

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

TERMS, \$2 if paid in advance, \$3 at end of the year.

NO. 4.

Poetry.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

BY ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS TO MEND TO-NIGHT.
An old wife sits by her bright fire-side,
Singing thoughtfully to and fro;
In an ancient chair whose creaking
Told a tale of long ago;
When down by her side on the kitchen floor
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news,
Till the light of his pipe went out;
And unheeded, the kitten with cunning paw,
Rolled and tangled the balls about;
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,
Singing to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon a misty tear-drop came
In her eye of faded blue,
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,
Like a single drop of dew;
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream,
The good man saw naught but the dimm'd eyeball.

Yet marvelled he more that the cheerful light
Of her eye had more grown,
And marvelled he more at the tangled balls—
So he said, in a gentle tone:
"I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,
Conceal not thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there
Was filled to the very brim,
And now remained of the goodly pile,
But a single pair for him:
"Then wonder not at the dimm'd eyelight;
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night."

I can but think of the busy feet,
Whose wrappings were wont to lay
In the basket, awaiting the needle's time—
Now wandered so far away;
How the brightly steps to a mother dear
Unheeded fell on the carmine arc.

For each empty nook in the basket old,
By the hearth there an empty seat;
And I miss the shadow from the wall,
And the patter of many feet;
Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight,
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

'Twas said that far through the forest wild
And over the mountains bold,
Was a land where the sun and the stars
Were gowned with the fairest gold;
Then my first-born tumbled from the open door,
And I knew the shadows were only four.

Another went forth on the foaming wave
And diminished the basket's store—
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—
They'll never be warm any more;
And this nook in its emptiness seemeth to me
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

Two others have gone towards the setting sun
And made them a home in its light,
And fairy fingers have taken their share,
To mend the tattered bright;
Some other baskets their garments fill—
But mine! oh mine is emptier still!

Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—
Was taken by angels away,
And clad in a garment that woeeth not old,
In a land of continual day;
Oh wonder no more at the dimm'd eyelight,
While I mend one pair of stockings to-night.

Select Tale.

A BAD NAME.

I do not know why, except that I wore a great beard and seldom left my room, but when I retired to Stopechester to write a book, people thought I was mad.

Headless of all around me, I worked on, day after day, week after week, month after month, and on the first day of April, I walked into my little garden, and if I did not feel exactly as proud as did our great historian, Gibbon, when he completed the Rite and Fall, I nevertheless thanked Heaven, from the bottom of my heart, that the business was at an end.

On the following morning I rose in high spirits. It was as beautiful a day as ever was seen. I had now leisure to admire the flowers that were blooming around me and perfuming the air, and to watch the wanton birds on the wing, chasing each other from bough to bough.

I gave orders for the hair-dresser to be summoned; after a brief delay, he came. He was a tall thin man, with a long red nose, and a very liquorish eye. His manner was so nervous and restless that I was half afraid to trust him to shave me, and I was not a little glad when the operation was over—his hand trembled so violently, and he looked at me in such a strange and terrified fashion. Whilst he was cutting my hair I began talking to him; but all I could extract from him was, "Yes, sir; O yes, sir; you are quite right, sir." Even when I asked him a question—for instance, "Have you any idea how far it is from here to Hastings by water?" his only response was conveyed in the words above quoted. "Yes, sir; O yes, sir; you are quite right, sir."

My toilet completed, I sallied forth to mingle with the world. It occurred to me that I would, in the first instance, call at the shops of the tradespeople with whom I dealt (through the agency of my servants), and express to them some few words of compliment. I, of course, took it for granted that they knew my name, and that I was one of their customers.

The butcher's shop was the first that I was passing, and I looked in. "Good morning, sir," said I, crossing the portal.

The butcher, whose size was about double that of mine, eyed me with some concern; and, before replying to my salutation, removed from the block his cleaver, knife and steel, which he had just been using; and then, in a somewhat confused manner, he made his exit through a back door, leaving me in sole possession of the shop. I waited a reasonable time; but finding that the man did not return, I took my departure, perfectly convinced that the butcher was mad.

My next visit was to the baker's—a very respectable man with a very intelligent countenance. I observed that he, too, was rather uneasy when I spoke to him, and to my astonishment, when I casually took up a half-pound weight which was on the counter, he rushed—literally rushed—into the street, and stood on the opposite side thereof. There was but one conclusion at which I could arrive—namely, that the baker was as mad as the butcher.

The grocer, into whose shop I next went, behaved far better than either the butcher or the baker; for he talked to me for at least five minutes. At the expiration of that time, he asked me, very politely, if I would be so good as to wait a few minutes; and, putting on his hat, he took a hasty departure into the street, and turned the corner. It is, per-

haps, needless for me to state that I did not see any more of my grocer, of whose sanity I then entertained but a very indifferent opinion.

Opposite to the grocer's shop was that of the bookseller and stationer, who had supplied me with pens and ink, and other little matters. On entering, I found the shop empty; but I saw the bookseller and his wife—partners in alarm—staring at me through a small glass window. I smiled blandly at them, bowed, and evinced by my manner, that I wished to be served. But in vain. The more I smiled, the more solemn became the expression of their countenances. Becoming impatient, I scowled, whereupon the bookseller and his wife retired altogether.

Wondering what on earth the people meant, I directed my steps toward the livery-stable keeper's, where I intended to hire a horse, for the purpose of taking a canter in some of the quiet lanes in the vicinity. The livery-stable keeper, in the politest manner imaginable—but keeping at a considerable distance from me—said he did not think that he had a horse that would suit me, but that he would go and see. He did go. But he did not come back again. I then went up the yard, and called out, "Oster!" several times at the top of my voice (rather a loud one), but, as I received no answer, I deemed it useless to remain any longer, and made my way to the hotel opposite, where I asked for a pint of Canterbury ale. I was served by a very pretty and engaging young lady, to whom I desired to pay a modest and dignified compliment. But, alas! no sooner had she placed the ale before me than she vanished, and shut the coffee room door after her.

When I had drunk the ale, I rang the bell. It was not answered. I then made a noise on the floor with my heavy walking-stick. To no purpose. I opened the door of the coffee-room, and looked into the passage. There was no one there. I called aloud, "Waiter!" There was no reply. I could hear no one; not a sound; the house was seemingly empty. I left a sixpence and a piece of honey-suckle near the empty tankard, and walked away in utter disgust.

My watch required regulating; but I could not get into the watchmaker's shop, for he had bolted his door when he saw me approaching. It was the same at the circulating library, to which institution I was anxious to subscribe, for during the winter I had grown to like this little watering-place, and resolved on spending the summer there.

What could be the meaning of the tradespeople's conduct, was a question I put to myself, over and over again, on my way to the pier, for I now intended hiring a boat for a sail. But the fact was, I could not get a boat. Every one of the men to whom I spoke made some excuse or other for not taking me on the water. One said, that the wind would soon shift, and we should not be able to get back that night; another told me that his mast was sprung; a third that the paint was not dry inside, and that I would spoil my clothes. And, what was even more provoking still, I found myself surrounded by at least a score of these amphibious animals, who listened to all I said with much eagerness, though upon each face there was a broad grin which struck me as very meaningless.

I retraced my steps to my cottage—men, women, and children avoiding me, as I passed through the few streets of the little town—and summoned my man servant Robert, to whom I mentioned what had taken place, asking him if he could possibly account for such demeanor. Robert smiled, and replied:

"O, yes, sir!"

"Then do so," I said to him.

"The truth is, sir," he went on to say, "that all the people hereabouts think you are a madman, and that I am your keeper."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"It is quite true, sir; and, as neither myself nor my wife could disobey your order, we could not tell the people who you were and what you were, and what you were doing, all they could judge by was what they saw; and sometimes, when you were walking about the garden, and talking loud to yourself, you certainly did look rather queer, sir—by at least forty or fifty people have I been asked if you were harmless."

"Harmless? Yes!" I said; "and there's nothing the matter with him—he isn't mad." But they only shook their heads at that.

I had, at one time, to go round to the parents of the little boys and girls who ran about the streets, and prevent them allowing their children to shout after you."

"Shout after me!"

"Yes, sir. After you passed them they would follow in a body, shouting out, 'There goes the mad man!' You did not notice them, of course?"

"And you mean to tell me," said I, "that all the people in the place thought me insane and think so still?"

"Yes, sir; all with only one exception."

"Who may that be?"

"An old man, sir, who is eighty-nine years of age. Passing the cottage one morning, when we were walking about the garden, the old man said, 'Folks think your master mad; but I know better, for I have listened to him more than twice or thrice, and I have come to the conclusion that he is writing a book, or else that he is a lawyer working up some great case that is coming on for trial.' On asking him how he came to think that, sir, he said he remembered Mr. Erskine, afterwards the famous Lord Erskine, who used to come down here often, and stay for a few days in an old house that stood where this cottage now stands."

To have a conversation with an old man who could recollect Erskine, and answer my questions about that illustrious orator and advocate, would indeed, I thought, be a great treat.

him long before he was the great man that he became. He was about nine or ten years my senior. For a long time no one knew who he was, and he used to go by the name of the Rampan Madman. Most people were frightened of him, and the mothers used to make a Bogy of him to frighten their naughty children. 'I'll send for that mad gentleman,' they used to say. He stayed in this very place where you now are. He never stayed long at a time, but he paid us a visit pretty often."

"What did he do, that people thought him mad?"

"Do, sir? Why, he would stand at the very edge of the cliff where the flag-staff now is, and talk by the hour—sometimes for two hours or three hours together; and so loud would he speak at times, that you might hear him a mile off, his right arm moving about above his head, and his left hand clenched firmly on his hip. (The old man stood up, and imitated the great orator's attitude.)

"At low water he would go and stand on those black rocks out yonder and talk, seemingly, to the waves. When he once began he never stopped till it was all over, and I have seen the perspiration running down his forehead, even in cool weather. He never kept his hat on while he was speaking; but as soon as he was done, he would put it on, and sometimes laugh heartily. He used to talk like a man who had something on his mind which he could not divulge to his fellow creatures; and yet he did not seem to care who heard him speak. I and several other young men have been within six or seven yards of him, and although he saw us, he took no more notice of us than if we had been a parcel of sticks, and went on talking just the same. He had been down here, off and on, for more than two years before it was known that he was the famous barrister Erskine, and then it was only by an accident that we knew he was not mad."

"How?"

"On one Saturday afternoon he brought down with him a young gentleman, about twenty years of age, who walked about the pier while Mr. Erskine was making a speech upon the rocks. One of the men on the pier remarked to this young gentleman, 'What a pity that such a fine man, and such a pleasant spoken man when he is calm, should be so mad!' Whereupon the young gentleman roared with laughter, and then let the cat out of the bag by saying who his friend was. It was afterwards that I and several others there heard, but now gone to their account, came to know him so well. And a right merry gentleman he could be, too. Lord bless us, sir! swift as time flies, it seems only yesterday that he would come down here, and say to us, as he made his way to these with his hands in his breeches pockets, and walking like a sailor (he had been in the navy, you know, sir). 'Come along, my lads, and be the jury! I am going to make another speech.' And a most beautiful thing it was to listen to him. One minute he would make you laugh heartily, and the next minute he'd bring the water into your eyes, by the tender way in which he'd allude to a fading flower or a sickly child. There was one case in particular, I remember. It was an action brought against a Mr. Somebody or other by a lord's eldest son, for carrying off his wife. It was most beautiful—as we told him when he asked us how we liked it. Bless if he didn't make out as how the defendant was the ill-used party, and that the man as had lost his wife. Expensive as travelling was in those days, five of us went up to London to hear him speak that speech in court, before the judges and the regular sworn jury; and such a crowd as there was of lords and gentlemen, to be sure!"

"And did he speak that same speech?" I asked.

"Yes. In parts it was a little different, and some things were added; but it was, in the main, just what he said, standing out on them rocks yonder. There was no silly pride about Mr. Erskine, sir. As soon as the case was over, and he was coming out of court, his quick eye caught sight of us; and up he comes, puts out his hand to each of us, and says, 'What! you here, my lads? Well, follow me. And he walks off to an old public house near the court called the Chequers, and orders two bottles of port wine for us; and, while we were drinking it, explained to us as how it were not possible for him to win the day; and that all the effect his speech would have, would be to reduce the damages. He was mighty pleased to hear himself praised, and seemed just as proud of our approval as of anybody's else. I don't think, sir," continued the old man, "that Mr. Erskine felt any of the fine things he said in his speeches. It was all acting with him; and I'll tell you I think so. One day he was walking along the sands, spouting of poetry out of a book—he was learning it, for he read it over and over again—and while he was doing so he turned up his eyes, shook his head, and stretched forth his right hand, in such a way that you might have taken him for a street person. It was a most serious sort of poetry. It was something about 'Farewell the drums and fife, the banners bid the big guns—and the plumes and the feathers, cocked hats and swords, and the virtuous wars and the fair women—honours, decorations, and rewards! O, farewell everything! Alas! the poor fellow's occupation's gone!' All of a sudden, sir, he shuts up the book, claps it under his arm, whistles a jig, and dances to it, and remarkably, well too, did he come the double shuffle. Another time, when he was reading out poetry, I saw him work himself up the tears actually rolled down his cheeks; and not two minutes afterwards he was playing at rounders with all the little boys on the beach."

"And did Mr. Erskine know," I asked the old smuggler, "that at first you all thought that he was mad?"

"Yes; and was very much amused at it. And it is to be hoped that you will not take offence, because the people here had the same opinion of yourself."

"But, my good sir," I remarked, "they are still laboring under the impression."

"Very true," he rejoined; "but it will be all right in a day or so."

On the following morning Robert's wife was taken suddenly ill; and I sent for the doctor, a very able practitioner, and a very gentleman like man. He came; and after seeing his patient, and assuring me that the case was not one of a serious nature, we entered into conversation upon general matters, during which I mentioned what had happened on the previous day. The doctor laughed, and said:

"I hope you will not be offended, but do you know that only till the other day, when, by the merest accident, I became acquainted with the na-

ture of your avocation, I, too, shared the opinion of the inhabitants of the town? Yesterday evening I heard of your peregrinations, and of the groundless alarm that you had created. However, I have taken the liberty of disabusing the minds of the people of their erroneous idea; and you will find that when you next pay them a visit, you will meet with a very warm reception, and most probably tendered unto you the most ample apologies."

Reader, such was the case! and I never enjoyed myself more than I did at that little watering place during the ensuing summer. But amongst some of the rising generation the original impression still holds, I fancy; inasmuch, as two years ago I was walking down one of the back streets—*medians nugarum*—when I heard a little girl, of about ten years of age, call out to a younger sister, "Come you here, Polly! Don't you see that mad gentleman!"

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

It was a warm, pleasant evening in November, and our ship was off the coast of Tripoli. A party of us who sat upon the quarter deck, had been conversing upon various subjects concerning the vast desert to the southward of us.

"I think you have travelled across the desert?" said one of our number, addressing the captain.

"Not exactly," replied Captain Bushwick. "Some years ago I spent a few months in Abyssinia, and the country south of it."

"Was it there you had your adventure with the lion?"

"Ah—you've heard of that adventure, then?"

"Only that you had such a scrape, captain. Your mate told me that you had met the animal."

"Well, I have; and if you would like to hear the yarn, I will tell it."

A vote was immediately and unanimously carried, that Captain Bushwick have permission to relate his adventure; and without further preliminaries, he proceeded:

"It is now five and twenty years since I took the notion to travel among the African natives. I had an uncle living in Mocha, engaged in trade there, and I had gone out to see him. He was going into Abyssinia on business, and I accompanied him. Our party consisted of six—my uncle, and self, and four Nubian servants. These Nubians were faithful servants, and long tried, and were, moreover, strong and fearless, having lived with my relative several years. When business was over, I proposed that we should take a trip to the southward and see the country. The Nubians were anxious to go, and after a deal of persuasion my uncle consented to the arrangement."

On the seventh day, we reached a large lake upon the extreme southern border of Abyssinia, where we pitched our tent and then went to hunting for game. We had been informed that we should find plenty of both fish and fowl in this region, but our luck was moderate, much more so than we had expected, and my uncle was bent upon returning. But I was determined to have a few more trials.

The only boat we had been able to find was a small canoe, fashioned from a log, and one morning I declared I would take a cruise in it, if some one would accompany me. The canoe would not carry more than two of us with any degree of safety, and all four of the Nubians offered to go. I was obliged to make my own selection. So I took Lari, the youngest of the lot, but the brightest, and the most cool and brave in the presence of danger. I took my rifle and pistol, while Lari took his rifle and spear; and thus equipped we set out. The canoe was easily managed while we kept our proper places, and all went on finely until afternoon. It was very warm and sultry, and I had removed my pistol belt, and laid it in the bottom of the boat with my rifle. Lari had just proposed turning back, when I saw a large flock of birds settle down upon a tree close to the shore, and I bade my companion to help me paddle in that direction. He did not object, for he wanted a shot at them himself.

We had come to within a dozen fathoms of the shore, when a quick, loud cry from Lari startled me from my aim, and on the next instant the canoe struck upon some hard substance.

"A rock!" I queried.

"A hippopotamus!" the Nubian shouted, springing back towards me.

Hardly had the words escaped his lips, before the huge black head was lifted above the gunwales, and as I cast my eyes over into the water, I saw the whole body of the monster. It was as large as an elephant, but ten times more hideous in looks. Its mouth was opened to the distance of three feet, or more, and its teeth, all of a foot in length, looked destruction itself. He seized the bows of our boat in his capacious jaws, and crushed it like an egg-shell. With all the force I could muster, I leaped into the water and struck out for the shore. I never swam faster, though I found when I reached land, that the hippopotamus had not followed us, having sunk to the bottom probably as soon as he had destroyed the canoe.

We were now in a quandary. We had come all of twelve or fifteen miles from the camp, and we must foot it back the best way we could. If we could have followed the shore the task would have been easy enough, but this we could not do, for a deep, dark swamp, overgrown with reeds and bushes and gnarled trees, lay between us and our tent, so we must strike up into the wood upon the higher land, and make the best of it. Our only weapons were two knives and Lari's spear. The latter he had grasped as he started from the boat, but the rifles and pistols were at the bottom of the lake. I bade my companion to take the lead, and he did so.

"And did Mr. Erskine know," I asked the old smuggler, "that at first you all thought that he was mad?"

"Yes; and was very much amused at it. And it is to be hoped that you will not take offence, because the people here had the same opinion of yourself."

"But, my good sir," I remarked, "they are still laboring under the impression."

"Very true," he rejoined; "but it will be all right in a day or so."

On the following morning Robert's wife was taken suddenly ill; and I sent for the doctor, a very able practitioner, and a very gentleman like man. He came; and after seeing his patient, and assuring me that the case was not one of a serious nature, we entered into conversation upon general matters, during which I mentioned what had happened on the previous day. The doctor laughed, and said:

"I hope you will not be offended, but do you know that only till the other day, when, by the merest accident, I became acquainted with the na-

I did so, and could now plainly distinguish the tread of some heavy animal.

"Is it a lion, do you think?" I asked.

Lari hesitated a moment, and then grasping me by the arm, pointed into the wood.

"Look!—see there!" he cried, whirling me half round as he spoke.

I did look—and I saw a sight—a sight that made my heart leap. Not a rifle!—not a pistol!—and yet there—not twenty yards distant—was a huge Nubian lion crawling towards us. I could see his eyes burn; I could see his long tail sweep the grass, and I could see that he was advancing for a spring.

"He's hungry," said Lari, "or he wouldn't be coming on in that way."

"Then he'll attack us," I suggested.

"Of course he will."

"And not a weapon for defence?"

"I have my spear," returned Lari. "Now, back of these bushes—quick—and let him come. Have your knife out in case of need."

I hardly knew what my companion meant, but I saw, just upon our left, a clump of bushes, bearing a small, red berry. They were not over four feet high, and occupied a space some eight by four feet wide. When we had gained a position behind them, I looked for the lion. He stopped, as he saw us take this covert, but we were not hidden from his sight; as there were openings in the foliage through which both parties could obtain a view of each other.

"We are gone," said I, trembling with fear, as I saw the huge monster settle upon his belly and move towards us.

"Perhaps not," whispered Lari, without taking his eye from the lion. "Keep still—don't move, for your life."

"But what can you do with that spear?" I asked.

"Perhaps nothing; wait, and see."

I did wait; and though it was but a few moments I yet it was a season of terrible suspense to me. I am not a coward, nor was I ever one; but come to be situated as I was there, with a full grown lion before you—not twenty yards off—and only a little patch of bushes for an apology for a shelter, through which the beast could watch every movement, and with that uncouth purring growl, hardly perceptible in tone, but making the air tremble with its intensity—have all this, as I had it then, and if you don't tremble, then you are made of sterner stuff than I am.

Once I cast my eye upon Lari, who was at my right, and I saw that he was as calm as a rock. His great brown eye was fixed upon the lion with its burning gaze, and his teeth were set like the jaws of a vice. He was upon his knees, with his left foot braced before him, and his long spear which he held with a firm grasp, had the end of its shaft set against the hard ground behind him, with the sharp steel head elevated just to the top of the bushes.

"Wait!" he uttered, gathering himself for an effort, and as he turned I saw the lion cautiously advancing upon his belly. When about five yards he stopped and gathered himself for a spring. I saw his huge paws settle into the ground, and I saw his great shaggy head start upwards as he left his couch.

With his head as still as death, I bowed my head right down toward the ground. I heard a shock momentary struggle—a crashing sound, and the breaking of wood, and then I was knocked over by a heavy body coming in contact with my right shoulder. With a powerful effort I struggled from beneath the weight, and gained my feet.

The first thing I saw was Lari, for he it was who had fallen on me. The lion, who had only a few feet off, with the head of the spear buried in his throat, the shaft being broken off about midway. He was roaring with a deep, hoarse, sound, and tearing the dirt up with his claws.

"I think that it found his heart before it broke," said Lari, as he regained his feet. "If the shaft had not been so hard, it would have broken the heart, and sent him twenty feet over behind us. But I tell you, he's a heavy one to lift."

The monster was dead in a few minutes, and we then held an examination. The lance-head had entered the lower part of the throat, directly between the fore shoulders, and gone clean through the heart.

"You must have had a good aim," said I.

"But 'twas a good mark," replied Lari. "When I saw him coming, I just turned the point right for his heart, and he killed himself."

It was all very simple, and may have been very easily done; but I assure you, a man must have a pretty steady nerve to do effectually.

We could not more the lion than we nor could we stop to take his skin off, for it was very nearly dark. So we resolved to wait until morning, and the waste help.

When we reached the lower corner of the waste, we saw a glimmering of water through the trees, and upon pushing our way down, we were lucky enough to find ourselves only a few rods from the tent. On the next morning we all went out from the tent, and found the lion just as we had left him. His body measured from the end of his nose to the insertion of his tail, eight feet and nine inches; and when standing, he must have been nearly five feet high. We took off his skin very carefully, and when I reached home I had it stuffed and set up.

It looks very innocent now, as my children pat it with their hands; but I never look at it without thinking of the time when it looked terrible enough to me.

A COURTEOUS CHALLENGE.—The committee of the Tir National Francais have issued the following address to the volunteer riflemen and sportsmen of England:—Gentlemen, the high importance that you justly attach to the establishment of national rifle matches in England, and the remarkable skill which your marksmen have displayed in these contests, have inspired us with the desire of inviting you to be present at the practice of the Tir National Francais, which the government has allowed to be carried on near the chateau of Vincennes. As soldiers of the two great nations, who have achieved glory in fighting together on far-off shores in favour of civilization and of humanity, let us unite, gentlemen, on the peaceful field where skill alone will triumph; where victory will excite emulation without disturbing that harmony which ought to exist between two peoples destined to appreciate and esteem each other. We hope that English riflemen and sportsmen will feel a pleasure in answering to our call, and they will, by their presence, add the splendour of this international *fete*. The prices offered amount to more than 50,000 francs (£2,600). The Tir National Francais will open on the 7th October inst., and will last twelve days. Receive gentlemen, &c. (by order of the committee), J. F. Augier, Administrateur.—Paris, Sept. 29.

"HE MEANS WELL ENOUGH."—Oh, no doubt; but the question is, why don't he behave as well as he means? What is the use of a man's being so odd and eccentric that nobody knows what to make of him, unless he has an apologist and an interpreter like you always at hand to explain? Isn't it just as cheap, in the long run, to be good-natured and polite, as to be morose and surly? And does not a man feel better in his own secret heart, when he is conscious of being the former, than he does when the shrinking and uncertain air of those who are obliged to approach him, proclaim that he is the latter? Certainly it does, for our thoughts are always busy sitting in judgment on our selves. Any man who carries such a bearing that a timid person, or no woman can approach him without dread, does not need to be told from without that he is no gentleman. He knows it perfectly well. He is not yet reclaimed from the savage state.

Keep a low sail at the commencement of life; you may raise with honor, but you cannot recede without shame.

A MISSOURI STUMP SPEECH.—Our readers have doubtless heard a great many stump speeches, read some others—have we? But have you lately read one which savors more of the stump speech in its style than any we have had the pleasure of reading lately. It was delivered by Mr. Rollins, a candidate for Congress in Missouri. He gives an extract as a sample. He thus advocates his claims.

"I do think you ought to come forward and give me a lift upon this occasion. I want you to do as the old lady advised her hen to do when she set her on fifty eggs rather more than she could comfortably cover. She spread her wings and put her down carefully, and says she, 'Now, d—n you, spread yourself!' [Laughter] That is what I want you to do."

In conclusion, gentlemen, I have to say that if elected, I will try my best to serve you upon all questions wherein you are interested; and upon all questions where I know your will, I shall pay proper respect to it, and your interests shall be safely guarded in my hands. I will endeavor, gentlemen, to make you a model representative, so that in after time, when one of these gentlemen is elected, and is upon your streets shall aspire to a seat in Congress, and many of us shall have passed

—that bourne
From whence no traveler returns,

and some of you shall be admiring his course in the National Legislature; that you, fathers and mothers, can point to me with pride and exultation, and say, 'Look what my boy has done! He makes almost as good a representative as that model and excellent man we sent there twenty years ago, Jim Rollins of Boone.' [Laughter.]

Mr. Anderson is a promising young man; a talented young man; but he don't want to go to Congress. I do. That is the difference. He is young yet, and he can afford to wait eight or ten years. In the meantime, I should advise him to get married. Come over to Boone, John, and pluck one of the fair flowers from our beautiful prairies, and transport it over here in soil of Pike and Marion. There let it grow and blossom, and after awhile let the young blossoms gather around you, as they have gathered around me to the number of nine, and then you can go and boast and say, 'You must not beat me this time. Before, when you beat me, I was a body but old John the bachelor; but now I have beautiful flowers that may wither and die if you don't choose me on this occasion.' [Laughter.]

A "FIRST-RATE NOTICE" FROM THE N. Y. "EVENING POST."—"The triumphant manner in which young Albert Edward has passed this ordeal is demonstrated not only that his natural qualities are excellent, but that he has been subjected to a most excellent system of training. Education, in its most enlarged sense, is a result. We do not look for its