

## Port's Corner.

## TRIP LIGHTLY OVER TROUBLE.

Trip lightly over trouble,  
Trip lightly over wrong;  
We only make grief double  
By dwelling on it long.  
Why clasp wee's hand so tightly?  
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?  
Why cling to forms unsightly?  
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,  
Though this day be dark,  
The sun may shine to-morrow,  
And gaily sing the lark;  
Fair hope has not departed,  
Though roses may have fled;  
Then never be down hearted,  
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,  
Stand not to rail at doom;  
We've peals to ring of gladness,  
On this side of the tomb;  
Whilst stars are nightly shining,  
And heaven is over head,  
Encourage not repining,  
But look for joy instead.

## The Moustache.

Now am I not a pretty boy  
As ever were a boot?  
I walk with a distingue air,  
And flourish my cheroot.  
I'd be as proud as any lord,  
If I had but the cash—  
And that some heiress soon will bring,  
Who loves my grand moustache!

'Tis true my mother often said,  
My wits would hardly pass;  
And father often cuffed my ears,  
Because I was an ass:  
But here I am, all wide awake,  
Through thick and thin to dash,  
Till every mortal learns to bow  
To my renowned moustache.

I know my nose is rather queer,  
My ears are rather long—  
But when the upper lip is right  
There's nothing very wrong,  
So go ahead, says I to me,  
Like Brummel or beau Nash,  
And show the world there's nothing like  
The tuft they call moustache.

## DEACON SMITH'S BULL:

OR MIKE FINK IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Mike Fink, a notorious Buckeye hunter, was contemporary with the celebrated Davy Crockett, and his equal in all things appertaining to human prowess. It was even said that the animals in his neighborhood knew the crack of his rifle, and would take to their secret hiding places on the first intimation that Mike was about. Yet strange, though true, he was but little known beyond his immediate settlement.

When we knew him, he was an old man—the blasts of seventy winters had silvered o'er his head and taken the elasticity from his limbs, yet in the whole of his life was Mike never worsted, except on one occasion. To use his own language, he never 'gin in, used up, to anything that travelled on two legs or four, but once.

That once, we want, said Bill Slasher, as some dozen of us sat in the bar-room of the old tavern in the settlement.

'Gin it to us, now, Mike—you've promised long enough, and you're old now, and needn't care,' continued Bill.

'Right, right! Bill,' said Mike, 'but we'll open with a lick'er all round, fust, it'll kind o' save my feelins I reckon—'

'Thar that's good, better than tother barrel if anything.'

'Well boys,' commenced Mike, 'you may talk of your scimmages, tight places and sich like, subtract 'em altogether in one almighty'un, and they hain't no more to be compared to the one I war in, than a dead kitten to an old she bar! I've fout all kinds o' varmints, from an fugun down to a rattle snake, and never willin to quit fust, but this enee—and it was with a bull.

'You see boys, it was an awful hot day in August and I war nigh runnin' off into pure ile, when I war thinkin' that a dip in the creek mout save me. Well thar was a mighty nice spot in old Deacon Smith's medder for that particular bizziness. So I went down among the bushes to undress. I jist hauled the old red shirt over my head and war thinkin' how scrumptious a feller of my size would feel wailerin' round in that ar water, and was jist 'bout going in, when I seed the old Deacon's bull makin' a B line to whar I stood:

'I knowed the old cuss, for he's skard more

people than all the parsons in the settlement, and cum mighty near killing a few. Thins I, Mike you're in rather a tight place—get your fixins on or he'll be a drivin' them big horns of his in yet bowels afore no time. Well, you'll have to try the old varmint naked, I reckon.

'The bull war on one side o' the creek and I on the other, and the way he made the sile fly for a while, as if he war digging my grave, war distressing.

'Come on, ye bellerin' heathen, said I, and don't be a standin' thar; for as the old Deacon says of the devil, 'yer not very comely to look upon.'

'This kinder reached his understandin' and made him more wichous; for he hooted a little and made a drive. And as I don't like to stand in anybody's way I gin him plenty of sea-room. So he kind of passed by me and come out on the other side; and as the captain of the mud swapp rangers would say, 'bout face for another charge.'

'Though I war ready for him this time, he come mighty near running foul of me. So I made up my mind the next time he went out he wouldn't be alone. So when he passed, I grappled his tail, and he pulled me out on the sile, and as soon as we war both atop the bank, old brindle stopped, and war about cummin round agin, when I began pullin' the other way.

'Well, I reckon this kind o' riled him, for he fust stood stock still and looked at me a spell, and then commenced pawin and bellerin, and the way he made his hind gearin play in the air was beautiful.

'But it warn't no use, he couldn't teach me, so he kind o' stopped to get wind for suthin devilish, as I judged by the way he started. By this time I had made up my mind to stick to his tail as long as it stuck to his back bone. I didn't like to holler for help nuther, kase it war agin my principles, and the deacon had preaching and praying at his house, and it wan't fur off neither.

'I knowed if he hearn the noise the hull congregation would come down; and as I warn't a married man, and had a kind o' hankerin arter a gal that war thar, I didn't feel as if I would like to be seed in that ar predicament.

'So says I, yer old serpent, do your cussedest, and so he did; for he drug me over every briar and stump in the field, until I war sweatin and bleedin like a fat bear with a pack o' hounds at his heels. And my name aint Mike Fink, if the old critter's tail and I didn't blow out sometimes at a dead level. By-and-by he slackened his pace, and then I had him for a spell, for I jist dropped behin a stump and that snubbed the critter. Now says I, you may pull up this white oak stump—break yec tail—or jist hold on a bit till I blow.

'Well, while I war settin thar, and idea struck me that I had better be gittin out o' this some way. But how exactly was the pint. If I let go and run, he'd be foul o' me sure.

'So lookin at the matter in all its bearings, I cum to the conclusion that I'd better let somebody know whar I was. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it warn't long before I seed the Deacon's two dogs a comin down like as if they war seein who could get thar fust.

'I knowed who they were arter—they'd jine the bull agin me, I war sartin, for they were orful wanomous and had a spite agin me.

'So says I, old brindle, as ridin is as cheap as walkin on this route, if you've no objections, I'll jist take a deck passage on that ar back o' yeurn. So I wasn't very long gettin astride of him; then if you'd been thar, you'd have sworn thar warn't nothing human in that ar mix, the sile flew so orfully as the critter and I rolled round the field, one dog on one side and one on the other—tryin to clinch my feet. I prayed and cussed and cussed and prayed, until I couldn't tell which I did at last—and neither warn't of no use, they war so orfully mixed up.

'Well, I reckon I rid about half an hour this way when old brindle thought it war time to stop to take in a supply of wind and cool off a little. So when we got round to a tree that stood thar, he naturally halted.

'So sez I, old boy, you'll lose one passenger sartain. So I jist clum upon a branch, kalkelatin to roost thar till I starved, afore I'd be rid round in that ar way any longer.

'I war makin tracks for the top o' the tree when I heard sumthin a makin an orful buzzin over head. I kinder looked up, and if thar warnt—wal, thar's no use of swearin now, but it war the biggest hornet's nest ever built.

'You'll 'gin in' now, I reckon Mike, 'cause thar's no help for you. But an idee struck me then, that I'd stand a heap better chance a ridin the bull than whar I war. Sez I, old feller, jist

yer hold on, 'll ride to the next station any-how, 'at be whar it will.

'So I jist dropped aboard him agin, and looked aloft to see what I had gained by changin quarters; and, gentlemen, I'm a lig if thar warn't nigh a half a bushel of the stingin varmints ready to pitch into me when the word 'go' war gin.

'Well, I reckon they got it, for 'all hands' started for our company. Some on 'em hit the dogs—about a quart struck me, and the rest charged on old brindle.

'This time, the dogs let off fust, dead bent for the old deacon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get under way, we followed. And as I war only a deck passinger and had nothin to do with steerin the craft, I swore if I had we shouldn't have run that channel, no how.

'But, as I said afore, the dogs took the lead—Brindle and I next, and the hornits dre'kly arter. The dogs yellin—brindle bellerin, and the hornits buzzin and stingin. I didn't say nothin, for it warn't no use.

'Well, we'd got about two hundred yards from the house, and the deacon heard us and cum out. I seed him held up his hand and turn white. I reckoned he was prayin, then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon, and it warn't long neither, afore the hull congregation, men, women, and childer, cum out, and then all hands went to yellin.

'None of 'em had the fust notion that brindle and I belonged to this world. I jist turned my head and passed the hull congregation. I see the rum would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead.

'Well, we reached that fence, and I went ashore, over the old critter's head, landin on 'tother side, and lay thar stunned. It warn't long afore sum on 'em as war not scared, cum runnin to see what I war. For all hands kalkelated that the bull and I belonged together. But when brindle walked off by himself, they seed how it war, and on 'em sed, 'Mike Fink has got the wust of the scrimmage once in his life!'

'Gentlemen' from that day I dropped the courtin bizziniss, and never spoke to a gal since. And when my hunt is up on this yearth, thar won't be any more FINKS, and its all owin to Deacon Smith's Brindle Bull!

## STORY OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.

Frogere, an actor of one of the minor theatres of the Boulevard in Paris, had entered into an engagement with the manager of the French Theatre at St. Petersburg, where he had the good fortune so greatly to please Paul I., that he soon became a distinguished favorite of the monarch. An ill-timed bon-mot one day convinced Frogere how dangerous it was to speak too freely to the eccentric autocrat. It was at the imperial dinner-table, when one of the guests lauded the present emperor at the expense of Peter the Great.

'That is robbing Peter to pay Paul,' said the emperor turning to his favorite, 'is it not so, Frogere?'

'Certainly, sir,' answered the latter; 'to satisfy Paul we may rob not only Peter the Great, but also Peter the Apostle.'

'And pray why so?' asked the Czar, very quickly.

'Because,' said the actor, 'Paul in his anger has commanded in the name of our Saviour, 'Go and bear the cross throughout the world—more especially in Siberia.'

Paul showed anger in his face, and no one dared to laugh or be pleased with the author's reply. A few minutes afterwards the emperor rose and dismissed the company.

It was in the middle of midnight, when Frogere was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at the door. He jumped from the bed, opened the door, and saw to his amazement an officer and a file of soldiers enter his apartment. The former produced a warrant from the emperor, banishing Frogere to Siberia. We may readily imagine the terror of the Frenchman. He cried, threw himself on the floor, tore his hair, and repeatedly exclaimed, 'What crime have I committed to deserve such punishment?' He received no answer. He begged for a few hours' delay to throw himself before the monarch and learn the nature of his guilt. In vain: the officer would allow him only time to pack up a few clothes and linen. Scarcely was the operation finished when he was surrounded by the soldiers and carried outside the house, where a coach was in waiting. He was then lifted into it—more dead than alive—while two soldiers, with drawn swords and cocked pistols, took their seats on each side of him. The doors of the vehicle were locked, and the officer giving the signal, the coach rolled away at full speed, surrounded by a cavalry escort. How long the first stage lasted

Frogere was unable to tell, the vehicle was so thickly covered that not the least ray of light could penetrate. He was told on entering the coach that the soldiers had liberty to shoot him on the spot the moment he opened his mouth to put any question to them. He thus kept strict silence and suffered a world of pain. The door of the coach was at last opened—it was broad daylight. His eyes however were bandaged, and he was led into a miserable hut, the doors and windows of which were closed as he entered. When the bandage was removed, he saw, by the faint glimmer of a rushlight, a dish of coarse food upon a board before him. Though he had been fasting for some time, he could hardly swallow a morsel; fear, however, induced him to eat, for the faces that watched his motions seemed to portend no good. Siberia! Siberia! that was the only thought; he was to live in that terrible land. Frogere gave himself up to despair, when the previous officer—by-the-bye an old acquaintance—entered the room, attended by a courier. The poor prisoner felt as if he had not seen that friendly face for years. In the joy of his heart he was about to embrace him, but a motion with the hand, a stern look, restrained him, while the finger of the officer pressed on his lips imposed silence. He had flattered himself that the courier had brought an order for his release; but he was mistaken.

The officer dismissed his guide, and ordered the soldiers to leave the room and wait outside. Being alone with the prisoner, he said almost in a whisper, 'Frogere, we must now part. I have accompanied you to the first stage, and you will hence be under the inspection of another officer. Be careful not to speak a word. I risk much in giving even this caution: but I am your friend. Have you any orders for me? Can I serve you on my return to the Czar?' Poor Frogere was melted into tears. Instead of replying to the questions, he only bewailed having to undergo a punishment for an unknown crime.

Said the officer, 'Don't you then know what you have done? Are you mad, Frogere? Have you forgotten the sarcastic jest you made at the imperial table? It has offended the emperor; you are punished because there was so much truth in it.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed the exile.

'Hush! be silent,' whispered the other, 'Walls have ears. But don't waste time; listen, Frogere. I am the only one whom you know; henceforth during the long journey, you will find faces unknown to you. The emperor, you are aware, is immovable in his resolves and inexorable in his wrath. You had better, therefore, be resigned to your fate; you have nothing to hope. Tell me, then, quickly, what I can do for you?'

'Speak for me to his majesty.'

'Not a word of that,' said his friend, 'ask me anything but that.'

'If that be the case,' said poor Frogere, 'I have nothing to ask.'

'And your money and trinkets,' rejoined the officer, 'you have left them all behind. Can I lodge them safely for you somewhere, until your return?'

'My return,' gasped Frogere, 'then I am not exiled for life?'

'Of course not—only for three years. Take courage, they will very soon pass, and then—'

'Three years for an innocent word!' whined Frogere, and began again to cry and complain.—But at this moment the soldiers entered, and bandaging his eyes, they lifted him again into the vehicle, and away it rolled again.

It seemed a very long stage. Frogere calculated that he had travelled a whole day when the vehicle again stopped. As before, he was bandaged and led into a wretched hut, a counterpart of the first, and lighted by a piece of blazing pine wood. The same coarse food was again placed before him. He looked at the faces around him. None that he knew—none that inspired him with comfort. After several journeys the vehicle again stopped. By Frogere's estimate, as well as he could tell, he had travelled three nights. His eyes were bandaged as before, but instead of being led, his guides seized him and carried him for some time, until they placed him upon a wooden bench. He waited for a few minutes, and wondered why the bandage was not removed. At last he heard soft whisperings, and then quick steps approaching. His hands were suddenly seized and tied behind his back. He trembly asked what it meant? but received no reply. In another moment his coat was torn off his shoulders, and his breast laid bare. Frogere now thought that eternity, instead of Siberia, was to be the goal of his journey.

'Take aim!' was the command of one whose voice he thought he knew—'Fire!' and several guns were at once discharged. Frogere fell sense-