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Selected Miscellany.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

I had not been blind from my birth. Sitting alone, in the utter darkness, my closed eyes could make pictures. I could call back glories of nature and glories of art, blue sky, and wind-swept fields, and, above all, dear faces, faces whose very memory lightened my night-time—my father, my gentle mother, my young, dark-eyed brother. There was another, too, not of our blood, whose face I saw oftener than any. This was strange, for Leona Ashland, the daughter of my mother's most intimate friend, was but a child of ten, six years younger than myself. She was very dear to me, however. She had been in and out of our house as familiarly as a daughter. She was the pet of every one save me; but child as she was, my own feeling for her was too tender and reverent to admit of gay familiarity. I had never heard any one call her beautiful; but to me her face always seemed that of an angel. I used to tremble, lest some day of summer, God should give her wings, and we should see her no more forever, her features, framed in those long brown curls, seemed so spiritual, so delicate! When I looked into her thoughtful eyes, at school or at church, life seemed a holier, a more earnest thing. But the time came when I could see them no longer.

For fifteen years the world had been visible to me, with its beauty, its mystery, its romance. Then darkness began to steal gradually over me. It was a whole year before the last ray of light had faded. I was stone-blind at sixteen. I was thankful that it was not a sudden stroke. Day after day I had sought in vain for some cherished object of vision. Once it had been the blue range of the far-off hills; again the familiar outline of a distant tree. After a time the darkness came nearer. Day after day some tender grace would fade out from a beloved face, and I could only reproduce it in my fancy. At length I seemed to dwell in a world of shadows. Shapes, whose dim outlines I could only faintly catch, floated by me: but still I could tell day from night; still heaven's blessed light was welcome.—But what shall I say of the anguish of desolation when the last ray was gone—when they told me the midday sun was shining clear and bright, and I, alas! sat in blindest, deepest midnight—no light, no hope?

I had so much to give up! It was not alone the joy of sight, the dear faces, the beautiful world; but all my high hopes, my plans for the future, my ambition, my pride. I had meant to be a student. I had had visions of fame. There were months of stormy, surging discontent before I could settle calmly down to my destiny. I secluded myself even from those dearest to me on earth. The very sound of their voices maddened me, for it made more intense the longing to look upon their faces. Day after day I sat alone in my room, where I had besought them not to come to me.

Sometimes my mother, who loved me more than ever in my sorrow and my helplessness, would steal into the room and sit for an hour beside me in silence. She was so still I could scarcely hear her breathe; but I knew that at these times she wept much. Once, in an irresistible impulse of maternal tenderness, she folded her arms around me and drew my head to her bosom. "Oh, my child!" she cried, "my dear child, be comforted! Believe that there is something left in life, or this blow will kill us both."

But my rebellious spirit would *not* struggle with its despair, even though I felt that it was breaking my mother's heart.

Once—and I think this did me more good than anything—Leona came to me. She had so long entreated to see me, that at length my mother consented She came in alone. I knew her footstep as soon as it crossed the threshold; but I did not speak. She came to my side. She laid her hand, her little child's hand, upon mine. I knew, as well as if I had seen it, the sorrowful pity with which her eyes were lifted to my face. She seemed striving to gather self-command enough to speak calmly. At length, low and quiet, yet earnest, her words fell upon my ear: "Oh, Mr. Allen, the rector says God knows just what is best for every one! He is our father; and he does not love to make us sorry. This is the passage Mr. Green told me to say to you: "Like as a father pitieth them that fear him.'"

Her childish voice had deepened as she recited the words of inspiration. Then she turned to leave me; but I detained her.—Already she had comforted me.

"How came Mr. Green to tell you to say that to me?" I asked.

"You are not vexed, Mr. Allen?"

"No: I am grateful. I only wished to know how it happened."

"He was at our house, last night; and he spoke of you. He pitied you very much; but he said you had a great deal left in life yet, if you would not despair. After a while mother went out of the room, and I told him you had been very good to me, and I wanted to tell you something to make you feel better. Then he said I might repeat that verse to you. Does it do you good?"

"Much good, blessed child! Your words have helped me more than you can ever know."

She left me then. I did not strive to keep her. I felt the need of solitude to receive reverently the light, brighter than earthly dawning, which was rising upon my spirit. Her words had thrilled me, as if they had dropped downward from some angel's lips, leaning over the far-off bastions of the celestial city. "A great deal left for me yet in life!" And as I repeated those words my blessings seemed to rise up before me and reproach me. For me, Agur's prayer had been answered. I had neither poverty nor riches; but a competence was mine in my own right, which would secure me against want. I had health and strength, and many friends. The paths about our little village were all familiar to me. I could traverse them without a guide; I could feel the free winds sweep my brow; I could inhale the sweet breath of flowers; I could hear the beloved voices of home. Verily, God had not forsaken me. I had been willfully shutting his mercies out of my heart. I knelt now, and thanked him for what had been left—prayed him to teach me to bear patiently the loss of what had been taken.

When the bell rang for supper I rose and went quietly down stairs. They gave no noisy greeting to the son who had not sat beside them there since the spring flowers had blossomed, though now the summer lay green and luxuriant upon hill and woodland. But I understood my father's welcome—the unuttered tenderness which deepened my mother's voice—the eager grasp in which my brother Richard held my hand. I found my plate and my chair in their old place. After that I never secluded myself from them again.

When supper was over I went out to go to evening prayers at the church. I had not thought I could ever go there again. I had dwelt morbidly on the curiosity with which the congregation would look at me. I never thought of that now. God had opened the eyes of my spirit. I went there to thank him for this great mercy. I had never before been so deeply thrilled with the church music. Hearing seemed to me like a new sense. Through it I drank in deep draughts of pleasure. I had sat in the choir; and when prayers were over I entreated the organist to play for me again. Soon we became fast friends. I think that my enthusiasm pleased him, for twilight after twilight found us alone in the church, with only the little boy who blew the bellows—John Cunningham playing, and I listening and dreaming.

But I soon felt—I think an intuitive sense of power revealed it to me—that the organist was no artist. Sometimes I longed to sweep him off the stool, and interpret with my own fingers the music that was in my soul. This idea that I could be a musician dawned upon me slowly; but day by day the sense of power strengthened.

At length I asked him to let me try. I think he was astonished. My soul was flooded with harmony. Wild, sweet strains came to me like the whispers of angels.—From that night I was the master and he my pupil. Sometimes I would persuade my brother to go with me to the church; and then, for hour after hour, the organ would indeed be the voice of my soul. I breathed out in music all the dreams of my long, dreaming boyhood before the one stern stroke had come, under which I bowed my head and rose up a man. God was very merciful. With this resource I could never be entirely lonely—wholly desolate.

When I was twenty-one, John Cunningham had left Ryefield, and I had been chosen the organist of our village church. It was my business, for which a small salary was paid me. This was all I was, all I ever could be; but I was content.

My brother was in college. He was taking my place; he would realize my early dreams. The world called him a brilliant young man. At home there was little change, save that Leona's light foot-fall less often crossed our threshold. For some years she had been at school in Boston. In the vacations she came home; and then I could tell by her voice that she was good and innocent as ever. The next spring—it was winter now—her schooldays would be over At last the time came. Oh, how joyfully I welcomed her, though I scarcely knew why her presence seemed so infinitely precious! We wandered together into the fields, and she told me how fresh and green the grass was springing under foot—how blue and bright was the May-time sky. I could smell the bloom of the fruit-trees, which were dropping their fragrant blossoms in our path. She never wearied of making all things visible to me. She would tell me how the mist was lying white and purple in the valley—how the far hazy hills were sleeping in the sunshine; and, seeing with her eyes, I scarcely realized that I was blind.

But this dream also had an awakening. My brother Richard came home. He had finished his course at the university with high honors; and his advent in Ryefield was the signal for a series of parties, and picnics, and merry-makings, in which I could not join, and which took Leona from my side. I heard from all quarters the praises of my handsome, manly brother. He was only nineteen now; but he was six feet tall, and, they said looked much older. I was not surprised to hear that his wit and his manly graces were making sad havoc with the hearts of the village girls. Already over my soul had begun to steal a presentiment of sorrow.

I think my brother loved me very much. He had always made me his confidant. One night he came to my room, and said, with a hesitation which seemed very singular in his frank, fearless nature, that he had something to tell me. Then he talked of indifferent subjects for a while; and at length, suddenly—alas, it seemed to me pitilessly!—the blow fell. He loved Leona Ashland! Oh, Heaven pity me! God have mercy on me! I knew in that moment that I too loved her: I—blind, helpless fool that I was!—had made her my idol. I had not known before what was the spell which bound me to her; or, rather, I had resolutely closed my heart against the conviction. The vail was ruthlessly rent away. I could not choose but look on my own stupid imbecility. A voice in my soul mocked me. It cried: "You—you cowardly idiot!—you thought, did you, to darken her life by fastening yourself upon her? a blind, helpless shadow! You thought that young girl could love you—that girl radiant with youth and hope, and all the glory and brightness of life; before whose feet the future stretches out, green and fresh, and smiling! You thought you could win her! Selfish! insensate! mad!"

I bade the voice cease its upbraidings.—I shut my ears against it, and desired my brother leave the room. For the first time in my life I was harsh and stern with him. He had a generous temper. I do not think he blamed me. He reproached himself, rather, for speaking to me of a love from which my misfortune had shut me out for ever. Begging me to forgive him, he went out.

I shut the door behind him. I locked it. The key turned with a sharp click. Then I threw myself down upon the floor, as a traveler might prostrate himself before the poison-wind of the desert. Lying there, this fierce, scorching simoon swept over me. Unknown to myself I had been cherishing one sweet flower in my heart, watering it, day and night, with the dew of hope. It lay there now, torn up by the roots, its buds blighted, its fair blossom withered.

Blind, helpless idiot! So the voice in my heart had called me. Ay! but the blind idiot could *love*. Who else could pour such wealth of tenderness on one who could never grow old to his sightless eyes—whose brow would always be smooth—whose hair would never lose itse its brightness—whose eye would never grow dim, because forever he could clothe her with the fair garment of his fancy? And a new voice in my heart answered: "I *am* worthy, for I love."

With these words strength came to me; and I rose up, and stood erect in my darkened world, lonely and grief-stricken but still a man.

I was not one to inflict sorrow upon others. I strove to go out into the world with a cheerful face. But I listened with tremulous eagerness to every inflection of Leona's voice when she talked with my brother. I knew she must love him; but there was a curious facination in watching how this passion would spring up in her pure heart—how the tenderness, which could never be for me, would grow into her beloved voice. Day after day it seemed to me to become full of a sweeter pathos. Richard was constantly by her side. Often they roamed together over the fields. Sometimes they asked me to go with them; but I was too sensible to intrude. I always refused.—Once or twice, when I had declined going, Leona insisted on remaining with me. Then she would be so cruelly kind to me, read to me, talk to me, bewilder me with torturing glimpses of an impossible happiness. Then Richard would come back with a floral offering—a spray of honeysuckle, or a bunch of wild roses; and, sitting beside her afterwards, I smelt all day the fragrance of his flowers upon her bosom.

One night she asked me if she might go along with me to evening prayers, as she used before Richard came. It was a pleasant walk, that half-mile between our house and the church, in the summer sunset, with the trees over our heads, all odorous with bloom. There was a curious joy, which was more than half compounded of pain, in knowing that she was by my side, in feeling the light pressure of her hand upon my arm.

When the services were over she asked me to stay a little longer, and play for her, as I had often done before. Hitherto, at such times, she had chosen the tunes; but now the fever fit of inspiration was upon me. I poured forth the story of my hopeless love. I used no words, but the music explained itself. It thrilled, it trembled, it pleaded, it despaired, it struggled, it hoped; then, as if for the dead, it wailed, and died out, at last, in a long, helpless cry of sorrow.—I heard Leona sobbing. She stood, at a little distance, alone in the darkness. I left my seat. I went to her, took her hands In the darkness she laid her tender, pitying arms around my neck. I felt her wet cheek against my own. Alas! I knew the language of that silent caress. She loved Richard; but with all the fullness of her angelic nature he pitied me. She would be my sister.

No word was spoken by either of us. We went out of the church, and went home under the night and the trees.

Soon after this Richard was obliged to leave us for two weeks, on some business for my father. I did not know whether he had declared his love previous to his departure. I watched Leona's voice jealously for signs of sorrow; but it was clear, and full of music as ever. Indeed, I thought it more joyous than was its wont. I said to myself: "How certain she must be of his love to bear his absence so calmly! The joy of knowing that he is her own forever makes her insensible to sorrow."

Oh, how kind she was to me during these two weeks! It was almost like the old days before Richard came, save that a barbed arrow was rankling in my heart. The unconscious hope I had cherished in those other days could never come back again.

At last the time came for Richard's return. Leona was with us. Frankly, as one who has nothing to conceal, she talked of the pleasure there would be in having him back again. At noon he came. With eager steps he entered the room, but his voice trembled when he spoke to Leona. I could only tell by that token how his heart thrilled to be once more by her side. She was not demonstrative. The voice with which she replied to his greeting was very quiet; but I had never known Richard's manner so eager, so restless, as that afternoon.

In the evening we three were alone in the long parlor. I sat at one end among the shadows. Richard and Leona were at the other, where the moon—for I heard them talking of it—shone in at the open window. Perhaps Richard thought I could not hear, or that I slept. He did not know what a second sight hearing is to the blind. Not a murmur, not a quiver of their voices escaped me. It seems that he had never told her of his love before. He poured it forth now with passionate, fervid eloquence. I listened breathlessly for her answer; I held tight to my chair where I was sitting; I commanded every nerve to do its duty; I bade my self-control be vigilant at its post; I would bear the torture without a moan. I waited to hear her low words of love.—Her voice fell on my ear. Hush, rebellious heart! thou hadst no business to throb so wildly.

"I cannot," she says; "oh, I cannot! I thought you knew—I thought you must have known—" And here the tender, troubled voice breaks up into pitiful sobs as she beseeches him to leave her. Richard makes no attempt to comfort her. I hear him go out. Then I cross the room; I kneel at her feet; I tell her I have heard all—and then a mad impulse seizes me: I pour at her feet the libation of my love. I cannot help it. Blind, and poor, and helpless as I was, I had dared to love her. I did not mean to tell her. I knew she could never return it. But when I had heard her grieve I had longed so to comfort her; I wanted her to know how gladly I would die to give her peace.

Oh! how can I tell the story? She did not spurn me. Once more, in the darkness, her tender arms were laid about my neck. For the first time I felt upon my mouth the kisses of her fresh, pure lips. Her words were solemn and earnest: "Do not die for me. Live! live, dear Allen! and, if you love me, let me be your wife."

When our betrotal was made known there was a struggle in my brother's heart. He loved me; he strove to rejoice in my happiness; but he could not stay to witness it. I who knew Leona's worth did not blame him. He left home, the next week, for a year of foreign travel; and, three weeks after, Leona became my wife.

Our wedding was a very simple one.—We chose to be married in the old church, at twilight; for to us that had been the blessed hour of destiny. When the ceremony was over, and the witnesses had departed, we walked slowly homeward under the trees. Leona told me that the moon was flooding all things with a silver rain of peace; and we felt that it would be the emblem of our future.

My wife insisted on a short bridal tour. She must take her blind husband to Boston. I was a little sensitive about exposing my misfortune to strangers. This step seemed unlike Leona; but I wished to please her, and I consented.

The next morning after our arrival we sat alone in our room at the Winthrop House. I wanted to talk to my wife; but she could scarcely listen. She fluttered around the apartment, arranged and disarranged the furniture a dozen times. I had never known her so restless. Every now and then she would drop down for a moment upon my knee, and, lifting up my face, would cover it with kisses; but even there she would not sit still.

At length there came a tap upon the door, and she sprang hurriedly to open it. There were a few whispered words with the newcomers; and then Leona said gravely: "My love, this is Doctor Williams. I have heard much of his skill; and I brought you here because I longed, for my own satisfaction, to have him examine your eyes. I did not wish to mention it at home, for there was no use in making any one else a sharer of my suspense."

Doctor Williams' voice was very kind. I liked that. He proceeded gently with his examination. For five minutes I was in agony of hope In fancy I saw again earth and sky, and, dearer still, the sweet face of my bride. Leona held my hand tightly.

At length the doctor's verdict came. I know he pitied us two poor young things, looking to him to crush or confirm a hope as precious as life. His voice trembled.—He said, in low, earnest tones: "God soften it to you! There is *no* hope!"

He went out of the room. Leona closed the door after him, and then came back, and threw herself into my arms. I could feel her heart throbbing tumultuously against my side. But she commanded herself, and strove to comfort me. "My poor, poor darling!" she said tenderly, "can you forgive me for disturbing you with this vain trial? I did so long to know the worst!—I could not help hoping before. Now, we shall be at rest. It will not be like a doubtful sorrow."

"And you, Leona, can you indeed be content to share a blind man's darkened life?"

She stopped my words with her kisses.

"Hush, beloved! I will be your light, your eyes."

She has kept her word. I miss no pleasant sights or sounds of nature, for in her I have all things. I do not even need to look on her beloved face, for I see it in my heart forever fresh and young and fair. She was but a child when she first aroused me from my blind despair. She was my comforter then; she will be all the days of my life. The two years since our bridal have been full of joy. My heart has hardly space for more. And yet Leona told me, last night, at twilight, with her glowing face buried in my bosom, that I must find space in my love for a new claimant. I am to be a father.

A month ago Richard brought home his bride. They call her more beautiful than Leona; but I do not believe so much soul looks from the eyes they call so dark and bright. I am full of content. I know, when God's angel shall unseal my vision—when, in the everlasting light of heaven, the blind shall see again—fairest among women, fairest and truest, will stand by my side my God-given—my wife, LEONA.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

We find in a late number of the Boston *Transcript* the most graphic account yet written of the grove of mighty trees at Mariposa, California. It is from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Star King. We quote the most striking passages:

The flowers are plenteous along all the steadily rising trail. Here and there we must pause before one of the seductive sugar pines, which looks so full of melody that it seems as if the first breeze that brushes it would make it break forth into a Mozartish song What if we should meet a grizzly on a flowery bank under one of the graceful sugar pines? While we were discussing this possibility, we came upon fresh traces of a very large one. I was eager to get a glimpse of him, but the majority of the company prayed that they might not see one of the shaggy monsters, and their prayer was answered.

There are two large groves of the mammoth trees in California. The one which is usually visited is in Calaveras county.—It contains hardly a third as many trees as the Mariposa cluster which we were in search of in this letter, but is much more easy of access. It covers about as much space as the Common, and a good carriage road leads to the heart of it. At the portal of the grove stand a pair of sentinels, twenty-five feet apart, which are sixty feet in circumference and three hundred feet high. They are well named the "Two Guardsmen."—What a pity, for Dumas' sake, that there is not one more? Passing these warders, you drive up to a hotel, and find the grounds trimmed up and the trees named and labelled for guests. Some of the tables are of gilt letters on marble, we are told, and are tastefully inlaid in the bark from six to twenty feet above the ground. The "Hercules" in this group is ninety-three feet in circumference. The "California," seventy-three feet in circuit, shoots up straight as an arrow three hundred and ten feet.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," is a tree which has been burnt out; it is eighty-three feet in circumference, and will lodge twenty persons. The "Mother of the Forest" is three hundred and twenty-seven feet high, and nearly eighty feet in girth.

One of these Calaveras trees, three hundred feet high, was cut down a few years ago, eight feet from the ground. Part of the trunk is used as a bowling alley, and the stump, twenty-five feet in diameter, covered with a canopy of green boughs, is now a dancing saloon. To cut it down, pump augers were used from either side, until the tree was completely severed from the base. But so nicely poised was it that it would not fall. Only by driving in large wedges with immense battering raws, could its eqillibrium be disturbed sufficiently to make it top-heavy. Five men were at work twenty-five days in this wretched drudgery of destruction.

The Moriposa grove stands as the Creator has fashioned it, unprofaned except by fire, which long before the advent of Saxon white men, had charred the base of the large portion of the stalwart trees. We rode on for an hour, climbing all the time, till we reached a forest planted five thousand feet above the sea. This, in New England, is the height of Mt. Madison, where not a shrub can grow.

Riding on a few rods, through ordinary evergreens with dark stems, we at last catch a glimpse of a strange color in the forest. It is a tree in the distance, of a light cinnamon hue. We ride nearer and nearer, seeing others of the same complexion starting out in the most impressive contrast with the sombre columns of the wilderness. We are now in the grove of the Titans. The bark has a right loonine effect on the eye. We single out one of them for a first acquaintance, and soon dismount at its root.

I must confess that my own feelings, as I first scanned it, and let the eye roam up its tawny pillar, was of intense disappointment. But then I said to myself this is one of the striplings of the Anak brood—only a small affair of some forty feet in girth.—I took out the measuring line, fastened it to the trunk with a knife, and walked around unwinding it as I went. The line was seventy-five feet long. I came to the end of the line before completing the circuit. Nine feet more were needed. I had dismounted before a structure eighty-four feet in circumference and nearly three hundred feet high, and I should not have guessed that it would measure more than fifteen feet through. It did not look to me twice as large as the Big Elm on the Common, although that is only eighteen feet in circumference, and this was twenty-eight in diameter. During the day I had seen a dozen sugar pines which appeared to be far more lofty.

The next one we measured was 89 feet and 2 inches in girth; the third was 90 feet. There are nearly three times as many of the giant species in the grove as in the Calaveras cluster. Divided into two groups, there are 650 of them within a space of a mile and three-quarters. Colonel Warren, the faithful and self-sacrificing friend of agricultural interests in the State, proprietor and editor of the *California Farmer*, measured the principal trees of one group on this ridge, some three years ago, and found one of 102 feet, two of 100 feet. one of 97. one of 92, one of 82, one of 80, two of 77, three of 76, and thus gradually diminishing, till more than a hundred trees were on his list that measured fifty feet and upwards in circumference.

This crowd of majestic forms explains the disappointment in first entering the grove. The general scale is too immense. Half a dozen of the largest trees spaced half a mile apart, and properly set off by trees of six and eight feet in girth, would shake the most volatile mind with awe.

We ought to see the "Fountain Tree" of the Mariposa grove, a hundred and two feet in circuit, rising near the Bunker Hill Monument, and bearing up a crown eighty feet above it, to feel the marvel of its bulk and vitality. Think of that monument as a living structure. Conceive it as having grown from a granite seed, whose outpouring life absorbed from the earth and attracted from the winds fine granite dust, to be slowly compacted, by internal and unerring masonry, into solid squares, of its strength and its tapering symmetry. A work far more marvelous than this, has been wrought by each fragment of a cone that took root five thousand feet on a ridge of the Serras, centuries ago, and now is represented by an organism of thirty feet diameter. Indeed, it is quite probable that there have been a few trees in both the Mariposa and Calaveras groves, which have built their sublime columns out of the air, through the energy of a single seed, in whose trunk Bunker Hill monument could have been inserted and hidden, while the stem would still spring more than two hundred feet above its apex stone. For the ruins of one, now lie in the Mariposa grove, which was forty feet in diameter, and must have towered more than four hundred feet high.

TESTS OF CHARACTER.—A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and so common.—Take, for instance, the mother who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table.—Though exhausted and weary, she nerves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled, before she has time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one but every morning perhaps through the year! Do you call this a small thing?—Try it and see. Oh! how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are wrongfully called little things! Ah! it is these little things which are the tests of character: it is by these "little" self denials, born with much self forgotten gentleness that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! till the chair is vacant, and the hand which kept in orderly motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold.

SPURGEON'S WIT.—Mr. Layard, after a short interval of literary retirement, has been re-elected to the House of Commons from Southwark. An amusing anecdote is told in connection with his election. The Reverend Mr. Spurgeon, the celebrated preacher, had promised Mr. Layard his vote, when a brother minister appealed to him by letter to vote for Mr. Scovell, Mr. Layard's opponent, and urged as a reason for such a vote, that the Lord was on Scovell's side. Spurgeon replied: "Dear Brother B—, I am rejoiced to hear what you tell me, that the Lord is on the side of Mr. Scovell, for in that case I shall not do the slightest harm by gratifying my inclination in voting for Mr. Layard."

☞ We never respect persons who aim simply to amuse us. There is a vast difference between those we call amusing men and those we denominate entertaining men; we laugh with the former, and reflect with the latter.

☞ A cute Yankee in Kansas sells liquor in a gun barrel, instead of a glass, that he may avoid the law, and make it appear beyond dispute, that he is selling by the barrel.

☞ It is only those that have done nothing, who fancy they can do everything.