

less to the ground. He was raised unwounded, and whilst he was borne along he became sensible of a division of soldiers marching past him. Having been placed on a chair, his hands were unbound, and the bandage removed. He then found himself in the same room where that unhappy bon-mot had escaped him. Opposite to him sat the emperor. The astonishment, horror, and doubt which alternately reflected in the poor actor's face, so excited the risible faculties of Paul that the whole company joined heartily in the mirth. Frégeré fell in a swoon. The whole terrible trip only lasted twenty-four hours.

The emperor had accompanied him in disguise all the time, and found immense delight in the prisoner's painful sufferings. Though used to comedies, it was long before the actor recovered from the sad alarm of the imperial farce.—*Nicholson's Life of Nicholas.*

“POH!”—OR, ONE WONDER TOO MANY.

Some years ago, Major —, an Indian agent, was taking to Washington an old Pawnee Chief with an interpreter from the same tribe. The Chief had never seen a steamboat, and knew but little respecting the wonders of civilization. The interpreter had been to Washington once, and on his return to his native wilds, he kept silent, knowing that his brothers would set him down as a liar if he mentioned half what he saw. The Major and his companions went on board a steamer on the Missouri, en route, first, for St. Louis. The old Chief carefully examined everything on board the boat, and manifested much surprise at the machinery, etc. He was greatly delighted after the boat started, with the everlasting “puff” of the steam-pipe, which he regarded as the breath of the huge monnade through the water—and she was an old hulk at that. The interpreter inwardly chuckled as he observed the interest the chief took in these things, all of which he had himself previously been familiar with.

“Tell the Chief,” said Major —, to the interpreter, as they all sat down on the hurricane deck, “that we have steamboats at the eastward which go twice as fast as this!”

The interpreter told him.

“Poh!” was the answer of the unbelieving chief—as only an Indian can pronounce the monosyllable.

“Tell him we have iron horses on land which go sixty miles an hour.

The information was conveyed.

“Poh! poh!” bluntly answered the incredulous chief.

“Tell him that we have a machine which can take likenesses so faithfully that his wives could not tell the difference between the picture and himself.”

“Poh! poh!” replied the Chief, still discrediting the marvels;—with all of which, as we have said, the interpreter was acquainted. The fast steamers on the Hudson, the railroad, the daguerreotype, he knew all about.

“Tell him finally,” said the Major, “that we can place two men three thousand miles apart and they can talk just as easily to one another as we do now?”

This staggered the interpreter himself. He had never seen the telegraph. It was too modern for him. It has been introduced since he had left civilized life.

“Three thousand miles apart!” he exclaimed.—“That story too tough. I can't believe that. I 'poh!' that myself, Poh!”

The old Chief vociferated ‘Poh!’ and the steam-pipe, taking up a strain, broached forth a ‘Poh!’ which made the forests echo again.

The Major never told a story afterwards that some mischievous fellow did not interfere with a ‘poh,’ at the precise moment he wished to be most implicitly believed. He generally had an opportunity, however, to return the favor ‘before the night ended.’—[Boston Times.

AGE OF OYSTERS.—A London oyster-man can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety. The age of an oyster is not to be found by looking into its mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster shell must have noticed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed “shoots,” and each of them marks a year's growth, so that by counting them we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging by the great thickness to which some oyster shells have attained, this mollusc is capable of left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity.

THE PROMPT MERCHANT'S CLERK.

A correspondent of the London Youth's Instructor relates an anecdote, which *Fluxus* transfers to the pages of the Merchants' Magazine for the especial benefit of young men entering mercantile life:

“I once knew a young man,” said an eminent preacher the other day, in a sermon to young men, “that was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, ‘Now, to-morrow, that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it.’

“He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work. He made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and, resolved to begin very early in the morning, he instructed the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. His master came in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looks very black, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

“‘I thought,’ said the master, ‘you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?’

“‘It is all done,’ said the young man, ‘and here is the account of it.’

“He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be one that could not be spared; he was as necessary to the firm as any of the partners. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune. He was not smoke to the eye nor vinegar to the teeth, but just contrary.”

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so silent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the very edge of the plank upon which he stood.

At this critical moment, his companion turned suddenly, and almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him, it was certain death, if he held his peace it was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked shudderingly over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

So, said a preacher, we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of the world, and in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril; when the Almighty dashes out the images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of mercy, and are saved.

“She has breastworks and knees,” said Ike, describing the new U. S. ship *Merrimack* to Mrs. Partington, and he looked up at her roguishly.—“What is that, Isaac?” said the old lady, looking up from a profound contemplation of Dudley Leavitt's almanac. She had not caught all the remark. “She has breastworks and knees,” repeated Ike, smiling. “Breastworks and knees!” said Mrs. Partington, impressively, with a face that had a whole moral code written upon it, “and how do you know that?” “I saw ‘em,” said she, raising her finger like a guide-post, “you must not let me hear such a thing from you again. Such shameless conduct is without a parallel in one so young, and I am almost ready to believe in all they say of the moral turpentine of youth.” She looked anxiously at Ike, who was sitting on his legs and rocking to and fro. “It was the new ship, I was talking about,” said he, grinning at the mistake she had made. “Oh!” said she, was that all? well, the lesson may be laid away in your mind till you need it.” The old lady took a pinch of snuff, with her eyes upon picture of the stiff corporal upon the wall, but the picture was moveless, and she turned towards Ike, who was making a row of port holes in the side of a sheet of gingerbread ready for the oven.—*Boston Post.*

A REMARKABLE MAN.

AND A UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR DISEASE.—This City is now the home of one of the most remarkable men of the age—a man who has traversed the globe, and established in almost every country which he has visited, the sale of his medicines for the relief of human suffering, and which are a certain cure for disease in all its forms. We allude to PROFESSOR THOMAS HOLLOWAY, of London. It is now several years since this benefactor of the human race first proclaimed to the world, through the British press, that he had, after deep research, prepared a remedy that was sure to eradicate disease. Years of patient investigation into the laws of human physiology which control our bodies in health and when diseased, led to the invention and preparation of the world-renowned HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. Nearly, if not quite, one half of the human race have taken his medicines! His name is as universally known over the globe as that of Alexander, Napoleon, or Washington, when in the height of their ambitious career. If they conquered nations on the field of battle, Professor Holloway has, with no weapon but that of science, conquered disease in all its forms. His meritorious career is bounded by no imaginary lines of latitude and longitude short of those marking the confines of civilization itself. No isolated country or nation was sufficiently extensive for the operation of his enterprising and gigantic intellect. Wherever disease has a residence, there he has penetrated with his medicines, and left an enviable and enduring reputation. After enlightening Europe, his fame spread over Asia, and the civilized portions of Africa, and finally appeared in America. He has translated the cures he has performed, and virtues of his medicines, into as many languages as the missionaries have the Bible. Governments, otherwise the most despotic, have been forced by the great value of his medicines, and their popularity with the people, to remove antiquated and time honored restrictions upon the introduction of foreign medicines, and open their custom houses to a free introduction to the Pills and Ointment, of this distinguished man. Empires and kingdoms removed the barriers of ages against the introduction and sale of proprietary or patent medicines, and freely permitted Holloway's medicines to become the physician of the masses.—*New York Despatch.*

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—“Please, sir don't you want a cabin boy?”

“I do want a cabin boy, my lad, but what's that to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the birth.”

“Oh, sir, I'm real strong. I can do a great deal of work, if I ain't so very old.”

“But what are you here for? You don't look like a bad boy. Run away from home, hey?”

“Oh, no, indeed, sir; my father died and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come.”

“Well, sonney, where are your letters of recommendation? Can't take any boy without those.”

Here was a damper. Willie had never thought of its being necessary to have letters from his minister, or teachers, or from some proper person to prove to strangers that he was an honest and good boy. Now, what should he do. He stood in deep thought, the captain meanwhile curiously watching the workings of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom and drew out his little bible, and without one word put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened to the blank page and read:

“Willie Graham, presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath School, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School teacher.”

Capt. McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child, standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of a Sunday School teacher, as it was given in his little bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, he said: “You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me; and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your mother.”

Consols at 90 means, that any person who has a bond for a hundred pounds, payable when the government pleases, with interest till paid at 3 per cent, can sell that bond for ninety gold sovereigns. This does not look like scarcity of money, or as if bondholders were of opinion that John Bull's purse would give out,—but rather that the war would terminate to the advantage of England. Although the United States imported thirty millions of dollars less value the year before, gold leaves for Europe far faster than it did during the same months of 1854.

THE VEGETABLE WORLD.—The vegetable world furnishes the most of our clothing. The annual produce of thread is in its lineal extent almost inconceivable. One billion four hundred and eighty-one millions of lbs, were worked up in 1852.—

At the London exhibition one manufacturer furnished samples of one pound of cotton spun into 900 hanks of 840 yards each making nearly 430 miles. Another firm exhibited 4200 hanks of the same number of yards each, making two thousand and miles from a single pound of cotton! If we therefore multiply the above amount by 430, the length of thread which a single pound of cotton would make would be sufficient for a web of stout calico, a yard wide and containing 85 threads to the inch, which would be more than enough to reach from us to the sun.

And yet this from cotton alone. Hemp and flax in some measures rival it, and of it were raised in the United States in 1850, not less 1,860,000,000 of pounds. But a few years would be required for our looms to fulfil an order for double belting, sufficiently long to connect the sun with one of the planets, in the way motion is communicated from the large drum of a factory to a number of smaller one. We enclose our bodies in artificial cocoons. In winter a lady is enwrapped in a hundred miles of thread; she throws over her shoulders from thirty to fifty in a shawl. A gentleman winds between three and four around his neck, and uses four more for a pocket handkerchief. At night he throws off his clothing and buries himself like a larva, in four or five hundred miles of convolved filaments.—*The World a Work Shop.*

HORACE GREELEY ON LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Horace Greeley writes home a very sensible letter by the last steamer, all about Louis Napoleon.—Having seen the “critter” at home, he is in a situation to form a pretty good estimate of him and his rule. He writes thus:

“I could not name another living monarch who would be likely to wield such absolute power over thirty-five millions of people, more beneficently than he does. * * * * * Despotism is bitter, but the despotism of one shrewd man has its alleviations, such as are unknown to the rule of ‘shoulder hitters,’ or of the Empire Club. * * * But will the empire stand? I meet no one who believes it will survive the present emperor, but very many who think it will last as long as he does. While no one speaks of his patriotism or disinterestedness even by way of joke, there is a very general trust in his ability and confidence in his indefatigable energy. He is probably the most active, untiring ruler now living, and in this respect at least reminds the French of ‘Napoleon le Grand.’”

A CATHOLIC PRIEST CLAIMING HIS WIFE.—The Chicago Tribune says that a Catholic priest of that city, named Snieder, privately married a German girl about a year since. His wife afterwards deserted him and he was subsequently deposed from the priesthood. Recently he brought a suit in chancery for the recovery of his wife whom he alleged as illegally detained from him by one Anthony Snieder, her father. The judge before whom the case was brought decided that the marriage was a valid one, but that the wife might do as she pleased about returning to her husband. The wife accordingly returned home with her father, heedless of the prayers and protestations of the ex-priest.

AROOSTOOK AGRICULTURALLY.

A writer in the Maine Farmer, dating from a town in Oxford county, invited any one in Aroostook to give a statement in relation to the weather in that county for the past winter, by way of friendly comparison: whereupon Aroostook hastens to vindicate herself and do away with a popular delusion as to her winters there. Two letters appear in reply to the inquiry of the Oxfordman. D. Billington, writing from Maple Grove, says that about six inches of snow came, on the 7th of November, but went off in a few days, after which there were three weeks of good farming weather. On the 30th there was another snow storm which made the best of sleighing for the winter. There have been other slight snow storms, just sufficient to keep the sleighing good. On the 2nd of March the snow was fifteen inches deep, and it has been very mild all winter. D. F. Adams, of Letter H. Plantation, retorts, accusing the Oxford people of having had three feet of snow the past winter. In relation to agricultural facilities, Mr. Adams says that there is an abundance of good land for 50 cents an acre, which may be payed for by working on the roads. As to the seasons, they are abundantly long enough for the production of the best crops, which find a ready market. The county is more uniformly level than any other in the State, so there is little or no breaking of roads. Mr. Adams advises those who have pluck enough, to crawl out of their old hives, and go up to Aroostook, where they can have good land, good crops, all the comforts of life, and a good part of its luxuries. We are inclined to think it is much better than going out west, and we look for the day when Aroostook shall rank with our oldest counties, agriculturally, morally, and socially.—*Republican Journal.*