

Raffan's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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THE IVY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold,
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decay'd,
To pleasure his dainty whim,
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him!
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy, green!
Fast he stealth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he:
How closely he twine, how tight he clings,
To his friend, the huge Oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy, green!
Whole ages have fled and their works decay'd,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green,
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the staliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last!
Creeping on, where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy, green!

"THE WIFE FOR ME."

Horace Hastings was a sober, sensible, enterprising bachelor, of some seven-and-twenty years, who, having obtained an excellent reputation for his industry and integrity, and having made himself useful in the mercantile firm in Boston, with whom he had served an apprenticeship, was at length invited to a partnership in the firm. For some time he had been encouraged to anticipate this elevation, and he soberly and energetically entered upon the new duties of his position. When business crowded he had but little leisure to mourn over his celibate condition; but when the hurrying season was over, and hours each day hung heavy on his hands, he could not help thinking how delightful it would be, had he a house, and a gentle wife of his own. His pecuniary circumstances now warranted such luxuries, and he resolved to marry when he found a lady just suited to his mind.

Near a country village in Maine, not a thousand miles from Bangor, lived an old friend of his father's; and being on a collecting tour in that region during the autumn months, he determined to accept an old-repeated invitation to spend a few days with the old gentleman, and send a note announcing his coming.

At the appointed time he reached the residence of his old friend, and found that the family were prepared and pleased to receive him as a guest. In the parlor were two young ladies well dressed and quite handsome. He was duly introduced to Miss Jane and Charlotte, and found them accomplished and sensible young ladies. Being just now very susceptible to the tender passion, he was easily pleased, and exerted his power to render himself agreeable to the flattered maidens. He succeeded of course. Sensible men of his age and prospects always do when they try. And his eye wandering in conversation, from one handsome, intelligent face to another, he caught himself several times mentally inquiring, "Which would make the better wife?"

The mother and a neat-looking maid were seen several times passing from the kitchen preparing supper. The girl who set out the table and spread the white stainless cloth, and arranged the plates, seemed to do it gracefully and quietly, as if she had made such duties a study as a science, and won a glancing admiration as a very neat and pretty servant—a model of a "help." Altogether, he thought it was a charming family. When they sat at the cheerful supper, and tasted the light home-made bread, and the sweet, fresh butter, and the thinly sliced home-cured beef, the hot, well flavored tea, the excellency and good taste manifested in the whole ordering, he felicitated himself upon having found so pleasant a home, even if it was only for a few days. After the supper was over and the table was cleared, a third young lady, very neatly dressed, entered the room, and was formally introduced to him as one of the sisters, Miss Sarah. He was not a little surprised to find that the neat servant-girl whose handiwork had won his admiration, was one of the sisters. He found her sprightly, cheerful, and accomplished, and he thought a little more graceful than her sister Jane, who was older, or Charlotte, who was younger than herself. He thought a little more meanly of himself for having taken her to be a hired girl in the family, but not a whit more meanly of her for having revealed herself in that capacity. And his perplexity was somewhat increased as he sat down on his bedside in the chamber to which he was shown by his host, and said to himself, "Which of the three?"

In the morning, after a night's sound sleep—for he was not sufficiently in love to keep him awake—he entered the breakfast-room, and was soon joined by the two young ladies who had first welcomed him. Sarah was not visible; but when they had sat down at the table, and Jane had poured the coffee, Sarah came smiling in, behind a clean white apron, and with a steaming pile of buckwheat cakes in her hand, which, from the hue of her cheeks, she had just been baking. If there was a blush on her cheek, any eye might see it was forced there by the fire, and not by any sense of degradation, on account of the office she so gracefully filled. She greeted the guest with a welcome smile, deposited her load of edibles, and returned to the kitchen, whence

she tripped again in a few moments, with another plate of cakes, most beautifully baked by her own skill. Horace ate a large quantity of them, more than enough merely to satisfy hunger, because of the beautiful little hands that made them. And then he wandered over the farm with the old man, and prated of horses, and cows, and crops, as though he knew something about them, as well as broadcloths and calicoes. At dinner time Jane and Charlotte were in the parlor waiting for him, and Sarah, as usual, was bustling about the kitchen. "I do wish," said he, sotto voce, "that one of those girls would take Sarah's place in the kitchen a little while, that I might find out some of their house-keeping qualities, and that I might have a little more chat with her."

But he waited for such a change in vain, though he found some opportunities of converse, and discovered all he wished to know just then, about her mental qualifications and acquirements; and, at the close of the fourth day, just before he got into bed, he slapped the white counterpane emphatically, and said to it—as there was nobody in the room at the time, I suppose he must have spoken to the counterpane or the bed-post—"She's the girl for me."

The next day was the outer limit of his visit; and, as he stood at the window after breakfast, he saw Sarah with that witching white apron, trip down into the orchard to shake down some apples, for it was baking-day, and pies were to be made. Horace strolled out after her, and shook the tree, and helped to pick up the apples, and carried the basket as they returned slowly to the house. What he whispered in her ear she never told, but she seemed not displeased, though evidently surprised, and a little frightened.

A year after, Horace was at the house of his old friend again, and this time Sarah was not so much in the kitchen. There were great preparations for a wedding to go forward, and in a few days Sarah became Mrs. Horace Hastings; and now, in a splendid Boston mansion, she fully justifies the wisdom of her dear husband's choice, by being to him a most excellent wife, and a superlative housekeeper.—*Goward's Register.*

AN AMERICAN ESOP.—The following excellent fable is said to illustrate the enlistment difficulty between Pierce and Lord Clarendon. We rather incline to opinion, that Bingo is in the White House; and though rogue as he is, he has not courage enough to resent even a personal insult, much less a national one:

The Bull Dog's Apology.—Bingo, the bull dog and Carlo, of the Newfoundland breed, had once been close friends, but the former being of an overbearing disposition, and much given to sheep-stealing, a coolness had grown up between the two. One winter's day Bingo encountered Bruin the bear with a lamb in his mouth, and boldly attacked him to take away his prey. The bear, however, gave him so tight a hug, that he barely escaped with his life. Bingo now looked to his old comrade for help but Carlo plainly told him that he was quite indifferent in the quarrel, and did not care a bone which whopped. The bull-dog then endeavored, in Carlo's absence, to notice away his family of pups to the war, but was detected in the fact, being surprised in the very kennel of his neighbor. Carlo loudly demanded redress and security for future good behavior, but the other gravely dropping the corners of his mouth, replied as follows:—"My young friend, you have no cause of complaint, for three reasons—firstly, because I came into your premises quietly; secondly, when you came back I left directly; and thirdly, the explanations I have given you are a sufficient apology, and no reasonable dog can demand more."

MORAL.—Only a bold rogue will make an apology out of the insult.

MADCAP BOYS.—To be born, to be a feeble infant, is an ordeal through which all must pass. To be a boy, is an absolute pre-requisite to manhood—and boys will be boys, let old and wise people say what they will. They will feel, and think, and act like boys. They will skate on the ice, ride down hill, be frivolous and jolly, play all sorts of antics, do a great many things which, to the sobriety of age, look like folly. But what of that? Who would clothe boyhood with the dignity, invest it with the gravity, or endow it with the wisdom of the finished man? To do so would be to rob life of its brightness and glory—to take away its spring time—to plunder it of its flowers—to silence the voice of gladness—to still the music of its singing birds, and to banish its loveliest sunshine.

CLAIMANT TO THE BRITISH THRONE.—A gentleman named Parker, was recently taken into custody, he having sent letters to Queen Victoria stating that he was the Prophet Elijah, and requiring her Majesty to surrender her rights and dignities to him as the prophet chosen of God, cautioning her that if she refused he should enforce his claim at the point of the bayonet. When apprehended, he stated that he was mentioned in the Old Testament, and again in the Revelations, and that God intended to confer unlimited power and wealth upon him in this kingdom. He was removed to Bethlehem Lunatic Asylum. He is very respectably connected, and has a brother a barister in the Temple.

ETHAN SPIKE'S VISIT TO PORTLAND.

"Portland is the all darndest place I ever seed. I was there in '28, to see a little about my going to the Legislature, and sich a rum time as I had you never heard tell on. Did I ever tell you about the ice scream scrape I had?"

We answered in the negative, and he resumed:

"Wal, I'd bin down thar two or three day's pokin' about in every hole, an' tho't I'd seed everything there was to be seed; but one day, toward sundown, I was goin' by a shop in Middle street, that looked wonderfully slick—there was all manner of candy an' peppermints, an' jessamints, an'—an' what-nots at the windows. An' thar war s'ns with gold letters on to them, hangin' round the door, tellin' us how they sold soda mead an' ice cream thar. I says to myself, I have heard a good deal about this ere ice cream, an' now I'll be darn'd if I won't see what they're made on. So I puts my hands in my pockets an' walked in kinder careless, an' says I to a chap standin' behind the counter: "Do you keep any ice screams here?"

"Yes sir," says he, "how much 'll you have?"

"I considered a minit on't, an' says I, 'a pint, sir."

"The young feller's face swelled out, an' he liked to have laughed right out, but after a while he ax'd:

"Did you say a pint, sir?"

"Sartin," says I; but p'r'aps I don't mind takin' a quart."

"Wal, don't you think, the feller snorted right out. Tell yer what, it made me feel sort o' pison, an' I gave him a look that made him look sober in about a minit, an' when I clenched my fist an' looked so at him, [here Mr. Spike favored us with a most diabolical expression,] he hauled in his horns about the quickest, an' handed me a pint of the stuff as perlit as could be. Wal, I tasted a mouthful of it, an' found it as cool as the north side o' Bethel Hill in January. I'd half a mind to spit it out, but just then I seed the confectioner chap grinnin' behind the door, which riz my spunk. Gall smash it all, thinks I, I'll not let that white livered monkey think I'm afeard—I'll eat the darned stuff if 't freezes my insards. I tell yer what, I'd rather skinn'd a bar, or whipp'd a wild cat, but I went it. I eat the whole of it in about a minit."

"Wal, in about a quarter of an hour, I begin to feel kinder gripey about here," continued Ethan, pointing to the lower part of his stomach, "an' kept on feelin' no better very fast, till at last it seem'd as though I'd got a steam jingen swim' shingles in me. I sot down on a cheer an' bent myself up like a nut cracker, thinkin' I'd grin and bear it; but I couldn't set still—I twisted and squirmed about like an angle worm on a hook, till at last the chap as gin me the cream, who had bin lookin' on snickerin'," says he to me:

"Mister," says he, "what ails yer?"

"Ails me!" says I, "that ere darn'd stuff of yur'n is freezin' up my daylight's."

"You eat too much, says he.

"I tell yer I didn't," screamed I. "I know what's anuf, an' what's too much, without askin' you, an' you don't leave off snickerin' I'll spile your face."

"He cottoned right down, and sed he didn't mean any hurt, an' ax'd me if I hadn't better take some gin. I told him I would. So I tuk a putty good horn an' left the shop."

"Arter I had got out, I felt better for a minit or so, but I hadn't gone far afore the gripes took me agin, so I went into another shop an' took some more gin; then I sot down on the State House steps, and there I sot an' sot, but didn't feel a darn'd mite better. I begun to think I was goin' to kick the bucket, an' then I tho't of father an' mother an' old Spunker—that's father's old hoss—an' when I thought that I should never see them agin, I fairly blubbered. But then I happened to look up an' see a dozen boys grinnin' an' laffin' at me; I tell you what, it riz my dander—that had got down below nero—rite up agin. I sprung at 'em like a wild cat, hollerin' out that I would shake their tarnal gizzards out, and the way the little devils scampered was a caution to nobody. But arter the excitement of the race was over, I felt wurs agin, an' I couldn't help groanin' an' 'screchin' as I went along."

"At last I tho't I'd go to the theatre, but afore I got there the gripes got so strong that I had to go behind a meatin' house an' lay down and holler. Arter a while I got up an' went into a shop an' eat half a dollar's worth of billed isters with four pickled cowcumbers, and wound up with a glass of brandy. Then I went into the theatre and seed the plays, but I felt so tarnally that I couldn't see any fun in 'em, for I don't think the isters and cowcumbers done me any good. I sot down, laid down, and stood up, but still it went on gripe, gripe. I groaned all the time, an' once in a while I was obliged to screech, kinder easy. Everybody stared at me, an' somebody holler'd—'turn him out,' once or twice. But at last, just as the nigger Orthello was going to put the pillar on his wife's face to smother her, there cum sich a twinge thro' me, that I rally tho't I was bustin' an' yelled out: oh! dear! oh! scissors! so that the old theatre rung agin—Sich a row you never seed; the nigger dropped the pillar, Deuteronomy—or what-you-call-her-there—his wife jumped up off the bed an' run, while every body in the theatre was all up in a muss, some roarin', some laffin',

some swarin'. The upshot of it was, the police carried me out of the theatre an' told me to make myself scarce."

"Wal, as I didn't feel any better I went up into a shop close by, an' called for two glasses brandy; arter swallowin' it, I went hum to the tavern. I sot down by the window an' tried to think I felt better, but t'was no go; that blessed old engine was wallowin' away inside; so I went out an' eat a quarter's worth of isters an' a mince pie. Then I went back an' told the tavern-keeper I felt kinder sick, and tho't I'd take some castor ile, a mouthful of cold mead an' a strong glass of whiskey punch, an' then go to bed. He got the fixin's, which I took an' went to bed."

"But, I tell yer what, I had rather a poor night. Sometimes I was awake groanin', an' when I was asleep I'd better bin awake, for I had sich powerful dreams. Sometimes I tho't I was skinnin' a bar, and then by some hocuspocus 't would all change to t'other side, an' the fatal critter would be a skinnin' me."

"Then agin, I'd dream that I was rollin' logs with the boys, an' just as I'd be shoutin' out: 'now then;—here she goes!' everything would get reversed agin—I was a log, an' the boys were pryin' me up with their handspikes. Then I'd wake up an' screech an' roar—then off to sleep agin—to dream that Spunker had run away with me, or that father was whoppin' me, or some other play thing till mornin'."

"When I got up I hadn't any appetite for breakfast, an' the tavern keeper told me that if I was goin' to carry on screamin' an' groanin' as I had the night before, my room was better than my company."

"I hain't," said Mr. Spike in conclusion, "I hain't bin to Portland since, but if I live to be as old as Methusalem, I shall never forget that all-fired ice scream."

THE ARTESIAN WELL.—The great Artesian well in Paris, which is bored in the centre of the Court of the Abbator, goes 1,700 feet into the bowels of the earth, and the column of water, nine inches in diameter, rises in a copper tube 112 feet above the surface. From this elevation it descends by means of another tube to the ground, and is conducted to the reservoir at the Pantheon, whence it is distributed for the use of the inhabitants. The temperature of the water is constantly at 80 deg. Fah. It holds several salts in solution, among the rest iron—which colors glass submitted to its action—and is highly charged with carbonic acid gas. This is the deepest well yet bored and the facts connected with it serve to explode the old doctrine that such wells were mere examples of a jet of water having its head on some mountain or high table land, passing under ground, and springing through the outlet up to the height of its head. The supply of water from this well is 3,400,000 gallons in 24 hours.

LYNCH LAW IN VIRGINIA.—A man named Wm. Hornbeck, living in Lewis county, Va., for the alleged ill treatment of his family, was lynched by the young men in the neighborhood, one night last week. The *Weston Herald* says:

"He was taken a few nights since, by a party of men, who stripped him of his clothing, and rode him for a length of time in that condition on a rail; he was then taken to a briar patch and made to run through it. Whenever he evinced a disposition to move less slowly, a stout paddle, bored through with auger helcs was applied, which accelerated his movements most astonishingly. This exercise being over, a coat of tar and feathers was applied, which Mr. Hornbeck was made to wear much against his will. During this operation he tried to faint, but a delicate touch of the paddle soon restored him to consciousness; after which he was left alone in his glory."

PERSECUTION IN TUSCANY.—The correspondent of the *London Christian Times* says, the criminal prosecution against the Protestants at Pontedera, temporarily suspended through the remonstrance of Lord Normanby, has been recommenced, and is now engaging the attention of the Ministry of Justice. Indeed espionage and persecution are the natural fruits of the season, and in Catholic States you may look for their appearance in Lent with as much certainty as for the first green peas. Vigilance is unusually stimulated by the notice of the government that no less than 10,000 persons have left the Roman Catholic Church! Exactly the same number of foundlings are, at the present moment, supported by the foundling hospital at Florence.

At the late session of the Baltimore Methodist Conference, the Rev. Henry Smith stated that sixty-one years had passed since his entrance upon the itinerancy, in 1794. At that time the number of Methodist ministers in the United States did not exceed the roll of the present conference; and he thought the number of Church members now in the Baltimore Conference was equal to the entire membership in the country at the time he entered upon the work.

SINGULAR, IF TRUE.—A French paper says it has been accidentally discovered that in cases of epileptic fits a black silk handkerchief thrown over the afflicted persons will restore them immediately. We should like to know the result of a trial.

RICHNESS OF RUSSIA.

Few persons in this country have any just or definite idea of the immense wealth and resources of Russia. Even the extent and value of her fisheries are not properly estimated.—It is stated that 500,000 individuals are employed about them, in the Lower Wolga and Northern Caspian. The sea coast fisheries in the Black Sea, Sea of Azoff, the Baltic and White Sea, are great and productive. All her noble rivers everywhere abound with fish, and, owing to the numerous fasts in the Greek Church, the consumption of fish in Russia is very great.

There are in the Russian empire 542,177,248 acres of land in forests. These are of immense value, and as communications are opened up throughout the country, they will become still more valuable. There has been immense wastage in times past, but of late years the government has appointed special officers to look after them, to preserve them from unnecessary destruction. Russia is one of the best wooded countries in the world. The quantity of timber yearly consumed must be immense, when we recollect that nearly all the houses throughout the Russian Empire are built of wood.

The number of horses in Russia exceeds by 7,000,000 the total numbers in France, Austria, Prussia, the United States and the United Kingdom together; about 14,000,000. The value of the whole must be very great. Saddle horses sell from 300 to 1,000 silver roubles each; and with the exception of the numbers that roam the eastern provinces, say 4,000,000—a peculiar and hardy and valuable breed—the Russian horses are of an excellent quality. Their cavalry horses are equal to the English, and superior to any other in Europe.—The number in Russia present to our view a force equal to 129,000,000 effective men. Taking them at half the average value (£32 10s) of horses in the United Kingdom, or £16 6s. each, the total value will be £554,750,000.

The total number of cattle in the Russian empire exceeds by nearly 6,000,000 the total number in France, Austria and Prussia (24,823,884) and their value is also very great.—At half the average value of those in the United Kingdom, the amount at £7 each will be £917,000,000.

Minerals of the most valuable and useful kinds abound in Russia. Salt is found in various places; but there is a district of country on her southern frontier, extending nearly in a line parallel with the northern coast of the Sea of Aral and the Caspian, and to the north of the line mentioned, between both, where salt is found of the finest quality in such abundance that it is sufficient to supply the whole world for millions of years! Immense beds of sulphur have lately been discovered about Sacamara, on the banks of the Wolga; and vast gold fields, richer than those in California or Australia, have lately been discovered around the sources of the Lena. Silver is most abundant at Nartshinsk, on the Chinese boundary. There is good reason to believe that all Siberia abounds with the precious metals.—Very large fields of gold have been found in various parts of Russia, especially in the iron districts. To the westward of the Ural mountains and the Don, in the government of Ekaterinofsky, a vast field of the very finest of anthracite coal has been found, and is now working to a great extent. The gold produced in the Ural mountains was, in 1851, £3,500,000. Sometimes it is much more and nearly double. Beside gold and silver, Russia has a vast extent of iron mines, yielding that metal of the very finest quality. There are also large mines of platinum, copper, lead and zinc.

REMARKABLE ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.—Samuel Henly, who resides in Virginia, has totally abstained from food for fifty-seven days; and he may yet survive several days. For some time he has been in a rather melancholy mood, and about two months ago he refused to eat, and since that time has not taken anything except water, and strange to say, he is still alive, though reduced to a mere skeleton. Neither physicians or friends can induce him to take any nourishment. He declares he can swallow nothing, though he does every now and then take a drink of water. He will doubtless persist in this delusion until he starves to death. He is a respectable farmer, about 41 years of age, and has a wife and six children.

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.—The last invention is a plan for cooking without fire, described in the *Scientific American*. The invention is a combination of tin cooking dishes, placed one above another, the bottom of one vessel fitting on the top part of the dish below. In lower dish of all, a small quantity of quick lime is placed, and then, by means of a tube, cold water is introduced upon the lime. Chemical action generates intense heat, whereby the articles on the dishes are quickly cooked, ready for the table.

A SLIPPERY CREDITOR.—The Jackson 'Mississippiian' says Mississippi "owes a debt to the Pierce Administration," and PRENTICE wants to know whether that State means to issue bonds to secure its payment, and if so, what will probably be their market value?

The following notice was affixed to a shop in Leeds, England: "This Ounce 2 Lett. Hinqur Necks Doar."

CHARCOAL AS A FERTILIZER.—For two years past I have used some fifty loads each season of refuse charcoal, and being fully convinced that it pays, I wish to recommend it to my brother farmers. I have tried it on grass, corn and potatoes—have tried it alone, and in the compost heap, and in all situations it has proved faithful to its trust. As a top dressing for grass, it gives a green color and luxuriant growth. Applied to half an acre of early potatoes the last summer, the yield was 75 bushels of as fine healthy potatoes as could be desired, that sold readily for one dollar per bushel, and yielded the best profit of anything raised on the farm.

The virtue of charcoal mainly consists in its absorbing power. The purity of the air around a charcoal pit has long been known, and the colliers, notwithstanding their smutty appearance, are robust men. The secret of this purity of the air and the health of the colliers, lies in the fact that charcoal absorbs from the air the ammonia and other noxious gases, unsuited for our lungs, but just the food for plants. Every good housekeeper knows that if her boiling meat gives forth an unsavory odor, a piece of fresh charcoal put into the pot will not only sweeten the air, but will remedy the taint of the meat. In the same manner it acts when applied to the land. It absorbs from the air those gases offensive to our nostrils, but the main food of plants.—And this it will do, not once only, or for one season, but very possibly for a century. Where an old coal-pit has been burnt, the land never seems to wear out, and the first settlers point to the coal bottoms that are fifty years old, still by their exuberant vegetation marking well the spot where the wood was converted into coal. A fertilizer so lasting is well worth some expense at the outset. But where can we get it, some may ask. If any charcoal pits are burnt in your vicinity, the bottoms will furnish three or four loads each of refuse charcoal, mingled with burnt soil. The latter is highly valuable also as an absorbent. Around furnaces and blacksmith shops, the waste charcoal also accumulates, and in many instances may be had for the carting. It may be found also around engine houses, thrown out from locomotives. If none of these resources are at hand, then use the best substitute possible, which is muck, or swamp mud, and double the manure heap by composting, and if the crops are not doubled, then my experience is vain. *Cowary Gentleman.*

THE HOLY LANCE.—The lance which opened the side of our Divine Saviour, is now kept at Rome, but has no point. Andrew of Crete, who lived in the seventeenth century, says it was buried together with the cross, and St. Gregory of Tours was kept at Jerusalem. For fear of the Saracens, it was buried privately at Antioch, in which city it was afterwards found, and wrought many miracles, as Robert the monk and many eye witnesses testify. It was first carried to Jerusalem, and then to Constantinople, and at the time this city was taken by the Latins, Baldwin II. sent the point of it to Venice, as a pledge for a loan of money. St. Louis, king of France, redeemed it, by paying the sum for which it was pledged, and had it conveyed to Paris, where it is still kept in the Holy Chapel. The rest of the lance remained at Constantinople after the Turks had taken that city in the year 1452, when the Sultan Cajaz sent it by an ambassador in a rich and beautiful case to Pope Innocent VIII, adding that the point was in the possession of the king of France.

A YANKEE.—He is self-denying, self-relying, and into everything prying. He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety, and the temperance society. He is a dragging, bragging, striving, thriving, swapping, jostling, hustling, wrestling, musical, quizzical, astronomical, philosophical, poetical, and comical sort of character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corner of the earth.

HER SPHERE.—"A man discovered America but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere, man executes the performances, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comfort.

A private letter from Barnum to a gentleman in Boston, concludes as follows: "I have no inducements to struggle again to acquire wealth; for the enormous debts against me on account of the clock company will overshadow me to the grave. I have paid and secured all my private debts."

A learned young lady, the other evening, astonished a company by asking for the loan of "a diminutive argenteus, truncated convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations." She wanted a thimble.

A Frenchman, anxious to show a fellow countryman the vigorous style of one of our poets, translated "Hail, horrors, hail," as follows: "How do you, horrors, how do you do?"

The jolly chap who married a fat old lady with one hundred thousand dollars, says it was not his wife's face attracted him so much as her figure.