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BROTHER, TAKE MY ARM.

BY THOMAS MAC KILBURN.

When grief is heavy on thee,
Or dismal fears alarm,
Then, brother, lean upon me—
My brother, take my arm.
There's many a load of trouble
That taketh two to bear,
Where one would bend quite double
Beneath the heavy care.

If malice, in its rancor,
Has sought thy mortal harm,
My shoulder be thine anchor—
My brother, take my arm.
Though all, in time of trial,
May turn their eyes away,
Nay, brother, no denial,
My arm shall be thy stay.

If grief were mine to-morrow,
A grief that naught could charm,
I'd cry, in all my sorrow,
"O brother, give thine arm!"
Aye! let me feel another
Will weep with me in woe;
A brother, yea, a brother,
May all who sorrow, know!

[From the "Knickerbocker."]

A DEER-HUNT ON THE BOQUET.

It was a glorious morning in October. The first glance of the sun as his rays rested on the mountain-tops around the little village of Elizabethtown, revealed a scene of surpassing beauty. The hill-sides seemed inlaid with mosaics of most brilliant colors. The frosting had touched them with his magic wand, and autumn stood revealed in her magnificence. The bright red tinge of the soft maple, the deeper and more substantial hue of the oak, the golden yellow of the beech and the elm, the pale emerald of the basswood, the fiery scarlet of the sumach, all these mingled in wild profusion and interminable variety, while here and there among them, as if to give renewed assurance that spring-time should again revisit the earth, stood the unchanging and brilliant green of the balsam and the pine. In the little valley below, the pale grass was crisp with the white frost, and as the warm rays of sun rested on the fences and the roofs of the farm-houses, the sparkling crystals faded slowly, inch by inch, beneath their power, like the shadows of a dial, and vanished in tiny wreaths of vapor. I doubt if the world can exhibit a richer or more varied display of autumn foliage than this little valley of Elizabethtown. Hemmed in by a spur of the Adirondack range, whose abrupt and ragged mountains surround and seem ready to overwhelm it, it rests in beauty, like a jewel in the rock, gathering an added brilliance from the roughness of its setting.

"What a morning for a hunt!" said old Sheriff L., as he stepped from his piazza in the gray of the dawn. "Halloo, Harry! get up, and let's have a hunt. Fly would scent a track at forty rods this morning." With such an invitation, to dress and gobble up a breakfast was but brief work.

"Go call Archibald and Abels. Tell them to bring the dogs, and we'll have a great time."

Now, the said Archibald—John Archibald, but generally known as "Archy"—was the character of the county. In the vigor and prime of his manhood, he possessed many traits of character to remind one of Cooper's "Leather-Stocking." An excellent hunter, cool, keen, and sagacious—loving his dog and his gun more than he did most of his family—like "Leather-Stocking," fearing the face of no man, but unlike him, fearing neither God nor the devil. He was honest, because it was his nature to be so, and perfectly good tempered, unless his dog or his rifle were abused; then his anger and his profanity knew no bounds. But the over-riding trait of his character was an unbounded love of fun and frolic. Of all earthly things, he loved a practical joke the most. Friend or foe, it mattered little to him, if he could but perpetrate some broad joke, which should set the crowd in a roar at their expense, he was perfectly happy.

Abels came first, a rather short, thin man; with a cold, gray eye, which never looked you square in the face, and whose whole countenance indicated the mere hunter for gain—Springy and lithe as a fox, he had, in the deep snows of winter, when the crust bears a man on snow-shoes, but a deer plunges to the belly at every jump, chased on foot, and killed, many an antlered buck. He brought two dogs, one half-mastiff and half-grayhound, not much on the scent, but capital with other dogs; the other, a beautiful black and white bound, whose nose never failed the track.

"What ye gwine to hunt?" said Abels, in his peculiar drawl.

"I vote for Little Pond," answered Archy, who now came up, leading by a rope a brown dog, yet in his youth, and as likely to spend his strength in chasing the few remaining yellow birds as any thing else. The Sheriff declared for "Sampsons," as easier of access, and likely to prove a shorter run.

"Yees, and have your deer shute the run, and take to Beaver Meadow alders." "Squire, there aint a dog in town can follow a track into 'em."

Archy insisted on Little Pond, if the deer took to water, the boats make him sure.

"Beside the trout, you know—"

"Ah! I see you don't mean to be balked of a

supper. But what say to a compromise, and try Roaring-Brook?"

"Agreed, Squire! agreed!"
This little brook, rising back of what is generally known as Cobble (or Koble's) hill, an eminence which would be dignified as a mountain anywhere else, finds its way down to the Boquet by a most precipitous route, and almost entirely on a bed of naked boulders.—Hence its name. It has no perpendicular fall, but its roar can be easily heard in a still night for a mile and a half.

Every thing seemed in readiness, and all seated in the wagon, when the quick eye of the Sheriff detected the absence of an important member of the party.

"Archy, where's Three-Legs?"

Little Three-Legs was a medium-sized, tan-colored bound, of full blood, who had been caught in a bear-trap while on the run-way, and had been kept there until from sheer starvation, she knawed off her leg and returned to her master. She had been Archy's particular pet ever since. He frequently carried her home in his arms after a long chase. Her long and beautiful ears, and clean, thin skin showed the purity of her blood, while her cry, clear and pure as a trumpet, made her an invaluable assistant to the other dogs. She could maintain her position in a short chase very well, but in a long run, the strain on the remaining fore-leg was too great. Archy had fitted a little leather boot to the shortened limb to prevent injury by hitting it on the ground.

"Three-Legs is all safe. I wanted to save her for the run. We'll stop at Newell's for her."

In picking up the dog, we were but too happy to pick up Newell himself, Apollis Newell, than whom no worthier man trod the soil of old Essex. Many a man have I heard praise the integrity of another by saying:

"He's as honest as Apollis Newell."

A brisk ride of three miles brought us to the intersection of the brook with the river.—The horses were taken from the wagon and tied under a spreading beech, and an umbrella spread over a mysterious-looking basket in the wagon, toward which Archy gave now and then a most affectionate look. Abels leashed up the dogs, in which he had some difficulty, as they were whimpering about in the most active manner with their noses to the ground, in search of a track, and started for the head of the brook. The run-way was from the top of the ridge down the stream, crossing it several times, to its confluence with the Boquet, thence down said river on the west bank thereof, (as the lawyers would say,) for about two hundred rods, then crossing the river at a little ripple, and then in a direct course to East Mountain.

As it would probably be an hour before a fresh track could be found, the Sheriff and Archy pulled out their fish-lines, cut an ash-pole from the brook-side, and tried their skill for trout. The former threw his line in the deep pool where the brook joined the river, and Archy sauntered up the stream. Meanwhile, Newell sat with his rifle in his lap, listening for the cry from the bounds. Trout were not abundant, and the Sheriff was about giving up in despair, when, throwing his hook into the ripple, it floated gently down to the deep pool at the bottom, and, "Heavens! what a bite!" The trout was hooked, but the old fisherman knew very well it would never do to tug at him with that line. Having no creel, it was not an easy matter to give him his run. It could only be done by leading him up and down until he tired himself out. A full half-hour was spent in this way, until his trout-ship brought his nose to the surface for relief. Now he was brought gently to the shore, the line fastened by a stone, and using his old beaver for a landing-net, he had the proud satisfaction of laying on the bank a two pound deep-water trout!

At this moment he heard a halloo from Newell, seized his prize, and started for the camp. Archy had started before with his rifle up to one of the crossings on the brook; so Newell was left to try his skill at the point where the deer should strike the Boquet, and the Sheriff took position where the run-way crossed below.

"Hark! Do you hear that?"
"It was a splendid chorus! The clear, pure air of the October morning, undisturbed by any other sound save the deep monotone of Roaring-Brook, gave every voice distinct and ringing as a bell. High and clear above all came the silvery tones of little Three-Legs.—Then the deep bay of the mastiff, chining well with the shrill yelps of Fly and the young one. I have heard many quortettes in my time, but never one that stirred my blood more than this."
"Hark again! Was that Abels' rifle or Archy's?"

"Archy's, certainly," said I, for I had staid with Newell, to be near the horses, in case of their being frightened. "Abels is further up."

Whoever it was, it had not stopped the deer, for presently the long bound of some animal was heard in the copse above. Some forty rods further up from us was a brief opening in the woods, forming a beautiful little glade, with here and there a small pine growing. It was in this we first caught sight of our game, as the run-way was directly through it. What a magnificent sight!—a seven years' old buck, in the prime and vigor of his strength! Not

yet fatigued by the length of the chase, wearing more the air of surprise than fright, his antlers laid gently back upon his neck, his standark raised, and all his colors flying, he bounded on, as if spurning the ground with his hoofs, and conscious of untiring speed.—I shouted in ecstasy.

"Hush!" said Newell, "not a word, or he'll shoot the track."

He brought his rifle to the cock, and waited for the buck to clear the woods, the distance from where we stood to the river being about ten rods of grass plat. On he came. Oh! it seemed a sin to take the life of so noble a creature. Newell raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, as the deer gave the last bound from the bank to the stream, aimed at his neck, and fired. From the sudden turn of the deer's head, as he struck the water, it was evident he was hit. He gave two or three short jumps into the ripple and fell. The Sheriff heard the report, and as he could see from his station that the deer had fallen, hastened up. The buck lay motionless in the water, and slowly floating down the river, which was about knee-deep. As Newell was getting advanced in years, he, being clad in long fishing-boots, offered to go in and cut the animal's throat.—The bullet had struck just at the root of the horn, on the side of the head, had stopped there, consequently the deer was only stunned, not killed. L.—drew his hunting-knife and proceeded to cut his throat. The first gash, which let a little blood, revived him at once, and he was on his feet in an instant; and now commenced one of the most exciting encounters I was ever my fortune to witness. It is well known that an old stag at bay is one of the most savage of animals, and as the small gash made in his throat had severed no main vessel, the blood he had lost amounted to nothing. He lowered his head, and made a lunge at his enemy. L.—'s only safety was to catch him by the horns and force his nose under water by his own weight. But this could not last long, as the deer's struggles were powerful. He next attempted to hold him by one horn, and use the knife on the back of his neck. The result of this experiment was that he was hauled about six feet off, with the whole front part of his clothing torn from his body, and his knife lost. The deer made another spring at him, with the intent to put his fore feet on top of him as he lay in the water, and trample him. This he evaded by a sudden spring, and again succeeded in grasping him by both horns. Thus they struggled and floundered, sometimes one under water, and then the other, for some twenty minutes. Meantime the dogs had run in, and the mastiff came to the rescue. Unfortunately the water was just that depth in which man and deer could stand, but the dogs could not touch bottom. It was all they could do to stem the current, to say nothing of fighting. It was getting to be a serious matter. One of the prongs of the antlers had been broken, and left a blade-like point as sharp as a needle. On this the Sheriff had seriously torn his hand early in the fight, and was losing some blood by it. He shouted to Newell to fire at the deer, but so sudden and rapid were their motions, that the old gentleman was afraid to shoot, being as likely to hit one as the other. As for myself, I was a mere boy, and they had been gradually getting into deeper and swifter water than I could stand in. I could do no manner of good, and stood on the shore, amid the barking dogs, excited and speechless. Again the deer's nose was forced under water for a moment, and again with a mighty effort he raised his antagonist with a lunge that rolled them together in the stream. L.—felt his strength failing, but he also knew his life was at stake. Earlier in the battle he had fought from a feeling of pride, and to save the venison, as there would be no chance of killing it now, if the buck got away. Now, had he let go, and made for the shore, the chances were the deer would trample him before he reached the bank. At this critical moment Archibald arrived. He had heard Newell's gun, and not hearing another, had taken it for granted the game was quietly killed, and strolled leisurely back. Seeing the real state of the case at a glance, he plunged into the stream, drew his knife, cut the animal's ham-strings at a blow, and ended the fight. Both were drawn ashore, the deer dead, and L.— perfectly exhausted. A draught from a black bottle, dug from the depths of the mysterious basket, soon put all parties to rights, saving the torn hand and habiliments of the Sheriff. He was a sorry sight to see. Not a single garment was left in its integrity, while the old broad-brimmed beaver which had served him for years as hat, umbrella, drinking cup, and landing net, as occasion required, had been floated off and sunk.

The deer was now dressed, quartered, and divided in the usual manner; that is to say, the carcass was cut into as many pieces as there were persons in the party, (the antlers and skin belonging of right to the one who first draws blood,) when one turns his back to the whole, and to the question, "Who shall have this pile?" who calls off the names by chance. In those days, this was the unvarying mode of dividing all manner of game hunted by a party. No one ever thought of objecting to the division or the lot.

It was now high noon. The warm sun had dispelled all dampness from the grass, when

we seated ourselves under the old beech to prepare for dinner.

"Boy, bring the basket!"

"Humph!" said Archy, "I know whose wife put up that prog?"

"Yes, indeed," replied L.—, "ever since you imposed on my good wife as a beggar, in green goggles and a knapsack, and drew on her sympathies for a good dinner, and was broom-sticked out of the house to pay for it."

Archy chuckled at the remembrance. "Pickles, Indian bread, salt, a chunk of raw pork, and potatoes to roast. Good!"

"Ah! ha!" said Abels, "three black quarts?"

"'Twas the rock he usually split on, tho' our general failings might be said to be primitive."

A circular hole of three feet across, by four inches deep, was soon dug in the ground, and filled with clean stones from the brook. On these a rousing fire was kindled, and left to burn nearly out. Meanwhile, Archy had cut a half-dozen chops from the venison. The Sheriff had occupied himself with preparing his two-pound trout for a bake. The *modus operandi* I beg to set forth as a rule for all gourmands in like situation. After properly cleansing it, he, with a knife, made an incision down the whole length of the back, nearly as deep as the back-bone. Into this was laid a thin slice of raw pork; if you can add a squeeze of the lemon to the pork, all the better. The belly was stuffed with the soft part of a loaf of rye and Indian-bread, mixed with a gill of Madeira wine. His troutship was then carefully and tightly rolled up in the half of a clean newspaper, and laid in the embers to bake. The time necessary to properly do the fish must depend on its size. I should say for a two-pounder, forty minutes, and when properly done, he is a morsel for an epicure. Talk of your *faribola la creme*, it's a mere pop and lolly-pop to the rich fragrance, the delicate flavor of a well-baked deep-water trout.

The fish devoured first, as was proper, then came the chops. Oh! ye well-fed city aldermen, who think ye sit down to your groaning boards and eat venison, I would one of the best of you could have partaken of those chops! "Venison was venison" were they, cut from a deer that had been browsing in his native woods but two hours before; none of your black, disgusting stuff that comes down from the country in February, coursed until his blood is heated and unwholesome before he is killed, and then frozen and thawed and frozen again, until no trace of juiciness, or fibrine, or of essence is left; but rich in flavor, tender because well fed and fat, and luscious with the rich juices with which nature seasoned it, broiled on the glowing hickory coals, and eaten yet smoking with the bubbling heats of its own juices. A single glass of wine to each, and then for the dessert. What, a dessert in the woods! Yes, indeed, and such a dessert! When Archy went up the brook trouting in the morning, he returned, to all appearances, an unlucky fisherman. Now, however, he stepped up the stream a few rods, and returned with a dripping basket, in which were about twenty little troutlings, of from three to three and a half inches in length, which he had managed to keep alive, by taking them carefully from the brook, and keeping the basket under water. To kill these, dip them in Indian meal, and lay them in a frying-pan over the coals, and was but a moment's work. Was it not worthy dessert for such a dinner—tempting morsels to revive the drooping appetites of apopleptic aldermen!

The day's hunt, the day's feast were now ended, and reclining under the spreading beech, the party rested from the fatigues and excitements of the day, relieving the time by tales and stories of old hunts, escapes by flood and field, and all the varied trials and exposures of border life.

"Squire," said Abels to the Sheriff, "I'll bet the venison you can't hit the yaller bird top of that mullein."

"Not now, my hand's too lame to shoot—Archy can."

"Yes," said Archy, "if Harry will lend me his gun."

The rifle was a Caswell, made at Lancaster, the only manufacturer Northern hunters in those days thought capable of boring a decent barrel. The bird was a good ten rods distant, and the ball a hundred and twenty to the pound. He slowly drew sight on the little fellow, as he said, "I'll not kill him, but I'll cut his legs off." The bird plied his little wings as he flew, flew around and around, tried in vain to alight, but could not, and at last, wearied and bleeding, fell to the earth, both legs missing.

We were all astonished. "Well, Archy," said the Sheriff, "that beats my shot, when you held the clip for me to split at twenty-five rods."

By this time the lengthening shadows of the mountain were drawing toward us, and we hurried up for home. And thus ended our day's sport on the banks of the Boquet.

Horace Mann thinks that Moses was the first conductor on the underground railroad, as he took out of Egypt the biggest train on record, containing two millions of passengers.

WATCH AND PRAY.—The Portland, *Advertiser* very pertinently suggests that those who cannot feel it in their hearts to pray for the national administration, would do well to watch it.

KANSAS.

RECENT ELECTIONS—FEMALE HEROISM.—During the recent election much excitement took place in Kansas. The object was to confirm or reject the Constitution, as framed at Topeka. At some of the polls the ballot boxes were broken, and the clerks severely maltreated. The St. Louis Republican, pro-slavery, says:—

"At Leavenworth City, only about sixty ballots were given, and these were afterwards destroyed in some collision between a party of pro-slavery men and their opponents. The whole election was regarded as a farce. In some districts no polls were opened, and it is not probable that any regard will be paid to this proceeding, after the direct recognition by the abolitionists of Kansas of the laws enacted by the late Territorial Legislature, and the officers appointed under these laws."

A letter from Lawrence to the St. Louis Intelligencer, says, that business was beginning to revive. No attempt has been made to bring the murderers of Barber to justice. The writer adds:—"The Governor is trying to get out of the bad scrape he has got into, but I think it will be utterly impossible for him to do so. He talks about moving to Lawrence, but I think the first move he will make, will be in the other direction. In the event of the Senate refusing to confirm him, his resignation, or dismissal, I do not know who the Administration could get to take the post. The comforts and emoluments of the post are certainly no inducements, and it does not appear to be a very great place to make capital out of.—One thing is certain, that it is now the most important post in the country, and that a faithful and able discharge of its duties is, as matters stand, actually essential to the peace of the whole country."

Many startling instances of heroism are now related, since the siege of Lawrence was raised. One case was the bringing in of ammunition, thro' the besiegers' lines, by two ladies. A lot of powder, lead and other ammunition was at a place some eight miles distant from Lawrence, was offered and wanted. The besiegers had the place completely surrounded, when the two ladies in question, Mrs. G. W. Brown, and Mrs. S. N. Wood, drove out with a buggy alone, secured the needed ammunition beneath their clothes, and drove in again. The Missourians stopped their buggy once or twice, but had the gallantry to let them pass without search. This was certainly a remarkable piece of female intrepidity; but in my mind, every thing is thrown in the shade by the conduct of the heroic and devoted sentries of Lawrence. For a full week they were exposed to nocturnal excursions, and were fired upon every night. Gen. Robinson, knowing that these were merely attempts to get a plausible ground for quarrel, issued orders that the sentries should not return the fire, until imminent peril of life. These orders were obeyed, and such heroic and exposed endurance is almost unparalleled. The shots fired at them were mostly of a random character, but one sentry had a ball put through his hat, and another had a horse shot under him.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.—A writer speculating on the cause, or causes, of the open sea at the extreme regions of the pole, as beheld by our intelligent and intrepid navigator, Dr. Kane, says:—

Humboldt, in his "Cosmos," in speaking of the three different modes for the transmission of heat in our globe, says, and these are his words: "A portion of the heat that has penetrated into the equatorial regions, moves in the interior of the globe towards the poles, where it escapes in to the atmosphere and the remote regions of space." Here I think is one cause for the waters being unfrozen near the pole. An open sea, enclosed and sheltered by an immense wall of ice—may there not be islands in that polar lake, verdant in summer, producing fruits and flowers?—Why not? Further, what sort of people may inhabit those islands? Are they bright and sparkling as their own auroras? It is possible that there may be a volcano at the extreme pole—may most probable, for I think I have been told that dark clouds, like that of smoke, have occurred amidst the brilliant rays of the Aurora Borealis. Our Southern pole, will no doubt, at some future period, exhibit to the adventurous navigator a similar open sea.

CURIOUS SENTENCE.—The following verse contains every letter in the alphabet except 'E.' It has been a question whether any rhyme can be produced (in print) without the letter E, which is a letter more employed than any other. By inserting the word *verse* instead of *tax*, in the second line, the verse would contain all the letters of the alphabet:

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain for 'tis most plain,
That what I did was right.

FASHIONABLE FOLLY.—At a wedding which took place last week among the "upper crust" of New York, there were fifteen hundred invited guests, male and female, dressed in the "hoighth" of fashion. The entire dress of the bride cost \$6000—the handkerchief carried by her \$250. Many a starving child, and destitute parent, could have been relieved by half that sum!

THE "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION" IN FRANCE.

—The new dogma of the "Immaculate Conception" in the Romish Church, is creating quite a discussion among the faithful in France. *L'Univers* is the organ of the Jesuits and ultra-Montane portion of the Catholics, and *Le Siecle* is the organ of the Gallican or the anti-ultra-Montane portion of the Church. It is supposed that the new dogma will lead to a separation of the two branches of the Church. To give our readers some idea of the character of this controversy, we give the following, being a translation of an article in *Le Siecle*, in reply to an article in *L'Univers*:

"You are the men who wrote the Code of the Inquisition, the greatest crime of human kind; who shed blood like water in the wars of the Albigenses, of the Waldenses, and of the Hussites; who butchered old men, women and children; and said whilst treading under foot heaps of corpses, God will know who are his; who led Spain to death, exterminated the Moors, and proscribed the Jews; who wailed the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day, blessed the dagger of Jacques Clement, let loose upon Europe the thirty years' war, concocted in secret the gunpowder plot, transcribed Flanders, by the hand of the Duke of Alva, into an immense slaughter-house; burnt Giordano Bruno at the Stake, tortured on the rack the genius of Galileo, extorted from Louis XIV. the revocation of the edict of Nantes, burnt four hundred villages in the Cevennes, signed a hundred thousand letters of cachet (warrants) against the Jansenists, condemned Calas, executed Labarre, slayed Fra Diavolo, killed, at Rome, Gen. Duphot, shook in the 19th century, the law of sacrilege, as a trial torch of the Inquisition, and finally irritated France, during the restoration, to such a degree, that after a long resistance, France indignantly punished you. Do you recognize yourselves in this description of your service, and in the long trail of blood you have left behind you on the road of the past? Do you begin to find out what your family name is?—Your name is not religion, for religion is peace in the State, whilst, wherever you set your foot, we find nothing but discord. No power, no people, has been able to live within the reach of your breath, without being poisoned and vomiting you back."

MODIFYING A CANDIDATE.—At a Democratic meeting held at Indianapolis, says the Chicago Citizen, Lieutenant Governor Willard was recommended as a candidate for Governor next year, provided he would agree to refrain from using that unwholesome and degrading stimulant called brandy. As soon as the resolution requiring reform of Mr. Willard, was adopted, he became penitent and addressed the meeting saying that he had been a wanderer from the true path of manliness; and that if the Democratic party would make him Governor next year, provided he would agree to refrain from using that unwholesome and degrading stimulant called brandy. As soon as the resolution requiring reform of Mr. Willard, was adopted, he became penitent and addressed the meeting saying that he had been a wanderer from the true path of manliness; and that if the Democratic party would make him Governor next year, provided he would agree to refrain from using that unwholesome and degrading stimulant called brandy. As soon as the resolution requiring reform of Mr. Willard, was adopted, he became penitent and addressed the meeting saying that he had been a wanderer from the true path of manliness; and that if the Democratic party would make him Governor next year, provided he would agree to refrain from using that unwholesome and degrading stimulant called brandy.

"I have gone thus far in pledging to you my total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors during my term of service if elected Governor of the State of Indiana, and to you I might avoid even the appearance of evil, and that the tongue of slander and malevolence may be hushed and palsied."

"La, me," sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks; first I was seized with bleeding phlegm in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was conceded with the left ventrator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation of the bowels, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessing like that of health, particularly when you are sick."

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favor of adversity, but the worst of it, is, it has no friends.

MORALS OF NEW ORLEANS.—The semi-annual report of the New Orleans Chief of Police shows that in six months nearly one-twelfth of the entire population of the city has been placed under arrest.

"He who goes to bed in anger has the Devil for his bedfellow." A wiser man would say that he who knows a married man, who, though he goes to bed happy and gentle as a lamb, is in the same predicament.

A man advertises for competent persons to undertake the sale of medicine, and adds that it will be profitable to the undertaker.

SELF-DENIAL.—Looking out of the first story window and informing the tax-collector that you are not at home.

A Genius has just invented a stove that saves three quarters of the wood, while the ashes it makes, pay for the remainder.

A Turkish proverb says, "the devil tempts other, but idle men tempt the devil."