# ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high:
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot box my throne!

Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand,
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The stength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power of my right hand.

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
While weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,—
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day.

## Choice Miscellany.

### IBIS-SHOOTING IN LOUISIANA.

#### A THRILLING SKETCH.

THERE are few sorts of game I have not followed with horse, hound, or gun; and, among other sports I have gone ibis shooting; it was not as much for the sport, however, as that I wished to obtain some specimens for mounting. An adventure befel me in one of these excursions that may interest the reader. The southern part of the State of Louisiana is one vast labyrinth of swamps, bayous and lagoons. These bayous are streams that glide sleepily along, sometimes running one way and sometimes the very opposite, according to the season. Many of them are outlets of the great Mississippi, which begins to shed off its waters more than three hundred miles from its mouth. These bayous are deep, sometimes wide, with islets in their midst. They and their contiguous swamps are the great habitation of the alligator and the fresh water shark—the gar. Numerous specimen of water and wading fowl fly over them, and plunge through their dark tide. Here you may see the red flamingo, the egret, the trumpter swan, the blue heron, the wild goose, the crane, the snake bird, [illegible] the ibis. You may likewise see the osprey, and the white headed eagle robbing him of his prey. These bayous and swamps produce abundantly fish, reptiles, and insects, and are consequently, the favorite resort of hundreds of birds which prey upon these creatures. In some places the bayous form a complete net-work over the country, which you may traverse with a small boat in almost any direction; indeed, this is the means by which many settlements communicate with each other. As you approach southward to the Gulf, you get clear of the timber, and within some fifty miles of the sea there is not a tree to be seen.

It was near the edge of this open country I went ibis shooting. I set out for a small French or Creole settlement, with no other companion than my gun—even without a dog, as my favorite spaniel had been bitten by an alligator while swimming across the bayous. I went, of course, in a boat, a light skiff, such as is commonly used by the inhabitants of the country.

Occasionally using the paddles, I allowed myself to float some four or five miles down the main bayou; but as the birds I was in search of did not appear, I struck into a "branch" and sculled myself up stream. This carried me through a solitary region, with marshes stretching as far as the eye can see, covered with tall reeds. There was no habitation, nor aught that betokened the presence of. It was just possible that I was the first human being who had ever found a motive for propelling a boat through the dark waters of this solitary stream. As I advanced, I fell in with my game, and I succeeded in bagging several, both of the great wood ibis and the white species. I also shot a fine white-headed eagle, which came soaring over my boat, unconscious of danger. But the bird which I most wanted seemed that which could not be obtained. I wanted the scarlet ibis.

I think I had rowed some three miles up stream and was about to take in my oars and leave my boat to float back again, when I perceived that a little father up the bayou widened. Curiosity prompted me to continue; and pulling a few hundred feet further, I found myself at the end of an oblong lake, a mile or so in length. It was deep, dark, marshy ground around the shores, and full of alligators. I saw their ugly forms and long serrated backs, as they floated about in all parts of it, hungrily hunting for fish and eating one another; but all this was nothing new, for I had witnessed similar scenes during the whole of my excursion. What drew my attention most was a small islet near the middle of the lake, upon one end of which stood a row of upright forms of a scarlet color. These red creatures were the very objects I was in search of. They might be flamingoes; I could not tell at that distance. So much the better, if I could only succeed in getting a shot at them; but these creatures are even more wary than the ibis; and as the islet was low, and altogether without cover, it was not likely they would allow me to come within range; nevertheless I was determined to make the attempt. I rowed up the lake, occasionally turning my head to see if the game had taken the alarm. The sun was hot and dazzling, and as the bright scarlet was magnified by refraction, I fancied for a long time they were flamingoes.

This fancy was dissipated as I drew near.—The outlines of the bill, like the blade of a sabre, convinced me they were the ibis; besides now I saw that they were only about three feet in height, while the flamingoes stand five. There were a dozen of them in all. They were balancing themselves, as is their usual habit, on one leg, apparently asleep, or buried in deep thought. They were on the upper extremity of the islet, while I was approaching it from below. It was not over sixty yards across, and I could only reach the point nearest me. I knew my gun would throw shot to kill at that distance. I feared the stroke of the sculls would start them, and pulled slowly, and cautiously. Perhaps the great heat—for it was as hot a day as I can remember—had rendered them *torpid* or *lazy*. Whether or not, they stood until the cut water of my skiff touched the bank of the islet. I drew my gun up cautiously, took aim, and fired both barrels almost simultaneously. When the smoke cleared out of my eyes, I saw that all the birds had flew off except one, that lay stretched out by the edge of the water. Gun in hand, I leaped out of the boat, and ran across the islet to bag my game. This occupied but a few minutes, and I was turning to go back to the skiff, when, to my consternation, I saw it out upon the lake, and rapidly floating downward! In my haste I had left it unfastened, and the bayou had carried it off. It was still but a hundred yards off, but it might as well have been a hundred miles, for at that time I could not swim a stroke.

My first impulse was to rush down the lake, and after the boat. This impulse was checked on arriving at the water's edge, which I saw at a glance was fathoms in depth. Quick reflection told me that the boat was gone—irrecoverably gone!

I did not at first comprehend the full peril of my situation; nor will you. I was on an islet, in a lake, only half a mile from its shores—alone it is true, and without a boat; but what of that? Many a man has been so before, with not an idea of danger. These were my first thoughts, natural enough; but they rapidly gave place to others of far different character. When I gazed after my boat, now beyond recovery—when I looked around, and saw that the lake lay in the middle of an interminable swamp, the shores of which, even could I have reached them, did not seem to promise me footing—when I reflected that, being unable to swim I could not reach them—that upon the islet there was neither tree, nor log, nor stick—not a stick out of which I could make a raft—I say, when I reflected upon all these things, there arose in my mind a feeling of well defined and absolute horror.

It was true I was only in a lake, a mile or so in width; but so far as the peril and helplessness of my situation were concerned, I might as well have been upon a rock in the middle of the Atlantic. I knew that there was no settlement within miles—miles of pathless swamp. I knew that no one could either hear or see me—no one was at all likely to come near the lake; indeed I felt satisfied that my faithless boat was [illegible] very tameness of the birds wheeling around my head was evidence of this; I could never go out from that lake: I must die on that islet, or drown in attempting to leave it.

These reflections rolled rapidly over my startled soul. The facts were clear, the hypothesis definite, the consequence certain; there was no ambiguity, no superstitions hing upon which I could hang a hope; no, not one. I could not even expect that I should be missed and sought for; there was no one to search for me. The simple habitants of the village I had left knew me not—I was a stranger among them; they only knew me as a stranger, and fancied me a strange individual—one who made lonely excursions, and brought home bunches of weeds, with birds, insects, and reptiles, which they had never seen before, although gathered at their own doors. My absence, besides, would be nothing new to them, even though it lasted for days. I had often been absent before a week at a time. There was no hope of my being missed.

I have said that these reflections came and passed quickly. In less than a minute, my affrighted soul was in full possession of them, and almost yielded itself to despair. I shouted, but rather involuntary than with any hope I should be heard. I shouted loudly and fiercely; my answer—the echoes of my own voice, the shriek of the osprey, and the maniac laugh of the white-headed eagle.

I ceased to shout, threw down my gun to the earth, and tottered down beside it. I have been in a gloomy prison, in the hands of a vengeful guillera banditti, with carbines cocked to blow out my brains. No one will call that a pleasant situation—nor was it so to me. I have been lost upon the wide prairie—the land sea—without bush, break, or star to guide me—that was worse. There you look around you; you see nothing;—you hear nothing; you are alone with God, and you tremble in his presence; your senses swim; your brain reels; you are afraid of yourself; you are afraid of your own mind. Deserted by everything else, you dread least it, too, may forsake you. There is a horror in this—it is very horrible—it is hard to bear, but I have borne it all, and would bear it again twenty times over, rather than endure once more the first hour I spent on that lonely islet in that lonely lake. Your prison may be dark and silent, but you feel that you are not utterly alone—beings like yourself are near, though they may be your jailors. Lost on the prairie, you are alone—but you are free. In the islet, I felt that I was alone; that I was not free on the islet, I experienced the feelings of the prairie and the prison combined.

I lay in a state of stupor—almost unconscious; how long I know not, but many hours I am certain. I knew this by the sun—it was going down when I awoke, if I may so term the recovery of my stricken senses. I was aroused by a strange circumstance; I was surrounded by dark objects of hideous shape and hue—reptiles they were.—They had been before my eyes for some time, but I had not seen them. I had only a sort of dreamy consciousness of their presence; but I heard them at length, my ear was in better tune, and the strange noises they uttered reached my intellect, it sounded like the blowing of a great bellows, with now and then a note harsher and louder, like the roaring of a bull. This started me, and I looked up and bent my eyes upon the objects; they were the forms of the CROCODILE, the giant lizards—they were alligators.

Huge ones they were, many of them, and many were they in number—a hundred at least were crawling over the islet, before, behind, and on all sides around me. Their long gaunt jaws and channeled snouts projected forward as almost to touch my body; and their eyes, usually leaden, seemed now to glare.

Impelled by this new danger, I sprang to my feet, when, recognizing the upright form of a man, the reptiles scatted off, and plunging hurriedly into the lake, hid their hideous bodies under the water.

The incident in some measure revived me. I saw that I was not alone; there was company even in the crocodiles. I gradually became more myself, and began to reflect with some degree of coolness on the circumstances that surrounded me. My eyes wandered over the islet—every inch of it came under my glance—every object upon it was scrutinised—the moulted feathers of the wild fowl, the pieces of mud, the fresh water muscles (unions) strewed upon the beach—all were examined. Still the barren answer—no means of escape.

The islet was but the head of a sand bar formed by the eddy—perhaps gathered together within the year. It was bare of herbage, with the exception of a few tufts of grass. There was neither tree or bush upon it—not a stick. A raft, indeed! There was not wood enough to make a raft that would have floated a frog. The idea of a raft was but briefly entertained—such a thought had certainly crossed my mind, but a single glance round the islet dispelled it before it had taken shape.

I paced my prison from end to end—from side to side I walked it over. I tried the water's depth, on all sides I sounded it, wading recklessly in—everywhere it deepened rapidly as I advanced. Three lengths of myself from the islet's edge, and I was up to the neck. The huge reptiles swam around, snorting and blowing, they were bolder in this element. I could not have waded safely ashore, even had the water been shallow. To swim it—no—even though I swam like a duck, they would have closed upon and quartered me befoue I could have made a dozen strokes. Horrified by their demonstrations, I hurried back upon dry ground, and paced the islet with dripping garments.

I continued walking until night, which gathered around me dark and dismal. With night came new voices—the hideous voices of the nocturnal swamp; the qua-qua of the night heron, the screech of the swamp owl, the cry of the bittern, the el-l-uk of the great water toad, the tinkling of the bell frog, and the chirp of the Savanna cricket—all fell upon my ear. Sounds still harsher and more hideous were heard around me, the plashing of the alligator and the roaring of his voice—these reminded me that I must not go to sleep. To sleep! I durst not have slept for a single instant. Even when I lay for a few [illegible] forth my hand and touched them.

At intervals I sprang to my feet; shouted, swept my gun around, and chased them back to the water, into which they betook themselves with a sullen plunge, but with little semblance of fear. At each fresh demonstration on my part they showed less alarm, until I could no longer drive them, either with shouts or threatening gestures. They only retreated a few feet, forming an irregular circle around me. Thus hemmed in, I became frightened in turn. I loaded my gun and fired—I killed none. They are impervious to a bullet, except in the eye or under the forearm. It was too dark to aim at these parts; my shots glanced harmlessly from the pyramidal scales of their bodies. The loud report, however, and the blaze frightened them, and they fled, to return again after a long interval. I was asleep when they returned. I had gone to sleep in spite of my efforts to keep awake. I was startled by the touch of something cold, and half stifled by a strong musky odor that filled the air. I threw out my arms—my fingers rested upon an object slipery and clammy—it was one of these monsters—one of gigantic size. He had crawled close along side of me, and was preparing to make his attack; as I saw he was bent in the form of a bow, and I knew that these creatures assume that position when they are about to strike their victim. I was just in time to avoid the stroke of his powerful tail, that the next moment swept the ground where I had lain. Again I fired, and he, with the rest once more retreated to the lake.

All thoughts of going to sleep were at an end. Not that I felt wakeful, on the contrary, wearied with my day's exertion, for I had a long pull under a hot tropical sun, I could have laid down on the earth, in the mud anywhere, and slept in an instant. Nothing but the dread certainty of my peril kept me awake. Once again before morning I was compelled to battle with the hideous reptiles, and chase them away with a shot from my gun.

Morning came at length, but with it no change in my perilous position. The light only showed my island prison, but revealed no way of escape from it. Indeed the change could not be called for the better, for the fervid rays of an almost vertical sun burned upon me until my skin blistered. I was already speckled by the bites of a thousand swamp flies and mosquitoes, that all night had preyed upon me. There was not a cloud in the heavens to shade me; and the sunbeams smote the surface of the dead bayou with a double intensity. Towards evening I began to hunger. No wonder of that; I had not eaten since leaving the village settlement. To assuage thirst I drank the water of the lake, turbid and slimy as it was. I drank in large quantities, for it was hot, and only moistened my palate without quenching the craving of my appetite. Of water there was enough. I had more to fear for the want of food.

What could I eat? the ibis? But how to cook it? There was nothing wherewith to make a fire, not a stick. No matter for that, cooking is a modern invention, a luxury for pampered palates, I divested the ibis of its brilliant plumage, and ate it raw. I spoiled my specimen, but at the time there was little thought of that; there was not much of the naturalist left in me. I anathamised the hour I ever imbibed such a taste; I wished Audibon, Buffon, and Cuvier, up to their necks in a swamp. The ibis did not weigh above three pounds, bones and all. It served me for a second meal, a breakfast; but at this *dejuner sans fourchett* I picked the bones.

What next? starve? No—not yet. In the battle I had with the alligators during the second night, one of them received a shot that proved mortal. The hideous carcass of the reptile lay dead upon the beach. I need not starve, I could eat that. Such were my reflections. I must hunger, though before I could bring myself to touch the musky morsel. Two more days fasting conquered my squeamishness. I drew out my knife and cut a steak from the alligator's tail, and ate it—not the one I had first killed, but a second, the other was now putrid, rapidly decomposing under the hot sun; its order filled the islet.

The stench had grown intolerable. There was not a breath of air stirring, otherwise I might have shunned it by keeping to windward. The whole atmosphere of the islet, as well as a large circle around it, was impregnated with the fearful effluvium. I could bear it no longer.—With the aid of my gun, I pushed the half decomposed carcass into the lake; perhaps the current might carry it away. It did. I had the gratification to see it float off. The circumstance led me into a train of reflections. Why did the body of the alligator float? It was swollen—inflated with gasses. Ha!

An idea shot suddenly through my mind, one of those brilliant ideas—children of necessity.—I thought of the floating alligator, of its intestines—what if I inflated them! Yes, yes! buoys and bladders, floates and life preserves! that was the thought. I would open the alligators, make a buoy of their intestines, and that would bear me away from the islet!

I did not loose a moment's time—I was full of energy; hope had given me a new life. My gun was loaded, a huge crocodile that came near the shore received the shot in his eye. I dragged him on the beach; with my knife I laid open his entrails. Few they were, but enough for my purpose. A plume quill from the wing of the ibis, served me for a blow pipe. I saw the bladder-like skin expand, until I was surrounded with objects like great sausages. These were tied together, and fastened to my body, and then, with a plunge, I entered the waters of the lake, and floted downward. I had tied on my life preservers in such a way that I sat in the water in an upright position, holding my gun in both hands. This I intended to use as a club, in case I should be attacked by the alligators; but I had chosen the hot hour of noon, when these creatures lie in a half torpid state, and to my joy I was not molested. Half an hours drifting with the current carried me to the end of the lake, and I found myself at the debouchure of the bayou. Here, to my great delight, I saw my boat in the swamp, where it had been [illegible] myself over the gunwale, and was sculling with eager strokes down the smooth waters of the bayou.

### The Dardanelles.

The old gates of Janus were opened when Rome was at war; and their modern prototypes, the Dardanelles straits, are open only when a state of war makes treaty stipulations void, and the Porte deems it to be necessary to admit his allies through them to protect his capital. The accounts we have are, that they are now open for the passage of the British and French fleets.

The Dardanelles, from which the strait, or Hellespont, derives its name, are four strong castles built opposite to each other on the European and Asiatic coasts; and are the keys of Constantinople. Two of these castles, the old castles, were raised by Mahmond II soon after the conquest of Constantiple, in 1453; the other two, the new castles, were built in the middle of the seventeenth century to protect the Turks against the Venetians. The latter command the entrance to the Hellespont, and the distance from each is about two miles and a quarter; in four hours' sail up the strait are the old castles, which are about three-quarters of a mile apart. These are well mounted with formidable batteries. All along the European shore to the Marmora the aspect of nature in its ruggednesss corresponds with the frown of the guns; but the scenery on the Asiatic shore is beautiful. The region abounds, too, in places famous in classic story. Here it was that Leander paid his nightly visit to Hero; here the ill-fated hosts of Xerxes crossed on a bridge of boats; here Solomon crossed on a bare raft; and in modern times; here Byron swam from Sestos to Abydos.

These famous straits have been more than once passed. In 1770 the Russian squadron, under Elphistone, appeared before the tower castles; and the admiral actually went by without damage. But the other ships did not follow him, and he returned, with drums and trumpets sounding. A British fleet under Admiral Duckworth, in his dispatch to his government, giving an account of this fact, acknowledges that he ran a narrow chance. He set sail on the morning of the 19th of February. At a quarter before nine the whole squadron, under a tremendous fire, had passed the outer castles, at half-past nine the leading ships, the Canopus, entered the narrow passage of Sestos and Abydos, under a heavy cannonade from both castles, receiving stone shot of 800 pounds weight. Each ship, as it passed, had to endure this cannonade. The admiral remained before Constantinople until the 3d of March, when his squadran of ten ships returned. In this interval the Turks had been so busy that the castles were made "doubly formidable." The admiral weighed anchor in the morning of this day, and "every ship was in safety outside the passage about noon." The admiral in his dispatch expresses his "most lively sense" of his good fortune, and admits that had the Turks been allowed a week longer, "it would have been a very doubtful point whether a return would lay open to him at all." He lost 42 killed and 235 wounded. The Turks were so indignant at the escape of the British fleet they believed that the Governor of the Dardanelles was bribed by Duckworth, and beheaded him.

The Dardanelles are said to be in such a formidable condition as to be impregnable.—*Boston Post.*

### THE CZAR AND THE SULTAN.

The Czar comes within an inch or two of equalling in stature his royal brother, the King of the Canibal Islands, who stood six feet six, in his moccasins. His figure is of Herculean dimensions and symmetry. "The expression of his countenance," says one of his admiring subjects, the Prince Kolofski, "has a certain severity which is far from putting the beholder at his ease. His smile is a smile of complaisance, and not the result of gayety or *abandon*. There is something approaching the prodigious in this prince's manner of existence. He speaks with vivacity, with simplicity, and the most perfect propriety; all he says is full of point and meaning—no idle pleasantry—not a word out of its place. There is nothing in the tone of his voice or the arrangement of his phrazes that indicates haughtiness or dissimulation, and yet you feel that his heart is closed." "The Emperor," says another writer, not his subject and not his admirer, "is of a great height, and is very proud of it—too proud, perhaps, as he has acquired the habit of certain airs, which often give him a strong resemblance to a peacock when about to spread his tail. It is a fact well known in St. Petersburgh, that every well-grown man newly recruited for the guard is called into the Emperor's presence, who measures heights with him. His air is serious, his glance wild—even a little savage; his entire physiognomy has something hard and stern in it: his gestures are abrupt, and he cuts his words in pronouncing them. The Emperor never shows himself but in the military costume, the stiffness of which is in perfect keeping with his tastes, and which makes his great height still more conspicious. Meanwhile. there is a want of ease in his movements; since a fall from his horse, he drags one leg after him in a disagreeably inelegant manner."

The Czar has lived fifty-seven years—reigned twenty-eight. His name is Nicholas Paulvoitch: he is the fifteenth sovereign of his dynasty, and the eighth of his family. He is more a German than a Russian; but, as the Germans are to the Russians an odious race, he ignores his German blood, and so do the court historians. Nicholas was not the heir to the throne; but his brother Constantine refused to reign, and, after an interregnum of three weeks, Nicholas was proclaimed emperor. Nicholas, previous to his accession to the throne, had displayed the talents of a drill-sergeant. He was an inflexible and punctilious disciplinarian, and an unpopular man with army and people. But an insurrection bravely suppressed, and the insurgents clementy treated, his authority was established.

The Sultan, Abdul Medjid, the thiry-first monarch of his dynasty and the twenty-first child of his father, is now in the thirty-first year of his age, and the fourteenth of his reign. "Slender and tall [illegible] a mind of less haughtiness, and of less energy.—His lips are rather thick, and he is slightly marked with the small-pox. In the beginning of his reign, his features did not present a very marked expression, as if no strong passion had yet agitated the young breast. But his eyes, large and very beautiful, sometimes became animated with a most lively expression, and glistened with the fire of intelligence. * * * The first time the young Sultan (seventeen years of age) presented himself to the eyes of his subjects, he was dressed in the European trousers and coat, over which was thrown the imperial cloak, fastened by a diamond aigrette. On his breast he wore the decoration of the Nichan-Ifi-char; his head was covered with the fez surmounted by a diamond aigrette. The new king, while thus continuing the costume of his father, nevertheless presented only a pale resemblance to him. Simple without affectation, he cast around him glances full of softness and benevolence.—Everything announced in him the *debonnaire* successor of an inflexible ruler; nothing hitherto had indicated what great and precious qualities were concealed beneath the modest and tranquil exterior. He was received favorably by his people, but without any demonstration of enthusiasm. It was feared that this delicate youth could scarcely be equal to the importance of his duties. People pitied him, and, at the same time, trembled for the future prospects of the country. The women alone, touched by his youth and his appearance of kindness, manifested their sympathy for him openly. When he went through Constantinople to the Mosque of Baiezid, they ran towards him from all parts: 'Is not our son handsome?' they cried, adopting him with affection." A contrast this to the bloody commencement of the reign of the Imperial drill-sergeant of Russia.

The Czar has remained a drill-sergeant.—Hardy, laborious, indefatigable, simple in his tastes, the faithful "husband of one wife," he has striven to introduce order and honesty into all branches of the public service. Arrogant he may be, conceited, tyrannical, but not effeminate, not weak. Let us quote a few more sentences from M. Bouvet, who seems to write from personal knowledge:—

"Already forty-five quarto volumes of the *Svod*, or Russian Digest, have been published, and regulate the decisions of the Russian tribunals.

During a long period, Nicholas passed all his nights and days in superintending these arduous labors, and in bringing them to a satisfactory result, in spite of the dumb resistance of the bureaucrats. It oftened happened that the gentle Empress, seeing her husband with red and sunken eyes, went to him in the midst of his *collaborateurs*, and said to them: 'Now, gentlemen, let my husband enjoy a little repose; come and take a cup of tea with us.' * * * The Emperor has directed legislation to the question of serfdom: he has not dared to deal with the great problem of general emancipation, which has now more than ever become a necessity, but he has prepared the way for it. He has endeavored by degrees, to make peasants conceive the hope of becoming free. * * *

"The Emperor Nicholas leads a life of the most feverish activity. He rides, walks, holds a review, superintends a sham fight, goes on the water, gives a *fete*, exercises the navy, and all in the same day. He travels incessantly; passes over at least fifteen hundred leagues every season; and all those who are attached to his person have to share his fatigue.

"The Empress, who will follow him everywhere, loses her health by doing so, and it is said that the young Grand-duke Constantine will fall a victim to the mode of traveling adopted by his father. Nicholas is in the habit of traveling not less than seven leagues an hour in an open caleche."

The Sultan, meanwhile, has been cultivating French literature, inspecting schools, and caressing his fair, fat and thirty Circassians. Here is a picture of a Turkish school examination—the examiner being no less a person than the amiable Sultan himself:—

"In a vast hall, decorated with military trophies, and provided with scientific instruments of every kind, a hundred young men, of from fifteen to twenty years of age, modestly await the Sultan, whom they love as much as they revere. No noise takes place among them—no conversation—no laughter; all eyes are turned towards the throne, which stands in the middle of the room, and which is as yet empty.

"At length Abdul Medjid appears and sits down—near him the sheiks, the ulemahs, the ministers, and the principal pachas. Each pupil advances in turn towards the throne, and replies to the questions which are put to him by one of the professors, one of the ministers, or by the Sultan himself. The questions refer to mathematics, literature and art. When Abdul Medjid puts a question, he does so with the greatest kindness. If the pupil replies correctly, a soft smile lights up the Sultan's face; if he makes a mistake, the Sultan corrects him with indulgence and without making him the least reproach.—When the examination is finished, the rewards are given to those pupils who have chiefly distinguished themselves."

It is plain enough that the kindly, delicate, literary Sultan is no match for the tremendous Czar. "Pale, melancholy and care-worn, the Sultan is the living symbol of decline. His distinguished countenance bears the sad impress of a race formerly glorious, but which is beginning to disappear. The Czar, on the contrary, with his Herculean form, his vulgar demeanor, and his implacable character, is the true chief of a barbarous nation—a nation restrained only by a false civilization, and waiting but for a signal to be transformed into a ferocious beast, ready to fall upon and devour all Europe."

Such is the substance of M. Bouvet's interesting but incomplete little book on the "Czar and the Sultan." We make room for one passage more—a passage significant, picturesque and *prophetic*:—

"In 1850," says M. Bouvet, "I saw at Constantinople the new palace of the Russian embassy at Pera. I was greatly struck by the colossal [illegible] looking on the material image of the absorbing power which the Czar has acquired in Turkey.—It is in this palace that Menschikoff was installed, surrounded by a regal pomp. It was there he received deputations from a great part of the Sultan's subjects. It was from thence he issued his audacious commissions of inquiry in various points of the Turkish empire. Finally, it was from thence that he emerged to attend the audience at the Pachalik—with insolent message—and dressed in the disrespectful paletot of which so much has been said.

"On the 25th of January, 1668—nearly two hundred years ago—under the reign of the Sultan Mahmoud IV., an embassador of the Czar Alexis Mikhailovitch was conducted to the seraglio, to be received by the Sultan. The Russian of 1668 was no more disposed to humanity than he of 1853. The introducing functionaries found that he did not bow down low enough before their master. Faithful to a barbarous and degrading custom, they applied their hands to the back of his head to force him to bend it as much as possible. The Sclavonian courageously stood upright; but the chamberlains, instead of loosening their hold, only pressed the harder, to such a degree that the visiter fell to the ground. His dragoman, seeing this, lost all self-possession, and was not in a state to offer a single word.—The Sultan, out of patience, ordered his kaimakam to relieve him of the infidel's presence. The minister obeyed, and drove out with a cudgel, which he applied with his own hand, the embassador, the secretary and the dragoman."

AGREEING WITH HER.—We are reminded of an anecdote of a clergyman, who was a bit of a humorist. He once took tea with a lady of his parish, who prided herself much upon her nice bread, and was also addicted to the common trick of depreciating her viands to her guests. As she passed the nice warm biscuit to the reverend gentleman, she said, "They were not very good," "she was almost ashamed to offer them," &c.—The minister took one, looked at it rather dubiously, and replied, "They are not so good as they might be!" The plate was instantly withdrawn, and with heightened color, the lady exclaimed, "*They are good enough for you!*" Nothing further was said about the biscuit.—*Portland Tr.*

RATHER TOUGH.—Sam Jones lived up in Oxford county. Now, Sam was an enormous eater, and it happened that he was one day hauling a load of "shooks" to the nearest village, when his team stuck in a sand hill. Well, did Sam fret and scold his oxen, or unload his team? Not he. He very coolly took down his dinner from the load, sat down and ate it, when his oxen started off with the remainder of the load without further trouble.

THE LAST INVENTION.—We see it stated in the Cincinnati *Atlas* that two young men of that city had constructed a boiler and steam engine, on the same principle of the steam fire engine, which they wheel about from one part of the city to another, and when they get a job to saw wood, can raise steam in about ten minutes, adjust their circular saw in the meantime, and in half an hour cut a cord of wood in two or three pieces as may be desired. The whole machinery does not weigh over five hundred pounds, and may be regarded as a neat improvement, and a saving of much manual labor.