THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR. THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED. OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY.

NEW SERIES.---VOL. 6, NO. 35. RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1860. WHOLE NUMBER 629.

Poetical.

THE YEARS.

BY R. T. S. LOWELL.

These years! these years! these mighty years!
Once they were pretty things!
Their fairy footfalls caught our ears,
Our eyes their glancing wings;
They flitted by our school-boy way—
We chased the little imps in play.

We knew them soon, for tricky elves;
They brought the college gown,
With thoughtful books filled up our shelves,
Darkened our lips with down,
Played with our throat, and lo! the tone
Of manhood had become our own.

They smiling, stretched our childish size!
Their soft hand trimmed our hair;
Cast the deep thought within our eyes,
And left it glowing there;
Sang songs of hope in college halls,
Bright fancies drew upon the walls.

They flashed upon us love's bright gem;
They showed us gleams of fame;
Stout-hearted work was learned from them.
And honor more than name.
And so they came and went away;
We said not go! we said not stay!

But one sweet day, when quiet skies
And still leaves brought me thought,
When hazy hills drew forth my eyes,
And woods with deep shade fraught,
That day I carelessly found out
What work these elves had been about

Alas! those little rogues the years,
Had fooled me many a day,
Plucked half the locks above my ears,
And tinged the rest all gray,
They left me wrinkles, great and small
I fear that they have tricked us all.

Well, give the little years their way—
Think, speak, and write, the while;
Lift up the bare front to the day,
And make their wrinkles smile:
They shape the noblest living head;
They carve the best tomb for the dead.

Miscellaneous.

Serenading a Young Lady.

A friend tells the following: In my younger days I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and somewhat celebrated for playing on the flute. Hence it was generally expected that when an invitation was extended, my flute would accompany me.

I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared delighted; but more particularly so was a young lady, who raised her hands and exclaimed it was beautiful, delightful, &c. Of course, I felt highly flattered, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady on the following night. I started the next night in company with several young friends, and arrived, as I supposed, at the young lady's residence, but made a glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker.

"Now, boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady, the moment I strike up the 'Last Rose of Summer.'" I struck up, but the window remained closed, and the boys began to smile.

"Oh," said I, "that's nothing; it would not be in good taste to raise the window on the first air."

I next struck up 'Old Robin Gray.' Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat.

"Once more, boys," said I, "and she must come.' I struck up again—'My love is like the red, red rose." Still there was no demonstration.

"Boys," said I, "she's a humbug. Let us sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and if that don't bring her, I'll give up."

We struck up, and as we finished the last line the window was raised.

"That's the ticket, boys, I knew we could bring her."

But instead of the beautiful young lady it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night cap and dressing gown.

"Friend," said he, "thee was singing of thy home—and, if I recollect right, thee said there was no place like home; and if that is true, why don't thee go to thy home!—Thee is not wanted here—thee not thy company. Farewell."

We, and our hats, went home!

Henry Ward Beecher on Interest.

How many people in the country have found out the truth of the following by Henry Ward Beecher:—

"No blister draws sharper than interest does. Of all industries, none is comparable to that of interest. It works day and night, in fair weather and foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound upon a spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh till the long-legged interest devours him. There is no crop that can afford to pay interest on money on a farm.

There is but one thing raised on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms new plants every time you bleed the roots, whose blossoms are prolific and every one the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every single plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field full of them is like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and a vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles, than attempt to lie at ease upon interest."

☞When men and women get very old, they are generally, for the best of reasons, in no danger of having their misdeeds thrown in their teeth.

The Mysterious Lodger.

In September, 1852, I occupied a room in a two-story frame building on Stockton street. In the house were perhaps half a dozen lodgers—possibly more. As I seldom visited my room during the day, and invariably retired at twelve o'clock, I rarely met any of my neighbors—or, if I did, it was without knowing them. With two of my fellow-lodgers I became partially acquainted. One was a middle-aged man, occupying a room adjoining mine, and divided from it by a thin partition. Against that thin boundary stood our beds—the middle-aged gentleman's and mine—not to exceed three inches apart.—The middle-aged gentleman was wedded to the habit of snoring. And his was a peculiar snore; not a periodical murmur, accompanying every fourth or fifth inspiration, but a terrific and uninterrupted combination of snorts, groans and snuffles, with the addition of teeth-grinding, and occasional plunges of the extremities against the creaking footboard. For one week I bore up against the clatter. At length, one night, I knocked at his door. I was desperate. He rose, struck a light, and for the first time we met face to face. I had prepared myself to deluge him with sarcasm—to abuse him with billingsgate—to sink him with abuse. His face was so round and jovial and his head so entirely destitute of hair, that I could not summon courage to utter a harsh word. For a moment, we peered silently into each other's faces.

"Can I do any thing for you?" I inquired.

Smith, for that was his name, must have read my thoughts—must have known that he snored—must have been aware of the object of my visit—for he smilingly replied:

"Yes, my friend, join me in a glass of brandy and water—I have a few drops of something genuine. Permit me to insist," he continued, observing my hesitation, "you will sleep all the better for it;" and he gave me a look, swelling over with commiseration.

I meekly followed him to the side-board and we pledged each other in a glass of ancient vintage. He then pressed me to smoke a cigar. I could scarcely do less. Sitting on the side of the bed, with his rotund visage peeping through a gauze of smoke, and his fat legs swinging good naturedly, Smith was a picture. Together we would have afforded an amusing sketch for Punch. He talked incessantly, and before I left him, we touched glasses several times, and I firmly resolved that he might snore, night and day, for a year to come, and I would not disturb him. I wrung his hand in an ecstacy of friendship, and bade him an affectionate good night. I tumbled in bed and tried in vain to sleep. Smith's brandy was playing strange tricks with my fancy, and I felt as though something was whispering, as to "Macbeth," "Sleep no more!" I lit a candle and found it was two o'clock. Irritated at my wakefulness, I drew on my clothes, and was soon in the street. The moon rode high in the heavens, and the night was beautiful as a poet's dream. Strolling along the street as far as Clay, I suddenly turned the corner, and encountered a crowd of half-drunken rowdies, standing in front of a house they had either just left, or were about to enter. In the act of retracing my steps, I heard some one exclaim, in a boyish tone:

"Not to-night, gentlemen; some other time; but not to-night; please excuse me."

The speaker, in passing along the street, had been stopped by the rowdies, and invited to drink.

"Bah," exclaimed a number of voices, "You must come up to the scratch—either drink or fight."

"But, gentlemen, I can not," insisted the stranger, struggling to free himself from the grasp of his persecutors. "I can neither drink nor fight, to-night. I am not well!"

"Gammon!" growled the party, attempting to force him into the house.

I felt that, as a conservator of the peace and champion of society, it was my duty to interfere. Smith's brandy told me so, and furnished the nerve, in addition, to carry out the resolution. Stalking quietly in upon the crowd, I laid my hand upon the boy's shoulder, and requested him to follow me. He turned to comply, when, "Give him one!" yelled one of the rowdies, and the next moment I received a blow in the back of the neck, and found myself leaning against the side of a house. I was not stunned, but exasperated beyond measure. The liquor of my bald-headed fellow-lodger steeled my nerves to action, and I threw myself into a position of defence. Not doubting my perfect ability to scatter that crowd over an acre of ground, I invited the unequal contest. The appearance of a policeman spared the impending slaughter, for the party suddenly left the field. My companion informed the officer of what had occurred, and he started in pursuit of the retreating rowdies, enjoining us to find the way to our lodgings. Taking the arm of the lad, we proceeded towards my room. He was a pale-faced, interesting young man of perhaps eighteen or nineteen years, remarkably well-bred and intelligent. He was dressed in good taste, without affecting any of the airs of maturer years, and I was quite taken with him. He told me his name was Richard Jansen; that he was alone in California, but not without means; that he lived on Stockton street, and visiting a friend that evening, had been detained to that unusual hour.

In a few moments we arrived at my lodgings, and as I observed that he evinced little inclination to part with me, I invited him to accept a portion of my bed for the night.—He smilingly declined, stating that he was quite near his own; and I then learned, for the first time, that he occupied a room in the same house and on the same floor with myself. Thus I became acquainted with two of my fellow-lodgers.

Jansen and myself often met after that, but it was always in the street or on the stairway. He never invited me to his room, or accepted an invitation to mine. He visited me but once at my office, and then remained less than five minutes. How he spent his time, I did not inquire. He was a mystery. I spoke of him to Smith one day. Strange to say that gentleman had never seen him, but from my description of him, ventured the opinion that he was either a gambler or a genteel pickpocket. I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Smith was right, and after that I treated the young man with unusual coldness. He observed the change, and his look wore a reproach so sorrowful that I half repented having harbored the suspicion of my venerable looking friend, who was fearfully averse to all mysteries.

Occasion called me to my room, one evening, at an earlier hour than usual. I heard a soft rap at my door, and, opening it, found Jansen standing in the entry. "Come in, Jansen," I exclaimed, throwing open the door.

"Would you not prefer taking a walk?" he inquired. "The night is beautiful."

"I believe not to night," I replied; "some other time." I was a little piqued that he should persist in remaining outside the door.

"I should be much pleased to have you," he rejoined. "I have a few words to say to you, in justice to myself, and—"

"Enough," I interrupted, "I will go." I felt assured he desired to tell me something of himself, and I was all anxiety to hear it. It was unpleasant to think him a pickpocket or a sharper, and I hoped he might be able to prove to me that he was neither.

We left the house and proceeded along Stockton street toward Happy Valley. For ten minutes not a word was spoken. Several times he seemed on the point of speaking, but he as often checked himself.

"Unless I may call you one, I have not a friend in California," he at length began placing his hand upon my shoulder. I bowed, but made no reply.

"You do not speak," he continued, observing my silence. "I am to understand, I presume, that you are not to be made an exception."

"To be frank with you, Jansen," I replied, "there is a certain mystery about your movements calculated to give rise to suspicions anything but favorable."

"Of what nature?" inquired my companion.

"That you are a gambler or even worse," I humbly replied.

He smiled as he replied: "Yes, yes, I see, but the suspicion wrongs me."

"Make it appear so," I answered, "and you shall not want a friend."

"Promise that you will not divulge what I may tell you, or attempt in word or act to thwart me in the accomplishment of a purpose to which I have pledged my soul," he said, looking me earnestly in the face, "and you shall have the proof you require."

"If your purpose is not criminal, I promise; if otherwise keep your secret," was my answer.

"'Tis what you would do, or any other man worthy of the name."

"Then I promise; here is my hand."

"Listen," he resumed, taking my arm, and walking slowly on. "I have a twin sister. We were born in Georgia, and our parents were the possessors of a hundred slaves and plantation large enoungh to give all employment. When we were fourteen our father died. At the age of sixteen my sister became a convert, during a religious revival, and six months after, in the face of the determined opposition of my mother, ran away with and married a young preacher, to whose eloquence the revival owed its origin. My sister did not love the man. Her feelings for him were a religious enthusiasm—a fancy wrought upon by an unnatural infatuation. Learning they were married, my good mother sent for them, and they returned to receive her blessing. The plantation was placed in charge of my sister's husband, and he relinquished the Gospel. He frequently visited New Orleans, and other of the large Southern cities, during the first year of his marriage, but the circumstance excited no suspicion.

To be brief, before two years elapsed, the large estate left by our father was swept from us, and we were almost bankrupt. He had induced my mother to mortgage the plantation, with the view, he said of purchasing more negroes to work it, but the money was squandered, and the slaves we had were secretly sold by fives and tens, until less than a dozen remained. When asked to explain by my mother, he had no excuse to offer. In the midst of this great grief, another wife of Mayhew—that was the villain's name—suddenly made her appearance at the plantation.

Learning the residence of her husband, but knowing nothing of his second marriage, she had left South Carolina to meet him.—My poor sister was heart-broken. Mayhew, to escape prosecution, fled from the State.—His first wife was sent to the madhouse, and in three months my poor old mother was laid in the churchyard. My grief-bowed sister—but I will not speak of her.

Turning the wreck of our property into money, I started in pursuit of the scoundrel who had dealt such havoc with our peace. Through a dozen States I tracked him and, returned with my mission of vengeance unaccomplished. One year ago, by accident, I learned he was in California. As soon as I recovered from a serious illness under which I was laboring, I took passage for this State. I arrived six months ago. He is here, for I have seen him, and he can not escape me now! He is even in this city, but little dreams that the pistol is shotted to send him to the great reckoning. I have made few acquaintances, having no wish to implicate others in a work of blood which must be mine alone. Last night I followed him from the El Dorado, where he spends most of his time, to a house on Powell street. He has visited it frequently of late, and to day I ascertained that he is paying his addresses to a widow lady of wealth residing there. But he will not marry her, for another week shall not see him alive! You now know all. Have I one friend in California?"

To see so much spirit, so much determination, so much manhood exhibited by a beardless boy, surprised me beyond expression. I offered the brave little fellow my hand, and he felt that he was answered.

In silence we returned to our lodgings.—Bidding Jansen good night, I stepped into Smith's room for a moment. I found the old gentleman somewhat agitated. He had lost a valuable diamond pin that day, and freely intimated that the "sleek young cuss," as he denominated Jansen, had stolen it. I so strenuously endeavored to dissipate the impression, that I verily believe he felt inclined to transfer the odium of the supposed theft to me. That night Smith snored louder than usual.

Three days after, I met Jansen in the street, and learned that he had taken rooms on Powell street. I did not inquire the reason—I thought I knew it. The next day I again met him. His face was unusually pale, yet he said he had not felt better for years.

"There is to be a wedding on Powell street to-morrow; at least, so Mayhew says, but there will be no bridegroom! Do you understand?" He placed his finger significantly to his lips, and we separated.

At eight o'clock the next evening, as Isaac Mayhew was mounting the steps of the house to which Jansen had traced him, six days before, a pistol-ball pierced his heart, and he dropped dead upon the pavement.

Some unaccountable influence had drawn me to the neighborhood, and hearing the report of a pistol, Jansen's words flashed through my mind, and I started, with a dozen others, in the direction of the tragedy.—Before I arrived on the spot quite a crowd had collected. The body of Mayhew was lying upon the sidewalk, and over it, in speechless agony, stood the widow who was to have been a bride.

"Who saw this?" inquired a policeman.

"I heard the report of a pistol," said one of the crowd, "and, a minute after, saw a man enter that house yonder," and he pointed to a small frame building on the opposite side of the street.

In an instant the officer, followed by the excited spectators, started for the house.—Springing through the crowd, I reached the side of the policeman, and as he knocked at the door I was at his elbow. I felt that Jansen was there. The door was quietly opened, and a well-dressed lady calmly inquired the object of the visit.

"We are looking for a man who, a few minutes since, committed a murder across the street," said the officer.

"And do you expect to find him in my room, sir?" returned the lady.

"No, madam," replied the policeman, rather politely for one of his calling; "but I will glance through your apartment, merely as a matter of form, before proceeding to the other portions of the house."

The officer entered, I closely following. While he was examining the room, I for the first time obtained a fair view of the lady's face. Involuntarily, I threw up my hands in amazement. She detected the movement, and, quick as thought, placed her finger to her lips. In a moment I comprehended all. Richard Jansen stood before me. No—Richard no longer, now that she had slain the destroyer of her peace, but Martha Jansen, my former fellow-lodger. Heavens, what a discovery! And for me to have been so confoundedly blind, too—but no matter. The policeman searched the house, but did not find the murderer.

The next day I met Martha on Montgomery street. She smiled and bowed, and I confess I thought her an exceedingly pretty woman.

A week after she quietly left the State for Georgia, where she is now residing. After the sailing of the steamer I received a note through the post-office from Martha. She explained all, and thanked me for the assistance I had rendered her, and the kindness shown to her imaginary twin-brother, Richard.

When I informed Smith, as I did one evening, that the "sleek young cuss" whom he had viewed with so much suspicion was a woman, he waited for me to repeat the assertion, and then checked himself in the act of calling me a liar. The news excited Smith, and he went to bed drunk that night, and snored as he had never snored before.

She who was to have been the third wife of Mayhew still lives in San Francisco. She was married in August last. I met her in the street a few days ago. How vividly the sight of her face brought to mind the incidents I have related! She will read this little story, perhaps, and learn, for the first time, why she did not become the wife of Mayhew, the bigamist.

☞If thou wouldst bear thy neighbor's faults, cast thine eyes upon thine own.

Life in an Esquimaux Hut.

[From Dr. Hayne's Book.]

In shape these huts are very much like an old-fashioned country clay oven, square in front, and sloping back into the hill. They were now covered with snow, and until after entering one of them, I could not discover of what material they were made. To get inside I was obliged to crawl on my hands and knees through a covered passage about twelve feet long. Kalutunah, upon hearing my footsteps, came out to welcome me, which he did by patting me on the back and grinning in my face. Preceding me with a smoking torch, which was a piece of burning moss saturated with fat, he advanced through the low narrow passage trampling over several snarling dogs and half-grown puppies. After making two or three turns I observed at last a bright light streaming down through a hole, into which my guide elevated his body; and then moving to one side, he made room for his guest. I found myself in a den in which I could not stand upright, but which was crowded with human beings of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes. I was received with a hilarious shout which assured me of welcome. Like a flock of sheep crowding into a pen, they packed themselves into the corners to make room for me on the only seat which I could discover. I had come to gratify my own curiosity, but theirs was even more rapacious than mine, and must be first satisfied. Everything I had on and about me, underwent the closest examination.

My long beard greatly excited their interest and admiration. Being themselves without this hirsute appendage, or at most having a few stiff hairs upon the upper lip and the point of the chin, I could readily appreciate their curiosity. They touched it and stroked it, patting me all the while on the back, and hanging on to my arms, legs and shoulders. I was a very Peter Parley among a crowd of overgrown children.—They were greatly puzzled over my woolen clothing, and could not comprehend of what kind of skins it was made. The nearest that I could approach a description was that it grew on the animal looking like an "Ukalek" (hare). That it was not skin I could not make them understand. Hans, being once importuned at the ship on the same subject, told some of them, rather pettishly, that it was "man skin;" and this I found seemed to be the general impression. My pockets did not escape them; and my pipe, which one of the boys drew out, occasioned much amusement, as it passed around from hand to hand, and from mouth to mouth.—Kalutunah drew my knife from its sheath, pressed it to his heart, and then with a roguish leer stuck it in his boot. I shook my head, and with a laugh, he returned it to its place. It was a prize he greatly coveted. He had not yet heard of the ten commandments, and he could not resist the desire to possess it. He drew it out half a dozen times, exclaiming beseechingly, as he hugged it, "Me! give me!" There was an air of innocent simplicity about the fellow which pleased me; and I had nearly paid for my admiration with my knife. Fortunately, however, I did not wholly forget that charity begins at home. My pistol they handled with great solemnity; with the marvellous effect of our firearms they had already been familiarized; for as we entered the harbor Bonsall had, with his gun, dropped a burgomaster gull among them.

During the incidents just detailed, I found leisure to examine the hut. The whole interior was about ten feet in diameter, and five and a half feet high. The walls were made of stone, moss, and the bones of whale, narwhal, and other animals. They were not arched, but drawn in gradually from the foundation, and capped by long slabs of slate stone, stretching from side to side.—The floor was covered with thin flat stones. Half of this floor at the back part of the hut was elevated a foot. This elevation was called "breck;" and it served both as bed and seat, being covered with dry grass, over which were spread bear and dog skins. At the corners in front were similar elevations, under a layer of which, lay a litter of pups, with their mother, and under the other was stowed a joint of meat. The front of the hut was square, and through it, above the passage way, opened a window a square sheet of dried intestines, sewed together, admitted the light. The hole of entrance in the floor was close to the front wall, and was covered with a piece of seal skin. The walls were lined with seal skins stretched to dry. In the cracks between the stones were thrust whip stocks, bones and pegs, on which hung coils of harpoon lines. On one side of me, at the edge of the "breck," sat an old woman, and on the other side a young one, each busily engaged in attending to a smoky, greasy lamp. A third woman sat in a corner, similarly occupied. The lamps were made of soap stone, and in shape much resembled a clam shell, being about eight inches in diameter. The cavity was filled with oil, and on the straight edge a flame was burning quite brilliantly. The wick which supplied fuel to the flames was moss.

The only business of the women seemed to be to prevent the lamps from smoking, and to keep them supplied with blubber, large pieces of which were placed in them, the heat of the flame frying out the oil.—About three inches above the flame, hung, suspended from the ceiling, an oblong square pot of the same material as the lamp, in which something was slowly simmering. Over this was suspended a rack, made of bear rib-bones lashed together crosswise, on which were placed to dry, stockings, mittens, pantaloons and other articles of clothing. The inmates had no other fire than was supplied by the lamps, nor did they need any. The hut was absolutely hot. So many persons crowded in so small a space would, of themselves, keep the place warm. I counted eighten, and many, very probably, have missed two or three small ones. Centreing each one around its own particular lamp and pot were three families, one of which was represented by three generations, these families numbered, in all, thirteen individuals; but besides these were some visitors from the other hut. The air of the place was insufferable, except for a short time. The half decomposed scraps of fur, fat, flesh, which lay on the floor and breck, or were heaped in the corners; the poisonous multiplicity of breathing lungs; the steam which rose from the heated bodies of the inmates and the smoke of the lamps,—altogether created an atmosphere which was almost stifling.

There may have been a vent hole, but I did not see any. I perspired as if in the tropics. Perceiving this, the company invited me to imitate them, and instantly half a dozen boys and girls seized my coat and boots, preparatory to stripping me, but I had brought from home certain conventional, notions, and I declined the intended courtesy telling them that I must go back to my people. First, however, I must have something to eat. This was an invitation which I feared; and now that it had come, I knew that it would be unwise to decline it. The expression of thanks, (koyenak) was one of the few in their language that I knew, and of this I made the most. They laughed heartily when I said "Koyenak," in reply to their invitation to eat, and immediately a not very beautiful young damsel poured some of the contents of the before mentioned pots into a skin dish, and after sipping it to make sure, as I supposed, that it was not too hot, she passed it to me over a group of heads. At first my courage forsook me; but all eyes were fixed upon me, and it would have been highly impolite to shrink. I therefore shut my eyes, held my nose swallowed the dose, and retired. I was afterwards told that it was their great delicacy, which had been proffered to me—a soup made by boiling together blood, oil and seal intestines. It is well that I was ignorant of the fact.

I felt great relief when again in the cool, fresh air. The Angekok and his daughter escorted me to the tent, each with a torch. Dismissing them at the door, I sought my narrow place, among my sleeping comrades, and was soon wandering far away from the Esquimaux and their filthy huts.

Tribute to Washington Irving.

William Cullen Bryant delivered an eulogy on Washington Irving, before the New York Historical Society at its meeting at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening. Though in the main historical in its character, it abounds in appreciative tributes to Irving's genius, and is, in all respects, worthy of its eminent author. We quote the closing paragraphs:

I have thus set before you, my friends, with such measure of ability as I possess, a rapid and imperfect sketch of the life and genius of Washington Irving. Other hands will yet give the world a bolder, more vivid and exact, a more distinctive portraiture.—In the meantime, when I consider for how many years he stood before the world as an author with a still increasing fame—half a century in this most changeful of centuries—I cannot hesitate to predict for him a deathless renown. Since he began to write, empires have risen and passed away; mighty captains have appeared on the stage of the world, performed their part, and been called to their account; wars have been fought and ended, which have changed the destinies of the human race. New arts have been invented and adopted, and have pushed the old out of use; the household economy of half mankind has undergone a revolution. Science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old; the chemist of 1800 would be a vain babbler among his brethren of the present day, and would in turn become bewildered in the attempt to understand them. Nation utters speech to nation in words that pass from realm to realm with the speed of light.—Distant countries have been made neighbors; the Atlantic Ocean has become a narrow frith, and the Old World and the New shake hands across it; the East and the West look in at each other's windows. The new inventions bring new calamities, and men perish in crowds by the recoil of their own devices. War has learned more frightful modes of havoc, and armed himself with deadlier weapons; armies are borne to the battle-field on the wings of the wind, and, dashed against each other, destroyed with infinite bloodshed. We grow giddy with these rapid and ceaseless mutations; the earth seems to reel under our feet, and we turn to those who write like Irving for some assurance that we are still in the same world into which we were born; we read and are quieted and consoled. In his pages we see that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete; that Truth, and Goodness, and Beauty, the offsprings of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the inventions of men. We become satisfied that he whose works were the delight of our fathers, and are still ours, will be read with the same pleasure by those who come after us.

If it were becoming, at this time and in this assembly, to address our departed friend as if in his immediate presence, I would say: "Farewell, thou who hast entered into the rest prepared, from the foundation of the world, for serene and gentle spirits like thine. Farewell, happy in thy life, happy in thy death, happier in the reward to which that death was the assured passage; fortunate in attracting the admiration of the world to thy beautiful writings; still more fortunate in having written nothing which did not tend to promote the reign of magnanimous forbearance and generous sympathies among thy fellow men. The brightness of that enduring fame which thou hast won on earth is but a shadowy symbol of that glory to which thou hast been admitted in the world beyond the grave. Thy errand upon earth was an errand of peace and good will to man, and thou art now in a region where hatred and strife never enter, and where the harmonious activity of those who inhabit it acknowledges no impulse less noble or less pure than that of love.

Irving's First Love.

When young, he became intimately acquainted with a daughter of one of the Knickerbockers of the time, sturdy in family wealth. With the young lady he pressed his suit successfully; and in time the father might have succumbed, despite the fact that he regarded the resources with which Irving proposed to support a wife too slender to maintain that style of luxury to which his daughter had been accustomed. In an evil hour, as it seemed, a Dr. Creighton, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, despite his Scottish parentage, fell in with the gentleman whom Irving was desirous to make his father-in-law. The clergyman's eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the same young lady who had won the heart of the aspiring author, and the father had blinded to all other considerations by the wealth which Dr. Creighton offered, together with his heart. Time and persistency pushed Irving from the scene, and the girl, obedient to her father's urgent entreaties, gave his preference the precedence of her own. But the saddest part of the story remains to be told.—When the question of the marriage portion was under consideration, the father stated that the family had been tainted with insanity; and to guard against the evils of harsh treatment, should his daughter be afflicted with the same malady, insisted that a certain sum should be set aside, which, in the event of such a calamity, should be devoted to her maintenance on her estate, on the banks of the Hudson, and that in no event should she be removed from the mansion there.

The terms, the ardent suitor, hoping for the best, complied with. It may have been the result of hereditary disease, or efforts to crush out and kill her young hopes, but not many years elapsed before the young wife was a raving maniac. She became so violent that confinement was rendered necessary, and the family mansion was converted into an asylum, Dr. Creighton building another house on a distant part of the estate. The unfortunate woman is still living, and on quiet nights her shrieks may be heard shrilling along the banks of the river—almost audible too, at the secluded retreat which Irving occupied. No heart but his own knows how much the sad event may have tinged his own life, or to what exertions it may have urged him in attempting to drown all remembrances of his disappointment. Dr. Creighton has for years officiated at the humble chapel where Irving worshipped—and, singular enough, read the burial service for his former rival. To those who were aware of these mournful circumstances, the strange coincidence must have been exceedingly painful. There are but few portraits or busts of Mr. Irving in existence, as he has, especially of late years, persistently refused to place himself at the disposal of any artist, however celebrated.

Foxes Incompatible with the Scriptures.

That was a novel, but not so bad an argument, which the mountain member urged in the Kentucky Legislature.

A few years ago, a bill, proposing a premium on fox scalps, was under discussion. It had been somewhat roughly handled in debate by members from the more populous regions where foxes were scarce and Mr. L———, from one of the mountain counties rose to reply. we give only his peroration:

"And are we, Mr. Speaker—we of the mountain regions—not only to witness the annual destruction of our crops, but actually to be deprived by these varmints of the consolation of religion!"

This woke the House up, and set it agape for explanation. He continued—

"You know, Mr. Speaker, that we live in a rough country; that your fancy churches—your Presbyterians and Episcopalians—never send us any preachers among us.—We depend for the Gospel upon the circuit, riders of the Methodist Church; and sir every body knows that they can not be induced to travel where there are no chickens, and that chickens cannot be raised where foxes abound!"

The argument was unanswerable, and the bill became a law!"

☞An elderly gentleman, traveling in a stage was amused by a constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One at last kindly inquired if the conversation did not make his head ache? He replied, "No, madam, I have been married upward of twenty-eight years."

☞A man speaking of a place out West, in a letter which he writes home, says that it is a perfect Paradise, and though most all the folks have the "fever-'n-ager," yet its a great blessing, for its the only exercise they take.