

Rollman's Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

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For the "Rollman's Journal." HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

BY LOGAN.

Who would quail at opposition?
Who would cower beneath a frown?
Manhood is your true condition:
Never lay that manhood down;
But maintain life's true position;
Fortitude is true renown.

Why should mortals grasp at trouble,
Nursing it to keep it down?
Let it be, and like a bubble
It will burst, and do no harm;
Coax it, and you'll make it double;
Frown, 'twill vanish like a charm.

Or why should you seek to borrow
Grief's spirit to annoy?
Every day they have their sorrow,
But each day will bring his joy:
Ever hope on, for to-morrow
May bring peace without alloy.

Cling not to the flower that's faded;
Joys will come, and joys depart;
Look not on the side that's shaded;
Suns are shining on the heart;
And the future, heavy laden
With the good, may good impart.

Hold not then thy grief so tightly,
Nor so fondly nurse thy woe:
Don't adhere to things unrightly,
For a casual breeze, let them go.
See the leaves are shining brightly,
And the healing zephyrs blow.

Surely hope has not departed,
Though the flow'rs' trim bloom have shed;
They now preach to thee, down-hearted,
"You shall have our fruit instead."
And the soul that has been smothered
Shall be doubly comforted.

DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

"The boys mustn't look at the girls, and the girls mustn't look at the boys," was said at least a dozen times by the village school-master, on that stormy morning when Cora Blanchard and I—she in her brother's boots, and I in my father's socks—waded through drift after drift of snow, to the old brown school-house at the foot of the long, steep hill.

We were the only girls that dared to brave the wintry storm, and we felt amply repaid for our trouble when we were seated in the room we received from the ten tall boys who had come—some for fun—some because they saw Cora Blanchard go by, and one, Walter Beaumont, because he did not wish to lose the lessons of the day. Our teacher, Mr. Gannis, was fitting him for college, and every moment was precious to the white-browed, intellectual student, who was quite a lion among the girls, partly because he was only twelve years old, and never noticed us as much as did the other boys. On this occasion, however, he was quite attentive to Cora, at least pulling off her boots, removing her hood, and brushing the large snow flakes from her soft, wavy hair, while her dark brown eyes smiled gratefully upon him, as he gave her his warm seat at the stove.

That morning Cora wrote me slyly on the slate: "I don't care if mother does say Walter Beaumont is as 'poor as poverty'—I like him better of anybody in the world, don't you?"

I thought of the big red apple in my pocket, and the boy who had so carefully shaken the snow off my father's socks, and answered "No," thinking the while that I should say "Yes," if Walter had ever treated me as he did my playmate and friend, Cora Blanchard. She was a beautiful young girl, a favorite with all, and possessing, as it seemed, but one glaring fault—a proneness to estimate people by their wealth rather than their worth. This, in a measure, was the result of long training; for her family, though far from being rich, were very aristocratic, and strove to keep their children as much as possible from associating with the vulgar herd, and they styled the laboring class of community.

In her secret heart, Cora had long since cherished a preference for Walter, though never, until the morning of which I write, had it been so plainly avowed. And Walter, too, knowing how far above him she was in point of position, had dared to dream of a time when a bright-haired woman, with a face much like that of the girlish Cora, would gladden his home whatever it might be.

That noon, as we sat around the glowing fire, we played as children will, and it came my turn to "answer truly whom I intended to marry." Without a thought of the big apple, the snowy socks, or any one in particular, I replied unhesitatingly and with a good grace, and the question passed on to Cora, who was sitting by the side of Walter Beaumont. He had not joined in our sport, but now his eye left his book and rested upon Cora, with an expression half expectant. She, too, glanced at him, and, as if the prophecy were upon her, she said, "I shall not marry the one I love the best, but the one who has the most money and can give me the most diamonds. Sister Fanny has a magnificent set, and she looks so beautiful when she wears them."

Instantly there fell a shadow on Walter Beaumont's face, and his eye returned again to the Latin letter page. But his thoughts were not of what was written there; he was thinking of the humble cottage on the borders of the wood, of the rag carpet on the oaken floor, of the plain old fashioned furniture, and of the gentle loving woman who called him her boy, and that spot her home. There were no diamonds there—no money; and Cora, for it she married, she would never be his wife.

Early and late he toiled and studied, wearing his threadbare coat and coarse, brown pants; for an education, such as he must have, admitted of no more expenditure; and the costly gems that Cora craved were not his to give. In the pure, unselfish love springing up for her within his heart, there were diamonds of imperishable value; and these, together with the name he would make for himself, he would offer her, but nothing more; and for many weeks there was a shadow on his brow, though he was kind and considerate to her as of old.

As the spring and summer glided by, however, there came a change; and when, in the autumn, he left our village for New Haven, there was a happy, joyous look on his face, while a tress of Cora's silken hair was lying next his heart. Every week he wrote to her, and Cora answered, always showing me what she had written, but never a word of his.

"There was too much love," she said, "too much good advice in his letters for me to see; and thus the time passed on, until Walter, who had entered a junior class, was graduated with honor, and was about to commence a theological course at Andover, for he had made the ministry his choice.

Walter was twenty-one now, and Cora was sixteen. Wondrously beautiful was she to

look upon with her fair, young face, her soft brown eyes, and wavy hair. And Walter Beaumont loved her devotedly, believing, too, that she in turn loved him; for one summer afternoon, in the green old woods that skirted the little village, she sat down by his side, and, with the sunbeams glancing down upon her through the overhanging boughs, she had told him so, and promised some day to be his wife. Still, she would not hear of a positive engagement; both should be free to change their mind if they wished, she said, and with this Walter was satisfied.

"I have no diamonds to give you, darling," he said, drawing her close to him; and Cora, knowing to what he referred, answered that "his love was dearer to her than all the world besides." Alas, that woman should be so fickle! The same train that carried Walter away, brought Mrs. Blanchard a letter from her daughter, a dashing, fashionable woman, who lived in the city, and who wished to bring her sister Cora "out" the coming winter.

"She is old enough now," she wrote, "to be looking for a husband, and of course she'll never do anything in the best place."

This proposition, which accorded exactly with Mrs. Blanchard's wishes, was joyfully acceded to by Cora, who, while anticipating the pleasure which awaited her, had yet no thought of proving false to Walter; and in the letter which she wrote, informing him of her plan, she assured him of her unchanging fidelity, little dreaming that the promise thus made would soon be broken.

Petted, caressed, flattered and admired as Cora was in the circle of her sister's friends, how could she help growing worldly and vain, or avoid contrasting the plain, unassuming Walter, with the polished and gaily dressed butterfly who thronged Mrs. Barton's drawing-room? When summer came again, she did not return to us as we had expected, but we heard of her at Saratoga and Newport, the admired of all admirers, while one, it was said—a man of high position and untold wealth—bade fair to win the beautiful belle.

Meantime, her letters to Walter grew short and far between, ceasing at length altogether; and one day, during the second winter of her residence in the city, I received from her a package containing her miniature, the books he had given her, and the letters he had written her. These she wished me to give him when next I saw him, bidding me tell him to think no more of one who was not worthy of him.

"To be plain, Lottie," she wrote, "I am engaged, and though Mr. Douglas is not a bit like Walter, he has got a great deal of money, drives splendid horses, and I shall get on well enough. I wish, tho', he was not so old. You'll be shocked to hear that he is almost fifty, though he looks about forty! I don't like him as well as I did Walter, but after seeing as much of the world as I have, I could not settle down into the wife of a poor minister. I am not good enough, and you tell him so. I hope he won't feel badly—poor Walter—I've kept his letters, and I couldn't part with that; but of course Mr. Douglas will never see it. His hair is gray! Good bye."

This was what she wrote, and when I heard from her again, she was Cora Douglas, and her feet were treading the shores of the old world, whither she had gone on a bridal tour.

In the solitude of his chamber, the young student learned the secret of a paragon's graph in a city paper, and boxing his head upon the table, he strove to articulate, "It is well," but the flesh was weak warring with the spirit, and the heart which Cora Blanchard had cruelly trampled down, clung to her still with a deathlike fondness, and following her even across the waste of waters, cried out—

"How can I give her up? But when he remembered, as he long he did, that two years ago, he had buried his face in his hands; and calling on God to help him in his hour of need, wept such tears as never again would fall for Cora Blanchard.

The roses in our garden were faded, and the leaves of autumn were piled upon the ground ere he came to his home again, and I had an opportunity of presenting him with the package which many months before had been committed to my care. His face was very pale, and his voice trembled as he asked me—

"Where is she now?"

"In Italy," I answered, adding that her husband was said to be very wealthy.

Bowing mechanically, he walked away, and a week or two later I saw him again. Then he came among us as our minister. The old white-haired pastor, who for so long a time had told us of the Good Shepherd and the better land, was sleeping at last in the quiet grave yard, and the people had chosen young Walter Beaumont to fill his place. He was a splendid looking man, tall, erect, and finely formed, with a most noble manner, and a face which betokened intellect of the highest order. We were proud of him, all of us; proud of our clergyman, who, on the third of June, was to be ordained in the old brick church, before whose altar he had years ago been baptised smiling infant.

On Thursday afternoon preceding the ordination, a large travelling carriage, covered with dust and laden with trunks, passed slowly through our village, attracting much attention. Seated within it, was a portly, gray-haired man, resting his chin upon a gold-headed cane, and looking curiously out at the people in the street, who stared as curiously at him. Directly opposite him, and languidly reclining upon the soft cushions, was a pale, proud faced lady, who evidently felt no interest in what was passing around her, for her eyes were cast down, and her thoughts seemed busy elsewhere.

I was sitting at my chamber window, gazing at them, and just as they drew near the gate, the lady raised her eyes—the soft brown eyes which once had won the love of Walter Beaumont, and in which now there was an unmistakable look of anguish, as if the long eye-lashes, drooping so wearily on the golden check, were constantly forcing her to look back to us. And this was Cora Douglas, come back to us again from her travels in a foreign land. She knew me in a moment, and in her face there was much of the olden look, as bending forward she smiled a greeting, and waved towards me her white jewelled hand, on which the diamonds flashed brightly in the sunlight.

The next morning we met, but not in the presence of the old man, her husband. Down again from Mrs. Beaumont's cottage, was a running brook and a mossy bank, overshadowed by sycamore and elm. This, in days gone by, had been a favorite resort. Here we had built our playhouse, washing our bits of broken China in the rippling stream—here we watched the little fishes as they darted in and out of the deeper

eddies—here we had covered our daily tasks—here she had listened to a tale of love, the memory of which seemed a mocking dream, and here, as I faintly hoped, I found her. With a half-joyful, half-moaning cry, she threw her arms round my neck, and I could feel her tears dropping upon my face, as she whispered—

"Oh, Lottie, Lottie, we have met again by the dear old brook!"

For a few moments she sobbed as if her heart would break, then suddenly drying her tears, she assumed a calm, cold, dignified manner, such as I never have seen in Cora Blanchard. Very composedly she questioned me of what I had done during her absence, telling me, too, of her travels, of the people she had seen, and the places she had visited; but not a word she said about him she called her husband. From the bank where we sat the village grave-yard was discernible, with its marble gleaming through the trees, and at last, as her eye wandered in that direction, she said—

"Have any of the villagers died? Mother's letters were never definite."

"Yes," I answered, "our minister, Mr. Sumner, died two months ago."

"Who takes his place?" she asked, and, as if a suspicion of the truth were flashing upon her, her eyes turned towards me with an eager and startled glance.

"Walter Beaumont. He is to be ordained next Sabbath, and you're just in time." I replied, regretting my words the next instant, for never saw I so fearful a look of anguish as that which swept over her face, and was succeeded by a cold, defiant expression, scarcely less painful to witness.

She would have questioned me of him, I think, had not an approaching footstep caught our ear, sending a crimson flush to Cora's hitherto marble cheek, and producing on me the most unpleasant sensation, for I knew that the gray-haired man, now within a few paces of us, was he who called that young creature his wife. Golden was the chain by which he had bound her, and every link was set with diamonds and costly stones, but it had rusted and eaten to her very heart's core, for the most precious gem of all was missing from the chain—love for her husband, who, torn from his own peace of mind, was too contented to dream how little she cared for him. He was not handsome, and still many would have called him a fine-looking, middle-aged man, though there was something disagreeable in his thin, compressed lips, and intensely black eyes—the one betokening a violent temper, and the other an indomitable will. To me he was exceedingly polite—rather too so, for his own peace of mind, while towards Cora he tried to be very affectionate.

Seating himself at her side, and throwing his arm around her, he called her "a little truant," and asked "why she had run away from him."

Hall pettishly she answered, "because I like sometimes to be alone;" then rising up and turning towards me, she asked if "the water still ran over the old mill dam in the West woods, just as it used to do," saying it did she wished to see it. "You can't go," she continued, addressing her husband, "for it is more than a mile, over fences and ploughed fields."

This was sufficient, for Mr. Douglas was very fastidious in matters pertaining to his dress, and had no fancy for getting his white pants or patent leathers. So Cora and I sat off together, while he walked slowly back to the village. Scarcely was he out of sight, however, when, seating herself beneath a tree, and throwing herself flat upon the ground, Cora announced her intention of not going any further.

"I only wish to be alone; I breathe so much better," she said, and when I looked inquiringly at her, she continued, "Never marry a man for his wealth, Lottie, unless you wish to become as hard, as wicked, and as unhappy as I am. John Douglas is worth more than half a million, and yet I would give it all to be now the same little girl who six years ago stood with you through the snow drifts to school on that stormy day. Do you remember what we played that noon, and my foolish remark that I would marry for money and diamonds? Woe is me, I have won them both!" And her tears fell fast on the sparkling gems which covered her in the distance a young man whom I knew to be Walter Beaumont. He seemed to be approaching us, and when Cora became aware of that she started up and grasping my arm hurried away, saying, as she cast back a fearful glance—"I would rather die than meet him now. I am not prepared."

For the remainder of the way we walked on in silence, until we reached her mother's gate, where we found her husband waiting for her. Bidding me good morning, she followed him slowly up the gravelled walk, and I saw her no more until the following Sabbath. It was a glorious, beautiful morning; and at an early hour the old brick church was filled to overflowing, for Walter had many friends and they came together gladly to see him made a minister of God. During the first part of the service I was very pale, and his eye wandered often towards the large square pew where sat a portly man and a beautiful young woman, richly attired in satin and jewels. It had cost a struggle to be there, but she felt that she must look again upon him she had loved so much and so deeply wronged. So she came, and the sight of him standing there in his early manhood, his soft brown hair clustering about his brow, and his calm, pale face wearing an expression almost angelic, was more than she could bear, and leaning forward she kept her countenance concealed from view until the ceremony was ended, and Walter's hymn. Then she raised her head, and her veil, looked haggard and ghastly, as if a fierce storm of passion had swept over her. By the door she paused, and when the newly ordained clergyman passed out, she offered him her hand, which, when he held it last, was pledged to him. There were diamonds on it now—diamonds of value rare, but their brightness was hateful to that wretched woman, for she knew at what a fearful price they had been bought. They did not meet again, and only once more did Walter see her; and then from our door he looked out upon her, as with her husband she dashed by on horseback, her long cloak skirt almost sweeping the ground, and the pines of her velvet cap waving in the air.

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"Mrs. Douglas is a fine rider," he said, and the one of an object of indignation that she was becoming an object of indifference for her, winning the victory at last, and now the love he once had felt was slowly

and surely dying out. The next week, tired of our dull village life, Cora left us, going to Nahant, where she spent most of the summer, and when in the winter we heard from her again, she was a widow—the sole heir of her husband, who had died suddenly, and generously left her that for which she married him.

"Will Walter Beaumont marry Cora now?" I asked myself many a time, without, however, arriving at any definite conclusion, when a little more than a year succeeding Mr. Douglas's death, she wrote begging me to come to her, as she was very lonely, and the presence of an old friend would do her good. I complied with her request, and for a few days was an inmate of her luxurious home, where everything indicated the wealth of its possessor. And Cora, though robed in the deepest blue, was more like herself—more like the Cora of other days—than I had seen her before or since her marriage. Of her husband she spoke freely, and always with respect, saying, he had been kinder far to her than she deserved. Of Walter, too, she talked, appearing much gratified when I told her how he was loved and appreciated by his people.

One morning when we sat together in her little sewing room, she said, "I have done what you, perhaps, will consider a very unwomanly act. I have written to Walter Beaumont. Look," and she placed in my hand a letter which she had so far as to write from womanly delicacy as to write him this letter. "I will not insult you," she wrote in conclusion, "by telling you of the Moxey for which I sold myself, but it is mine now, lawfully mine, and most gladly would I share it with you."

"You will not send this?" I said. "You cannot be in earnest!"

"But she was determined, and lest her resolution should give way, she rang the bell, and told the servant, who appeared at once, to take it to the office. He obeyed, and during the day she was unusually gay, singing snatches of old songs and playing several lively airs upon her piano, which for months had stood unopened and untouched. That evening as the sun went down, and the moon rose over the city, she asked me to walk with her, and we, ere long, found ourselves several streets distant from that in which we lived. Groups of people were entering a church near by, and from a remark which we overheard, we learned there was to be a wedding.

"Let us go in," she said, "it may be some one we know." Together, therefore, we took our seats just in front of the altar.

Scarcely were we seated when a rustling of satin announced the approach of the bride party, and in a moment they appeared moving slowly up the aisle. My first attention was directed towards the bride, a beautiful young creature, with a fair, sweet face, and curls of golden hair falling over her white uncovered neck.

"Isn't she lovely?" I whispered, but Cora did not hear me.

With her hands locked tightly together, her lips firmly compressed, and cheeks of an ashen hue, she was gazing fixedly at the bridegroom on whom, I too, now looked, starting quickly, for it was our minister, Walter Beaumont! The words were few which made them one, Walter and the young girl at his side, and when the ceremony was over, Cora rose, and leaning heavily upon my arm, went out in open air, and on through street after street, until her home was reached. When, without a word, we parted, I going to my room, while she through the livelong night, paced up and down the long parlors, where no eye could witness the work of mighty sorrow which had come upon her.

The next morning she was calm, but very, very pale—saying not a word of last night's adventure. Neither did she speak of it for several days, and then she said abruptly, "I would give all I possess if I had never sent that letter. The mortification is harder to bear than Walter's loss. But he will not tell of it, I'm sure. He is too good—too noble," and tears she had shed since that night, rained through her white fingers. It came at last, a letter bearing Walter's subscription, and with trembling hands she opened it, to find an aching sheet was written "I love you, Cora, even as I do. WALTER."

"Walter, Walter," she whispered, and her quivering lips touched the once loved name which she had never heard to breathe again.

From that day Cora Douglas faded, and when the autumnal days were come, and the distant hills were bathed in the hazy October light, she died. But not in the noisy city, for she had asked to be taken home, and in the pleasant room, where we had often sat together, she bade her last good bye. They buried her on the Sabbath, and Walter's voice was sad and low, as with Cora's coffin at his feet he preached from the words, "I am the Resurrection and the life." His young wife too, wept over the early dead, who had well nigh been her rival, and whose beautiful face wore a calm, peaceful smile, as if she were at rest.

There was a will, they said, and in it Walter was generously remembered, while to his wife was given an ivory box containing Cora's diamonds—necklace, bracelets, pins and earrings, all were there—and Walter, as he looked upon them, drew nearer to him his fair girl wife, who but for these, might not perchance have been to him what she was—his dearest earthly treasure.

Piccolomini gave a concert in Troy, N. Y., last week, and was serenaded afterwards. She appeared, and the Troy Times says, pronounced the following oration:

"Sheltemen: I am ver poor oblige for dis complement. I am ver poor speak English, and I feel a little sorry."

"Zat is more better ash goot—yaw!"

There is an anecdote of an editor of our West, who, when he was short of matter, or grudging the labor or type requisite to put it in print, used to send out his paper with one side or page entirely blank, merely drawing his subscribers' attention to the fact by noting, "This space will be very useful for the children to write upon."

Mrs. Mary Taylor, of Lee, Mass., had a surprise party of her fifteen children, on her one hundredth birthday, lately.

THE NEW MAN-MONKEY.

At the London Royal Institution, a few days ago, Professor Owen delivered a lecture to a crowded audience on the Gorilla, the recently discovered animal of Central Africa, which bears the nearest resemblance to man of any discovered, not excepting the Chimpanzee. The first traces of this creature were made known in this country in 1847, and from the bones and the sketches of it which Professor Owen received from missionaries, he inferred that the Gorilla was one of the most highly developed species of the monkey group. In August last, a specimen of the Gorilla, preserved in spirits, was received at the British Museum, and a well executed drawing of it, by Mr. Wolf, was exhibited. Prof. Owen first pointed out the anatomical characteristics of the Gorilla, which distinguish it from other species of monkeys, and he afterwards mentioned such particulars of its habits as he had collected from the natives who have visited that part of Africa where it is found. The points in which it approaches nearer to man, than any other quadrumanous animal, are the shorter arm—particularly the shortness of the humerus compared with the fore-arm—a longer development of the great toe, a projecting nose-bone, and the arrangement of the bones of the feet to enable the creature to stand more erect. The drawing of the Gorilla, from the specimen in the British Museum, though only two-thirds grown, represented a most formidable animal, and compared with the skeleton of the full-grown specimen, the skeleton of man seemed very delicate. Not only are the bones and muscles calculated to give great strength, but the large capacity of the chest indicated the powerful energy with which they were stimulated. The part of Africa where the Gorilla is found, lies from the equator to 20 degrees south, on the western portion, in a hilly country abounding in palm trees and luxuriant vegetation. Its food consists of fruits and vegetables, and its habitation is in the woods, where it constructs nests of the intertwined boughs, perched at heights varying from 12 feet to 50. It avoids the presence of the negroes, and is seldom seen, but it is known to them as "the stupid old man." The want of intelligence that has induced the negroes to give it that name is shown by its carrying away fruits and sugar canes singly, instead of tying them together and carrying several of them off at one time. It is in this respect returning to take away its progeny in the woods piece by piece, and the negroes take the opportunity of waiting for and shooting it. The Gorilla is a formidable enemy to encounter, and, in case the gun misses its mark, or only maims the animal, the negro is quickly overtaken and killed, or dreadfully mangled by the canine teeth of the creature. Sometimes when a negro is passing unawares under a tree in which a Gorilla is concealed, he will throw down its arm and snatch the man up by the throat and hold him till he is strangled. The elephant is an object of its attack, as they both live on the same food, and holding on to a high branch with its hind feet, it will stoop down and strike the elephant with a club. The Gorilla exhibits a strong attachment to its young, as an instance of which it was mentioned that a female and her two young ones having been seen in a tree, she snatched up one and ran with it into the woods, and then returned to fetch the other. Her retreat had in the meantime been cut off, and when the gun was levelled at her, as she held her young one to her breast, she waved her arm as if to beseech for mercy. But it was in vain; for a bullet was sent through her heart, and the young one was wounded and captured. The Gorilla is sometimes seen walking with its arms behind its neck; its usual mode of progression, however, is on all fours. Professor Owen mentioned several other points in the habits of the animal, as well as in its osteology, to show its nearer approach to man than other animals of the monkey group, which he concluded by alluding to the fossil remains of quadrumanes, to show that the Gorilla, like man, had not existed till the earth had attained its present condition.

HOW THEY MAKE COFFEE IN FRANCE.

A cup of French coffee seems to have the effect to put Americans into ecstasies; yet few of them are thoughtful enough to obtain from their French brethren the process by which the delicious beverage is decocted. Of this few is a Buckeye writing from Paris under date of Nov. 6th, who supplies the desired information. He writes: "While at Mr. Morle's in Boston his good lady very kindly initiated me into the art of coffee making. In the first place it is scorched in a hollow cylinder, which is kept constantly revolving over a slow fire, and not a grain of it allowed to burn. Secondly, it is ground very fine, and thirdly, when it is to be used, a portion of this is placed in a finely perforated paper or cup, which exactly fits into the top of the boiler, coffee pot, or vessel you wish to use. Boiling hot water is then poured on, and it percolates gradually through, carrying with it all the essential principles of coffee. As soon as percolation is completed, the pan is removed, containing all the grounds, and then boiling hot milk is added to the infusion, and your coffee is made. It is brought on the table in bowls, with a knife and spoon, and a little willow basket of bread. The servant then places by your plates a tea dish on which are two or three lumps of white sugar, always of a certain size, and you sweeten to your liking. In no instance is your coffee boiled, and this is one reason why the *cafe au lait* and *cafe noir* are so much admired by all who take them. If you wish to try this mode, I am sure, in a few experiments, you will succeed in getting it right, and possess yourself of a luxury which will add very much to a breakfast on a cold morning—try it."

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.

When cousin Ichabod first saw him at the show, he exclaimed, with mute astonishment: "Then that's the real manager—the identical critter itself! Wouldn't you 'em make a team to draw a stun with? Ain't he a scrounger!" Ichabod went home and related what he had seen. "I see," said he, "the genuine manager—the biggest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had two tails—one behind, 'tother before. Philosophers call the fore one a proboscis. He put one of his tails in my pocket and had me out all the gibberish—every hooter. What'd he think he done with it? Why, he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to fumble for more." Ichabod was most as unsophisticated as Hummel Byerlip.

If virtue is its own reward, there will be persons who will have little enough.

A THOUSAND DOLLAR HUSBAND.

A curious case, says the New York Tribune, came before the Supreme Court on the 8th inst., which sheds incidental light upon the matrimonial brokerage business in that city. A suit is brought by Robert G. Nellis against George Crouse and his wife for \$1,000 commission in getting a husband for the woman, which husband is the defendant George. Four years ago, Mrs. Crouse was a gay widow in search of a partner. She was in excellent health, of good bodily vigor, ample fortune, and of an amorous and affectionate disposition. She wanted a husband, and told Nellis that if he would introduce her to the proper man for such a situation, she would pay him a thousand dollars. Nellis accepted the commission, and brought up John Cummings of Canajoharie, New York. Cummings was on probation for a while, but did not suit. Nellis started for the country again, and succeeded in capturing a military man, known as Major Freeman, all the way from Saratoga County. Freeman had a long siege of courtship, but the twain failed to unite, and Freeman is a free man still. The third effort is traditionally the grand trial; if that fails, abandon hope. Nellis made a third essay, and this time induced the defendant Crouse, a Kinsman of his own by the way, to undertake the difficult task of suiting a widow. Fortune and the widow smiled upon Crouse, and a year ago the bargain was completed by marriage. Nellis asserts that, by his introduction of Crouse, the widow got the much-desired husband, and that she or they rightfully owe him \$1,000 commission, as promised but never paid. The complaint is certainly a strange one; but the defense is still more singular. The promise does not appear to be denied, the charge is apparent, for there is the husband brought in as proof; but the ex-widow's counsel argues that the claim is against public policy, and that no such system of brokerage is recognized in common law, as it is against good morals. The case created considerable excitement, and strenuous efforts were made to keep it out of the newspapers; so we suppose we ought not to say anything about it. Judge Davies, before whom the case was brought, had taken the papers, and will give a decision hereafter.

THE DUKE AND THE BUTTON MAKER.

In the middle of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke saw a man in plain clothes, riding about on a cob horse in the thickest fire. During a temporary lull, the Duke beckoned to him, and he rode over. He asked him who he was—what business he had there? He replied he was an Englishman, accidentally at Brussels, that he had never seen a fight, and he wanted to see one. The Duke told him that he was in instant danger of his life; he said, "Not more than your Grace," and they parted. But, every now and then he saw the cob man riding about in the smoke, and at last, hearing nobody to send to a regiment, he again beckoned to this little fellow, and told him to go up to that regiment and order them to charge, giving him some mark of authority the Colonel would recognise. Away he galloped, and in a few minutes the Duke saw his order obeyed. The Duke asked him for his card, and found, in the evening, when the card fell out of his pocket, that he was at Birmingham and was a button manufacturer. When at Birmingham, the Duke enquired of the firm, and found that he was their traveller, and then in Ireland. When he returned, at the Duke's request, he called on him in London. The Duke was happy to see him, and he said he had a vacancy in the Mint at £300 a year. The little cob man said he was exactly the thing, and the Duke installed him—*Life of Hayden the Painter.*

BACKBITING.

Never say of one who is absent, what you would be afraid or ashamed to say if he were present. "He of whom you delight to speak evil," says a wise moralist, "may bear of it, and become your enemy, or if he do not, you will have to reproach yourself with the meanness of attacking one who had no opportunity of defending himself. Never listen to those who deal in scandal; he who slanders one to you, will slander you to another." Tale-bearers make tale-bearers; and hence Dr. South said, "the tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hanged together, the one by the ear, the other by the tongue."

THE BUFFALO REPUBLIC.

The Buffalo Republic states that a Russian named Albert David, who on the 3d of February was sentenced to the Penitentiary of that county as a vagrant, has fallen heir, by the death of his father, to an immense fortune in Russia, valued at over two millions of dollars. The banker of the deceased was in Buffalo on Friday a-week, taking measures to effect the release of David, who, he says, came to this country four years ago, with sixty thousand dollars in his possession, one half of which he lost by the panic, and the balance of which he squandered.

It will hardly be believed, but it is nevertheless true, that an elopement took place, a few days ago, at Albany, New York, between a couple of children, aged respectively fourteen and fifteen years! The young Romeo actually provided himself with a package of arsenic, to commit suicide in case of a discovery, but fortunately the father of the young gentleman overtook him at Utica, got possession of the poison, had the girl locked up, and gave the boy a good cowhiding.

A SENSIBLE KING.

It is related that a lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great King of Prussia. "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is none of my business," replied the King. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," replied he, "is none of your business."

A HIBERNIAN HAD COME FAR TO SEE NIAGARA,

and while he gazed upon it, a friend asked if it was not the most wonderful thing he had ever seen. To which he replied: "Never a bit, man; never a bit! Sure, it's no wonder at all that the water should fall down there, for I'd like to know what would hinder it."

A Cincinnati court has granted a decree of divorce on the ground that the husband uttered an oath in the sacred presence of the wife. The *Enquirer* says the wife had "become so supersensitized by the ethereal influence of Spiritualism that the gross vulgarate was shocking to her nerves." The delicate creature! The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.