

Raffsmann's Journal.

FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

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THE BRIDE.

AN EXTRACT FROM MAUD—TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.
I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is some like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood,
And sweetly, on and on,
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurels pattering talk
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk.
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;
But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

There is none like her, none.
Nor will we when our summers have deceased,
V. art thou sighing for Lebanon? (Beat.)
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious
Sighing for Lebanon.

Dark cedar, 'tho' thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With twenty d. rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed after-flame;
And 'tween whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there [came]
Shadowing the snow-lim'd Eve from whom she
Here will be, while these long branches sway.
And you fair stars that crown a happy day
Go in and out as if at merry play,
Who are no more so all forlorn.

As it seemed far better to be born
To labor and the mation's garden'd hand,
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
A and astrology, the boundless plan
That makes us tyrants in your iron skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes.
Cold fires, yet with the burn and brand
His nothingness into man.

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl,
The counter-charm of space and hollow sky,
And do except my madness, and would die
To save from some slight sham one simple girl.

Would die; for sullen seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was.
In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to live.
Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

Not die; but live a life of trust and breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should I love, like men, to drink afflict?
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?
Make answer, Maud, my bliss,
Maud, made my Maud by that lover's kiss,
Life of my life, wit thou not answer this?
The dusky strand of Death inwoven here, [dear,
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more
Is that dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more

Is that dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
And hark the clock within the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses play;
But now by this my love has closed her sight,
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away
To dreamful waste where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her memory greet afright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
My bride to be, my ever more delight,
My own heart's heart and ownest own farewell.
It is but for a life space I go;
And ye meanwhile for ever more and fall
Beat to the noisless music of the night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendor that you look so bright?
I have felt it nearer out of lonely Hall,
Be it, happy stars, tuning with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark under-current woe
That seems to draw—but it shall not be so:
Let all be well, be well.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY LEWIS CASS.

DANIEL WEBSTER was, indeed, one of those remarkable men who stand prominently forward upon the canvass of history, impressing their characteristics upon the age in which they live, and almost making it their own by the force of their genius and by the splendor of their fame. The time which elapsed between the middle of the eighteenth century and our own day was prolific of great events and of distinguished men, who guided or were guided by them, far beyond any other equal period in the history of human society. But, in my opinion, even this favored epoch has produced no man possessing a more massive and gigantic intellect, or who exhibited more profound powers of investigation in the great department of political science to which he devoted himself, in all its various ramifications, than DANIEL WEBSTER.

The structure of his mind seemed peculiarly adapted to the work he was called upon to do, and indeed—could have done it. And his name and his fame are indissolubly connected with some of the most difficult and important questions which our peculiar institutions have called into discussion. It was my good fortune to hear him upon one of the most memorable occasions, when, in this very hall, filled to overflowing with an audience whose wrapt attention indicated his power and their expectations, he entered into an analysis of the Constitution, and of the great principles of our political organization, with a vigor of argument, a force of illustration, and a facility of diction, which have rendered this effort of his mind one of the proudest monuments of American genius, and one of the noblest expositions which the operations of our government have yielded forth. I speak of its general effect, without concurring in all the views he presented, tho' the points of difference neither impair my estimate of the speaker nor of the power he displayed in this elaborate debate.

The judgement of his contemporaries upon the character of his eloquence will be confirmed by the future historian. He grasped the questions involved in the subject before him with a rare union of force and discrimination, and he presented them in an order of arrangement, marked at once with great perspicuity and with logical acuteness, so that, when he arrived at the conclusion, he seemed to reach it by a process of established propositions, interwoven with the hand of a master; and topics, barren of attraction, from their nature,

were rendered interesting by illustrations and allusions, drawn from a vast storehouse of knowledge, and applied with a chastened taste formed upon the best models of ancient and of modern learning; and to these eminent qualifications was added an uninterrupted flow of rich and often racy old-fashioned English, worthy of the earlier masters of the language, whom he studied and admired.

As a statesman and politician his power was felt and acknowledged through the republic, and all bore willing testimony to his enlarged views, and to his ardent patriotism. And he acquired a European reputation by the state-papers he prepared upon various questions of our foreign policy; and one of these—his refutation and exposure of an absurd and arrogant pretension of Austria—is distinguished by lofty and generous sentiments, becoming the age in which he lived, and the great people in whose name he spoke, and is stamped with a vigor and research not less honorable in the exhibition than conclusive in the application; and it will ever take rank in the history of diplomatic intercourse among the richest contributions to the commentaries upon the public law of the world. And in internal as in external troubles he was true, and tried, and faithful; and in the latest, may it be the last, as it was the most perilous crisis of our country, rejecting all sectional considerations, and exposing himself to sectional denunciation, he stood up boldly, proudly, indeed, and with consummate ability, for the constitutional rights of another portion of the Union, fiercely assailed by a spirit of aggression, as incompatible with our mutual obligations as with the duration of the confederation itself. In that dark and doubtful hour, his voice was heard above the storm, recalling his countrymen to a sense of their dangers and their duties, and tempering the lessons of reproof with the experience of age and the dictates of patriotism.

He who heard his memorable appeal to the public reason and conscience, made in this crowded Chamber, with all eyes fixed upon the speaker, and almost all hearts swayed by his words of wisdom and of power, will sedulously guard his recollections as one of those precious incidents which, while they constitute the poetry of history, exert a permanent and decisive influence upon the destiny of nations.

And our deceased colleague added the kinder affections of the heart to the lofty endowments of the mind; and I recall, with almost painful sensibility, the associations of our boyhood, when we were school-fellows together, with all the troubles and the pleasures which belong to that narrow relation of life, in its narrow world of preparation. He rendered himself dear by his disposition and deportment, and exhibited some of those peculiar characteristic features, which, later in life, made him the ornament of the social circle; and, when study and knowledge of the world had ripened his faculties, endowed him with powers of conversation I have not found surpassed in my intercourse with society, at home or abroad. His conduct and bearing at that early period have left enduring impressions upon my memory of mental traits, which his subsequent course in life developed and confirmed. And the commanding position and ascendancy of the man were foreshadowed by the standing influence of the boy among the comrades who surrounded him. Fifty-five years ago we parted—he to prepare for his splendid career in the good old land of our ancestors, and I to encounter the rough toils and trials of life in the great forest of the West. But, ere long, the report of his words and his deeds penetrated those recesses, where human industry was painfully, but successfully, contending with the obstacles of Nature, and I found that my early companion was assuming a position which confirmed my previous anticipations, and which could only be attained by the rare faculties with which he was gifted. Since then he has gone on irradiating his path with the splendor of his exertions, till the whole hemisphere was bright with his glory, and never brighter than when he went down in the West, without a cloud to obscure his lustre, calm, clear, and glorious. Fortunate in life he was not less fortunate in death, for he died with his fame undiminished, his faculties unbroken, and his usefulness unimpaired; surrounded by weeping friends, and regarded with anxious solicitude by a grateful country, to whom the messenger that mocks at time and space told, from hour to hour, the progress of his disorder, and the approach of his fate. And beyond all this, he died in the faith of a Christian, humble, but hopeful, adding another to the roll of eminent men who have searched the Gospel of Jesus, and have found it the word and the will of God, given to direct us while here, and to sustain us in that hour of trial, when the things of this world are passing away, and the dark valley of the shadow of death is opening before us.

How ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN! We may yet exclaim, when left of our greatest and wisest; but they fall to rise again from death to life, when such quickening faith in the mercy of God, and in the sacrifice of the Redeemer comes to shed upon them its happy influence, on this side of the grave, and beyond it.

Put two persons in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache, and the other in love, and you find the one who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

SOMETHING TO DRINK.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

The pleasure of seeing curious objects, museums, churches, or town halls, is considerably lessened by the constant demand for fees. Upon the Rhine, as in all much-frequented countries, such demands sting you like gnats. On a journey let the traveller put faith in his purse, and without it let no man look for the tender mercies of hospitality, or the grateful smile of a kindly farewell. Allow me to set forth the state of things which the aborigines of the Rhine have created, as regards the fee or *pour boire*. As you enter the gates of a town you are asked to what hotel you intend to go; they next require your passport, which they take into their keeping. The carriage pulls up in the court-yard of the post-house; the conductor, who has not addressed a word to you during the whole journey, opens the door and thrusts in his filthy hand—"Something to drink." A moment afterwards comes the postilion, who, though prohibited by the regulations, looks here at you, as much as to say, "Something to drink!" They now unload the diligence, and some vagabond mounts the roof and throws down your portmanteau and carpet-bag—"Something to drink!" Another puts your things into a barrow, and inquiring the name of your hotel, away he goes, pushing his barrow. Arrived at the hotel, the host incessantly inquires your wishes, and the following dialogue takes place, which ought to be written in all languages on all the doors of all the rooms.

"Good day, Sir."
"Sir, I want a room."
"Good, Sir, (bawls out) No. 4 for this gentleman."

"Sir, I wish to dine."
"Directly, Sir," &c.

You ascend to your room, No. 4, your baggage having preceded you, and the barrow gentleman appears.

"Your luggage, Sir—Something to drink."

Another now appears, stating that he carried your baggage up stairs.

"Good," say you, "I will not forget you with the other servants when I leave the house."

"Sir," replies the man, "I do not belong to the hotel—Something to drink."

You now set out to walk, and a fine church presents itself. Eager to enter, you look around, but the doors are shut! "*Compelle intrare*," says holy writ, according to which the priests ought to keep the doors open. The beadle shuts them, however, in order to gain "*something to drink*." An old woman, perceiving your dilemma, points to the bell-handle by the side of a low door; you ring, the beadle appears, and on your asking to see the church, he takes up a bundle of keys and proceeds towards the principal entrance, when, just as you are about to enter, you feel a tug at your sleeve, with a renewed demand for "*something to drink*."

You are now in the church. "Why is that picture covered with a green cloth?" is your first exclamation.

"Because it is the finest we possess," replies the beadle.

"So much the worse," is your reflection.

"In other places they exhibit their best paintings, here they conceal their *chef-d'œuvres*."

"By whom is the picture?"

"By Rubens."

"I wish to see it."

The beadle leaves you a moment, and returns with a grave-looking personage, who, pressing a spring, the picture is exposed to view; but upon the curtain reclosing, the usual significant sign is made for "*something to drink*," and your hand returns to the pocket.

Resuming your progress in the church, still conducted by the beadle, you approach the grating of the choir, before which stands a magnificent attired individual, no less than the *Swiss*, waiting your arrival. The choir is his particular department, which, after having viewed, your superb *cicerone* makes you a pompous bow, meaning, as plain as bow can speak, "*something to drink*."

You now arrive at the vestry, and wonderful to say, it is open; you enter, when lo! there stands another verger, and the beadle respectfully withdraws, for the verger must enjoy his prey to himself. You are now shown stories, sacramental cups, bishops' mitres, and in some glass case, lined with dirty satin, the bones of some saint dressed out like an opera-dancer. Having seen all this, the usual ceremony of "*something to drink*" is repeated, and the beadle resumes his functions.

You find yourself at the foot of the belfry, and desire to see the view from the summit. The beadle gently pushes open a door, and having ascended about thirty steps, your progress is intercepted by a closed door. The beadle having again departed, you knock, and the bell-ringer makes his appearance, who begs you to walk up—"Something to drink!"

It is some relief to your feelings that this man does not attempt to follow you as you make your way upwards to the top of the steeple.

Having attained the object of your wishes, you are rewarded by a superb landscape, an immense horizon, and a noble blue sky; when your enthusiasm becomes suddenly chilled by the approach of an individual who haunts you, buzzing unintelligible words into your ears, till at last you find out that he is especially charged to point out to strangers all that is

remarkable, either with regard to the church or landscape. This personage is usually a stammerer, and often deaf; you do not listen to him, but allow him to indulge in his muttering, completely forgetting him, while you contemplate the immense pile below, where the lateral arches lie displayed like dissected ribs, and the roofs, streets, gables, and roads appear to radiate in all directions, like the spokes of wheels, of which the horizon is the felloe.

Having indulged in a prolonged survey, you think about descending, and proceed towards the stairs; and lo! there stands your friend with his hand extended.

You open your purse again.
"Thanks, Sir," says the man, pocketing the money; "I will now trouble you to remember me."

"How so—have I not just given you something?"

"That is not for me, Sir, but for the church; I hope you will give me *something to drink*."

Another pull at the purse.

A trap-door opens, leading to the belfry; and a nother man shows and names you the bells. "*Something to drink*!" again! At the bottom of the stairs stands the beadle, patiently waiting to reconduct you to the door; and "*something to drink*!" for him follows as a matter of course.

You return to your hotel, taking good care not to inquire your way, for fear of further demands. Scarcely, however, are you arrived when a stranger accosts you by name, whose face is wholly unknown to you.

This is the commissioner who brings your passport, and demands "*something to drink*." Then comes dinner; then the moment for departure—"Something to drink." Your baggage is taken to the diligence—"Something to drink." A porter places it on the roof, and you comply with his request for "*something to drink*," with the satisfaction of knowing that the claim is the last. Poor comfort, when your miseries are to recommence on the morrow!

To sum up, after paying the porter, the wheel-barrow, the man who is not of the hotel, the old woman, Rubens, the *Swiss*, the verger, the ringier, church, under-ringer, stammerer, beadle, commissioner, servants, stable-boy, postman, you will have undergone eighteen taxings for fees in the course of a morning.

Calculating all these from the minimum of ten sols to the maximum of two francs, this drink-money becomes an important item in the budget of the traveller. Nothing under silver is excepted. Coppers are the mere sweepings of the street—an object of inexpressible contempt. To this ingenious class of operatives the traveller represents a mere sack of money, to be emptied in the shortest manner possible.

The government sometimes comes in for its share; takes your valise and portmanteau, shoulders them, and then holds forth its official hand. In some great cities the porters pay a certain tax to government, of so much per head on every traveller. I had not been a quarter of an hour in Aix-la-Chapelle before I had given "*something to drink*" to the King of Prussia.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

"The moon looks calmly down when man is dying. The earth still holds her sway; [sighing]
Flowers breathe their perfume, and the winds keep
Naught seems to pause or stay."

Clasp thy hands meekly over the still breast—
—they're no more work to do; close the weary eyes—they're no more tears to shed; part the damp locks—there's no more pain to bear.

Closed is the ear alike to love, kind voice, and calumny's stinging whispers. O, if in that stilled heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away; if by your loving glance, and kindly word, and clashing hand, have come—all too late—then God forgive you! No frown gathers on the marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiseled lip—no flush of wounded feeling mounts to the blue-veined temples.

God forgive you! for your feet too, must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faltering tongue asks: "can this be death?" Your fading eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth; your clammy hand yields its last feeble flutter. O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What! no words of greeting from the household sleepers? No warm welcome from a sister's loving lips? No throbs of pleasure from the dear maternal bosom?

Silent all! O, if these broken limbs never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there were no eternal shore! If the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bright bow of promise!

Alas for love if this be all,
And naught beyond—on earth!

YOUTHFUL NEGLECT.—Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth:—"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse those pages, let such readers remember that it is with the deepest regret, that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

"RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE."—We do not know that we have seen the idea suggested, but was there not something of retributive justice manifested in the elevation to supreme power, of the present Emperor of the French? And in more ways than one.

Josephine was repudiated by the Great Napoleon that he might, by an other alliance, secure an heir for his kingdom. He was disappointed in his calculations. Policy, the blindest guide of all, then led even his vast purposes astray. The throne to which his son could gain no access, is now filled by her grandson, whom he rejected. Josephine's degradation is followed by the elevation of her descendant. One would think he, at least, would endeavor to heap her memory with honors, and erase, if possible the record of her wrongs.

Hortense, the mother of Louis Napoleon, was wedded to his father against the wishes and the affections of both. The marriage was brought about by Josephine and the Emperor, from motives of State, without the least regard to the preferences or welfare of the parties immediately concerned thereby. They neither of them lived to see one of their lineage, or name in power, while after so long a time the son of the ill-starred union of which they were the cause, has obtained the royal purple, and visited on terms of equality—not by the conquests of war, but in an alliance of peace, the royal house of another nation.

And there has been humiliations as well as exaltation. England, which had heaped millions and millions of debt upon her people, in a blind hatred of the First Napoleon, and in opposition to the cause of freedom, of which he was the exponent, has now to stoop to an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Napoleon the Third, to consider no homage too exacting which his position may demand, and to find her boasted superiority in arms, in government, in wealth, more than equalled by one whom so little while ago she branded a usurper. The cause of aristocratic routine and oligarchy of rank which she victoriously defended in 1815, has proved her weakness,—almost her ruin in 1855. With all the manifold excellencies of her government, and all the hallowed associations of her past history, she forms no exception to the universal fallibility of all human powers, and her story none to that inviolable law, both of time and eternity, that every deviation from the path of justice and right, leads to its natural and bitter consequences.

THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.—In the North-west corner of Christ Church graveyard, Philadelphia, repose the ashes of the Printer Philosopher, and those of his wife. No monument, on which the Sculptor has lavished his art, presses upon his now mouldered form; no chisel traced either his fame or genius on the plain slab almost level with the earth, save the simple inscription—

"BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN."

Thousands of the busy throng daily pass within a few feet of the hallowed spot, without being conscious of the fact, or if aware of it, unable to behold the grave of their illustrious townsman, of whom they are so proud.

In a Philadelphia newspaper, published in December, 1774, we find the following notice of the death of Mrs. Franklin:

On Monday, the 19th inst., died in advanced age, Mrs. Deborah Franklin, wife of Dr. Benj. Franklin; and on Thursday following her remains were interred in Christ-Church Burying-Ground.

Mrs. Franklin was borne to her final resting place without pomp or ostentation. Nay, in as simple a manner as the slab with its inscription appears to the beholder, and beneath which she now rests in peace by the side of her beloved spouse.

INCIVILITY IN CHURCH.—Some years since, hearing of the celebrity of Dr. Tying, I went to hear him preach, while he was occupying the chapel of the University.—I took a seat with a friend by invitation. An aged female soon entered, and being a stranger to rules, passed down the aisle, looking at the right and left. But no one noticed the aged woman, as I saw, but Dr. Tying. She got quite up to the desk, and with a look of deep humility, took her seat on a kind of a step under the desk. I noticed the look of the Dr. It was stern, and called a flush to my cheek, and joy to my heart. He appeared to consider a while, then arose, gracefully gathered up his robes, and with an expression I shall never forget, descended the pulpit stairs, took the arm of the poor old tottering female, led her to his own pew, and placed her beside his wife, and returned to his pulpit and his duties.

I have loved that man ever since. But how glad I felt at the time, that no part of rebuke, so silently given, could attach to me.

WIFE.—There is no combination of letters in the English language which excites more pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man than the word wife. There is a magic in this little word. It presents to the mind's eye a cheerful companion, a disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comforter in misfortune, and a faithful and ever affectionate friend. It conjures up the image of a lovely and confiding woman, who cheerfully undertakes to make you happy, to partake with you the cup, whether of woe or joy, which destiny may offer. The word wife is synonymous with the greatest earthly blessing, and we pity the unfortunate wight, who is condemned by fate's severe decree to trudge along thro' life's dull pilgrimage without one.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—I saw the temple reared by the hand of man, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain—the storm beat upon it—the God of nature hurled his thunders against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant—Revelry was in its hall—the gay, the happy, the young and beautiful were there. I returned, but the temple was no more—its high walls lay in scattered ruins—moss and wild-grass grew wildly there; and at the midnight hour the owl's cry added to the desolation of the scene—the young and gay who had revelled there had passed away.

I saw the child rejoicing in his youth, the idol of his father. I returned, and the child had become old. Trumbling with weight of years, he stood the last of his generation, a stranger amid the desolation around him.

I saw the old oak stand in all its pride on the mountain—the birds were carolling on its boughs. I returned—the oak was leafless and sapless—the winds were playing their past time through the branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is time," said he: when the morning stars sang together with joy over the new made world, he commenced his course; and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—when he shall roll the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on sea and one on land, lift up his head towards heaven's Eternal, saying—"Time is—time was and time shall be no longer."

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also four hundred and thirty-four muscles.

His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore three thousand, eight hundred and forty in an hour, ninety-two thousand one hundred and sixty in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach two hundred and fifty leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.

FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA.—It is well known that Frederick the Second, King of Prussia, rose remarkably early in the morning, and generally allowed a very small part of his time to sleep. But as age and infirmities increased upon him, his rest was broken and disturbed; and when he fell asleep towards morning, he frequently missed his early rising hour. The loss of time, as he deemed it, he bore very impatiently, and gave strict orders to his attendants never to suffer him to sleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and pay no attention to his unwillingness to rise. One morning at the appointed time, the page whose turn it was to attend him, and who had not long been in the service, came to his bedside and awoke him.

"Let me sleep but a little longer," said the monarch, "I am much fatigued."

"Your majesty has given positive orders I should awake you early," replied the page.

"But a quarter of an hour more," said the king.

"Not a minute," said the page; "it has struck four, and I am ordered to insist upon your majesty's rising."

"Well," said the king, "you are a brave lad; had you suffered me to sleep on, you would have fared ill for my neglect."

WHAT HOPE DID.—It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's brow became a smile, the emblem of peace and endurance. It laid its head upon the arm of the poor, which was stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin. It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society; and led him on to works which even his enemies praised. It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death and went with an old man to heaven. No; hope! my good brother. Have it, reckon it on your side. Wrestle with it that it may not depart. It may lessen your pains. Life is hard enough at best; but Hope shall lead you over its mountains, and sustain you amid its billows. Part with all besides—but keep thy hope.

LORD BROUGHAM hoped to see the day when every man in the United Kingdom could read Bacon. "It would be much more to the purpose," said Cobbett, "if his lordship could use his influence to see that every man in the kingdom could eat bacon."