I am thankful to think that she never had to say anything, either for herself or others twice from me. She never looked before her, but glided swiftly on along the hedge; and when a gap or gate intervened, seemed to leap it without any spring or unusual exertion.—When her eyes were not on mine, they were fixed on one or other of the two fore-wheels of the diligence; and, presently, I leaped over to see what was attracting her in the left-hand one. Georgy was there—Georgy Ross, her eldest son, revolving with the wheel, and upon its rim, disappearing and coming up again as though he were bound to it, with his white face upward toward me and her, but with shut eyes. His brother Charles was on the other wheel, I knew, although, of course, I could not see him; and, present-ly, upon the great empty front seat, where there was room for four beside the driver, they lay stretched on either side of me those same two boys, in long white dresses, which—since they were dead, poor things, as I subsequently turned out—might have been shrouds. I had scarcely time to put my hands out, right and left, and through each of these forms, to feel the bare cushion of the seat, when the driver, with a burst of sacred woe, and lashed the horses, calling them pigs and demons. Then the children and their dear mother vanished from my sight forever. Being of a phlegmatic, or, as I prefer to call it, of a philosophical disposition, I simply entered in my note-book, writing it there, as I sat in the clear moonlight, "Curious illusion produced (December 14, 1832) by hunger and fatigue."

Nevertheless, as I sat at breakfast in Paris on the morning of the nineteenth, I received word by post that Mary Ross and her two children were all dead of typhus fever. "Mary," the letter said, "kept asking for you, William, as though you could have saved her little ones, and even after they

were out of the reach of earthly aid. She herself did not survive them more than a few hours. They all died on the fourteenth."

My second "startling situation" was not a ghostly one, although the locality was far better adapted for such a phenomenon than the high-road to Paris—a fine old manor-house in Staffordshire, that had been a petty stronghold in the time of the civil wars.—Rupert had sallied out of it at the head of his rascally Babesters, and Cromwell had stormed it with his Ironsides, smiting Agag—that is to say, its then possessor, Sir Jasper Steton—hip and thigh. He was cut to pieces in the great hall, which is now the music-room, or was, in the days I know it; and the clash of steel is still to be heard there in wild winter midnight, although I cannot say that I ever detected it myself, for certain. There were, however, the most mysterious nightly sounds in that old house, whose furniture, though good and costly, was throughout, from garret to still-room, exceedingly ancient. I never was, indeed, in any dwelling-house where Antiquity had it so much her own way. It was full of an unnecessary and unexpected flights of stairs, of tortuous passages, of long, dark, alippery galleries, and especially full of lingering echoes, always dying out, and never dead. Nine-tenths of the mysterious noises came, of course, from these same echoes; but who made the other tenth, and set the noises going, was a problem not so easily solved.—Who emptied sacks of potatoes every night down the wide open-carpeted oak stairs in the aforesaid music-hall, was quite an open question; for everybody agreed, though there were no potatoes to be found there, that that was the operation which the disturbance most resembled. Who went about, and seemed to listen—with list-slippers on—at the chamber doors? Who rang the drawing room bells when nothing was wanted, and everybody had gone to bed? My answer, on account of the philosophic character of my nature, was, always, Rats. The house so swarmed with them, that it might have been called Rats Castle. The rats, in such of the chambers as were not in constant use, was rat-eaten as well as moth-eaten. The wainscots were riddled by rats; and they were only kept away from the provisions of the household by a pestle sale, that was the one modern contrivance in Burly Hall. Nevertheless, the old place was the very home of Christmas hospitality, and had for me who did not care for rats, only one source of annoyance; I dared not indulge in one of my usual customs—getting up early in the morning, and sleep-walking at night—for fear of being shot by Captain Steton, the eldest son of Sir Arthur, who, engaged by the state of terror in which the female portion of the domestics were plunged, perambulated the house at all hours with a revolver, wherewith he had pledged himself to put an end to all disturbers of the household peace. His sisters; being Stetons, were, of course, afraid of nothing; but I confess that, for my part, I did not like the six-barrelled implement of the young dragon at all. The nightly noises, however, were not a whit decreased by this amateur watchman; and one December night, when a grim north easter was trying doors and windows from without, and the rats were at work as usual with their potato-sacks and list-slippers within, he added considerably to the general tumult by ringing a huge hand alarm bell—which he had placed in his bedroom in case of such an emergency—and all the inmates of the mansion flocked to the summons as bees are gathered by the hireman. We found the captain in his dressing gown, in the centre of the western gallery, standing by an ugly mark in the panelling, which he had made with the muzzle of his pistol.

"Here he is," cried he, "the fellow went through here, I'll take my oath! I heard him listening at my door, and was out in a minute taking a snap-shot at him, but the thing missed fire."

"Heard whom?—heard whom?" inquired Sir Arthur.

"I don't know; or how should I?" replied the young man. "Perhaps a ghost; or, if not, somebody who was never so near being a ghost, I'll warrant him, as he was five minutes back. I'll have this panel broken in. No, father, we'll not leave it till tomorrow, if you please; that's how these things go on—let's do it at once. There's a pickaxe in the stable-yard; go and bring it, Thomas."

So the pickaxe was brought, and—Sir Arthur unwillingly assenting—we broke up the black oak panelling into a hundred splinters, and then through a thick stone wall, without a hinge or entrance, as it seemed, of any kind in it, into a chamber, of the existence of which no person in the house had ever known. A modern chamber—a small sitting-room, barely furnished with chairs and table of a date of construction later by at least two hundred years than anything in the house, except the patent safe; but there were no windows to the room, nor any means of ingress that could be discovered, save that very rough one of our own. I do not think that either ghost or burglar could have effected us all more strangely than the sight of that unattended and unknown modern room. It is still to be seen in the west gallery of Burly Hall, the sole approach to it—for so the Stetons will have it—yet lying open between the splintered planks and broken stone-work, as when it was first found. The mystery concerning it and its occupants—if any—is still unsolved, and the rats make just as much noise about the grand old place as ever.

My third remarkable adventure occurred to me in broad daylight, when it is especially creditable to a situation to be "startling," as mine undoubtedly was. I was in Chester, residing with my family, consisting of my wife and a grown-up son and daughter, in temporary lodgings, three stories high, but otherwise very convenient. It was ten o'clock in the morning, but, I am ashamed to say, we were still at breakfast, for we were away from home on pleasure, and had fallen into all sorts of idle habits. Our conversation happened to be upon an uncivilly my wife had met with in the town on the preceding day. Some coal-heavers were unceremoniously coal upon the pavement, and the roadway being very wet, she had asked them to desist from their occupation for a moment, so that she might pass. They did so, but not without one of them observing, "And how do you think we should get our work done, miss, if we was to wait for every fool as goes by?" We were expressing our hope that the gentleman's remark was not an exemplification of Chester manners, when the third window of our rooms—that furthest from the breakfast table—was violently thrown open, and the head and unclothed shoulders of a man thrust themselves inward. My son and I were so overcome with astonishment, and the ladies with terror, that it must have been nearly a full minute before I stooped down for the poker, during the whole of which interval he made the most hideous grimaces it is possible to conceive. Independently of these, his natural ugliness was excessive, he being perfectly bald, and of a bright scarlet color—such a complexion as I had never before seen on any man. As I ran at him, poker in hand, he slammed down the window, and before I could open it, was out of sight. Wonderful as had been his appearance, his disappearance was far more so, and, indeed, inexplicable. The window which had been thrown up was a half-inch down—that is to say it was common to our room and the next to it, which also belonged to the same house, but was at that time uninhabited and locked up. Having stifled ourselves by a thorough search that the apparition was not in this apartment, there was nothing left but the conclusion that he had made his way along a narrow ledge of not more than four inches broad, to some other house to the right of ours, and that with the most excessive quickness. The ledge was at least forty feet perpendicular above a crowded street, with no other resting-place between it and the ground, and in full view of all passers-by, some of whom would have been surely attracted by the spectacle of a naked scurvy man balancing himself upon next to nothing over their heads. The matter, indeed, seemed inexplicable; but still I felt it my duty to persevere in my investigations, since the minds of both my wife and daughter had been greatly shaken by the occurrence, and if I could only find some reasonable explanation, I knew that half the mischief would be done away with. I spared, therefore, neither pains nor money to this end. The police were set to work; a reward was offered for the discovery of the person who had committed the outrage; and all passengers through the street in question upon that morning, between ten and quarter past ten, were exhorted to come forward and witness to any peculiar appearance visible at that time and place. All, however, was in vain, until about a fortnight afterward. The subject was by that time avoided by us as much as possible, while the ladies were present; but one forenoon, while my son and I were speaking of it as the maid was laying the luncheon cloth, he observed:—

"Do you know, father, I have been thinking of a good deal about the odd appearance of that horrible man's head, and I have come to the conclusion that it was not bald at all, but shaved."

"Good," said I. "I'm pretty sure, my lad, you're right; and in that case, he must have been an escaped lunatic. This gives us a clue."

"Please, sir," interrupted the maid, with a courtesy, "Mr. John Stokes, at No. 23, av ad id shaved lately for scarlet fever."

"For scarlet fever," cried I; "Eureka! Eureka!" and I clasped my hat on, and rushed off to No. 23 like a lunatic myself.

"Mr. John Stokes is still grievously ill, and not to be seen by anybody but his lawyer," said the servant.

"And am I not his lawyer, my good man! Can't you see?"

So I went up, as I had conjectured would be the case, to the third story, the same in which was our own sitting-room in No. 19. Poor Mr. John Stokes was lying in bed—and luckily, fast asleep—with the identical shaved head and scarlet face that had been so impressed upon all our memories.

"He has been delirious for days, poor fellow!" said the nurse; "and it would be a pity to wake him for any business matter—would it not?"

I said that it would be a great pity, and that it was not to be thought of; and she then asked whether the sick man was ever left alone.

"Never, sir."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said I, severely.

"Well, sir, I may say 'never'; that is, except just for my going down stairs for his breakfast."

"And what time does he breakfast?"

"Well, sir, about ten o'clock."

"Between ten and a quarter past, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the astonished nurse; "just so."

The window nearest to our house was, I found, unbolting. It was clear that Mr. John Stokes—who afterward got well of his fever,

and, I hope, recovered his hair—was the spy paragon that had so spoiled our breakfast a fortnight ago, and set our digestions wrong ever since.

The only mystery remaining was how, even in delirium, human feet could have gone so swiftly and surely upon that narrow ledge along the fronts of three broad houses, and how they could have remained invisible to any eyes save ours.

### Remarkable Discovery at Rome.

THE PALACE OF THE CAESARS AN EVIDENCE OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

The Detroit Advertiser of March 24th, publishes a private letter written by Lewis Cass, Jr., to Rev. Mr. Duffield, of Detroit. From this letter we make the following interesting extracts:

MILAN, February 14, 1860.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D. D.—Dear Sir:—In fulfillment of my promise, I proceed to give you a brief account of the discovery, at Rome, of an ancient representation of a crucifix.

In the progress of the excavations on the Palatin, where stood the House of Gold of the Caesars, the fragment of an arch, covered with inscriptions and delineations, was brought to view. Further explorations in the same direction resulted in the exposure of a room, on the walls of which was found a sketch, cut or engraved with sharp point of instrument, of a crucifix, together with a figure of a man in the attitude of prayer, standing near it. The announcement of this discovery created great interest. By the order of the Pope, the design was removed from its position, happily without injury, and confided to the care of Monsignore Maschi, who invited me to inspect it, and by whose permission I procured a copy to be made, which is herewith enclosed. It is needless to say that this event has elicited elaborate speculations. Notwithstanding a general discrepancy, the conflicting views concur with scarcely an exception in the conclusion, that the aim of the sketch was to cast ridicule on the worship of the Christians. It presents the outlines of a cross, on which is a human figure bearing the head of an ass. A tunic envelops the waist, and the arms and legs are partially covered with a bandage. To the left, with one hand raised in a position of adoration, as depicted on ancient monuments, appears the form of a man, while below is seen the following inscription, "Alexander adores God." The execution of the engraving, as you will perceive from the fac simile, of which the scale is one-fourth smaller than that of the original, indicates an entire ignorance of art, being stiff and hard, without ease or grace whatever. Satisfactory evidence refers the date of it to the reign of Septimius Severus.—There were numerous Christians in his court, one of whom it is supposed of the name of Alexander, was thus exposed to ridicule by his Pagan associate or companion.

Familiar as you are with the early history of our religion, it is unnecessary to recall to your recollection the existence of the legend, current throughout the Roman dominions in the days of the Empire, that the Christians worshipped a Divinity whose head differed in no respect from that of an ass. In Africa, then filled with rich and splendid cities, this was the popular belief. It was inculcated in the Meagan school of Asia, from the sands of Parthia to the Pindian forests, and levelled at the converts to the strange faith in the streets of Nisibides, Amida and Mardin-on-the-Hill. The later Gnostics in particular, more especially the sects of Bardesanes, omitted no occasion to disseminate this calumny, accompanied with every epithet of contempt and detestation. At Orta it was proclaimed from the throne to the sound of trumpets, followed by a decree prohibiting the use of arms and the Arabic language to the worshippers of the God of Nazareth, and requiring them thenceforth to wear girdles of leather in token of their obnoxious creed. We meet with it in the writings of Tacitus, a bitter and relentless enemy to the Christians, whom he styles outcasts of the human race. It is also alluded to in the pages of the contemporary Fathers, by whom it was repelled with vehement and irrepressible indignation. The origin of this monstrous invention is lost to us. There can be little doubt, however, that it had its foundation in the hatred with which the disciples of the pure and spiritual doctrine were invariably regarded by the idolatrous nations among whom they lived. But whatever the source, the first mention of this calumny occurs in the records relating to the period intervening between the years one hundred twenty and two hundred fifty of our era, subsequent to which epoch all trace of it disappears.

Precisely during the same period the room in which the design was found was constructed. The palace of the Caesars on the Palatin, as you are aware, was the growth of successive reigns. That part of it which embraced the chamber in question was built by Hadrian, as the bricks of which it is chiefly composed attest. They are impressed with the names and titles of the Consuls Pactus and Apronitanus. This coincidence—the prevalence of the legend in the years already mentioned, and during that period only, and the erection within the same time of the wall on which the drawing is traced—establishes, satisfactorily, the purpose of the sketch, as well as the date of its execution. Still more conclusive, perhaps, is the manner in which the figure upon the cross is presented to view. It is delineated with drapery, while it was the invariable

practice in executions of this nature, a mode of punishment very common among the Romans, to expose the victim or criminal in a state of nakedness. This discrepancy finds its sole warrant in the tradition that our Lord was put to death with a garment about his loins, and its admission in a work emanating from the hands of a Pagan whom we cannot suppose to have been influenced by any sentiments of awe or respect, and whose experience would never have suggested such a departure from the uniform custom, indicates clearly a caricature, of which the first requisite is conformity to its prototype.—Finally, the words "Alexander adores God," admit of no other interpretation, nothing in history, legendary or monumental, tending to the idea that the symbol of a crucified being was ever regarded as an object of veneration by any other sect than the followers of Christianity.

We have received the particulars of a recent ghostly interference in the internal arrangements of a family residing on the line of the Sandusky, Dayton & Cincinnati railroad, which may be interesting to our readers. The names of the parties, or the exact location of the transaction, we do not feel at liberty to publish. A former was reared by his wife some sixteen years ago, an infant daughter—an only child—being left to console him in his afflictions. The daughter grew up a beautiful and amiable young lady, and not long since did what maidens have done from time immemorial—fell in love. But, unfortunately for her, the young man upon whom she had lavished the wealth of her youthful affections was poor, although worthy in every other respect; and when her stern "parent" discovered how matters were driving, he ordered the distracted daughter to confine herself to her room and her needle work, and commanded the young man of poor though honest parents never again to darken his door. A stern, unyielding parent was he; and so satisfied of this fact was the daughter, after a rather intimate acquaintance of about sixteen years, that she uttered not a word of remonstrance, but went quietly into seclusion and decline, pining away after the approved style of disappointed and forlorn maidenhood. The young man did not pine, but took a school to teach, exhibiting a commendable degree of energy and perseverance.

About this time a wealthy and miserly old fellow in the neighborhood, who had seen the young lady a few times and become enamored, made known his flame to the father, directing him to tender to her his hand in connection with a miserable fossil he called his heart. In short, he wished to marry her. The father was in ecstasies with the proposed match, as the old man, old enough to be her grandfather, was known to be immensely rich. The girl, however, treated the proposition with disdain, mingled with a considerable quantity of disgust, and intimated that she would "die first." The father, who was not accustomed to having his authority set at naught in the slightest particular, stormed and raved like a madman, and swore his child should obey him.

Several weeks passed by in which the daughter pined more and more, still firm in her resolve, however; and her father became more and more enraged at what he termed her senseless obstinacy. At length one day, after a long and private interview with the miserly old lover, he father directed his daughter to prepare herself for the ceremony, for matrimony she must, that very day, the husband he had chosen for her. Then, seizing the command with a big oath, he threw himself upon his horse, standing at the door, and rode away for a magistrate to make the ill assorted twin one flesh and blood.

After the expiration of about an hour, the horse's hoofs were heard coming down the road and into the yard at a break neck speed, and those who ran out of the house saw the farmer hurriedly alight, his face covered with a deadly pallor. As he stepped upon the threshold of his door he sank down insensible and was borne to his room by the afflicted servants.

The wedding did not take place that day; for after recovering from his fainting fit, the farmer was confined to his bed by a long and severe fit of sickness. The daughter nursed him tenderly, and after a hard struggle beneath life and death the former conquered, and the old man began to recover. He was a changed man, however, and one day he told his daughter the cause of his great fright on the day he rode away for a magistrate.—He said, as he was dashing madly down the road leading to the village, and while passing through a bit of woods he was conscious of a rustling above his head. At the same time a pair of white arms reached down into the bridle from his hands, and as he looked up he saw the form of his dead wife hovering above him, her face, most sad and melancholy, nearly touching his own. The horse wheeled suddenly, as if directed by the ghostly hands upon the bridle rein; and then, as if little less terrified than his rider, went at a frightful rate towards home. The vision remained hovering above him, with its hands upon the reins, until the horse turned into the yard, when it suddenly vanished.

The story became known, and is firmly believed by all the neighbors. They think the ghost of his wife interfered to save her daughter from the fate which threatened her. It had that effect; at least; for the old miser's visits are no longer received, and the young lover of poor but honest parents is a

welcome visitor at the farm-house. The young lady has ceased to pine, and a dress-maker is there at work on an elegant dress, any allusion to which invariably causes the young lady to blush exceedingly. We suspect it is her wedding dress, but don't know.

### Under the Microscope.

Some years ago, a minute bit of nondescript something, looking more like a fragment of an old trunk, with all the hair worn off, than anything else, was sent to an eminent microscopist to determine what it was. The microscopist placed it in the "field," and pronounced it to be a piece of human skin—the skin of a fair man—covered with the hairs which grow on the naked part of the body. Now, the fragment had been taken from under a nail on an old church door in Yorkshire, where, just one thousand years ago, the skin of a Danish robber, had been nailed up, likewise, as a warning to all evil-doers. Time and weather had long ago destroyed all traces of this Danish Marryas; but the tradition remained in full force, when some one more anxious than the rest scraped away a portion of the door from under one of the nails, transmitted the same to a microscopist, and printed the result as we have given it.

Another time microscopy was made to play even a more important part as evidence. In a certain late murder, where the victim had his throat cut through both shirt and neckerchief, the prisoner attempted to explain away the presence of blood on a knife, which was assumed to have been the instrument of murder, by saying that he had cut some raw beef with it, and forgotten to wipe it afterward. The knife, with the blood upon its blade and shaft, was sent to a microscopist, and the following was the chain of acts which he deduced from it:

1. The stain was blood.
2. It was not the blood of dead flesh, but of a living body, for it had coagulated where it was found.
3. It was not the blood of an ox, a sheep, or a hog.
4. It was human blood.
5. Among the blood were mixed certain vegetable fibres.
6. They were cotton fibres, agreeing with those of the murdered man's shirt and neckerchief, which had both been cut through.
7. There were present, also, numerous teasetled epithelial cells.

That is, the cells of the mucous membrane (called epithelial cells) were teasetled, or disposed like the stones of a pavement, which proved that they came from the lining of the throat. For the mucous membrane lining the throat is composed of teasetled cells; that covering the root of the tongue of columnar cells, or cells arranged in tall cones or cylinders; and that lining the viscera is ciliated, or carrying small waving hairs at the tips. Thus the microscopist revealed beyond doubt that this knife had cut the throat of a living human body, which throat had been protected by a certain cotton fabric. The evidence tallied exactly with the actual and supposed condition of things, that it was held to be conclusive, and murderer was hung. Without the microscope he might have escaped punishment altogether.

The human hair is a singularly beautiful thing to look at under the microscope. It is made of successive layers or overlapping cells, gradually tapering to a point like the thinnest and most infinitely twisted paper cone. The edges are serrated with shallow, saw like teeth; it is perfectly translucent and marked with a great many transverse lines, exceedingly irregular and sinuous. Hoop-bristles are more like human hair than any other animal's; but the sinuous lines are finer and closer, and no saw teeth are visible at the edges. The finer hairs of the horse and ass have the overlapping plates about as close as in the human hair, but they are strikingly different in the arrangement of the medulla or pith.—Chambers' Miscellany.

### The Skeleton in the Palace.

The Courrier Russe contains some interesting details of the betrayal of Miss Tarkoff by Gregory Orloff, one of the favorites of Catherine II. This lady, who claimed to be the natural daughter of the Empress Elizabeth and Count Razoumoffski, and to be entitled to the throne of Russia by virtue of a will of Elizabeth, which, she said Catherine had destroyed, traveled through Turkey, Greece, Germany, and Italy in search of a government which would espouse her cause. Catherine, whose persistent efforts to entrap her given probability to her story, falling in with all other means, at last sent her favorite, Orloff, in pursuit of her, enjoining him to bring her back to Russia dead or alive. Orloff, pretending that he had fallen into disgrace, put himself into relations with Miss Tarkoff in Naples, conspired with her against Catherine, and, more perfectly to deceive her, asked her hand in marriage. He persuaded her to go on board a Russian vessel, for the performance of the ceremony; there the Russian Rear Admiral arrested her. He took her to Cronstadt, and that is the last that was ever heard of her. During the year past a terrible rumor has arisen that it was her skeleton which was found walled up in the palace of Zarskoie Zelo while fitting the apartment of the hereditary Grand Duke

My son, hold up your head, and I will be the strongest man in it at retail.

"Jonah."

"Why so?"

"Cause the whale couldn't swallow him after he got him down."