THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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

NEW SERIES.---VOL. 7, NO. 24. RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1861. WHOLE NUMBER 812.

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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JAMES W. SOMERVILLE.

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Special notices before marriages and deaths, eight cents per line for each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ALPHONSO HART,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Seymour's Block, over Poe & Brother's store, Ravenna, Ohio. [January 4, 1860.

J. L. & H. C. RANNEY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office on Main st., one door west of the bank Ravenna, Ohio

P. B. CONANT,
Attorney at Law. Office No. 3 Phœnix Block Ravenna, Ohio.

LUTHER DAY,
Attorney at Law. Office in Phœnix Block, Main Street, second entrance up stairs, over H. L. Day' Store, Ravenna, O. March 17-1v.

G. W. M'CLURE.] [E. SPALDING.
McCLURE & SPALDING,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office over Robinson, King & Co., No. 1 Phœnix Block. March 24, 1859.

E. D. TAYLOR.] [H. H. WILLARD
TAYLOR & WILLARD,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phœnix Block, over Coffin & Pitney's Store. [Oct. 21, '58-1v.

G. F. BROWN.] [L. D. WOODWORTH
BROWN & WOODWORTH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in Phœnix Block, directly over the Store of A. G. Coffin & Co., Ravenna, Ohio. [Feb. 24, 1859-1y.

MICHAEL STUART,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Notary Public, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in the east end of the large brick block, over E. Bradshaw's Grocery Store.—Deeds, mortgages and all legal instruments carefully and plainly drawn or acknowledged. Pensions and Land Warrants obtained. April 15, 1858.

C. S. LEONARD, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence on the south side and east end of Main street, Ravenna, Ohio. [July 11, 1860.

A. BELDING, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office over D. K. Wheeler's Drug Store, opposite the Court House, on Main Street. Residence on Cedar Street. Ravenna, November 23, 1858.

G. W. ESSIG,
Mason, Plasterer and Cementer, is prepared to perform all kinds of work in his line on short notice and reasonable terms. White-washing attended to. He may be found at his residence on Chestnut st. Ravenna, April 18, 1860-1y

BAIRD & WAIT,
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., &c., Swift's Building, Main street, Ravenna, Ohio.

H. L. DAY.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries etc., No. 2 Phœnix Block. Ravenna, Ohio.

J. T. GREEN,
Dealer in Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Ladies' Furs, etc., No. 3 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

JOHN C. BEATTY,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries carpets, etc., No. 5 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, O.

VANCE & HINMAN,
Dealers in Furniture, Upholstery, Pictures, Looking Glasses, etc., No. 7 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, O.

L. W. HALL & SON,
Dealers in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Fancy Goods, etc., Democrat Building, Ravenna, O.

D. W. GOSS & BRO.,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries Hardware, etc., Edinburg, Portage co., Ohio.

POE & BROTHER,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, &c., north side of public square, Ravenna

STREATOR, DAILY & CO.,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery Hadware, &c. Shalersville. Portage county, Ohio.

CURTIS HATCH,
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, together with Flour Salt, etc., No. 6 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

CHARLES E. SWIFT,
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, north side of public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

WILLIAM FRAZER,
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Saddlery etc., Wheeler's Block, directly opposite the Court House, Main st., Ravenna, O.

R. B. WITTER,
Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer, three door east of Phœnix Block Main street, Ravenna Ohio

E. G. RUSSELL,
Sign and Ornamental Painter and Gilder. Carved Letters furnished to order. Stencil plates of any desired pattern cut with neatness and dispatch. Shop one Building west of the Democrat office, up stairs.

AT SWIFT'S DRUG STORE,
SNOW WHITE ZINC,
PURE WHITE LEAD,
GREEN COLORS, FOR BLINDS,
PAINTS, BRUSHES & PUTTY,
SUPERIOR LINSEED OIL,
VARNISH & TURPENTINE,
Very cheap for cash.
June, 29, 1860. By CHARLES E. SWIFT.

AT SWIFT'S DRUG STORE,
PINT PRINT JARS,
QUART PRINT JARS,
ONE QUART PRINT JARS,
TWO QUART PRINT JARS,
For sale
June 29, 1860. By CHARLES E. SWIFT.

LINSEED OIL
BY THE GALLON
OR
BARREL,
June 6, 1860. AGHATON'S.

NEW GOODS!
FALL STYLES
OF
SILK AND SOFT HATS
Call and see them at J. T. GREEN'S,
Ravenna, August 15, 1860. No. 3, Phœnix Block.

Saleratus.
FOR a good article of Saleratus call at SWIFT'S.

Poetical.

The Horseman and the Bodensee *

Translated from the German of Gus. Schwab

BY HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

The horseman rides through the valley bright,
On the snow-field shimmers the clear sunlight.

Through the chilly snow in sweat rides he,
Yet to-day must he reach the Bodensee;

To-day with his horse, in a boat, pass o'er,
And land, ere night, on the other shore.

On his toilsome way, over thorn and stone,
On his stalwart steed he journeys alone.

From the mountains out in the level land,
The snow he seeth spread out like sand.

Behind him far vanish thorp and town,
The way is level and smooth like down.

Neither hill nor house in the plain of white,
The trees and the rocks they fade from sight.

A league and twain hurries he by,
He hears in the air the snow-swan's cry;

Up flutters the water-hen in fear,
No other sound breaks on his ear,

No wanderer alone can he there espy
To show him whither his way may lie.

As o'er velvet the path o'er the yielding snow—
When shall rush the water, the broad lake glow?

Now closeth around the early night;
In the distance twinkles many a light.

The trees from the mist rise, one by one,
And hills bound the wide-spread plain of dun.

He sees on the ground the thorn and stone,
And spurs his steed o'er the pathway on.

The dogs they bark at his horse's girth,
In the hamlet beckons the blazing hearth.

"To the window welcome, sweet maid, and say
To the mere, to the mere, how far is the way?"

The maiden astound the rider eyes—
"The mere, with the boat behind thee lies,

"And covered the ice not its waters frore,
I had said in the boat thou hadst ferried o'er."

The stranger shuddered, with breathing low,
"Yon plain behind I have crossed but now."

The maid she raises her arms in fear,
"Great God! o'er the lake thou hast ridden here!

"The abyss, the dark and bottomless deep
Thy steed's mad hoof hath awakened from sleep;

"And round thee did not the waters dash?
And under thee did not the thick ice crash?"

"Of the silent tribes thou wast not food?
Of the hungry pike in the cold, cold flood?"

She calls the village the tale to hear,
The boys around her are gathered near;

Old dames and sires her story heed,
"Yes, stranger, now bless thyself indeed!"

"Come in to the hearth, to the board, at wish,
Break with us of bread and eat of fish."

But the rider ne'er on his steed had stirred,
His ear hath heard but the first dread word.

His heart it falters, and stiffens his hair,
Behind yawns the awful danger yet there,

His eye sees only the dread abyss,
He sinks in the black gulf fathomless.

He hears of the ice the crashing roar,
Cold sweat, like the wave, hath covered him o'er.

He sighs and sinks from his horse on the strand,
He hath found a grave on the firm, dry land.

*The Lake of Constance, Switzerland.

Miscellaneous.

A Child's Investment.

Henry picked it up from the muddy road—a shining half-dollar. No one knew how long it had been there, or whose it was. It was worth as much as a hard earned half-dollar. But it belonged to some one. Perhaps a rich man had dropped it and never missed it from his great purse; and it may have been a poor widow's last bit of money!

But there it lay half hidden in the mud of the highway when Henry spied it as he was passing along; and he took it in his hand.

He did not call it his, however, until he had tried in vain to find an owner for it.

Well, he thought of a pen-knife, a pair of skates, a new book and many nice things he might choose; but he saved his money a long time, not exactly knowing what to purchase with it. At last he resolved to deposit the half-dollar in the bank, and allow it to remain there until the owner might be found. After some time had passed, and no one came forward to claim the money, Henry began to increase the deposit by adding a few cents every week, which were given him to spend. In a few years a handsome little sum had accumulated by his economy, and by the time he got to be a man he had enough to buy a nice library.—There is money to be made in saving.

The Wife.

It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income, who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week, than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but his wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as her neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own.—His neighbor has a neat, capable, and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool, into which a great many silver cups might be thrown and the appearance of the water remain unchanged.

☞An exchange advertises for compositors "who won't get drunk," and adds that "the editor does all the getting drunk necessary to support the dignity of the establishment!"

The Lucky Prediction.

BY CAROLINE T. PRESTON.

John Wyman was over head and ears in love with Annie Grafton—an attachment which Annie was not slow to return. So far everything seemed prosperous and plain sailing, but—my dear reader, did you ever know a more detestable conjunction than that 'but,' Well, the but in this particular case was the Widow Grafton, who sustained the maternal relation to Annie, had a very decided objection to John as a son in-law.—Not that she disliked the young man. She admitted that he was steady, good looking, had an amiable disposition, and all that—but he was poor. He had learned the trade of a carpenter, and though he made fair wages, had thus far been called upon to support two sisters, both of whom are now married, and off his hands, and consequently he had not been able to lay up more than a couple of hundred dollars or so.

Mrs. Grafton, on the contrary, was the owner of a valuable farm, and some money in bank, altogether no less than two thousand dollars. This in a country town, entitled her to one of the foremost places among the village aristocracy, and as Annie was her only daughter, and would inherit all her property eventually, she felt that it would be a decided *messalliance* for her to marry any other than a rich man, or, if not rich, a member of one of the learned profession.

So when John Wyman ventured to broach the subject to her, she said not unkindly, but very firmly, 'No, Mr. Wyman, I cannot give my consent.'

'Have you heard anything against my character?' asked John in a tone of disappointment.

'Nothing at all,' said Mrs. Grafton; 'I believe you to be a very correct and estimable young man, but Annie is entitled to look higher.'

That is what Mrs. Grafton said in substance in response to every appeal the young man made, and he was finally obliged to retire in despair.

But where man's wisdom fails, woman's wit often steps in and avails much.

When Annie heard from her lover the report of the conference, she leaned her head on her dimpled hand, and said with a cheerful smile!

'We won't give up.'

'What! do you really think you can bring your mother round?' said John eagerly.

'I have strong hopes. I know my mother better than you do, John, I can devise some way or other to manage her. I don't exactly see yet, I'll set my mind to thinking, and I guess something or other will turn up.'

'But if there shouldn't Annie, do you think it right that that should separate us? Won't you promise to be mine at any rate,

'No, John, I won't promise to do that.—I shouldn't want to leave my mother alone.'

'Then I'm afraid,' said John despondingly, 'that there is no hope for us.'

'Fie, John, do you mistrust my power,' said Annie, shaking her hand at him. 'If that's the case, I've a great mind to say that I won't marry you even if mother does consent.'

'Anything but that, Annie; but you know when your mother once makes up her mind about anything, she isn't apt to give it up very easily.'

'I know that my mother has some strong points of character, and it is upon one of those that I rely for success. I won't tell anything about it just yet, but I'll let you know before it comes off.'

With this agreement they both separated John not knowing whether to hope or despond, but he felt that if ever Annie became his wife. it must be the result of her strategem.

It was perhaps a week before the conversation detailed above. Annie had taken her mother's decision quite calmly, much to the lady's satisfaction, for she loved her daughter and would have pained to see her grieve.

This particular morning, Annie was unaccountably careless. She managed to break a pane of glass in the sitting room, without the slightest apparent necessity for so doing. As it was a cold day in November, and this was the room in which they usually sat, it was a matter that must be remedied at once.

'There, we shall have to send for Mr Wyman to come up and put in a new pane,' said her mother.

'I have got an errand down in the village' said Annie demurely; 'I will call and tell him to come up.'

'You had better do so,' said her mother, 'and tell him to make haste. Ugh! we shall catch our death of cold, if it isn't put in at once,'

'Yes, mother,' said Annie.

'I declare, I don't see how you came to do it, child,' continued her mother.

'I suppose I must have been very careless, said Annie, patiently.

'Well, what's done, can't be undone, and I suppose we must expect such things to happen once in a while.'

Meanwhile Annie was putting on her bonnet and shawl, and at once bent her steps to John Wyman's shop.

He was planing a board when she entered. He looked up with an air of glad surprise.

Annie explained her errand, and likewise added a few words the purport of which our readers will learn in due time.

In about twenty minutes, Mrs. Grafton saw John Wyman advancing up the graveled walk that led to the door.

'Your daughter left word,' said he, 'that you had a job in my line this morning.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Grafton, 'and I'm glad you've come so promptly. It isn't very comfortable in this weather to have a broken pane.'

'Whereabouts is it?' said John in a manner of fact way.

'In the sitting room. Walk right in there.'

Mrs. Grafton did not fail to observe that Annie had not come with her late lover as she feared she might, and in her heart she commended her daughter's prudence.

'I am glad she knows what is best for her,' thought Mrs. Grafton. 'I hope in time to secure a lawyer for a son-in-law; they usually pick out lawyers for political offices, and I'd really like to be the mother in-law of a politician.'

The good lady went back to her knitting work, while John Wyman, with a business-like air proceeded to his work. He had nearly finished his job, which by the way, seemed to take him considerably longer than usual, when a knock at the door caused Mrs. Grafton to put down her knitting work, and answer the summons.

She started back in surprise at the apparition which presented itself.

It was apparently a venerable crone; nearly bent double, attired in an old plaid cloak, and leaning for support on a rough stick.

'Good morning,' said the visitor, in a cracked voice.

'Good morning,' said Mrs. Grafton.

'Would you like your fortune told, my worthy madam?' inquired the crone in a quivering voice.

'Are you a fortune-teller?' asked Mrs. Grafton, wonderingly.

'Yes, Madam, I can read the secrets of the stars, and from their mystic depths trace out their wondrous secrets. Would'st know the past, the present or the future?'

Now Mrs. Grafton had in her nature a large portion of superstitious credulity, and she listened with no little awe to those words of the crone.

'How much is your charge' was the reply.

'Twenty five cents,' was the reply.

'You can tell me the past.'

'Yes, madame.'

'Very well. What is my husband's name?

'It was Ebenezer. But your husband is no longer living.'

'You are right,' said Mrs. Grafton, quite impressed with the correctness of the reply.

'Can you tell me how long ago he died?'

'Three years since.'

'On what day?'

'The day before Christmas.'

'This is wonderful' said Mrs. Grafton to herself. 'Can you tell me how many children I have?'

'You have had two; but only one is living.'

'Is that—male or female?'

'It is a girl.'

'How marvelous!' thought Mrs. Grafton,' I wish Annie was here. I should like to see what she would say about her.'

But Annie did not seem likely to make her appearance.

At this moment John Wyman came to the door.

'Will this young man have his fortune told? inquired the crone.

'Yes,' said the young man promptly.

'What would you know—the past or the future?'

'The future, by all means, my good lady.'

'Propound your questions.'

'Shall I be rich?'

'The old crone took his hand in hers and examined it attentively.

'Riches await you,' she said after a considerable pause.

'Well, that is agreeable said the young man. 'Shal I become in any way distinguished?'

'Again an attentive examination, and the crone started in apparent agitation.

'Young man,' said she, 'you will become President.'

'Is it possible?' exclaimed both Mrs. Grafton and John Wyman, in chorus.

'Rely upon my words,' she said shaking her head solemnly.

'Come,' said John gaily, 'that prediction deserves to be well paid. Here is twice your fee.'

'I cannot accept it,' said she; 'I never take more than my fixed rate.'

'This, more than anything else, convinced Mrs. Grafton of the truth of her predictions.

After the crone was gone, Mrs. Grafton seemed plunged in brown study for some time.

At last she said—'John Wyman, I have considered the matter which you spoke of the other day, and if you still desire to wed Annie, and she is willing, you have my consent.

It is needless to say, that John Wyman very warmly protested that he was of the same mind. That day month they were married, and John took charge of his mother-in-law's farm.

P. S.—As the reader may be desirous to know whether the prediction has been verified, I will say that John Wyman is now President of the B——bank. As to the old crone, she has not been seen since. But I shrewdly suspect that Mr. and Mrs. Wyman know something about her.

☞When the celebrated Viotti (the father of modern violin playing.), then residing in London, turned wine merchant, a young nobleman, one of his numerous admirers, accosted him somewhat angrily thus:—'Signor Viotti, how could you, an artist of such high standing, degrade yourself by becoming a trafficer in wine?' 'My dear sir,' Viotti replied, 'simply because I find that the English like wine better than music.'

☞Husbands and letter paper should always be well ruled.

Machinery for Manufacturing Calico.

No description of machinery of the present day is more ingenious or interesting than that of calico printing. As it leaves the power loom, calico is a fabric without any pattern and of a light buff color. In this state its uses are, of course, very limited. It is unfit for outer apparel, or for furniture or in fact any purpose for which an ornamental tissue is required. It is also a hairy or downy tissue, and thus presents a coarse and unfinished appearance. The hairy filaments require to be removed, and a fabric made of a snowy white before it is likely to become of use to any extent. The downy filaments are removed in the same manner as those of lace, either by rapidly drawing the material over a sheet of copper at a bright red heat, or by passing it through gas flames; and the bleaching is accomplished by the rapid agency of chemical force. The calico is boiled, washed, and soaked in a solution of chloride of lime, then in a weak acid, and so on, alternately, until its impurities are removed, and it becomes as white as could be desired. Thus in a few hours, by the combined assistance of chemical science and a few mechanical expedients, the process of bleaching is effected, which formerly occupied days and even weeks, and was then often imperfectly employed or performed. After this the bleached calico is ready for the reception of its ornament, and this was formerly impressed upon its surface by means of engraving blocks, charged with color; but a more rapid process is now employed. The patterns on printed calicoes and similarly figured cloths consist, and is apparent on the slightest examination, of a continual repetition of the same figure. This figure, whatever it be, so far as it consists of a single color, is engraved on a copper roller, the length of which corresponds with the breadth of the calico, and the circumference of which corresponds with the length of the pattern. In general in such cases, the breadth of the pattern being very much less than that of the cloth, it is repeated many times in the width. This pattern is therefore engraved on the surface of the roller, the length extending completely round it, and being repeated throughout the length of the roller in the same manner as it is intended to appear in the cloth. The roller receives the coloring matter by a certain apparatus which first smears and then wipes it, so as to remove all dye except what fills the incisions of the engraving. The cloth is then pressed between this roller and another which has a soft surface, the two being pressed together in their line of conflict. By this process the color deposited in the lines of the engraved is transferred to the cloth and the printing is completed.

The great Act of the Soul.

The celebrated poet and philosopher, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, regarded prayer as the great act of the soul. "I was sitting," says a friend, "by his bedside one afternoon, and he fell (an unusual thing with him) into a long account of many passages of his past life, lamenting some things, condemning others; but complaining withall, though very gently, of the way in which many of his most innocent acts had been cruelly misrepresented. 'But I have no difficulty,' said he, 'in forgiveness but, believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will to believe, vividly, that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing he pleaseth thereupon—this is the last great achievement of the Christian warfare upon earth.—Teach us to pray, O Lord!' As he uttered these words he burst into a flood of tears, and begged his friend to pray for him."

The Dandy Done.

A dandy was recently walking under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris, holding in his hand a gold-headed cane of splendid workmanship. A man supported by two crutches came up, and asked for alms in a pitiful tone. The dandy, moved to pity, gave the beggar a small silver coin. At the same moment a person near him suddenly exclaimed, "How can you, sir, allow this rogue to deceive you? Please to lend me your cane, and I will show you that the rascal runs better than I can." The dandy, without reflecting, lent his cane; the beggar, the moment he perceived it in his detractor's hand, threw away his crutches and took to his heels, and was followed by the man with the cane, whilst the spectators, and the dandy particularly, remained in convulsions of laughter at the sight, and exclaiming alternately, 'O, he will be caught!' 'No, he will not be caught!' But both the racing heroes disappeared at the next turning in the street, and their victim remained waiting for his splended cane, which cost five hundred francs.

Interesting.

The following was picked up, the other day, by a member of the self-examination society:—

1. Does it cost any thing to print a newspaper?
2. How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without money?
3. Do printers eat, drink and wear clothing?
4. If they do how do they get it?
5. Have I paid for my paper during the last year?
6. Is not this particular period a first-rate time to pay up?

Bayard Taylor's Interview with Tennyson.

We take from the *Independent* the following interesting description of a poet whose personal appearances and traits are as little known as his writings are widely loved and potent in their influence on the new era of English song. Bayard Taylor thus narrates the story of a delicious afternoon passed on the Isle of Wight:

The servant ushered me into the drawing room and took my card to Tennyson. In a few minutes the poet entered, and with an utter absence of formality, which at once made me feel entirely at home, walked up to me and shook hands in the most cordial manner. Although knowing that it must be him, yet so different was he in appearance from all the pictures I had seen or heard of him, I could scarcely believe that I actually stood in his presence. Lawrence's head does not give you the slightest idea of the man. It is altogether fainter, weaker, and quite misses the characteristic feature of his face—a nose of royal acquiline curve, as fine as that of Dante or an Arab sheik. The engraving from Woolner's medallion in Moxon's illustrated edition of his poems (which I had not then seen) is much more correct.

In form and voice, Tennyson is a thorough Englishman; in features, complexion and hair, a mediæval Italian. His presence impresses you with a singular mixture of northern force and southern fire. He is fully six feet high, broad shouldered and large limbed, yet with black hair and eyes, a pale olive complexion, full lips and a black beard and mustache. Power is expressed in every feature. His voice is remarkably full and grand in tone, with a little of that monotony which betrays a mind withdrawn and absorbed in its own speculations. I should judge him to be one of the least demonstrative men, yet you would pick him out of crowd of ten thousand as the wisest man among them, before he opened his lips.

After I had made the acquaintance of his wife, and two lovely boys, about five and three years old, he promised to walk along the cliffs. We climed the steep down and wandered westward along the sunny heights, while a balmy wind blew directly from the Azores, and the blue waves broke lazily hundreds of feet below. Tennyson described to me the geology of the Island; spoke of the great river which, before the Atlantic ocean existed, flowed a thousand miles from the west, and emptied here; described the fossils of the chalk formation; picked up thyme, and daisies and century, and gave me botanical information, touching now and then on art, and poetry and law, and religion, with a quiet earnestness that showed that he was no superficial thinker. There are few brighter afternoons in my memory. The air was full of light, and the chalky headlands gleamed like snow in the sunshine, and when, at last, we reached the extreme head points on the Needles, Alum Bay, on our right, opened its crescent pink, and red, and orange, and violet tints—the delight of artists.

Returning, toward evening, from a walk of some seven or eight miles, he took me into his garden which was musky with the breath of roses. A large, trailing fig-tree, which, he said, the artists compared to a breaking wave, stood in the midst. We were presently summoned to dinner, where I met his aged mother, his brother, Mr. Horatio Tennyson, and his sister with her, husband, Professor Lushington. Afterwards we retired to pipes in his attic study, where the words of poets of the past generations were mingled with the smoke ringlets of the fragrant herb. An after dinner conversation is sacred, but I will tell you a little incident which I then related to the poet.—He had been speaking of Dr. Kane, and regretting that he had not seen him during his last brief visit to England. 'I regret it too,' said I, "because Kane had a little story for you which I had from him, and will give you in his stead. During that terrible second Winter in the ice, when he was obliged to invest all kinds of diversions to keep up the spirits of his survived and famished crew, he gave them the use of his library. One day he found the hardest and roughest of his men—one of the most sturdy old salts who never flinch at anything—crying over a book. He took the book out of the man's hand, and looked at the open page upon which his tears were dropping. It was your.

"Break, break, break
At the foot of the crags, O sea!"

During the conversation, Tennyson referred to a statement then in circulation in the newspapers, that his poems were written under the influence of opium. He was naturally indignant at the story. "I never tasted opium but once," said he, "and that was at Cambridge, in company with some College friends, after reading DeQuincey's book."

I returned to Freshwater at midnight, but joined the family at breakfast the next morning, and passed the forenoon on the lawn, beside the cedars of Lebanon in company with Tennyson, and his brother-in-law. In the depth and richness of the poet's knowledge, I saw the evidence of that severe and conscientious study, without which there can be no perfect development of genius.—*Poeta nascitur, non fit*, is not wholly true—it should be *Poeta nascitur et fit*.

☞Good Temper is the philosophy of the heart, a gem of the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects, a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light, and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

Monster Bells.

Russia is pre-eminently the country of great bells, where they may be heard in full vigor, not "swinging slow with sullen roar," for they are too heavy to be swung, but incessantly tolling and booming, and deafening all ears but those of Russians, who almost worship their bells. In Moscow alone, before the Revolution, there were 1,700 large bells, which number has increased now to 5,000. The Great Bell of Moscow, of which every one has heard, was cast in 1653, by order of the Empress Anne. Its weight is variously estimated at from 360,000, to 440,000 lbs. It is twenty-one feet three inches high, and about twenty-two feet in diameter at the mouth. In 1837 the Czar Nicholas caused it to be taken out of the pit in which it lay, and to be placed upon the granite pedestal as it is now seen. Upon its side is seen the figure of the Empress Anne, in flowing robes. It has been consecrated as a chapel, the Russians regarding it with superstitious veneration, and will not allow a particle to be taken from it as a specimen of the metal. The entrance to it is through a large fracture or opening in the side, whence a piece has been broken out. There is now suspended in Moscow, upon the tower of St. Ivan, a bell weighing 144,000 lbs., cast in 1817; the diameter of which at the mouth is thirteen feet.

The bells of China rank next in size to those of Russia, there being several in Pekin, cast in honor of the transference of the seat of government from Nankin to that city, which are said to each weigh 120,000 lbs. Another at Nankin, of nearly cylindrical shape, is estimated to weigh 55,000 pounds.

Of European bells, the famous one at Erfurt in Germany, cast in 1497, and weighing about 30,000 lbs was long celebrated not only as the largest, but also as the best in Europe. One placed in the Cathedral of Paris, in 1680, weighs 33,000 lbs. Another in Vienne, cast in 1311, weighs 40,000 lbs.; and in Olmutz is another of about the same weight. The celebrated Great Tom, of Oxford, England, weighs 17,000 lbs., and was cast in 1680.

The great bell recently cast for the Parliament House in London, weighs 30,000 lbs.; that in York Minister, called Great Peter of York, weighs 27,000 lbs.; and upon the Notre Dame Cathedral in Montreal, (the largest upon this continent,) weighs 20,400 lbs., and was imported from England in 1843.

How Sal Disgraced the Family.

A traveler in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a log but on the prairies, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing box for a table; while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tinware and a delf article or two.

The woman way crying in one corner and the man with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful looking head supported by the palms of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," he said, "you seem to be in awful trouble here; what's up?"

"Oh, we are most crazed, neighbor," said the woman; "and we haint got no patience to see folks now."

"That's all right" said the visitor, not much taken back by this polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man in a tone of despair.

"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"Well, we can't say, stranger, as how she's so far lost to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as her mother, but there warn't a pootier gal in the west than our Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and her own head, now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, there is the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoe maker, who although he has got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what a life she has deserted. She was here surrounded by every luxury in the country," said the father.

"Yes, who knows, who knows what she will have to eat, drink or wear now," groaned the old woman.

"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?" quoth the stranger.

"Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and the devil only knows how they are to earn a living."

☞"My dear husband," said a devoted wife, "why will you not leave off smoking? It is such an odious practice, and makes your breath smell so?" "Yes," replied the husband, "but only consider the time I have devoted, and the money I have spent, to learn to smoke. If I should leave off now, all that time and money would have been wasted, don't you see?"

☞Young lovers are called turtles, and they are generally green turtles.