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GEORGE H. MOORE,
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For the Columbian.

FADELESS.

BY M. J. J.

'Twas only a box of faded flowers,
And a tress of dark-brown hair,
That she'd lovingly kept through the changing years
When her young heart knew no care.

But Time's rude hand changed the early dreams
That once gladdened her youthful hours,
And more than the thorns that crossed her path
Was hidden beneath fair flowers.

And thus it is in Life's fair morn,
We heed not the coming sorrows,
But cling to hopes which in after years
Seem only as faded flowers.

The dark-brown hair will change to gray,
And the brow be furrowed with care;
But let time bring what change it may,
She will cling to that lock of hair.

A NIGHT AT ST. VALENCE'S.

BY MARK SHATTOCK, B.A.

"HAVE you made your bump, old boy?"

"Bump! no."

"Nonsense."

"A fact, nevertheless."

And Shirley, the captain of the St. Valence crew, turned sulkily away, and was about to mount the stairs leading to his rooms, when I laid my arm upon his shoulder and stopped him.

Harry Shirley was an undergraduate of the College of St. Valence, in the University of Cambridge. He had been up nearly three years, and was consequently not far from his degree. He was a fine, well-made, handsome, open-faced fellow, and was a great favorite with every man in the place. He had been sent up to Cambridge, not for the purpose of burning the midnight oil, and toiling wearily at the dead languages, not for the hope of gaining a high place in the tripos, or competing for a fellowship, but that he might acquire the last finishing touch to his education, and reap the full benefit of those advantages which a life at the University so fully and eminently develops. He was a boating man, and was decidedly a most favorable specimen of that set. He was beyond doubt the most powerful and effective oarsman in the college; had twice successfully rowed against Oxford, and had for more than a year been captain of his club. Moreover, he was peculiarly exempt from the great failing, indeed the besetting sin of all rowing men, both great and small, viz: that of talking "boating-shop" in hall; and this particular good point in his character never failed to carry its due weight.

It was a brilliant May morning, the last day of the May races, and Shirley's last May term. Several of his friends had come up for the express purpose of witnessing the races, of applauding his prowess, and of hailing the triumph of his boat. Among the ladies there was one who stood to him in the convenient relationship of cousin, whom we certainly expected soon to see bound to him by a closer tie. Shirley, then, was doubly anxious to do well on the river, and he had spared no pains, and grudged no trouble in training his crew, and getting them in good order and condition. For the first four races all went merrily with the St. Valence: from sixth they had risen to second, and on the last day they were to make their grand effort for the supremacy of the Cam. I had been in London the previous evening, and had just come back when I met Shirley; and then I was destined to learn to my utter astonishment that St. Valence, instead of making its bump, and so gaining the proud position of head of the river, had been compelled to succumb to its pursuer. However, as Harry Shirley laconically answered my question, I said eagerly:

"How has this happened? How on earth did the Trinity men manage to keep away from you?

"Keep away? Wilford! we were bumped—bumped by those confounded S—— men. I feel so savage. I can scarcely speak civilly to any one."

"But how did you manage to come to such utter grief?"

"I will tell you. You know Manton has been rowing stroke up to-day. This morning at breakfast-time I got a note from him to say that he should not be able to row this afternoon. I could scarcely believe my senses. You can easily imagine my dismay. I went up to his rooms directly, and expostulated with him. I begged of him to reconsider his decision; for what on earth could be done? But it was all to no purpose. I could not alter his intention; of course he said he was very sorry, but he declared it was impossible that he should row. I tried my utmost to induce him, but he was inflexible. We had to go down the river with Whitehurst as stroke, and with a new man in the boat. I anticipated disaster, but I showed a bold front, and I did my best to encourage and assure the crew. I determined to make a desperate effort at the start, and endeavored to cut down the Trinity men in the first reach. It was just within the range of possibility that we might succeed, but the chances were great against us. We could not catch them; and, though we lasted for more than a mile, we were caught in sight of the winning-post."

I cordially sympathized with Harry Shirley's indignation against Manton. And on that day every boating-man was allowed to indulge in any amount of "shop" in hall. The St. Valence crew, though bumped, had nevertheless rowed most pluckily. At the start they had gone off at such a tremendous pace, and every man had so thoroughly thrown himself into his work, that it seemed as if victory were about to crown their efforts.

But the change of stroke, and the want of practice on the part of the new man, soon told heavily against them, and after a most glorious exhibition of pluck, and an exertion of almost superhuman strength on the part of Shirley and his crew, the hopes of St. Valence were crushed, and they saw the third boat inch by inch overhauling them, and heard the cry of bump raised when they were within fifty yards of the end of the course. Fortunately Manton was absent at Hall-time, or he would have experienced sundry feelings of annoyance, as the unpleasant word was passed along that he had been the cause of the misfortune, for it would have been next to an impossibility to repress the opinions of the men. Every one censured his conduct as most unjustifiable, and he became there and then a most unpopular man. The night was appointed for the boating supper, and there again Manton failed to put in his appearance. The remarks upon his conduct, which had before been somewhat free in the supper-room, became violent and angry. He was stigmatized as a selfish, dishonorable fellow, who had, for some hidden purpose of his own, deserted his post.

Harry Shirley was quite the hero of the evening, for, though he had failed to achieve victory, every one was eager to do justice to the energy and ability which he had displayed in the management of his crew, and to his zeal and activity in behalf of the club. When, therefore, his health was proposed, the cheering was enthusiastic, and the shouting terrific.

"Three cheers for Shirley!" were given over again with such uproarious merriment as was seldom before heard within the walls of the old college. One or two voices raised the cry of "Manton!" and the groan of execration that followed was loud and significant. But suddenly a cry of "Shirley, Shirley!" arose; all eyes were quickly directed to one part of the table, and in an instant every voice was hushed, for Harry had risen to reply to the toast.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have striven to the best of my power to fulfil the trust placed in me by the members of the St. Valence Rowing Club, and I trust that I have satisfactorily discharged my duty (loud cheers). I trust that next year you may be more fortunate, and no one will experience more pleasure in hearing of your success than myself (hear, hear). Gentlemen, I have to tender my best thanks to every member of the club for the support that has always been given to us. I am convinced that the success of the boat has been a subject of interest to all ("Manton!"); and I shall not be saying too much when I predict a more triumphant May term for you next year. My only regret will be that I shall not be with you to share in your good fortune."

As Harry Shirley resumed his seat the applause on all sides was loud and prolonged; and the toast given by him was drunk with full musical honors. And then for a time desultory uproar ensued; the St. Valence men, inveighing in the most indignant tones against Manton's defection, and the out-college men expressing their astonishment at the unexplained conduct of the delinquent. What could have induced him to adopt so sudden and so extraordinary a determination? What could have influenced a man who had always been passionately fond of rowing, so far as to make him ruin the chance of his boat getting head of the river? It certainly seemed an inexplicable mystery, and all concurred in the opinion that his line of conduct was highly reprehensible. As the evening wore on the uproar became greater; and when twelve o'clock had struck, and the out-college men had all gone, there was an ominous muttering of Manton's name. The wine was getting into the heads of the undergraduates, and was prompting them to all sorts of mischief.

Wilton, an enthusiast in the cause of rowing, who was to succeed Shirley in the captaincy, rose and gave vent to his feelings on the college grievance.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are all St. Valence men here (hear, hear). Mr. Shirley, in his excellent speech, dealt somewhat too tenderly with a certain member of the club (groans), who has been the cause of our coming to grief. Now I wish to say ("Yes! three groans for Manton!") that I consider his conduct contemptible ("Gently," from Shirley). "I consider that he had no right to treat us so shabbily (groans and hisses). We ought to have an explanation ("Yes! yes!"). I beg to move a vote of censure on Manton. My course is irregular; this is certainly only a supper meeting; but I should like a unanimous expression of disapproval of his behavior."

The storm of groans and hisses for the unfortunate Manton that followed this speech, for some minutes drowned every other sound. And Shirley strove in vain to pacify his companions, or to modify their rage. They listened presently to what he said, but were by no means mollified toward the object of their hostile demonstrations.

"You are too generous, Shirley," said Wilton, who had decidedly had far more wine than was good for him; "you know you would have been the last man to do such a thing."

"But Manton may have had reasons."

"Then why did he not give them?"

"The fellow should be paid out," said Blackford, one of the wildest and fastest men in the college; a man who was always in hot water with the dons; a daring, impetuous character, and of great experience in all manner of midnight frolics.

His remark provoked a sympathizing shout from those around him; and Shirley, who was the coolest man of the lot, and who had more influence than any one else, at once saw that, if the meeting did not break up soon, there would be some summary method adopted of conveying to Manton the indignant remonstrances of his fellow undergraduates. Now Harry was no more averse to a bit of fun than any one; but in the present temper of the men, and after the vindictive way in which Blackford had once or twice in the course of the evening spoken of the matter, he feared that if any scheme of practical joking were were projected, it might be carried too far, and that mischief might ensue.

"Don't trouble yourselves about the man," he said, trying to make the thing appear unworthy of thought. But Wilton immediately answered:

"Come, Shirley, that's too bad; you know you were as savage as any one this afternoon. Let us finish the evening well; I second Blackford's proposal to give Manton a bit of our minds, in a quiet way."

"Screw him in," said one.

"Break his windows," said a thick voice.

"No, no!" said Shirley. "Not that." He saw they were resolved upon doing something, and, as he could not prevent their carrying out their plan of punishing their late stroke, he strove to change the direction and modify the action of their schemes. "If you must have a joke, let it be a harmless one. Remember the last boating-supper and the broken windows."

"Confound the windows!" said Blackford.

"Screw the beggar in, and we will take care he does not get out in a hurry to-morrow."

"Is old Fernley in bed?" asked one.

"Yes; his lights have been out for some time."

"Let us get to work then," said several voices.

"Mind he does not serve you as Blackford did," said Shirley, "and throw his coals down on your heads."

"We'll take care of that."

We quitted the supper-room, and descended quietly into the court. The moon was shining brilliantly, and the old ivy-covered buildings looked still and peaceful beneath its rays. There was an old legend attached to the tower staircase, up which Manton slept. And as I stood in the angle of the court, gazing upon the gloomy side containing his windows, which were lighted up by the moonbeams, I thought of the hard-working undergraduate who was said to have hanged himself from one of those very windows, in bitter despair at his failure in the tripos on the previous day. As I stood thus musing, and only half listening to the conversation of my companions, an idea suddenly struck me, and, hardly thinking what I was saying, I called out to Blackford:

"Hang him in effigy!"

"Bravo!" said he, instantly catching up my words. "Hang him in effigy! A capital idea! By Jove, it will look quite ghastly in the moonlight, and when the bed-makers come in the morning they will think it is the ghost of the tower-staircase."

I felt immediately sorry for what I had said. It was uttered on the spur of the moment, and before I had reflected on what I was about. But there was no drawing back now; everybody eagerly seized the idea, and Blackford determined that it should be carried into execution.

Harry Shirley cast a reproachful glance at me. "You should not have suggested that," he said.

"I am sorry for it, Shirley. Upon my word I don't know what made me do so, but I spoke almost thoughtlessly; I don't quite like it."

"I shall stop to see that no injury is done to Manton; I could not trust them in their present mood; they are all rather flushed, and there is no knowing what they will do with Blackford to lead them."

Suppressing as far as possible all noise, we mounted the staircase to Manton's rooms. Our task was rendered somewhat more easy from the fact that the door was not "sported," so that we entered without the risk of waking him.

"Let us see if the fellow is in bed," said Blackford. And he was about to open the bedroom door, when Shirley darted forward, and, just peeping in, instantly closed the door again, and so prevented any one from going in. He at once put the first screw in, and then Blackford and Wilton drove each another, and so the door was made fast. It was utterly impossible that he should interrupt us in our further task. We then set about the more important part of the work of this night of revelry and riot. Manton was safely screwed into his bedroom, after several weak and unavailing remonstrances on his part; and was thereby effectually prevented from interfering with our plans. Blackford now enthusiastically took up the suggestion which, in a moment of thoughtless impulse, I had made. He determined that the idea should be carried into execution, and becoming more excited by the part of the joke which had already been played, persistently urged us to complete our purpose. But the men apparently required little of this exhortation, for they was as eager as he to hang our renegade stroke in effigy, and they all immediately called upon me to further the design which I had suggested.

"Come!" said Blackford, addressing himself somewhat roughly to me, "now, let us carry out your part of the programme. Hang the fellow in effigy! By Jove! it will be grand fun! It will look like the ghost of the Haunted Tower."

I did not like the way in which he spoke. There was something repugnant to my feelings in mention of the fate of poor H——, and I thought that we had done enough. In fact I heartily repented of my suggestion. The eye of Harry Shirley was continually and reproachfully fixed upon me; but he did not anticipate that any positive harm could come from our joke, and therefore, to a certain extent, he gave his assent to it. Table-cloths, sheets, dusters, paper—in fact everything upon which we could lay our hands, were seized, and carefully thrust into Manton's flannel trowsers; a bolster was then taken from the sofa, and being swelled to a convenient size by the application of a sufficient number of sheets and table-cloths, was invested in his boating-jersey; a pair of socks, properly stuffed, with his rowing shoes on them, were fastened where the feet should be; and then the top of the bolster, being drawn tight by means of a piece of cord, was surmounted by a rowing-cap; and in a few moments a perfect effigy of the stroke of the St. Valence boat was swinging from the window of the Haunted Tower; and then, when we were all leaving the room to screw up the outer door, Manton, in a somewhat louder tone of voice, said:

"Blackford! Blackford! do open the door!"

But it was worse than useless to appeal to men in such a frame of mind; and we descended the staircase somewhat more quickly than we had gone up, and then slowly and gradually dispersed to our several rooms, utterly regardless of Manton's objections to being screwed in.

I got but little sleep that night. Why I felt that vague and restless uneasiness I cannot exactly say, but certain it is that for more than an hour I lay awake thinking on the night's work, and the part which I had played in it. However, weariness at length got the better of the indefinite anxiety that oppressed me, and sleep came to my rescue when I was almost despairing of rest; and, though I slept but a short time, I awoke in the morning considerably refreshed by the brief interval of repose that I had enjoyed.

The recollection of the joke of the previous night immediately returned to me, and I was eager to know how far the bed-makers had been affected by the sight that must have met them on entering the college gates. However, my suspense on that score was but short-lived, for Mrs. Brown rushed breathless into my keeping-room, and commenced a vigorous attack on my bedroom door.

"Sir! sir!" she called out, in excited tones.

I feigned drowsiness, and answered in a voice that seemed to rebuke her for waking me.

"Yes! what is the matter, Mrs. Brown?"

"Oh, sir! what did you gentlemen do last night? Oh dear! oh dear!"

And then she stopped, and it seemed as if she were crying.

I could scarcely keep from laughing: she evidently heard that I was treating it as a joke, but I said:

"Why, what is the matter, Mrs. Brown? What have you called me so early for?"

"Oh, sir, it is dreadful, and the tower-staircase too!"

"What is dreadful?"

"Oh! Mr. Manton has hanged himself."

"Nonsense!" I said calmly.

"I wish it was nonsense. It *is* dreadful."

"Mr. Manton has not hanged himself. What rubbish are you talking about?"

"Oh! come and see for yourself." And then her emotion seemed to overcome her, for I could hear her sobbing and crying bitterly.

There was something in her manner, in spite of my laughter, that impressed me; and I hastily dressed myself, and, leaving Mrs. Brown sobbing in my room, I went down into the court. A group of undergraduates was collected under Manton's window, and from the window was still swinging a figure. But—a shudder instantly passed through my whole frame as I looked—the figure was dressed, not in boating uniform, but in ordinary costume. There was no cap on the head; the hair was blowing about loosely in the wind; on the ground, close to where I was standing, was the effigy that we had suspended on the previous night. What did it mean? What could it mean? The first man I saw was Blackford; I seized him by the arm.

"Blackford," I said, in hoarse tones, "what is the meaning of this?"

He turned quickly upon me.

"You should know as well as I, Wilford," he answered, in a voice that I scarcely recognized as belonging to him, "perhaps better."

I felt stung to the quick, but I made no reply.

"Manton has hanged himself."

I believe that I knew perfectly well before he spoke the real state of the case, but I felt as if I wanted some one to tell me plainly.

It was but too true: there was Manton hanging from the window from which we had hanged him in effigy after supper.

Blackford and I exchanged glances. I shall never forget the look of utter dismay upon his face, and I am sure it was fully reflected in mine. All the men who had been sharers in the screwing-in were gathered in that group, and each man's face betrayed the bitter thoughts that were harassing his mind. Fernley, the tutor, was there too, with a severe and stern countenance. Presently we roused ourselves from our apathy, and slowly and solemnly mounted the tower-staircase. Of course the door was screwed. Fernley turned round gravely upon us.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I shall require some explanation. Last night you had your boating-supper. Was it not so, Mr. Wilford?" he said, turning suddenly upon me.

I muttered an indistinct affirmative, and then the screws were drawn, and we went into the inner room: the bedroom door was still screwed. This seemed for a moment a mystery. But on entering the room everything was explained. Manton had got out of the window, gone along the parapet to the spot where the effigy had been suspended, and, after cutting down the figure, had hanged himself in its place.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the feelings that rushed through my mind on this discovery; and my conscience smote me bitterly when I reflected that I had been the one who had suggested the mock hanging, which had been carried out.

Some vague idea of the responsibility involved by the result of our practical joke passed through my mind, and before I had time for much reflection on the matter, I felt the grip of the officers of the law upon my arm, to arrest me on the charge of the murder. With a shriek—I woke, and found Shirley standing by my bedside, shaking me.

"When are you going to wake?" he said. "I thought I should never rouse you."

"Thank God, it is only a dream," I said.

"What do you mean? Get up. Fernley wants you about the Manton business."

"Where is Manton?" I asked.

"In his room. He has been suffering from heart disease for the last two days: that was why he would not row; but he did not like to tell me. He is rather nervous about it, as the doctor thinks it a bad case."

But I could not shake off the impression made upon me by my dream for some time, and the censure that I received from Fernley seemed as nothing compared with the relief experienced, that the result of the practical joke was but what might have been expected.

When Manton's reason for not rowing became known in the college, the men repented of their harsh remarks about his conduct, though it would have been much better for him to have given his reason at the time. He has lived to conquer the disease; but the doctor has often declared that had he, in his dangerous condition, rowed on the last night of the races, the result must have been fatal.

THE SHAVING QUESTION.

IT has been the point in dispute from "a time whereof the memory of a man runneth not to the contrary," whether men ought or ought not to mow their faces. Van Helmont, and some other old Dutch philosophers, insist that Adam was created without a beard, and that the appendage only began to crop out after he had committed sin.

Angels, the same astute Van Helmont assures us, have no beards; and he thence concludes that it is wicked not to shave. But the premises do not justify the conclusion. This wonderful casuist, however, notwithstanding his hatred of beards, actually wore mustaches! Henry the Eighth cropped his beard close; but his daughter Elizabeth was fond of hairy faces. The style of beard we see in the portraits of Shakespeare was her "particular weakness." Essex, Leicester, and Raleigh, all courted the "maiden queen" with peaked "goatees" attached to their chins.

Modern warriors generally wear hair on their frontispieces. It is thought to give them a martial appearance. But Alexander's invincible soldiers were all barefaced. He compelled them to shave for a sufficient reason—namely, lest the "outside barbarians" of Asia should seize them by their beards, and so capture them. If the Emperor of China had been equally wise, he would have docked the long tails of his soldiery before he sent them out to fight English and French. Hundreds of the Celestials were caught by their queues when running away, and dragged as prisoners into the camps of the allies.

There is much to be said in favor of shaving, and something, too, against it. Some ladies set their faces against the beard because they *don't* like it, others because they *do*. Who shall decide between? Diogenes said that he who mowed his chin reproached nature for not having made him a woman. But, then, the tub philosopher was a dirty fellow, who eschewed soap, so his opinion can have no weight with cleanly people. On the other hand, Peter the Great, who was a much smarter, though not a much cleaner individual than the old lantern-bearer, laid a heavy tax on beards, and finding that he could not abolish them by that means, had the chins of his bearded subjects denuded of their hirsute honors with pieces of iron hoop and oyster-knives.

Upon the whole, we are in favor of people doing as they please with their own chins. This is a free country, and the man whose wife or sweetheart is not ticklish about the lips, has an indefeasible right to wear as much beard as can grow. On the other hand, if the lady likes barefaced men, he had better cut it.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

A YEAR or two ago, happening to be engaged in making a tour in the Mediterranean, being, on April twenty-first, on board a steam vessel, exactly half way between the islands of Cerigo and Malta, on my way to the latter place, a large number of birds flew on board, evidently performing their annual migration from the coast of Africa. They were principally the common titlark, though among the number were wheat-ears, a fern-fowl or two, as well as various swallows. The whole of them seemed much fatigued. Flights of turtle-doves passed the ship the whole day. A few alighted for a few minutes in the rigging, but showed no symptoms whatever of exhaustion, and high over head were flocks of vultures or eagles, proceeding as leisurely as rooks of an evening on their way to their roosting-places.

Now the distance of the spot I mention from the coast of Africa, in two directions, is just two hundred and thirty miles, and as near as possible just about as far from the coast of Italy, as well as the Morea. The flight of these birds, therefore, from land to land, could not have been less than four hundred and eighty miles. Many of the titlarks, though in a state of exhaustion, left the ship, to my astonishment, after a rest of an hour or so only, and proceeded on their journey, flying but a few feet, apparently, from the surface of the water.

The weather at this time was beautifully fine. At Malta, a few days after, a friend who had been at sea about the same time informed me that a flight of the small Passerine owl had alighted on board his ship; and in the market I observed quantities of these owls, as well as bee-birds, and a number of common cuckoos, which it appeared had been caught at night in the quail-nets. How such a bird as the titlark can perform such a journey as a sea-voyage of four hundred and eighty miles at a stretch, is one of the facts far beyond my comprehension; but that they do so my statement is surely sufficient occular demonstration.

JURIES AND BREACHES OF PROMISE.

THE English Solicitor-General said in the House of Commons, upon the subject of juries and "Breaches of Promise:" "When a tall and pretty lady was set before them as having been deluded, there was no holding them in. He remembered hearing an old gentleman who had been a barrister in India tell the story of a Circassian slave who had murdered the master of a harem there. The counsel said: 'Put on your best dress, the more transparent the better; set her opposite the jury, and I'll answer for the result.' And the result was exactly what he predicted. She had stabbed the man, but the jury pardoned the crime for the sake of the interesting woman they saw before them. So in the case of an action for breach of promise. A young and interesting woman will get damages; but if a man was ever so young and interesting he got no damages, but had to pay costs and get scouted besides. Why it happened he could not say; but his experience in courts of justice was, that in actions for breaches of promise of marriage the women had it their own way and the men had no chance. The lady was well got up, placed in a conspicuous place, and the attention of the jury directed to her, and of course she was generally in tears. If she was placed in the witness-box and cried under cross-examination, as they always did, it will be all over with the men. The jury, to show their chivalry, their admiration for the fair sex and their contempt for their own, would immediately return a verdict for him."

MOUNTAINEERS OF LEBANON.

LEBANON is a name which always excites our interest. It is associated so much with the poetry of Scripture, that we could almost fancy it a sort of paradise. Unfortunately, in our day, it has been the scene of bloody struggles between the native mountaineers—the Maronites, a band of faithful, simple Christians, and the Druses, a fanatical Turkish tribe, that settled there a few centuries ago. The dress of the mountaineer of Lebanon is highly picturesque. Living in constant wa , he always carries his long musket on his back, clearly relieved against his bright, embroidered jacket of scarlet and his snowy turban. His parti-colored vest is embroidered, too, if the wearer is rich enough, and his crimson or yellow sash contains a little portable armory of silver-mounted khanjars, yataghans, and pistols. The Maronites, who number about three hundred thousand, occupy all the northern part of the mountain, including the cantons of Kesrouan and Bsherray. Lebanon may ultimately be an independent Christian State. It needs but a whisper from Paris or St. Petersburg to make it so, for there is perhaps no spot on earth better adapted for mountain independence than Lebanon. Defined on every side by steep and lofty barriers; laved along its principal extent by the waves of the ocean; ascending in successive and distinct mountains to heights where, from the nature of the ground, every inch of the rock may be contested; containing within its limits innumerable plateaus, covered with a deep and most fertile soil, with abundance of pure water—a heavenly climate—a simple, high-minded, generous, Christian people, it would seem created for a little Christian realm amid that dreary waste of Mohammedanism.

COURAGE.

A GREAT deal of labor is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they had only been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand on the bank shivering, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for one hundred and fifty-nine years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and uncles, and particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, and that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice. There is so little time for over squeamishness at present that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculations.

THE NORTH POLE.

Two French gentlemen recently explored the Island of Spitzbergen in a manner never before done. They have measured the mountains, mapped the whole coast, examined the vegetable products, the geological composition, etc., of the island. They found that the long day, extending over several months, during which the sun never sets, became intensely hot after a month or two, by the unceasing heat from the sun. In this period vegetation springs up in great luxuriance and abundance. The North Pole is only a matter of six hundred miles from the island, and it is thought by the two explorers, as by many others, that the pole itself, and the sea which is supposed to surround it, could be reached from Spitzbergen without any great difficulties being encountered. A singular fact noticed by the explorers in connection with this island, is the enormous quantities of floating timber which literally covers the waters of the bays and creeks. A careful examination of the character, condition, and kind of those floating logs would, no doubt, lead to a conclusion as to whence and how they came, and probably suggest new theories for the solution of geographical problems connected with the Arctic Seas.

RATHER COOL.

A CORRESPONDENT of an English paper tells the following story illustrative of the persistence with which some Englishmen, and women too, intrude themselves into grades of society abroad to which they would never dream of aspiring at home: "The determined pushing of the English at Rome to get invitations to houses, in many instances far above their own calibre at home, reminds me of the boldness of an English clergyman, who, two years ago, finding all other applications fruitless, and urged by his pretty wife to take her to the Queen Dowager of Spain's ball, *coute qui coute*, repaired to her Majesty's palace the morning before and demanded an audience on important business. Queen Christiana, besides being a very good-natured lady, had a slight suspicion that her applicant was cracked when he simply told her that his business was to obtain an invitation to her Majesty's ball; and knowing that to contradict mad folks is dangerous, she at once granted his request and put an end to the audience." Our readers will remember how Dickens, in his Italian notes, portrays the rudeness and insolence of the English in St. Peter's.

A CLERK in a mercantile establishment writes to a friend at home: "I have a nice time of it now-a-days—very little work to do—our firm don't advertise."

A YOUNG lady stepped into the store of a merchant by the name of Wade, and very innocently said she would like to be *weighed*, (Wade). "Really, I am very sorry," said he; "but my wife will tell you that you are too late by a couple of years."

AMONG the advertisements a week or two ago, in a daily journal, appeared the following: "Two sisters want washing," and "A spinster, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having none of her own, or any other employment."

THE fellows are rather importunate out West. Witness the following newspaper announcement: "Engaged—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and forever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attention."

THE Bishop of Wurtzburg once asked a sprightly shepherd boy: "What are you doing here, my lad?" "Tending swine." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week." "I am also a shepherd," continued the Bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may all be, but then I suppose you have more swine under your care," innocently replied the boy.