

# 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. 45.

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1860.

WHOLE NUMBER 781.

## Poetical.

### Never Despair.

There's gold for the man that will dig it,  
And peace for the soul of the seeker—  
There's Love's wine for him that will drink it,  
O'erflowing the golden-tipped beaker—  
There's Fame for the brow of the thinker,  
If he'll work and struggle to win it,  
Every care-crowd that folds o'er the future,  
May prison rich blessings within it.

There's a home for the son of gaunt sorrow,  
A rest for the worn-out and weary;  
A hope for the pallid despairing;  
A light o'er each path that is dreary.  
There's no wave so dark, but the summit  
Will break into sunny-like whiteness;  
There's no cloud so black in the heavens,  
But has some rich folded-up brightness.

'Tis hard to wade through the deep waters,  
Unseeing the shore that we covet;  
'Tis dim to look for Hope's rainbow,  
When black veils of doubt hang above it;  
But Faith's hand can lift up the mountains,  
And give to us riches beyond all;  
She points to the land of the prophets,  
The land of the blessed Messiah.

## Miscellaneous.

### The Death Bed of a Lion.

Every one may not be scientific; but every one may at least be a close observer of nature animate, and nature inanimate. If plain people, with good eyes and open hearts, would but keep a note book for their original observations, and jot down in few words the simple facts of life among God's lower creatures, the great men of the day would always have a good store of fine materials to deal with. The philosopher would stand at ease on the grand platform of truth, and build with stones readily hewn to his hand, instead of having to send his thoughts wide over the land in search of straw wherewith to make bricks for the house of his wisdom, or perhaps to gather cinders for the wedded wigwam of a nomadic deity.

"Do animals understand what death is? Do they recognize its coming signs?" asks the uninitiated. "No," says a gifted philosopher of our acquaintance, "you never see animals apprehend the meaning of death." Very well, then here is a fact: The writer once strayed into a menagerie in the North of England, which had camped for a day or two in a little mountain metropolis. A large elderly lion was making an involuntary tour of the country in company with his wife and a fine family of young people. What an insult to the desert monarch into such a vulgar clip-trap leveling carriage as this!

But what is the matter with the grand old lion? He is in pain; surely he is in pain. His breathing is short and is drawn with effort; his nostrils are spread wide, lips drawn back, and that great, shaggy chest heaves uneasily. He is suffering from Bronchitis, for he evidently cannot bear the keen air of the North. He is coughing; but now he lifts his head high, and looks round and round the show, into the hundred faces of that unfeeling crowd as if searching for sympathy.

But, no; they cannot read his eye of mute appeal; he is nothing to them but a great, tawny lion, with a shaggy mane, and tufted tail. Suddenly he rears himself up to his full stature, throws back his grand head, utters a tremendous desert roar, and falls down heavily on his side—dead. Dead; but with an imperial gesture, such as Caesar's when he fell.

Look at the widow! She has been taking short and stately turns up and down the den, a very Juno in her gait, and in her temper. Too, but she stops, looks inquiringly at the prostrate figure, draws nearer, bends her head with an anxious, bewildered look, and then, as if at last receiving the great idea, she throws herself down upon the dead monarch with great abandonment. Presently up comes the heir; crown prince he was—he is the young king now. He steps short, in a fierce, brusque attitude, spreads his nostrils, flashes his eyes, and snorts aloud.—That was a long searching gaze, truly. But at last he too, flings himself down, with a great sounding flop upon the dead body of the old lion. Up comes the coarse looking keeper, and flugs away the widow and son. But they watch their opportunity, and stalk forward again, and throw themselves down in the same attitude of grief. Again the hateful whip, and again they spring to the further end of the cage, with a short, impatient roar. Three times did this take place, and three times did they return to the same position, abandoning themselves to the same eloquent symbols of grief. Not many can say that they have been present at the death bed of a lion; and never can the scene, so touching, and yet so grand, be forgotten by the writer.

**THE OLD MAN'S SECRET.**—An aged clergyman, who had not known one day's illness, was asked his secret. "Dry feet and early rising," was his reply; "these are my only two precautions."

Can it be said with truth that we all are children of forefathers, when Moses plainly tells us that Joshua was the son of Nun?

Washing shirts wears them out.—When they get dirty chalk them over.—Economy is wealth.

Some one says that human heads are like hogheads—the less they contain the louder the report they give of themselves.

Why is a tooth drawn like a thing forgotten? It is out of the head.

## Lost in the Fog.

### CHAPTER I.

In one of the summer months of the year 185—, application was made to a great London insurance company to insure the life of Mr. Andrew Macfarlane, of Raw Material street, Manchester, for a very heavy sum.—Mr. Macfarlane was not a young man, being described by himself as between forty and fifty, and the sum was of such an unusual amount, that the company thought it necessary to use more than ordinary caution.—They therefore stipulated upon seeing the gentleman personally, and having him examined by two of their own medical men in their own office in London, in addition to the usual preliminary investigation. Mr. Macfarlane accordingly appeared one morning, looking a most robust and healthy middle aged gentleman, with a fine, broad, ruddy, close shaven face and iron gray hair: the examination was pronounced satisfactory in the extreme. Mr. Macfarlane was a more than usually healthy person, and the policy was granted without delay.

One morning in November of the same year, London was shrouded in one of its densest fogs. That combination of smoke and vapor, to be met with in its full perfection in no other part of the globe, pervaded street and river. Fog had reigned supreme over the metropolis the whole of the previous day, and had become so thick at night that foot passengers had great difficulty in finding their way along the streets, the crossing of a wide street or square looked like diving into some dark and unexplored expanse; all landmarks were swept away, the lamps were scarcely visible one from another; experienced Londoners found themselves turning the wrong corners, and the cabs and other vehicles had no chance of reaching their destination, save by adhering to the curbstone.

That November morning the newspapers bore witness to the dangers of the previous day in many a lengthy catalogue of accidents. As morning broke the fog seemed likely to raze another day: but as the sun gained strength he brought with him a fresh breeze, and the fog lifting, like a vast curtain, once more disclosed to the persecuted Londoners the features of their lost city.

Light was pretty well established when a party of river men were seen carrying the body of a drowned man up the steps of London Bridge. On coming to the top with their ghastly burden, a gentleman in a dark beard and moustaches, who had been watching their movements over the parapet, came up, and looking steadily at the dead man's face, exclaimed:

"Good God! it's poor Macfarlane!"

The men stopped; a crowd was present in an instant, as if by magic; and in scarcely less time the tall and unperturbed hat of a policeman was to be observed, calm and stationary, above the awing multitude.

"Do you identify this body, sir?"

"I do."

"Your name and address, if you please, sir?"

"I will go with you to the station, if you please."

"I'll be with you to the dead house, sir; perhaps you would have no objection to go there with me first, and witness my removal of the valuables on the person of the deceased."

The gentleman accordingly accompanied the party, saw the contents of the pockets removed, and the body examined carefully. There were no marks of violence upon it, and there was little doubt that it represented one of the victims of the fog, an opinion pretty freely expressed by the bystanders.

The pockets produced little or nothing leading to identification; a watch, with a chain attached to it; a locket, containing hair, and ornamented with a blue cross; a purse with money all in sovereigns; a pocket handkerchief marked in cipher, and a bunch of keys, told little.

The next proceeding was to the station house. The sergeant on duty heard the facts, took possession of the property; put certain questions; took down the gentleman's name and address.—"Mr. Woodley, of Liverpool, now at the Covent Garden Hotel," and informed him that he would be required at the inquest.

"I shall consider it my duty to attend; but, in the meantime, I must communicate this intelligence to my poor friend's wife—they came to town only the day before yesterday."

"Her attendance will be necessary, sir."

"Very well; but first I must see how she bears this cruel shock."

At the inquest, after the evidence of the finding of the body, Mr. Woodley stepped forward and deposed that he was well acquainted with the deceased, Mr. Macfarlane, of Manchester; that he and his wife had come to London on a visit only a few days previously; that he had seen the wife—who was so dreadfully affected by the shock her nervous system had sustained by this sad event, that she was dangerously ill, and totally incapable of giving evidence, of which fact he handed in a doctor's certificate. He held in his hand, he said, the marriage certificate of the deceased, which he would produce if the jury desired to see it; that he had managed to procure from the distressed lady a list of the articles on Macfarlane's person when he left home yesterday, on business, since which time he had not been heard of until witness brought the sad intelligence of his untimely fate.

The divisional surgeon deposed that there were no marks of violence upon the body.

The coroner, in summing up, merely observed to the jury that it was evident this unfortunate person had been drowned in the

Thames; there was no reason to suppose that he had met his death by any foul play, nor was the supposition of suicide warranted. The unfortunate man had, it appeared, gone out yesterday in the full enjoyment of his usual health, strength and intellect; they were all aware that in the dense and dangerous fog that had prevailed, accidents were extremely likely to happen, especially to persons unacquainted with London; it must therefore be presumed that deceased had, by some means unknown to them, fallen into the river; the body had been satisfactorily identified by a most respectable witness, who, had, moreover, brought from the widow a list of articles, which tallied exactly with those found on the body; they had heard of the sad condition of the unhappy lady, and there appeared to him no necessity for adjourning the inquest for her presence; nothing, therefore, remained for them but to give their verdict according to the facts.

"Found drowned," was accordingly rendered.

The coroner observed that the body ought to be buried immediately, and ordered it to be given up to Woodley. He then made out and forwarded to the registrar the necessary information as to the cause of death, and the finding of the jury.

In due time the insurance company received application on the part of Helen Macfarlane for payment of the sum insured—a regular assignment of the policy from her late husband was produced, and her claim was further supported by a copy of the entry of the registrar-general. The company felt some little hesitation at first, and postponed payment for further information.—They desired to see Woodley, but on its being shown that that gentleman had quitted England, after due investigation they felt that they could not dispute the evidence, and paid the money.

### CHAPTER II.

In that wilderness which lies west of Brompton, at the time we speak of, there existed a little cottage, wherein dwelt George Richardson, lately managing and confidential clerk, now junior partner in a merchant's house in the city. One evening in November, 185—, home came George by the bus, and startled his little wife by announcing that he must start on a secret mission to Leghorn the next day; events of importance connected with the business had occurred there requiring the presence of one of the partners, and the lot had fallen upon him as the junior in respect of age, as well as of position in the firm. A steamer was to leave the river the next evening.

"Therefore," said George, "get my things ready, and I will take them with me to the office to-morrow morning, for I shall not have time to return home."

"Shall I not see you again after you leave home to-morrow morning?" asked Bessie Richardson, anxiously.

"No, darling, you must wish me good bye then."

Bessie's face put on a disappointed look.

"Why, you silly girl, the parting must come sooner or later, and why not in the morning as well as the evening?" said he, smoothing her hair back carelessly.

Bessie did not see the force of this reasoning. To a woman, a good-bye is no good-bye at all, unless it occurs at the very last moment.

However, it could not be helped, it seemed; so the little woman bustled about, and got his things to rights, and stood in the little dining room with tears welling into her eyes. The next morning, when the cab drove up to the door, there was a thick fog, and Bessie felt alarmed, as a woman does at parting, with a vague, undefined dread of some calamity.

"How soon shall I hear from you, George?"

"In a month, I hope; but it may be six weeks, or even more, so don't be uneasy.—I will write, you may be sure, the first opportunity, and I may be back myself before my letter."

"I wish you were not going in this fog."

"Foolish girl!" kissing her. "The steamer won't start in a fog; don't alarm yourself about that. Besides it's only the morning frost; when the sun gets up, it will be bright and clear."

She bore the parting better than could have been expected; for, truth to tell, she had not meant that to be the final one. In her secret little heart, she had determined to make an expedition to the city, and have the real good-bye at the proper time, and she was looking forward joyfully to the surprise and pleasure it would be to George. So she put up a cheerful face to his, and returned his last nod from the cab with a smile.

But, when, as the day advanced, the fog, instead of clearing, increased in density, and she perceived that her journey to the city was impracticable: then the reality of the parting came full upon her. It was their first separation, and the suddenness of the thing, and the uncertainty of the post, and, finally, the breakage of her little plan for a final and overwhelming good-bye, overcame her, and she retired to her room, and was no more seen for several hours.

Afternoon, the fog was so thick in the city and on the river, that Richardson felt certain the steamer would not start. "How certain," said he, "I will have my trunk taken down, see the captain, and sleep on board, if necessary, to be ready as soon as he is able to get under weigh."

A month passed away. Bessie was daily expecting the promised letter; but the postman passed the door, or only knocked to bring any other but the looked-for envelope. George would surely be at home himself, and allay her anxiety by his presence in a day or two. Did he not say he might return before a letter could reach her?

Six weeks, and no letter. Bessie became really anxious; away she went to the senior partner; he was somewhat uneasy himself; but, so far from adding to her anxiety, he assured her there was yet no cause for alarm. They had expected to hear before from Richardson, certainly, but it was quite possible his voyage might have been longer than they calculated. His letter might have been mislaid, or he might be at home himself any day; in short, the good old man almost reassured the poor little wife, and she went home more tranquil in her mind than she had been for many a day.

Two months had now elapsed, and it could no longer be concealed that there was grave cause for apprehension; but, for as much as poor Bessie on every trifling occasion—to wit, when George traveled by railway—pictured to her mind the most awful accidents, or if he was half an hour too late for dinner, felt a calm certainty that something had happened, so did she now resolve that nothing could be wrong, in proportion as real reasons for alarm increased, inasmuch that as they became almost certain to the reflecting masculine mind, so did they diminish to this unreasoning little woman. In fact, she dared not admit the idea into her mind; she resolutely excluded it, steadfastly clinging to that lightest bubble of hope in her sea of doubt, and recalled that darling George would be restored to her arms in good time. It could not be in Nature or in Providence that one she loved so well should never look upon her face again. So her heart reasoned.

At length, however, arrived the steamer itself, without Richardson. It was then ascertained that no one answering his description had sailed in her. His trunk, purposefully left unattended in order to maintain the secrecy of his journey, was found on board. The members of the firm were now fully convinced that some fatal accident had happened to him. They sent for Bessie's brother, and begged him to break the matter to his sister, promising on their part to leave no stone unturned to clear up the mystery that hung upon her husband's disappearance.

We purposely pass over the horror, the incredulity, and the despair that followed one another in poor Bessie's mind when the facts broke with full force upon her. The feelings of the bereaved wife must be sacred.

Meanwhile the partners set every engine at work to discover the truth. Detective officers came to and fro, examined and cross-examined with ceaseless activity, following up the scent like hounds. The facts by degrees unfolded themselves, and it became evident that Richardson must have been drowned that night of the fog on his way to the ship.

But what became of the body? More restlessness of detectives and further circumstances were relieved of their veil of mystery. A drowned man had certainly been found the very morning after his disappearance. The body was traced to the inquest, the records of that inquiry looked up, and all doubts removed that the remains there represented as those of Macfarlane were in reality none other than those of poor Richardson. There was no possibility of direct identification at this distance of time, but a record of the articles found on the body (which had been given up to Woodley) had been preserved at the police office, and were identified by the wretched wife as the contents of her husband's pockets on the fatal day. But who and where was Woodley? What interest could he have in falsely swearing to the body? Was it a conspiracy or a mistake? More tracing of evidence; and now was found a memorandum in the registry, that the insurance company had asked for information concerning the deceased, and received a copy of the entry. This was a fresh clue; a light broke in upon the darkness which had hitherto surrounded the inquiry. The insurance company was communicated with, and, after having investigated the facts, came to the irresistible conclusion that their client Macfarlane had undoubtedly given evidence of his own decease, and was in the society of Mrs. Mac—who had completely recovered from her indisposition—enjoying a good slice of the company's capital in some foreign country.

A picture in Punch shows two "respectable citizens" very much "cut" after dinner. Both look extremely happy and ruffled, and hold a test conversation as follows: Host—"I say, my boy, shall we join the ladies in the Drawing-room?" Guest—"I sh'inksho."

Host—"Can you say, 'The scenery's truly rural' 'bout here?"

Guest—"So-scenery too-rual."

Host—"All right, come along."

## The Sailor Boy's Revenge.

The following incident actually occurred on board a British frigate, and was communicated to the writer, several years ago, by an old man-of-war's man:

A timid boy, about fourteen years of age, hesitated to go aloft, but by the Captain's orders, was forcibly put in the main rigging; then a boatswain's mate was commanded to lash him like a dog until he learned to run aloft. The poor fellow's legs and arms trembled, he grasped the shrouds, he cried, he prayed the inhuman captain for God's sake to have mercy on him; but all in vain. The boatswain's mate was ordered to lay on harder and harder, regardless of the boy's piercing screams, which made even veteran seamen turn from the brutal scene in disgust. His clothes were torn from his back, the blood followed the lash, and still the tyrant roared out, "Lay on, boatswain's mate!"

With one wild scream he sprang from under the lash, and bound up the rigging with amazing rapidity. He doubled the buttock rigging like a cat, passed up the topmast and topgallant rigging with undiminished speed, shinned the unrattled royal rigging, and perched himself like a bird alongside of the pennant which floated at the mast head. Here he paused, looking fearlessly upon the deck below. All hands came up to see him—his cries and cruel treatment had already enlisted their sympathy, and if possible had increased their hatred of the captain.

The monster was smiling complacently at the success of his experiment; he was one of those tyrants that boasted that the "cat" when properly applied, could make men do anything. Still he was apprehensive lest the boy should destroy himself, and the circumstances he used against him at the Admiralty, where he knew representations of his cruelty had already been made. The men gazed in silence, looking first at the boy and then at the captain, who was seated near the taffrail. They dared not to be seen speaking to one another—it was a flogging offence; even at night spies passed under their hammocks to ascertain if they whispered. The officers walked the lee side of the quarter deck, occasionally casting their eyes aloft, but as silent as the moon.

Still the boy clung to the mast head playing with the pennant, apparently unconscious of the interest he excited below.—Tired with a zig aloft, the captain sang out through the speaking trumpet, "Down from aloft! down!"

The boy sprang upon the truck at a bound, and raising himself erect, he waived his cap around his head; then, stretching his arms out, gave a wild laughing scream, and threw himself forward. The captain jumped to his feet, expecting to see the boy dashed to pieces on the deck; but when clear of the shade sails, he saw him sliding along the main royal stay towards the foretop gallant masthead, and heard him laugh and chatter like a monkey, as if enjoying the sport. He reached the masthead in safety, and then descended along the top gallant backstay hand over hand. The captain looked at him, and was about to speak, but could not find words. The boy frothed at the mouth and nose; his eyes seemed starting out from his head; he rolled upon the deck in convulsions, staining it with blood which trickled from his back. He was a maniac. The surgeon's skill in the course of a few weeks restored his bodily health, but not his reason.

From that time forward he was fearless. In the darkest night and fiercest gale, he would scamper over the deck like a dog, and bound aloft with a speed which no one on board could equal. He would run over the yards without holding, pass from mast to mast on the stays, ascend and descend by the leeches of the sails, and run upon the studding-sail booms. He was as nimble as a cat, and had forgotten fear. Some of the light duties aloft he learned to discharge in company with them, he did as they did, but could not be trusted to do anything by himself. One order he always obeyed without hesitation. At the command, "Away aloft," he was off, and never paused until he was at the masthead. As he was harmless and rarely spoke, the captain kept him on board, and in the course of a year frequently sent him aloft for amusement. His strength increased with his years, but his bulk and height remained nearly the same at eighteen as when he became a maniac.

His ribs, breast and back seemed one case of bone, and his sinews and muscles made his legs and arms appear like pillars and delicate skin; his face was oval and full, but devoid of expression—neither love, fear, reverence nor pleasure could be traced to its stolid outline. His eyes stared at everything without appearing to see, and when he spoke there was rarely any meaning in his words. He followed the men in their various duties like a dog following his master. Whenever he was struck or startled by a boatswain's mate, he ran up the main rigging, screaming at the top of his lungs, and never paused until he had performed the first evolution which had made him a maniac.

As the sailor's story runs, the ship arrived at Plymouth to be docked and refitted. The captain, availing himself of the leisure, was going to be married, and the news was communicated by his servant to the cook, who soon circulated it on the berth deck among the men, who cursed him and all his kin. His servant came on board the hulk where the men lodged, the evening the captain was to be married. Crazy Joe (the name the boy was known by) met him at the gangway, and asked intelligently if the captain would be married that evening, and where?

The servant gave him the information he desired, and went about his business. That night, while the captain was undressing, he was seized by the throat and dragged to the bridal bed.

"Look, fair lady, on me," said Crazy Joe, "but do not scream, or I will kill you.—Look on me. I hold within my grasp a devil, who delights in cruelty—a merciless fiend, who has scourged the backs of hundreds of brave men—a ruffian who has robbed me of my reason. I hold him within the grasp of death, the very moment his black soul thought itself within the reach of bliss. Monster! look on your lady—think a moment of the heaven of earthly joy almost within your reach—then think of me, poor crazy Joe! and of the hell to which I send you! Die, wretch, die!"

When the alarm was given, the strangled body of the captain was found alongside of the bridal bed, but the maniac who had killed him was never recovered afterwards.—He belonged to Cornwall, and probably found shelter from pursuit in the mines until the excitement passed away.

The lady stated at the time, and many years afterwards, that the attack of the maniac was so sudden and silent, that she knew nothing of it until the curtains were moved and she felt the pressure of the captain's body on the edge of the bed. He held the victim around the neck with his right hand, and turned him from side to side as easily as if he had been a child, while the forefinger and thumb of the left hand grasped her own throat, ready to extinguish her own life if she raised the alarm.

His face was pale and death-like, his eyes started, but were motionless, and every word he uttered seemed to issue from the very depths of his soul. The captain's looks were terrible beyond description—death like the impress of ferocity upon his darkened features. How the maniac entered or left the room she never knew. His departure was as noiseless as his entrance. So paralyzed was she with fear, that an hour elapsed before she could muster courage to call for help; but she thanked God when the captain's character became generally known ashore, that she had been rescued from his alliance.

### A Scoffer Rebuked.

A few winters ago, while traveling South, I halted late one evening at a village in North Alabama to spend the night. Quite a company of travelers and village gossips were seated around the glowing fire in the parlor room, when I made my entry. I was soon seated in the midst of the motley assembly, and during the interval employed by mine host, in making certain demands on his larder for my especial benefit, I listened to their chit-chat. A vaunting, self-important disciple of Blackstone was holding for him an eloquent (?) tirade against religion and Christianity in general. The circumstance was somewhat similar to that which happened to Judge Marshall, of Virginia, while traveling through the western portion of the "Old Dominion." I had been seated but a few minutes, when the attorney wound up with the following:

"Yes, gentlemen, the whole system of religion is one grand humbug, and its votaries are either monomaniacs or its illiterate, deluded beings. It is the poor and unlearned alone who are the most numerous of its disciples. Why is it, I ask, that the poor is more susceptible than the rich man to religious influences? One hundred poor men become converts to the theory to ten wealthy. Would you have proof? Look around you. Why is it? I ask. What say you, stranger, in answer to this interrogatory?" said the attorney, turning abruptly to an elderly, and rather a distinguished looking gentleman, who sat quietly smoking his pipe, in a far corner of the room, and who had arrived at the inn but an hour or two before me.

"What is the reason, you ask? Why it is simply because the wealthy are too much occupied with the business, the cares and pleasures of life to give a thought to religion. They won't take time to give the subject a serious thought. One said: 'He had a yoke of oxen, and that he wished to prove them, therefore he prayed to be excused; another, a piece of land, &c. The minds of the poor are not thus absorbed with the trash of the earth, to the exclusion of that which is priceless. True, God has chosen the weak and foolish to confound the strong and the wise, in many instances; yet, believe me, it is not the illiterate alone who are so blessed as to be the recipients of his grace and mercies. The wisest men the world has ever seen have acknowledged his supremacy and power with willing knee. Where is an unbeliever, now, in this enlightened country, where the majesty and goodness and glory of God have been manifested, so often and so clearly demonstrated, but that he is a weak, vain upstart? The world from superstition, eye from chaos, has been changed by the same religion, which you, anon, reviled, to be almost a Paradise. The dark places of the earth have been lighted up, the dominion of the devil has been subverted, and civilization, through its instrumentality, now blooms where ferocity once reigned, and the sound of the Gospel is now heard among men whose senses were once enacted too dark and revolting for gentle care; and nations which were once mented with superstition, and whose streams were ever tinged with human gore, and stained, even, with the blood of martyrs and of innocents, now wait in peace the glorious banner of the cross. Beware, young man, how you sneer at that which, to secure

for us, a Saviour offered his life a willing sacrifice. Did I not know, young man, that it was through ignorance on your part that you reviled, I would exclaim to you in the language of Paul: 'O, full of subtlety, and of all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" interrupted the lawyer, "had I known that I had waked up an old Methodist preacher, I would have taken time by the forelock, and run in time."

"I am not a Methodist preacher, sir; I have not that honor; they are a pious, a useful, a revered class of people, whom I love and respect."

"Who are you, then?" insolently demanded the lawyer.

"Sam Houston, sir, of Texas!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen in their midst, there would not have been a more electric motion in the crowd. In a second, the old hero was surrounded, and twenty welcome hands were extended. I made my exit just then to the dining-room, and as I looked back over my shoulder, I saw the little crest-fallen attorney sneaking off of the opposite corner.

### Knocked Back into the World.

The following story may create a laugh; but we trust that in some readers it may also give rise to deeper and more earnest feelings. How many a man, strong in good resolutions, has, by an unthinking, trifling deed, sunk from his eminence, and been "knocked back into the world"—that hated word of degrading associations and painful thought in which he had lived. How many a chance expression, unthinkingly uttered, has suddenly ruined the golden poesy and beauty of true love and tried friendship.

To our story. A pious old negro man, in the employment of a worthy citizen of this country, was a few weeks ago set to plowing a very rough piece of ground. Every few feet the plow would hang against a rock or stump. The horse, moreover, was very dull, so that when thus stopped it was very hard to start him again. The poor negro, of course, had a time of it, and his piety and patience were severely tested. At last they began to give away. The altercation between him and his horse became more violent at every fresh occasion for getting him in motion again. Finally, in a moment of frenzy, he swore away at the horse in a terrific manner. A moment's reflection, however, filled him with distress, and, addressing his horse, he said, in a plaintive tone, "Dar now, you miserable brute, see what you've done! You've jes gon and knocked me right back into the world again!"

### One Brick Wrong.

Workmen were recently building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. The architect and the foreman both charged the masons to lay each brick with the greatest exactness, especially the first courses, which were to sustain all the rest. However, in laying a corner, by accident or carelessness, one brick was set very little out of line. The work went on without its being noticed, but, as each course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher they built the more insecure it became. One day, when the tower had been carried up about fifty feet, there was heard a tremendous crash. The building had fallen, burying the men in the ruins. All the previous work was lost, the materials wasted, and worse still, valuable lives were sacrificed, and all from one brick laid wrong at the start. The workmen at fault in this matter little thought how much mischief he was making for the future. Do you ever think what ruin may come of one bad habit—one brick laid wrong—while you are now building a character for life? Remember, in youth the foundation is laid. See to it that all is kept straight.

### An Extra Passenger.

A amusing scene took place on the steamer *Baltimore*, just as she was leaving for Cleveland. A rough looking genius came aboard with a powerful bull-dog as his heels. Walking directly into the office, the individual said to the clerk:

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this here office till the boat starts; I'm afraid somebody will steal him."

"You can't do it," said the clerk; "take 'em out!"

"Well, stranger, that's cruel; but you're both dispositioned alike, and he's kinder company for you."

"Take him out!" roared the clerk.

"Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching. Here, Bull, sit down here, and watch that fellow sharp; and the individual turned on his heels, saying: "Put him out, stranger, if he's troublesome!"

The dog lay there when the boat started, the clerk giving him the better part of his office.

LAOCONIC.—Tom—"What ails your eye, Jo?"

Jo—"I told a man he had."

Every plain girl has one consolation; though not a pretty young lady, she will, if she lives, be a pretty old one.

Why did Adam bite the apple? said a schoolmaster to a country boy. "Because he had no knife," said the boy.